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THE

CHRISTIAN TREASURY.

CONTAINING

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM MINISTERS AND MEMBERS

OF

VARIOUS EVANGELICAL DENOMINATIONS.

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PREFACE.

In bringing to a close this volume of the "Christian Treasury," the Editor does not deem it necessary to say much. He is conscious of many imperfections in its management, and less interested critics may, perhaps, have discovered many more. At the same time he trusts that the readers of the periodical have found in its pages a large quantity of really interesting, valuable, and improving material.

The contents of the "Treasury" have been of a very varied kind. It has been enriched with contributions from many of the most gifted men of our time—the deep and extensive mine of old Christian authorship has been as far as possible explored, and many precious fragments, sometimes rough, but always weighty, have been extracted—drafts have been made upon contemporary banks, many of them wealthy and of established reputation—while gems and jewels not a few have been borrowed from the sacred exchequer of the poets. All these the Editor has done his best to procure and arrange, adding occasionally a mite of his own: and while the work has cost him, certainly, much trouble, he can truly say that it has brought its own reward, and has given him more pleasure. And if there has been any reward higher and more honourable—if by the instrumentality of the "Christian Treasury," any soul, poor in present possession, and in prospect poorer, has been led to seek after "the unsearchable riches;" if thereby any, already rich in faith and in good works, and heirs of the kingdom, have been taught to "covet even more earnestly the best gifts," and to strive after the increasing of their "heavenly treasures;" if any have found pleasure, or comfort, or instruction in its pages—the Editor would desire, with all thankfulness and humility, to bless the God who has thus condescended to own and honour his labours.

The Editor is happy to be able to say, that he has succeeded in securing for the new volume, about to be commenced, the assistance of the leading ministers of most of the Evangelical Churches of our land, and also of several highly distinguished Christian laymen; and he fondly hopes that, under such auspices, the "Christian Treasury" may prove truly worthy of its name, may commend itself to the approbation and support of the Christian public, and may be powerful, in the Lord's hand, as an instrument of good.

February, 1846.

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THE

CHRISTIAN TREASURY.

CONTAINING CONTRIBUTIONS FROM MINISTERS AND MEMBERS OF VARIOUS EVANGELICAL DENOMINATIONS.

TRUE AND FALSE PEACE.

BY JAMES BUCHANAN, D.D., EDINBURGH.

On a superficial view of the state of society, it might seem as if the majority of mankind were assured of their safety, and little, if at all, impressed with a sense of fear in regard to the state and prospects of their souls. Except in some rare cases of sharp conviction or spiritual awakening, they contrive generally to say to themselves, "Peace, peace;" and often succeed in allaying every apprehension of danger, and cherishing a careless, but confident security. There are a few everywhere, who, having been awakened to serious thought, and stirred up to earnest inquiry, have discovered a sure ground of hope, and have thus arrived at "a peace which passeth all understanding, and which keepeth their mind and heart through Christ Jesus." But there are many more who have never reflected at all, or have only bestowed a hasty and occasional thought on their state and prospects as subjects of the divine government, whose peace seems to be seldom disturbed by the intrusion of any anxious fears, and who appear to pass through life in tolerable composure and comfort. The negative peace which the latter enjoy, consisting mainly in the absence of anxiety and alarm, is widely different from the humble, but holy and heavenly peace, which belongs to God's believing people; yet, there are so many apparent resemblances betwixt the two, that the one may be mistaken for the other, or supposed, at least, to be the same in kind, if not in degree; and it may be useful, therefore, to consider *both*, by placing them in the light of comparison or contrast, and to illustrate the nature of each, while we discriminate the difference betwixt the two. In doing so, it shall be our object to show that *there is a vast difference betwixt the security of unawakened sinners, presuming on their safety, and the heaven-born peace produced by a discovery of Gospel truth;* and to present, at the sametime, such practical criteria or tests as may enable every one to ascertain for himself what is the condition of his own soul.

There is a true peace and a false—the one a precious privilege, and the other a perilous delusion.

There is a *true peace*, which the Gospel is designed and fitted to impart; for it is described as "the Gospel of peace" (Rom. x. 15)—"the word which God sent, preaching peace by Jesus Christ" (Acts x. 36); and the Gospel rightly understood and really believed, never fails to impart some measure of peace; for "there is joy and peace in believing." It reveals God as "the very God of peace" (1 Thess. v. 23); it unfolds his covenant as "the covenant of his peace" (Isa. liv. 10; Ezek. xxxiv. 25); it points to Christ as the "Prince of Peace" (Isa. ix. 6); nay, as being himself "our propitiation," and therefore "our peace."—Eph. ii. 14:—His ministers are called "ambassadors of peace," and his people, "sons of peace." And this true peace is described as the gift of God: "The Lord of peace give you peace always by all means" (2 Thess. iii. 16)—as the purchase and legacy of Christ: "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you: let not your hearts be troubled, neither let them be afraid"—as the fruit of the Spirit: "For the fruit of the Spirit is peace"—as the present privilege of the believer: "For, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. v. 1)—as the precious benediction and blessing of God to the Church: "Grace be unto you, and peace from God our Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ"—as a constituent element of the new creation; for "the kingdom of God consisteth in righteousness, and *peace*, and joy in the Holy Ghost;" and, finally, as the end and object of the whole dispensation of grace; for this is its descriptive motto: "Glory to God in the highest: *peace* on earth, and good-will to men." The mere description of this peace in scriptural language is sufficient to indicate its nature. It springs from a believing apprehension of the mercy of God in Christ, and rests on the divine testimony as its ultimate and infallible ground. It is not a persuasion for which no reason can be given,

nor a presumption built on mere human speculation;—it has its ground and warrant in the Word. It arises from an apprehension of the *revealed character and will of God*, "as God in Christ reconciling the world unto himself:"—"The just God and the Saviour;" from an acquiescence in his own method of salvation through the blood and righteousness of Christ; and from a cordial belief of the great and precious promises in which He speaks peace to his people and his saints.

But there is a *false peace*, widely different from this, which prevails extensively in the world, and which springs naturally from the delusions of human error, just as the other does from the discovery of divine truth. This false peace, where it does not spring from utter thoughtlessness, and is professedly ascribed to any assignable reason, may be traced to three distinct, but connected sources; *first*, To a spirit of atheistical presumption, which, whether combined with theoretical infidelity, or appearing only in the form of practical ungodliness, prompts multitudes to imagine and to feel as if "God were altogether such an one as themselves."—Ps. l. 21:—they secretly persuade themselves that "God will not do good, neither will he do evil"—that he is either too great to regard, or too gracious to punish, sin; and hence practically, although not perhaps in so many words, they adopt the sentiment ascribed to the ungodly of old: "He hath said in his heart, God hath forgotten, he hideth his face, he will never see it." "Wherefore doth the wicked contemn God? He hath said in his heart, Thou wilt not require it."—Ps. x. 11, 13. *Secondly*, It may be traced to slight and *inadequate views of sin*—a source connected with the former; for "he that hath slight thoughts of sin had never great thoughts of God."—Ps. l. And, *thirdly*, These sources of false peace are replenished with fresh supplies drawn from the fountain of grace and truth itself; for the carnal security of many an unconverted man is sustained, there is too much reason to fear, by a vague apprehension of mercy, derived from the words of Scripture, ill understood, and worse applied; such an apprehension of mercy as may be produced by the mere occurrence of such expressions as these: "God is merciful;"—"He has no pleasure in the death of the sinner;"—"He waiteth to be gracious, and is ready to forgive." These, and similar expressions occurring frequently in Scripture, and often addressed to the careless from the pulpit, may serve, when divorced from the scheme of divine truth, and considered isolated and apart, to engender a false and presumptuous confidence, which, although professedly resting on a part of God's revealed truth, is, nevertheless, a fatal delusion, and has nothing in common with the peace of God's children, which rests on the whole testimony of the Word, and not on any partial or defective view of it. For many are chargeable with "turning the grace of God into licentiousness," and "continuing in sin, because grace abounds"—the doctrine of grace, which, in its own nature, is a "doctrine according to godliness," being perverted, by the deceitfulness of man's heart, into an opiate for the conscience, and a pretext for sinning without fear. Oh! it is fearful to think that many may thus be hardening, under our ministry, by the very doctrine of grace which should melt and subdue them; and that the very same words which bring true peace to the believing soul, may be the means of under-propping the false security of the formalist—proving, in the one case, "the savour of life unto life;" in the other, "the savour of death unto death."

From a comparison of the two kinds of peace which have been described, it will be evident that there is a wide and essential difference betwixt them; but the nature of that difference may be still further illustrated by a series of *particulars*, exhibiting the characteristic features of each, and furnishing materials for ascertaining the actual condition of our own souls.

1. True peace is the fruit of serious thought; and the more thoroughly its foundation is examined, the more sure and stable it becomes:—false peace is the fruit either of inconsiderate levity, or of gross delusion, and cannot stand the test of a rigid scrutiny. Here is a wide difference betwixt the two; but which is the more likely to be solid in its nature, and permanent in its duration?—which best befits a rational, intelligent, and responsible being?—that which proceeds on a mere assumption, taken for granted, without proof, in a light and careless spirit, while it relates to interests so momentous as those of an immortal soul and an awful eternity?—or that which has been the result of a careful trial, of a serious exercise of thought, and an earnest inquiry after truth? In the one case, there has been heartfelt anxiety on a subject seen to be one of urgent and awful interest; and that anxiety has been removed only by a clear apprehension of the ground of a sinner's hope; in the other, there has been no distress of mind—no deep or abiding sense of sin—no awakening conviction of danger; or, if misgivings and fears have been occasionally felt, they have been stifled and repressed by a strong effort to believe that they were visionary and groundless—not appeased or removed by a discovery of Gospel truth. You cannot fail to see, not only that there is a wide difference betwixt these two states of mind, but that the one is, at least, more likely to be safe and sure than the other. Is yours, then, a peace that springs from serious thoughtfulness, that rests on intelligible reasons, and can bear to be tested by truth?—or is it a peace springing from ignorance, that can live only under the shade of error, and which a single ray of Heaven's light would scathe and destroy?

2. True peace is the fruit of a *lively faith*—grasping the whole counsel of God, and applying it to our own case;—false peace is the fruit either of *total unbelief*, or of *partial and defective views* of revealed truth. The one is "peace *in* believing" (Rom. xv. 13), the other is peace in NOT believing. In the former case, the believer surveys the whole range of revealed truth; and, while he finds many mysteries there—many depths which he cannot fathom, many difficulties which he cannot solve—he discovers enough to lay a sure and solid ground of present peace and future hope: he acquiesces in God's method of salvation; and were his faith in it perfect, his peace would be perfect too: it is never disturbed, except through the influence of remaining unbelief, and is ever most lively when he has the clearest views, and the most realizing impressions, of things unseen and eternal. How different, how opposite from this, is the false peace which depends for its being on the disbelief or exclusion of some part or other of God's truth! Yet how many cherish that peace which unbelief alone begets, and which faith would utterly destroy! It may be said of multitudes, that their peace springs not so much from the *faith of Christ's Gospel*, as from *disbelief of God's law*. They may not profess infidel or sceptical opinions; on the contrary, they may make a vague, general profession of belief in the Scriptures; but they take a partial view of the great system of truth which is there revealed; and, whatever is repugnant to their natural taste, or alien from their habitual trains of thought, or fitted to quicken and alarm the conscience, they contrive to exclude from their creed, or, at least, from their habitual contemplation: they live very much as they might do did they believe there is no holy God above them—no solemn judgment-seat before them—no dreadful hell beneath them. Were these unseen things revealed so as to be recognised as *great realities*, their present peace would be instantly destroyed. And what does this prove, but that their peace is a mere delusion, depending for its very being on the success with which they contrive to disbelieve or forget some of the greatest truths of God's Word — some of the most tremendous realities of the world that is unseen and eternal?

3. True peace is associated with profound reverence for God—with satisfaction and delight in all his perfections and prerogatives, and with zeal for his honour and glory;—*false peace* is combined with jealousy and distrust of God, and either indifferent to his glory, or bitterly opposed to it. The believer can look to God AS HE IS, in all the fulness and variety of his perfections, and yet experience a peace which "passeth all understanding." He can think of that unsullied holiness which cannot look upon sin; that impartial justice which condemns it; that inflexible truth which is pledged to punish it; that pure and watchful eye, which is his all-seeing witness; that awful prerogative which He claims as the rightful sovereign and the supreme judge;—he can think of all these without the consciousness of a wish that God's character were, in any respect, other than it really is; and the clearer his views become, the more stable is his peace and hope—just because he has been taught how all the attributes of the divine nature may be glorified in his salvation—how harmoniously they co-operate in the work of grace, and how Jehovah can be at once the just God and the Saviour. He has seen "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ;" and henceforth the brighter manifestation of that glory to himself and others, is the one grand object of his habitual desires and aims. How different the false peace which cannot endure the thought of God as he is!—which depends on a partial view of his character—which demands the excision of holiness, or justice, or faithfulness, or sovereignty from the list of Jehovah's attributes; and which, when this concession is made, remains indifferent to his glory; if that concession be refused, is bitterly opposed to it! Can it be a safe peace—can it be other than a perilous delusion which men indulge, when they are constrained to divest God of his essential perfections or prerogatives, if they would succeed in maintaining it undisturbed, or, at least, to exclude one or other of them habitually from their thoughts? And yet how many are in this condition!—how many whose peace would be destroyed, did they conceive of God as he is!

4. True peace *cures* distress of conscience; false peace *prevents or stifles* it. CONSCIENCE is God's vicegerent in the soul—a witness testifying to the authority of the divine law, marking our conduct in regard to it, warning the transgressor of his guilt and danger, and appealing to a higher tribunal—even the judgment-seat of God himself. This moral power exists in all; and often, in the case both of converted and unconverted men, it occasions deep distress. It was under the lash of an accusing conscience that David lay in sackcloth, and Peter wept bitterly, and Felix trembled, and Judas hanged himself. This distress of conscience is *cured* by the peace which the Gospel inspires. When the efficacy of Christ's blood is known and believed, "the heart is thereby sprinkled from an evil conscience"—it is "purged from dead works;" and the transgressor has "no more conscience of sin" as an unforgiven thing. And the peace of conscience, which is thus produced by the faith of the Gospel, is maintained and confirmed by the habit of holy living;—the believer "keeps the mystery of faith in a pure conscience," and "exercises himself to have a conscience void of offence, both towards God and man." The Gospel is thus effectual in producing true peace of conscience, because the method of salvation which it proposes meets and satisfies the demands of conscience, as well as the claims of

God, whose mere vicegerent conscience is. It does not proclaim amnesty for sin—it does not relax the authority or requirements of the law—it does not waive or dispense with the high perfections and prerogatives of the supreme Lawgiver and Judge; but it reveals a salvation based on the principle of a *satisfaction*—it proclaims peace on the footing of a *propitiation;* and as soon as the glorious doctrine is understood and believed, conscience is fully satisfied, and the very "peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keeps the heart and mind through Christ Jesus."

But distress of conscience is either *prevented* on the one hand, or *suppressed* on the other, by that perilous delusion which passes under the name of peace among unconverted men. The false opinion, that God is too great to regard, and too good to punish sin, to which I have already referred as one of the sources of this spurious peace, often acts as a shield to the conscience, repelling every arrow of conviction, and turning the edge even of the Sword of the Spirit. Cased in this panoply, many a hearer sits unmoved under the most awakening ministry; and, as if "his conscience were seared with a hot iron," he is utterly insensible both of his guilt and danger. But sometimes the Word, which is sharper than any two-edged sword, inflicts a wound: the slumbering conscience is startled for a time, its fond dream is broken, and then, pricked in his heart, the sinner is either exasperated into rage, like those who "were cut to the heart" by Stephen's preaching, and "gnashed on him with their teeth;" or they are stirred up, like those on Pentecost, to inquire, "What must we do to be saved?" But here the same perilous delusion, which has failed to *prevent*, is often employed to *suppress*, the misgivings of conscience. It is at hand, as an opiate, to deaden the pain of that wound, and thus the hurt of many is healed slightly, because they say to themselves—"Peace, peace, when there is no peace." Oh! on that awful day when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, how many scars will be brought to light!—the marks of wounds once inflicted by the Sword of the Spirit, which have been allowed to close and fester, without any radical cure; and how solemn the reckoning that must then be made for so many convictions stifled, so much resistance to God's truth, and so much deceitful tampering with conscience itself!

5. True peace is ever found in union with love to God, and delight in his fellowship; while false peace is consistent with great and habitual estrangement from God and his service. The peace which arises from an apprehension of God's pardoning mercy, draws the heart to God. Mary loved much, because "much had been forgiven;" and David said: "I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications; because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live."—Ps. cxvi. 1, 2. It is this that gives life and liveliness to the believer's prayers, and brings him *frequently* to a throne of grace. But false peace, as if it carried about with it a latent sense of its own hollowness, keeps much at a distance from God; it restrains prayer—it has no delight in secret devotion, and little sympathy even with public worship. It may observe the form—for, by the desperate deceitfulness of the human heart, the form of godliness may help to sustain this false confidence, even where the power of godliness is denied; but, apart from this use of outward observances, as a means of quieting and soothing the conscience, there is no longing for God's presence, no love for his fellowship, and no sympathy with the serious seekers of his face. I know, indeed, no surer test of the peace which any man possesses than this—is it a peace that prompts, or is it a peace that prevents, prayer? "Will the hypocrite always call upon God?"

6. True peace is inseparable *from the fear and hatred of sin*, and is a powerful motive to a life of cheerful and unreserved obedience; false peace secretly encourages the soul to continue in the indulgence of its sins, and keeps it from aspiring after any eminent degree of holiness, whether in heart or life. The peace which is inspired by the faith of the Gospel, may be said to be in part the cause, and in part the effect, of new obedience. It is the cause, as it is the principle or motive, the source or spring, whence cheerful obedience flows; for it is "the grace of God which bringeth salvation, which teaches us to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, and to live soberly, and righteously, and godly, in the world."—Tit. ii. 11, 12. And it is also the effect, as it is the result of a believer's experience; "for to be spiritually-minded is life and peace" (Rom. viii. 6); and, "The work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever."—Isa. xxxii. 17. The Gospel, which is "the Word of peace," is also "a doctrine according to godliness;" and no one can enjoy the peace which that Word imparts without being brought, at the sametime, under its purifying influence and sanctifying power. But false peace makes men easy and indifferent about sin and duty; it secretly encourages them with the hope of impunity, and thereby tempts them to continue in the indulgence of their favourite lusts and passions; it represents the heights of holy living as inacces sible, or, if accessible at all, steep and arduous in the ascent, and not necessary to be reached for securing their safety. Thus "ungodly men turn the grace of God into licentiousness," and "continue in sin, because grace abounds."

7. True peace is *perfected at death*, when false peace is utterly *broken up and destroyed*. Death is the king of terrors, and his approach, even although he be the last enemy, may sometimes appal the courage and disturb the peace of the believer himself; but the grounds of his hope are

adequate to sustain him even in that last conflict; and when he is enabled to realize the presence and promise of God, he can joyfully exclaim: "Yea, though I walk through the dark valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou rt with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." As death draws nigh, he commits his soul into God's hand, saying, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in eace, according to thy word; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."—Luke ii. 29. Then "he lifteth up his head, knowing that his redemption is drawing near;" and after death, *his peace* will be perfect and perpetual. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is *peace*."—Ps. xxxvii. 37. As soon as the silver cord is broken—as soon as the connection between soul and body is dissolved—his emancipated spirit, freed from every fetter, enters into perfect *rest*—"the rest which remaineth for the people of God." "When that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away;" and the partial, weak, and fluctuating peace which the believer enjoyed on earth shall be succeeded by "joy unspeakable, and full of glory;"—"an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away."

But the perilous delusion which passes under the name of peace among unconverted men will be utterly broken up and destroyed at death; not, it may be, by the *approach* of the last enemy; for there are some "who have made a covenant with death, and with hell are at agreement, and who go down into the grave with a lie in their right hand."—Isa. xxviii. 15;—nay, not even the *passage* through the dark valley; for such is the desperate malignity of self-deceit, that it would seem, from our Lord's parable, as if some may come up to the judgment-seat itself, saying "Peace, peace, when there is no peace," reckoning securely on their acceptance there, and even claiming it as their due: "Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name?" to whom he will answer, "I never knew you; depart from me!" But if neither the approach of death, nor the passage through the dark valley, yet assuredly the realities of an eternal world, will dissipate and destroy this fatal delusion; then "the hypocrite's hope shall perish;"—then, if not before, "the sinners in Zion shall be afraid; fearfulness shall surprise the hypocrites. Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?"—Isa. xxxiii. 14. "Then shall they begin to say to the mountains, Fall on us, and to the hills, Cover us; hide us from the wrath of God, and of the Lamb."—Luke xxiii. 30. Then "God shall sweep away every refuge of lies" (Ezek. xiii. 10); and the wall which was daubed with untempered mortar shall fall, and the conscience that was drugged with the opiate of false doctrine shall awake, and the sinner shall meet God, face to face, as "a consuming fire."

UNION OF CHRISTIANS.

Our earthly ties are weak,
Whereon we dare not rest;
For time dissolves and death will break
The sweetest and the best.
Yet there's a tie which must remain,
Which time and death assault in vain.

The kindred links of life are bright,
Yet not so bright as those
In which Christ's favour'd friends unite,
And each on each repose.
Where all the hearts in union cling
To Him, the centre and the spring.

The friends of Jesus, join'd to think
With one desire and aim—
A chain, wherein link answers link—
A heavenly kindred claim;
And O! how sweet, wherein each mind
A throb to echo theirs they find!

Though lovely many an earthly flower,
Its beauty fades and flies;
But they, unchanging, form a bower,
To bloom in Paradise.
Sprung from the true immortal Vine,
In Him they live, and round Him twine.

Their bond is not an earthly love,
By Nature's fondness nurs'd:
As they love Him who reigns above,
Because He lov'd them first,
So they all minor ties disown,
The sweetest—for His sake alone.

ANON.

Biographical Sketch.

THE REV. JOHN WILLIAMS.

MISSIONARY TO THE SOUTH SEAS.

PART I.—THE CONVERT.

JOHN WILLIAMS was born in London on the 29th of June 1796, and, in his early years, enjoyed the inestimable privilege of a pious mother's training. His mother, in her youthful days, though sitting under the ministry, and favoured with the friendship, of the evangelical Romaine, had been a careless hearer of the Word, and an entire stranger to the power of religion. But soon after her marriage, she was brought to the knowledge of the truth, and subsequently made it the endeavour of her life to do what she could, in her own sphere, for Christ. The religious education of her children formed to her—as to Christian mothers it always must form—a subject of special anxiety and care; her sense of responsibility in the matter being, if possible, increased by the fact, that her partner was not at that time, nor, indeed, during her life, "like-minded" with herself. And accordingly, besides the exercise of that hallowing influence which must ever attend the daily walk and conversation of a Christian mother, we are told that "every morning and evening she conducted them to her chamber for instruction and prayer; and there, with a simplicity and freedom to which, in after years, her son was accustomed to refer with grateful pleasure, gave expression

to her pious solicitude for their salvation."* For some years, however, she did not reap where she had sown, at least in the case of him who is the subject of this memoir. The work of conversion was not her's, but the Lord's, and his good time had not yet come.

When the period arrived at which it was necessary to determine upon their son's future course, and he himself having no predilection for any particular line, his parents bound him as apprentice to a Mr Enoch Tonkin, a furnishing ironmonger, then residing in the City Road, and who, with his wife, was held in high esteem by Mrs Williams for consistent and unobtrusive piety. She had resolved that the spiritual interests of her son should not be sacrificed to any secular advantage, and thus took care to place him with a family in which the Lord was feared. It was provided in his indentures that young Williams should be taught only the commercial part of the business, and exempted from its more laborious and merely mechanical departments. But very providentially, as it afterwards turned out, this arrangement was not adhered to. We are told that

It was not long before it became evident to those who were with him, that the implements and processes of the workshop presented to his eye attractions far superior to those of the finished and polished wares which furnished the windows, and glittered on the shelf. Frequently did the members of Mr Tonkin's family mark with a kindly smile the manifest pleasure with which "John" left the counter and loitered near the workmen, eagerly watching every stroke of the hammer and every movement of the hand; and not a little were they amused to find that when, at the accustomed hours for meals, the men had left the shop, he had stolen into their place, and was occupying some deserted bench, or busily blowing at the forge, for the purpose of bringing his previous observations to a practical test. This course was often repeated, and in this way he taught himself, in a surprisingly short time, to form and finish many of the common articles belonging to the trade. .... So beautifully, indeed, did he "turn out" his work, that at length Mr Tonkin found it for his own interest to request him to execute orders in which great delicacy and exactness were required.

But while thus diligent in business, and "amiable," besides, in the world's sense of that term, "one thing he yet lacked," and that was "the one thing needful." His "heart was not right with God;" and, as he grew in years, and came more in contact with the world, the serious impressions produced in childhood, by his mother's holy example and earnest prayers, gradually faded from his mind, and were at last all but effaced and forgotten.

Referring afterwards to this period, he writes:—"My course, though not outwardly immoral, was very wicked. I was regardless of the holy Sabbath—a lover of pleasure more than a lover of God." And to this he adds, what his mother did not even suspect, but a feature too frequently associated with that already described:—"I often scoffed at the name of Christ and his religion, and totally neglected those things which alone can afford solid consolation."

At that time the idea of his being a missionary of the Cross would have been laughed at by himself, and reckoned by his friends as of all things the most improbable. But the Lord's ways are not as the ways of man, nor are man's thoughts like His. He is "found of those who seek him not;" and He was found of Williams.

The circumstances attending his conversion are of a remarkable kind. Having become the associate of several young men who, like himself, disregarded the Sabbath, and had forsaken the sanctuary, he was in the custom of spending his Sabbath evenings with them at tea-gardens and taverns. It had been agreed to spend, in this way, the evening of Sabbath the 30th of January 1814; and, at the appointed hour, Williams was at the place of rendezvous. But, his companions not being equally punctual, he was kept waiting, and that very much to his annoyance; for not only was he thereby detained from his "pleasure," but was also greeted with unwelcome recognitions from many of his own and his mother's friends, who were more appropriately hastening to the house of God. Among others, Mrs Tonkin, the wife of his employer, came up, and, discovering his features by the light of a lamp, stopped and spoke with him, inquiring the reason of his remaining there. This he did not endeavour to conceal, but frankly avowed, expressing, at the sametime, his great vexation at the disappointment which his friends had occasioned him. The good woman seized the opportunity, and, after a few words of kind remonstrance, affectionately entreated him to accompany her that night to the Tabernacle. "A word spoken in season, how good is it!" He had no relish for either church or sermon; but, mortified by the non-appearance of his friends, and, in their absence, not having any ready excuse for refusing to comply with her request, he did go. The preacher for the evening was the Rev. Timothy East, of Birmingham, and the subject of discourse was the question—"What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" This solemn inquiry was pressed home by the preacher with great point and energy; and the Word came to the mind of Williams "with power, and with the demonstration of the Spirit." The "brand was plucked from the burning"—the missionary was formed. Speaking afterwards of that night from the same pulpit, Mr Williams himself said,

"It is now twenty-four years ago since, as a stripling youth, a kind female friend invited me to come into this place of worship. I have the door in my view at this moment at which I entered, and I have all the circumstances of that important era in my history vividly impressed upon my mind; and I have in my eye, at this instant, the particular spot on

* Life of John Williams. By the Rev. Ebenezer Prout, Holstead. Snow, London.

which I took my seat. I have also a distinct impression of the powerful sermon that was that evening preached by the excellent Mr East, now of Birmingham; and God was pleased, in his gracious providence, to influence my mind at that time so powerfully, that I forsook all my worldly companions." Nor was this the only effect. "From that hour," he wrote subsequently, "my blind eyes were opened, and I beheld wondrous things out of God's law. I diligently attended the means of grace. I saw that beauty and reality in religion which I had never seen before. My love to it and delight in it increased; and I may add, in the language of the apostle, that I 'grew in grace, and in the knowledge of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.'"

How striking are the *accidents* of Providence! But for the delay of his companions, Williams would have been off to the tavern. But for the passing of that Christian woman, or even but for the light which, as she passed, the lamp threw upon his features, he would not have gone to church; and Williams, not converted, so far as man can judge, many of the isles which now see a great light would, to this hour, have been sitting in darkness!

Soon after his conversion he determined on devoting himself to the work of preaching the Gospel to the heathen. The thought of doing so first struck him during an address from his pastor, the late Rev. Matthew Wilks, at a quarterly meeting of the Tabernacle Auxiliary to the London Missionary Society.

"At the time," he writes, "I took but little notice of it; but afterwards, the desire was occasionally very strong for many months. My heart was frequently with the poor heathen. Finding this to be the case, I made it a subject of serious prayer to God that he would totally eradicate and banish the desire, if it was not consistent with his holy mind and will; but that, if it was consistent, he would increase my knowledge with the desire."

After still further considering the matter, and having consulted his pastor regarding it, he, in the month of July 1816, sent in an application to the Directors of the London Society; and, after having passed the usual examination, was unanimously received by them as a missionary. Loud cries for help were at that time coming from the South Seas and from Africa; and it was determined that Williams, and other eight missionaries who had been fixed upon for the various stations there, should go forth on as early a day as possible, although the Society wished that years, instead of months, had been allowed for the preparation of some of them. Accordingly, on the 30th of September, a public service was held at Surrey Chapel for their designation to the work; and, after the usual questions to the missionaries had been put and answered, his biographer tells us:

The Rev. George Burder and John Angel James stood forward, and in the name of the Society, presented a Bible to each of the brethren, as a token of regard, the bond of their union, the basis of their efforts, and the pledge of their support. "I shall never forget," said Mr Williams, many years after this interesting scene, "the impression produced upon my mind by the solemn manner in which our beloved brother Mr James of Birmingham put the Bible into my hand. With all the affection for which he is distinguished, and with all the power and impressiveness of his manner, he said, 'Go, my beloved brother, and with the ability which God has given you, be faithful, in season and out of season, in proclaiming the precious truths which that volume contains;' and then good Dr Waugh, with heaven beaming on his benevolent countenance, and the big tear of affection glistening in his intelligent eye, speaking to me upon my youthful appearance, said, 'Go, my dear young brother, and if your tongue cleave to the roof of your mouth, let it be with telling poor sinners of the love of Jesus Christ; and if your arms drop from your shoulders, let it be with knocking at men's hearts to gain admittance for him there.'"

At this designation, Williams was the youngest of the four set apart for the South Seas, and Robert Moffat the youngest of the five for Africa.

NO SALVATION OUT OF CHRIST.

BY REV. ANDREW THOMSON, A.B., EDINBURGH.

ACTS X. 34, 35.

THE scene presented in the house of Cornelius, on the occasion on which these words were uttered, was one of very unusual interest. For the first time in the history of ages, the distinction between Jew and Gentile was practically merged—the wall of partition had completely disappeared, and the Gentile soldier, from the far off banks of the Tiber, was seen standing, side by side, with the son of Abraham, eager to receive, from the lips of the apostle, the good news of the common salvation. There was a world of meaning in that little group. Looking forth upon the novel and touching spectacle, and receiving from it the impressions it was fitted to convey, "Peter," we are told, "opened his mouth and said, Of a truth I perceive God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation, he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him."

This statement has been much misunderstood, and not unfrequently perverted to the support of opinions directly opposed to the teaching of our Lord and his apostles. It is to the setting forth of the true meaning of the passage that we devote the following remarks:—

"Here," it has been said, "it is evident that a man may be saved without a divine revelation. It matters little whether he be a Jew, or a Mohammedan, or a Heathen, if he just be sincere in his worship of God, or of that object which he is pleased to regard as God, and leads a just and decent life, he is quite as sure of salvation as if he were a Christian. Moreover, it is quite evident, from Peter's words, that persons 'fearing God, and working righteousness,' may be found in every nation." Such is the comment which some have proposed upon these words of the good apostle—a comment which we sometimes meet with deliberately stated and defended in books, and which we meet with far oftener still in the current and conversational theology of thousands who are ever ready to arm themselves with excuses for the want decision in their religious principles. Surely it should make these persons pause a little, when they are reminded that such a view

of Peter's words makes him flatly contradict himself, not only in the uniform tenor and spirit of his writings and addresses, but just in so many words, as in that well-known declaration to the hostile rulers and elders of the Sanhedrim: "Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved;" while the further effect of such principles would be, to render the seriousness and earnestness of inspired men in preaching the Gospel inconsistent and unaccountable; to represent their self-denial in carrying the Gospel to remote countries as enthusiastic; and to mark as almost a work of supererogation any divine revelation at all. Let us see whether a calm and accurate examination of Peter's words, as well as a consideration of the circumstances in which they were uttered, will not only bring out their entire harmony with the doctrine of the New Testament, but lay before us a large amount of valuable and wholesome instruction.

It will serve greatly to elucidate this passage, if we fix with precision the signification we are to attach to the phrase "*respecter of persons*." The meaning of this word will necessarily give its complexion to the whole exposition. Let it be noted, then, that the Greek word from which the phrase "respecter of persons" is formed, does not convey the same idea as an English reader would receive from the word "person." It does not properly refer to individuality at all, but to outward appearance, and is often rendered "face," "countenance," "presence." In this simple statement we have the key by which to unlock the passage. The meaning evidently is, God is not regulated or influenced in his judgment of men by any outward distinctions or differences. "Man looketh on the outward appearance, but God looketh on the heart." You would call that judge a respecter of persons, who favoured one of the parties brought before him, because he was a man of rank or wealth, or influence or power—because he was a native of the same country, or adhered to the same creed in politics. But, says the apostle, God does not act in this spirit. As a sovereign benefactor he may, indeed, confer his favour upon whom he will, but as a judge he receives or rejects according to character. The standard is not a geographical, but a moral one. A service will not be accepted, on the one hand, merely because the man performing it is a Jew; or rejected, on the other, merely because he is a Gentile. It is the same sentiment which is expressed by Peter in his First Epistle: "If ye call on the Father, who, without respect of persons, judgeth every man's work."

"Of a truth," says Peter, "I perceive this." The meaning is, I am strongly and infallibly led to this conclusion by all that I have now seen and heard. This is what I distinctly gather from the information of Cornelius, and from the scene before my eyes. The reference is to what Cornelius had told him, in verses 30, 31, "of the man that had stood before him in bright clothing, and said, Cornelius, thy prayer is heard, and thine alms are had in remembrance in the sight of God;" and also of his own mission to Cornelius, in compliance with a direct heavenly intimation, to make known to him more fully the mind of God. Here, says Peter, is a Gentile, uncircumcised, and yet accepted; and here am I, an apostle and a Jew, sent to be his teacher, to show unto him the way of God more perfectly, and to guide him forward into all the privileges and liberties of the Church of Christ. Of a truth, then, I perceive, that God is no respecter of persons. And who am I, that I should withstand God?

In perfect harmony with these explanations are the words of verse 35: "But in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him." These two phrases are very comprehensive in their meaning, including in them the various duties which we owe to God and to our neighbour. The former —"he that feareth God"—describes the principle of piety; not slavish dread, but that confiding veneration, that filial reverence which springs from a just view of the holy and benignant, the infinitely awful, infinitely amiable, character of God, and which manifests itself in corresponding and appropriate acts of worship and obedience. The latter expression—"He that worketh righteousness"—we understand to be a comprehensive description of all those duties of fidelity, justice, and kindness, which one man owes to another. And I conceive the direct reference here, also, is to the *prayers and alms* of the devout centurion, which had come up as a memorial before God.

The general meaning of this important passage is now completely before us. We see what it does not teach —we see what it does teach. It does not say that God may not, and does not, distinguish one nation from another by external privileges. The Jews had actually been so distinguished for centuries from all the other nations of the earth. It does not say, that men might be found in heathen lands who, by the mere light of nature, had been led to the knowledge of the true God, and who performed works of piety and benevolence acceptable to God. This was not the case now before the apostle at all; for Cornelius was not a man left to the mere light of nature. He had the Old Testament —he knew and worshipped the true God, whom it revealed—he expected, and longed for the Messiah whom it promised. It does not say, that Cornelius was accepted *on account of his works;* the meaning seems rather to be, that his works were accepted as the fruit and evidence of his faith. It says none of these things, which some have attempted to extort from it. But it does say, that genuine piety and benevolence are acceptable with God by whomsoever performed; and that as no distinctions of rank, or wealth, or birth, or nation, will obtain the acceptance of hypocritical services; so neither will these distinctions, on the other hand, procure the rejection of those which are the genuine fruits of the knowledge of God, and the faith of the truth. Show me a Cornelius, in short, and be his nation or descent what it may, his prayers and his alms will ascend as a memorial before God. As Peter's beloved brother Paul has expressed it: "There is no difference between the Jew and the Greek: for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him. For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."—Rom. x. 12, 13.

Such we believe to be the correct view of this passage, to which an examination of its terms, as well as an intelligent consideration of the circumstances which drew it forth, not to speak of a comparison of Scripture with Scripture, infallibly conducts us. But it fre-

quently happens, that when a passage has often been dragged forth, as this has been, into the arena of controversy, and has been clung to as the last forlorn refuge of certain forms of error, even when a faithful exposition has disencumbered it of dangerous conclusions, and shown its perfect harmony with the entire system of inspired truth, it continues to be regarded rather as a trophy wrested from the enemy, than as a treasury of valuable practical lessons. We know of few passages, however, which, when rightly understood, are more profitable for reproof and correction than this.

Thus, with what words of warning does it speak to the *formal*—to those, I mean, who are resting their hopes of salvation on the possession of valuable religious opportunities! "I have been baptized," say they—"I have been brought up in a religious family—I am well informed in doctrines—I am a Church member!" Well, but what have you made of all your inestimable religious advantages? Have they brought you to the feet of Jesus as believing penitents, as obedient children, not fashioning yourselves according to your former lusts in your ignorance, but fearing God, and working righteousness? Remember, "God is no respecter of persons." "Think not to say within yourselves, We have Abraham to our father; for I say unto you that God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham." "Circumcision verily profiteth, *if thou keep the law.*"

It speaks, also, to the *unbelieving*—to those who, from a perverted view of the character of Cornelius and of the words of Peter, imagine that their salvation is possible, independently of the Saviour. How strange that you should thus fatally mislead yourselves with a mere sound! You refer us to the case of Cornelius, but he was a believer in Christ. First, he expected and longed for his coming; and then he cordially embraced him when he knew that he had come. You cite Peter's words—"God is no respecter of persons;" but you have now discovered that this does not declare that he will make no distinction between a believer and an unbeliever—between a Jew and a Gentile. He will not judge you according to your country, or your colour, or your kindred; but he will judge you according to your character. And even supposing you may have proved to your own entire satisfaction the possibility of salvation being extended to those who have never heard of the Saviour, how does this apply to your case, who have heard of him? You are convinced, you tell us, of the safety of those who have never had it in their power to accept of Christ; but how does this apply to your case, who have had the alternative presented to you, and have rejected him? You stand on a higher ground of privilege than the heathen, and, therefore, you are encircled by other and more awful responsibilities. Oh! do you not come within the terrible sweep of these words: "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maranatha?" "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?"

The sentiment of the apostle also presses upon the conscience of the merely *outwardly moral*, who imagine the whole sum of human duty to be included in the rigid observance of the laws of honesty and truth. God demands this; but he demands a great deal more. He requires that, in the discharge of these duties, you should be impelled by a distinct and supreme regard to his authority; and, besides, that these should be accompanied with such sentiments of enlightened devotion as a just view of his character dictates, and with such acts of worship as his law prescribes. You must fear God as well as work righteousness; and even your works of righteousness must be the fruit and expression of your fear of God. What if you could boast that you had never robbed man, if the charge could yet be substantiated against you, that you had robbed God. And you have robbed him, if you have withheld from him those sentiments of filial love, and those corresponding acts of holy service, which are his due. We urge upon you *the rights of God.* What would you think of children who should enter into a secret covenant to be faithful and kind to each other, while they shut out the father who had nourished and brought them up, and never named him, except to fortify themselves in the denial of his claims? Or, conceive to yourself a company of brigands in some mountain-fastness, binding themselves, by a secret oath, to be honest and true to each other, while they cherished no feeling of loyalty, and yielded not the service of subjects, to that paternal government whose dominions they infested. Would their fidelity to each other make amends for their disaffection towards the sovereign, and commend them to his favourable regards? Such is your mere morality, which is without holiness—and without holiness no man shall see the Lord.

And how affectionately does the passage address *the desponding!* You say you wish you could assure yourself of welcome to mercy, and to all the blessings of salvation; and have you not this assurance in the text? Does it not declare that, in this respect, Jew and Gentile, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, stand on the same platform of privilege and equality? Away with doubts and dreams. All are welcome who are willing. "In every nation he that feareth God, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him."

THE CLOSING DAYS OF THE APOSTLE JOHN.

After the death of St Paul, John chose Asia Minor as the scene of his labours. Here his attention was naturally directed to the farther extension of the cause of the Gospel. He went about establishing new Churches, ordaining pastors over them, and exercising his apostolic authority for the benefit of the brethren. Some of the Churches mentioned in the Apocalypse as requiring his superintending care, along with others not recorded, probably owed their origin to his missionary zeal. His energies, however, seem chiefly to have been directed towards confirming the communities already established in the knowledge and love of the truth. And his Gospel and Epistles remain an enduring monument of the wisdom of divine Providence, in directing to this sphere of labour an individual whose mental conformation, as well as the tenor of his Christian experience, rendered him peculiarly qualified for opposing the speculative and practical errors which had begun to manifest themselves in the time of the Apostle Paul, and the farther development of which he had clearly foretold, not so much by dialectic art, as by the earnest expression of his heartfelt and deep-reaching intuitions of divine truth. Upon the rise of the persecution

under Domitian, this apostle was carried to Rome, and afterwards banished to Patmos, an island in the Ægean Sea, where the future destinies of the Church and of the world were disclosed to him in those visions whose undefined and mysterious foreshadowings continue to exercise the faith and encourage the hopes of believers in the pages of the Apocalypse. Upon the death of Domitian, he obtained, with other exiles, the remission of his sentence of banishment; and the closing years of his life were spent at Ephesus, as the central point of his apostolical ministrations.

One or two anecdotes have been recorded by the fathers of the Church, which, as they correspond with the qualities exhibited by him, as made known to us in Sacred History, may be received as probable, though the external evidence is not conclusive.

During one of his missionary journeys, he was struck with the appearance of a young man whom he observed in an assembly of the brethren, and warmly recommended him to the care of the newly-ordained minister. Upon a subsequent visit, when inquiring of the pastor respecting his interesting charge, he learned that, after his baptism, the youth had been betrayed into vicious habits by idle companions; and that, throwing aside all restraint, he had proceeded to every extremity of guilt, and had now taken up his abode on a neighbouring mountain, where he was infesting the country as a captain of banditti. The apostle, in the ardour of his love, proceeded at once, unarmed, towards the haunt of the outlaws, and being soon laid hold of by one of the band, he demanded to be brought to his leader. When the young robber beheld the holy man approaching, he turned away in shame, to avoid his presence. But the apostle followed after him, and refused to leave him till, by his prayers, and tears, and expostulations, he brought him back to the true fold.

Upon another occasion, in his zeal against error, he manifested perhaps some remains of the natural temperament which, at an earlier period, had procured for him and his brother the appellation of the "Sons of Thunder;" when, in proceeding to bathe, he perceived the heretic Cerinthus, and turning hastily away, exclaimed, "Let us flee from this place, lest the bath should fall while this enemy of the truth is within it."

The prevailing sentiment, however, of his declining years was love; and we are told by St Jerome, that when he was too much oppressed with infirmity to permit him to exercise his public ministry any longer, he was accustomed to be carried into the church, and after stretching forth his feeble arms and crying, *Little children, love one another*, to retire from the assembly. So deeply was he imbued with the seraphic love of the bosom on which he leaned, that it remained unimpaired amidst the decays of nature and the eclipse of intellect.

The precise year of his death is not known; but it took place during the peaceful interval in which Trajan pursued the mild policy of his immediate predecessor, at a date which is usually considered as corresponding with the end of the second century.—*Dr Welsh's Church History.*

HUMAN LIFE.

Man's uncertain life
Is like a rain-drop hanging on the bough,
Amongst ten thousand of its sparkling kindred,
The remnants of some passing thunder-shower,
Which have their moments, dropping one by one,
And which shall soonest lose its perilous hold
We cannot guess.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

The Missionary Field.

HEATHEN DARKNESS.

WE extract the following interesting details from a work lately published, under the title of "Protestant Missions in Bengal Illustrated;" by the Rev. Mr Weitbrecht of the Church Missionary Society.

I. HINDU IDOLS.

The idols worshipped consist of various kinds; but the Brahmans have divided them into two classes, viz., such as are made to last, which they set up in the temples; and others intended only for particular festival celebrations. The first consist of some solid material, as stone, copper, silver, gold; those belonging to the second class are made of wood, straw, and clay.

Idols of stone and metal are sold in the larger towns in the bazaar. I have been informed, that some merchants of Birmingham have made a good speculation lately, in manufacturing idols of brass for the Indian market, for which they have found a ready sale. It was mentioned to me as a fact, last year, that two missionaries were embarking for Calcutta on board the same ship which carried several chests filled with idols.

Idols of wood and clay are manufactured in every Hindu village. When the festival is over, they are broken up, or thrown into the water. In the eyes of the natives, the fabrication of idols is as honourable a handicraft as that of a carpenter, or more so. The maker fastens two pieces of bamboo into a board; he then ties straw round them, to give them a shape, and prepares his finer materials by kneading clay, mixed with manure and chaff, together; with which the straw figure is covered. It costs him no small trouble before the eyes, and other delicate parts, are finished. On the whole, these idol makers may be said to have brought their business to a considerable degree of perfection. A nicely-wrought idol will cost about fifteen or twenty shillings, including paint, and other materials. On the morning of the idol festival, the priest comes to undertake the consecration of it. He touches the forehead, the eyes, breast, and other parts, pronouncing each time the words, "May the spirit of Shiva, or Durga, descend, and take possession of this image." By virtue of these citations, or muntrus, the spirit is received; and of this the Hindu is as certain as of his own existence. Henceforth it is considered as a dwelling of the god. Many Brahmans go even further, in asserting a kind of transubstantiation, viz., that the materials of straw, mud, or stone, are changed into the substance of the god. Such a power does the Brahman possess, according to the often-repeated prayer of the Shasters. "The world is under the power of the gods; the gods are under the power of the muntrus; and the muntrus are under the power of the Brahmans; consequently. *they* are the principal gods!"

If you express your surprise to a Hindu as to how a lump of straw and clay can become a god, he answers, "Why should this be impossible? God can do everything." But if a dog, or a woman, or an European should touch the idol, the god will make his escape from it. If it be of clay, it must be thrown away; but if it be of solid material, the Brahman undertakes the consecration of it a second time. On passing through a village, I once had the imprudence to touch the stone image of Shiva with my stick, and some persons saw it indistinctly from a distance. The following day, a number of villagers came to the mission premises, when their chief speaker said: "The god

felt very indignant at your touch yesterday, and was ready to make his escape:" they therefore requested me candidly to tell them if I had touched him or not. Had I answered in the affirmative, the Brahmans would forthwith have proceeded to a second consecration, which is always accompanied with a sumptuous dinner; and I should have had to pay the bill of fare. My reply was: "I shall not tell you; if the stone be a god, my touching him with a stick can have done him no harm; and if he be not, you deceive yourselves; accordingly, the sooner you throw him away the better for you, and then come and worship the true God with me."

II. HINDU IDOL TEMPLES.

The idol temples are, generally speaking, not such splendid edifices as our churches. Shiva's mundir, or temple, is a regular square building, surmounted by a dome or arched roof. The room in which the idol is placed, is not generally more than ten or twelve feet square. In villages, they are usually in the centre, or near the market-place, and they are surrounded by a few mango or tamarind trees, under the shade of which the natives sit down to smoke their hookahs, and converse on the events of the day. In large towns, and particularly in Benares, there are splendid masterpieces of architecture; I have particularly admired the sculptures in stone, covering the walls, most tastefully and elaborately executed; many of them representing historical pieces in their mythology. Nothing is so meritorious as the building of such a temple; all the blessings of Heaven are promised for it, especially when it is raised on the banks of the Ganges, or at Benares. In the latter city, there are nine hundred Shiva temples. Wealthy rajahs have endowed some of them in a munificent manner. Juggernath's temple, in Orissa, is said to possess an income of ten thousand pounds annually.

III. HINDU IDOL WORSHIP.

The ceremony of worship in the temple is this:—At the time of sunrise, the officiating priest opens the door, and prostrates himself before the idol; he then takes Ganges water to wash the image; after this it is rubbed with ghee, or clarified butter; and when this ceremony of cleansing is performed, he repeats his muntrus, or forms of prayer, in a hurried, careless, undevout manner; flowers are strewn, and offerings of sweetmeats, fruits, and boiled rice, are placed before him, and the Brahman begs the idol to eat, and enjoy himself. Meanwhile, some Sudras are seen approaching; some prostrate themselves—others merely touch their foreheads in token of reverence, and walk away. When this senseless mummery is over, the priest puts the eatables together, shuts the door, and eats them for his breakfast. Being divine himself, he says his eating the offering is just the same as if the idol had enjoyed it; probably he thinks it passes all into one pantheistical stomach.

So careful is he for the rest and comfort of his god, that he spreads a net over him during the hot season, lest he be bitten by musquitoes; in the cold weather, likewise, he dresses him with a shawl, to protect him from the inclemency of the season. Sometimes, however, it happens that rats eat holes into he idols of clay and straw, and make nests in them.

The idols in honour of Vishnu are laid down to sleep in the day, if the image be not too large—a poor compliment to a god, that he needs rest! If a priest want to be orthodox, he must spend at least four hours a-day in his religious ceremonies; but they are not generally very particular on this point, and get through them as fast as they can. Their conduct sometimes reminded me of the monks whom Luther saw in the Church of St Peter at Rome. While engaged in their temple-service, they laugh, and joke, and gaze at every object passing in the street.

Anecdote.

"OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD."

THE founder of Philadelphia, William Penn, was completely armed with the spirit of the principle—"Overcome evil with good." When he visited America, he came without cannon or sword, and with a determination to meet the Indians with truth and kindness. He bought their land, and paid them; he made a treaty with them, and observed it; and he always treated them as men. As a specimen of the manner in which he met the Indians, the following instance is very striking:—There were some fertile and excellent lands, which, in 1698, Penn ascertained were excluded from his first purchase; and as he was very desirous of obtaining them, he made the proposal to the Indians that he would buy those lands, if they were willing. They returned for answer, that they had no desire to sell the spot where their fathers were deposited; but to "please their father Onas," as they named Penn, they said that he should have some of the lands. This being decided, they concluded the bargain, that Penn might have as much land as a young man could travel round in one day, "'beginning at the great river Cosquanco,' now Kensington, 'and ending at the great river Kallapingo,' now Bristol;" and as an equivalent, they were to receive a certain amount of English goods. Though this plan of measuring the land was of their own selection, yet they were greatly dissatisfied with it, after it had been tried; "for the young Englishman chosen to walk off the tract of land, walked so fast and far, as to greatly astonish and mortify them. The governor observed this dissatisfaction, and asked the cause. 'The walker cheated us,' said the Indians. 'Ah! how can it be?' said Penn, 'did you not choose yourselves to have the land measured in this way?' 'True,' replied the Indians, 'but white brother make a big walk.' Some of Penn's commissioners, waxing warm, said the bargain was a fair one, and insisted that the Indians ought to abide by it; and if not, should be compelled to it. 'Compelled,' exclaimed Penn, 'how can you compel them, without bloodshed? Don't you see this looks to murder?' Then turning with a benignant smile to the Indians, he said: 'Well, brothers, if you have given us too much land for the goods first agreed on, how much more will satisfy you?' This proposal gratfied them; and they mentioned the quantity of cloth and number of fish-hooks with which they would be satisfied. These were cheerfully given; and the Indians, shaking hands with Penn, went away smiling. After they were gone, the governor, looking round on his friends, exclaimed, 'O how sweet and cheap a thing is charity! Some of you spoke just now, of compelling these poor creatures to stick to their bargain—that is, in plain English, to fight and kill them, and all about a little piece of land.'" For this kind conduct, manifested in all his actions to the Indians, he was nobly rewarded. The untamed savage of the forest became the warm friend of the white stranger; towards Penn and his followers, they buried the war-hatchet, and ever evinced the strongest respect for them. And when the colony of Pennsylvania was pressed for provisions, and none could be obtained from other settlements—and which scarcity arose from the increasing number of inhabitants not having time to raise the necessary food—the Indians cheerfully came forward, and assisted the colony by the fruits of their labours in hunting.

Daily Bread.

FRIDAY.

"Lovest thou me?"—JOHN xxi. 16.

'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought—
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?
Lord, decide the doubtful case,
Thou who art thy people's sun;
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.
Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

They that love Christ, love to *think* of him, love to *hear* of him, love to *read* of him—love to *speak of* him, *for* him, *to* him. They love his *presence*, his *yoke*, his *name*. His will is their will—his dishonour is their affliction—his cause is their care—his people are their companions,—his day is their delight,—his Word is their guide,—his glory is their end. They had rather ten thousand times suffer for Christ, than that *he* should suffer by them.—*Mason.*

SATURDAY.

"Grow in grace."—2 PET. iii. 18.

How many years hast thou, my heart,
Acted the barren fig tree's part—
Leafy, and fresh, and fair,
Enjoying heavenly dews of grace,
And sunny smiles from God's own face—
But where the fruit? ah! where?
Learn, O my soul, what God demands
Is not a faith like barren sands,
But fruit of heavenly hue;
By this we prove that Christ we know,
If in his holy steps we go—
Faith works by love, if true.

It is some hope of goodness not to grow worse; it is part of badness not to grow better. I will take heed of quenching the spark, and strive to kindle a fire. If I have the goodness I should, it is not too much—why should I make it less? If I keep the goodness I have, it is not enough,—why do I not seek to make it more? He never was so good as he should be, that doth not strive to be better than he is; he never will be better than he is, that doth bear to be worse than he was.—*Warwick.*

SABBATH.

"Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy."—EXOD. xx. 18.

May I throughout this day of thine
Be in thy Spirit, Lord;
Spirit of humble fear divine,
That trembles at thy Word;
Spirit of faith, my heart to raise,
And fix on things above;
Spirit of sacrifice and praise,
Of holiness and love.

When a believer lays aside his pen or loom, brushes aside his worldly cares, leaving them behind him with his week-day clothes, and comes up to the house of God, it is like the morning of the resurrection—the day when we shall come out of great tribulation into the presence of God and the Lamb. When he sits under the preached Word, and hears the voice of the shepherd leading and feeding his soul, it reminds him of the day when the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall feed him and lead him to living fountains of waters. When he joins in the psalm of praise, it reminds him of the day when his hands shall strike the harp of God—

"Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end."

When he retires, and meets with God in secret in his closet, or, like Isaac, in some favourite spot near his dwelling, it reminds him of the day when "he shall be a pillar in the house of our God, and go no more out."—*M'Cheyne.*

MONDAY.

"Ask, and it shall be given you."—MATT. vii. 7.

Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus lives to answer prayer;
He himself has bid you pray,
Therefore will not say you Nay.

Our prayers and God's mercies are like two buckets in a well: while the one ascends, the other descends; so, while our prayers ascend to God in heaven, his blessings and mercies descend to us upon the earth. —*Hopkins.*

TUESDAY.

"Lord, teach us to pray."—LUKE xi. 1.

Lord, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear;
Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
We may—we must draw near.
We perish if we cease from prayer;
Oh! grant us power to pray;
And when to meet thee we prepare,
Lord, meet us by the way.

When God pours out his Spirit upon man, then will man pour out his heart before God.—*Mason.*

WEDNESDAY.

"Watch thou in all things."—2 TIM. iv. 5.

The praying Spirit breathe,
The watching power impart;
From all entanglements beneath
Call off my grovelling heart.
Suffered no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the prisoner of thy love,
And shut me up in God.

The Saviour joined watching to prayer; and what he has joined together let no man put asunder. In vain I invoke God if I am careless; and expose myself needlessly in dangerous places and company; and leave without a sentinel my senses, and appetites, and passions; and keep not my heart with all diligence; and use not all the means of preservation which are placed within my reach. Prayer without watching is hypocrisy; and watching without prayer is presumption.—*Jay.*

THURSDAY.

"Cleanse thou me from secret faults."—Ps. xix. 12.

Dear Lord! accept a sinful heart,
Which of itself complains,
And mourns, with much and frequent smart,
The evil it contains.
There fiery seeds of anger lurk,
Which often hurt my frame,
And wait but for the tempter's work
To fan them into flame.
Oh! cleanse me in a Saviour's blood,
Transform me by thy power,
And make me thy beloved abode,
And let me rove no more.

Is there, in the best, a strong proneness to sin? What cause have we, then, to long and breathe after heaven! for not till then shall we be free from it. Indwelling sin hath taken a lease of our souls, and holds them by our own lives: it will be in us to the last gasp, and as the heart is the last that dies, so also is that corruption that lodgeth in it. But yet die it must, and die it shall; and this is the comfort of a child of God, that though he brought sin with him into the world, yet he shall not carry it with him out of the world. As death came in by sin, so also shall sin itself be destroyed by death.—*Hopkins.*

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ON THE EQUITY AND BENIGNITY OF THE DIVINE LAW.

BY JOHN BROWN, D.D., EDINBURGH.

The object of the following remarks is to prove and illustrate the general principle, that the law of God, which opposes man's natural inclinations, and which secures that he shall be punished for following these inclinations, is a most righteous and benignant appointment. "The law is not sin." There is nothing wrong with the law. It is a faultless institution—"It is holy,"—perfect—everything that it ought to be —"just and good."

A law that is inconsistent with truth and right, that infringes the rights of any being, is not a holy law—it is an unjust law. A law the native tendency of which, is not to prevent or remove, but to create and increase misery, is not a holy law—it is a mischievous law; but a law which unites in it the character of righteousness and benignity, which is at once "just and good"—*that* is a "holy" or faultless law.

That this is the character of the DIVINE law, is the proposition which I mean to demonstrate; and, in doing so, I do not at all feel as if I were undertaking an unnecessary work—wasting my labour, spending my strength for nought, in proving what no one denies; for though few will make the denial in so many words, the great body of mankind—all men, indeed, until they are taught of the Spirit—cherish doubts of the righteousness and benignity of the divine law; and, under the shelter of these doubts, try to shield themselves from the conviction that they are unprovoked and utterly inexcusable offenders in every instance in which they have violated that law, that every sin is equally foolish and wicked, and that it possesses both these qualities in a degree to which we can set no limits. Till these "refuges of lies" are entirely swept away—till the sinner's mouth is entirely stopped, and he is constrained to bring in himself guilty before God—till he is made to see that, in the quarrel between him and God, he has been uniformly and entirely in the wrong, and God uniformly and entirely in the right, he never will, he never can, be made to perceive the value and excellence of the Christian salvation, or gladly and gratefully to receive what is freely given him of God, but which can never be obtained in any other way—pardon, peace, holiness, hope—"the salvation which is in Christ with eternal glory."

The law is a revelation of the will of God, for the regulation of man as an intelligent and active being, with this proviso, that if man refuse to regulate himself by this revelation, he exposes himself to such punishment as is adequate to the offence in the estimation of the Lawgiver. The law thus defined may be viewed in its PRINCIPLES, in its PRECEPTS, and in its SANCTION; and it is my object to show, that in all these, however rebel man may attempt to persuade himself to the contrary, the law is "holy," faultless, excellent, being both "JUST and GOOD."

I. First, then, the PRINCIPLES of the law are just and good. The principles of the divine law are three; *first*, That the will of God should be man's rule; *secondly*, That if man violate this rule, he should be punished; and, *thirdly*, That the punishment should be such as appears to the Lawgiver adequate to the offence. Now, all these principles are just and good. Is it not just and right, that the will of the Being who is infinite in knowledge, in wisdom, and in moral excellence, should be the governing rule of all intelligent beings, especially as he is the Creator and they the creatures, entirely dependent on him for all they are and all they have? Is it not right, so far as HE is concerned? Does he not deserve this honour? And is it not right in reference to THEM? What right of their's does it invade? How can they have a right to govern themselves apart from, or in opposition to, his will? And is it not obviously as good as right? What can so directly tend to, what can so completely secure, the greatest possible happiness, as the execution of the will of Him whose nature as well as whose name is love? Just in the degree in which any will is concerned in the production of events, unregulated by, unsubjected to his will, must there be happiness prevented or misery induced.

Then, is it not right that the violation of the righteous, benignant will of God, should be punished? Would it not shock all our ideas of right, that he who regards, and he who disregards the law and the Lawgiver, should stand on the same level? The justice of this principle is universally practically acknowledged; for all human laws are sanctioned by penalties. And is not this good as well as right? Is not the threatened punishment fitted to deter all from violating the law?—and is not the inflicted punishment fitted to furnish those who have not offended with an additional motive to keep the law, the breaking of which, they see, leads to such painful consequences?

And, then, as to the third principle. Is it not right that the punishment should be appointed by God? He is the Supreme Sovereign, and, properly, too, a disinterested Person. His essential happiness and glory are not, cannot be, affected by the sin of man. He is infinite in wisdom, and knows exactly what is the degree and form of punishment which will best serve the great end in view—the exhibition of his own moral excellence in the order and happiness of intelligent being; and his essential

benignity secures that no unnecessary suffering shall be produced.

It is obviously good, too, as well as right, that this prerogative of sovereignty should belong to, and be exercised by, God. In what hands in the universe could such a power be safe but in his, whose infinite power is not only regulated by infinite wisdom, but by infinite righteousness; and in all its operations influenced by infinite benignity? That the fundamental principles of the divine law are just and good, is so evident, that it may seem to require an apology to have made even these few observations, for the purpose less of demonstrating the fact, than of showing that it needs no demonstration.

II. I go on to remark, in the *second* place, that the PRECEPTS of the law are just and good. Now, what are the precepts of the divine law? They are very numerous, for the law is very broad, and reaches to every part of man's nature—regulating his opinions, his dispositions, his actions, in all the variety of relation and circumstances in which he can be placed. But numerous as are its requisitions, we have a complete summary of them in the following very comprehensive words: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and soul, and strength, and mind. This is the first and great commandment; and the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."

Now, are not both these commandments right? Would there not be an obvious violation of right if they were otherwise than they are? Is it not right to love, to love supremely, Him who is supremely lovely, who is infinitely kind—to fear supremely Him who is supremely venerable, possessed, as He is, of infinite power, wisdom, and righteousness—to trust entirely Him who is supremely trustworthy? And could He, without injustice to himself, have demanded less of us? Would it not have been incongruous and monstrous for Him to have enjoined less than the love of the whole heart, and soul, and strength, and mind? And as to the second great commandment, which is like the first, is it not right also? Does not its rectitude stand out in strong relief, when we contemplate it in the form our great Master exhibited it: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them?" Would the law have been right if it had required anything else, anything less, than this?

There seems no gainsaying these statements. Yet there are two things in reference to the preceptive part of the divine law, that many are disposed to think scarcely consistent with what is right—what is reasonable in the whole circumstances of the case. The first is, the demand of absolute perfection in the performance of every duty; the other, the extending the preceptive part of the law to the inward principle, as well as to the external actions. But, with regard to the first, who does not see that for a law to permit imperfection, is to destroy itself? In the degree in which there is imperfection in obedience, there is a non-fulfilling of the law—that is, there is disobedience; and what kind of a law would that be which makes provision for being satisfied with disobedience? And as to the second, though it is not right for human laws to interfere with internal principles, for two reasons—that they cannot afford the means of obedience, and they cannot certainly discover disobedience, so as to punish it—yet, for the same reasons substantially, viz., that God can furnish the means of guiding the internal principles, and can discover when these means are honestly applied, it is right that the divine law should regulate conviction and dispositions, as well as actions. Indeed, it would not be right were not God, who is a Spirit, requiring worship in spirit and in truth. For HIM to be satisfied with mere external services would be obviously incongruity.

That the preceptive part of the law of God is *good*, calculated to produce happiness, may be very easily made plain to the mind of every reflecting person. Yes, we may truly say, with regard to all the ordinances and commandments of the divine law: "The Lord hath commanded us to do all these statutes for our good always." To love, fear, and trust God in the manner the law requires, lays a deep foundation for true, permanent happiness. Without obeying these commands, man cannot be happy. In the degree in which he obeys them he is happy, and he makes others happy. Is it not evident, that to pay a strict regard to the laws of truth, justice, and benevolence, is the shortest road to happiness? Is not by far the greater part of the misery of man the direct effect of violating God's law? Are not all the commanded affections pleasurable? Are not all the forbidden, malignant passions, painful? Is not a benevolent man generally a happpy man? Is not a malignant man always a miserable one? Would the world have been happier had God permitted or enjoined gluttony and drunkenness, instead of temperance; and if, instead of checking natural appetite, had given it loose reins? Fleshly lusts war against the soul, and the body too, and the abstinence from them which the law of God requires, is necessary for the comfort of the life that now is, as well as to the happiness of that which is to come. A man entirely conformed to the law of God, would be as happy as it is possible to be out of heaven. And what a delightful scene would society present, if the laws of piety, truth, justice, and benevolence, were universally practised! "Violence would no more be heard in our land, wasting nor destruction within our borders." There would be universal, permanent peace among nations, and mankind would attain to a height of civilization, a measure of happiness, which the most sanguine philosophical philanthropist has never dared to anticipate.

III. It only remains, now, that I endeavour shortly to show, *thirdly*, that the SANCTIONS of the law of God are just and good. The divine

law is not a mere injunction of duty; it includes in it a provision that, if this injunction be neglected or disobeyed, the transgressor shall be visited with adequate punishment. This is ordinarily termed the penal sanction of the law. We have already seen, in our remarks on the first department of our subject, that it is just and right that the divine law should be thus sanctioned. My object at present is to show that the sanction adopted is a just and good one.

The sanction of the law is stated in such passages of Scripture as these: "The soul that sinneth shall die;"—"The wages of sin is death;"—"Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law, to do them." And they who are finally condemned for disobedience, are doomed to the "everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels;" and are said to "go away into everlasting punishment." Every sinner exposes himself to the displeasure of God, to be manifested in the manner which seems fit to his wisdom and justice; and, unless pardon is obtained "through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus," this displeasure will continue to be manifested during the whole eternity of the transgressor's being.

Doubts have often been thrown out as to the justice and goodness of this arrangement; and, on this ground, some have been rash enough to call in question, and even to deny, a doctrine very clearly stated in Holy Writ—the eternity of future punishment. With what justice such doubts are cherished will appear from the following remarks:—Few will deny that sin deserves punishment; and as to the degree in which sin is to be punished, assuredly the sinner is not the most qualified judge. Sin—any sin, every sin—includes in it an amount of moral evil, and, therefore, of criminal desert, which no human mind can fully estimate. There is in it unnatural conduct towards a father—ingratitude towards a benefactor—rebellious conduct towards a sovereign; and all these heightened inconceivably by the infinite excellence and the innumerable and inappreciable benefits of Him who wears all these characters. He who reflects on this will be cautious how he asserts that sin cannot deserve unending punishment.

It is also worthy of his consideration, how far suffering can remove blameworthiness; and he would do well to ask himself if the statement does not seem agreeable to right and reason, that while just desert of punishment remains, there can be no injustice in inflicting the deserved punishment? When a sinner can stand up before the Eternal Judge and say, I have suffered so much and so long, that I am become perfectly innocent, he may, on the ground of justice, plead that his sufferings should terminate; but not till then.* Besides, there is reason to believe that the finally condemned will continue for ever to sin; and, on that ground, it must be just that they should for ever continue to suffer.

The *goodness* of the penal sanction of the divine law may seem less susceptible of satisfactory proof than its *justice*. Yet we believe it to be capable of being shown, beyond the possibility of rational contradiction, that this awful appointment is not only consistent with, but illustrative of, the divine benignity; not, certainly, of his permanent benignant regards to those who have abused so much goodness, and drawn from the reluctant hand of Jehovah the thunderbolts of his wrath—all proofs of love to them (and they were neither few nor small) are past—but of his benignant regards to the great body of intelligent moral beings in the universe. In punishing irreclaimable offenders, a wise and benevolent government discovers its benignant regards to its subjects generally; not to punish such offenders adequately would, in a variety of ways, be injustice and unkindness to their fellow-subjects. The manifestation of the true character of the Supreme Legislator and Judge of all worlds, is the ultimate end of the universe; and it is the grand means, too, of securing the order, and holiness, and happiness, of the intelligent part of it. This manifestation is made by appropriate works. By works indicative of design, he shows his wisdom; by deeds of power, he shows his omnipotence; by wonderful works of kindness, he shows his benignity; by awful judgments on the workers of iniquity, he manifests his holiness and righteousness. All these works are intended, and fitted to produce in the minds of intelligent beings, such impressions of the all-perfect character of Jehovah, as go to form, in rational beings, that character which is necessary to their permanent happiness. That man gives clearer evidence of arrogance than of penetration, who, after reflecting on these statements, denies that the penal sanction of the law is not only consistent with, but illustrative of, benignity as well as righteousness. The effect which such a manifestation of the holiness and righteousness of God is calculated to produce on holy intelligences, is strikingly illustrated in the Apocalypse, where the smoke from the ruins of the mystical Babylon, rising up for ever and ever, is represented as giving new energy to "that undisturbed song of pure concert, aye sung before the sapphire-coloured throne, to Him who sits thereon, with saintly shout and solemn jubilee."* "And after these things I heard a great voice of much people in heaven, saying, Alleluia; Salvation, and glory, and honour, and power, unto the Lord our God: for true and righteous are his judgments: for he hath judged the great whore, which did corrupt the earth with her fornication, and hath avenged the blood of his servants at her hand. And again they said, Alleluia. And her smoke rose up for ever and

* Smalley.

* Milton.

ever. And the four and twenty elders and the four beasts fell down and worshipped God that sat on the throne, saying, Amen; Alleluia. And a voice came out of the throne, saying, Praise our God, all ye his servants, and ye that fear him, both small and great. And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, Alleluia: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."—Rev. xix. 1–6.

"WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?"

Say, Watchman, what of the night?
Do the dews of the morning fall?
Have the orient skies a border of light,
Like the fringe of a funeral pall?

"The night is fast waning on high,
And soon shall the darkness flee,
And the morn shall spread o'er the blushing sky,
And bright shall its glories be."

But, Watchman, what of the night,
When sorrow and pain are mine,
And the pleasures of life, so sweet and bright,
No longer around me shine?

"That night of sorrow thy soul
May surely prepare to meet,
But away shall the clouds of thy heaviness roll,
And the morning of joy be sweet."

But, Watchman, what of the night,
When the arrow of death is sped,
And the grave, which no glimmering star can light,
Shall be my sleeping bed?

"That night is near—and the cheerless tomb
Shall keep thy body in store,
Till the morn of eternity rise on the gloom,
And night—shall be no more!" ANON.

Biographical Sketch.

THE REV. JOHN WILLIAMS,

MISSIONARY TO THE SOUTH SEAS.

PART II.—THE MISSIONARY.

On the 16th of November, Mr Williams set sail for Tahiti, accompanied by Mrs Williams, formerly Miss Mary Chauner, and to whom he had been married about a fortnight before. Having been detained for some months at Sydney, owing to the want of a vessel, he did not reach his destination till November 17, 1817—exactly a year from the time of his embarkation.

They landed on the Monday; and on the Wednesday following embraced the opportunity of attending the native service in the chapel. "Here," writes Mr Williams, "my eyes beheld 700 or 800 people, who, not five years ago, were worshipping idols, and wallowing in the most dreadful wickedness, now praying to and praising our Lord and God. Surely, thought I, the work is done—there is no need of us."

But he had not been long in the island before he learned that there was yet much to be done; that, as everywhere else, so in Tahiti, many were undisguisedly opposed to Christ, and many more, having a name to live, were, notwithstanding, dead. The discovery of this, however, instead of depressing him, set him all the more earnestly to work, during the period of his residence among them, which was not a long one, he being soon called to another and more destitute scene of labour.

Sometime before his arrival, a number of the chiefs of the Society Islands had come over to assist Pomare in regaining the sovereignty of Tahiti; and these having heard and received the Gospel, now preferred remaining there, to going back to even the sovereignty of their own lands, without the prospect of carrying along with them the religious ordinances they so much loved. The missionaries were so struck with the self-denial and evident sincerity of this determination, that, taking it as a token for good, they resolved on instituting a mission to the islands from which these chiefs came; and, accordingly, three of them—Messrs Williams, Ellis, and Orsmond—accompanied by the chiefs and an interpreter, sailed, on the 18th of June 1818, for Huahine, the most windward of the group, which they reached two days after. They were received by the inhabitants with great joy; and the news of their arrival having rapidly spread through the group, visitors poured in from all quarters, many of them earnest in their solicitations that some of "the white men" should return with them, and teach them the gospel. Among the rest was Tamatoa, King of Raiatea, the largest and most influential of the Society Islands. Two years before, Tamatoa had heard the Gospel from a missionary who had been driven by stress of weather to take refuge in the island; and so much was he then impressed, that not only did he abandon many of his old superstitious practices, but, along with a few others who were favourable to Christianity, erected a sanctuary, in which, on Sabbaths, they regularly met, for the purpose of mutual instruction and improvement. This being known to the missionaries, it was, after consultation, determined that Messrs Williams and Threlkeld should go to Raiatea, which they did in September, to the great joy of Tamatoa and his subjects.

The labours of Williams at Raiatea were abundant, and persevering, and blessed. "The work of the Lord prospered in his hands." He preached the Word—"in season and out of season"—instituted schools for adults and for children, and erected a church; and not only so, but, equally attentive to their temporal interests, induced them to build houses—which they did so rapidly, that, in less than a year, they had erected a range extending nearly two miles along the sea-beach; persuaded them to form a new code of laws, founded on Christian principles; established trial by jury; and taught them agriculture and many of the useful arts.

But, wonderful as the results were, Williams was not satisfied. He longed for a wider sphere of action. Raiatea, he thought, was but an island, not very large, and the inhabitants were comparatively few; why should he remain

and spend his lifetime there, while there were other fields, of wider extent and immensely larger population, to which he might go, and where he might prove more useful?

After two years' travelling about in these leeward islands (he wrote home to the Directors), I am concerned to say that I can find not more, or very few more, than about four thousand inhabitants. I know that one soul is of infinite value. But how does the merchant act who goes in search of goodly pearls? Supposing that he knows where there is one pearl, which would pay him for the trouble of searching and procuring it, and at the sametime of another spot, where there were thousands of equal value, to which place would he direct his way? Of course to the latter. Let us not, then, act a more inconsiderate part than those who seek after earthly riches.

The Directors, however, refusing to sanction his removal, he remained; and the sequel, as Williams himself soon saw and acknowledged, proved them to have been in the right. Scarcely a year from this time had elapsed, when, seeing the way which Providence was about to open up before him, he wrote home: "We have now no desire to leave; and, as our station is assuming rather an unexpected importance, I am resolved to stay, unless compelled to abandon it."

The circumstances which caused so great a change in Mr Williams' mind will be best detailed in his own words:—

An island called Rurutu, about three hundred and fifty miles to the south of Raiatea, was visited by an epidemic, which appears to have been exceedingly fatal. As the natives believe every such calamity to be an infliction of some angry deity, two chiefs of enterprising spirit determined to build each a large canoe, and, with as many of their people as could be conveyed, to launch upon the mighty deep, committing themselves to the winds and the waves, in search of some happier isle; but, a violent storm having arisen, the greater part of the crew of one of them perished. Auura, to whom the other belonged, and his party, were driven about they knew not whither, and for three weeks they traversed the trackless ocean; during which time they suffered exceedingly from the want of food and water. At length, He who holds the winds in his fists, and the waters in the hollow of his hands, to whose merciful designs the elements are subservient, guided them to the Society Islands. They were driven on the coral reef which surrounds the island of Maurua, the farthest west of the group. Had they not reached this island they must have perished. The hospitable attention of the inhabitants of this little isle soon restored the strength of the exhausted voyagers, who related the dreadful calamities which had befallen their country and themselves. The Mauruans informed them that they formerly worshipped the same deities, and attributed every evil that befel them to the anger of their "evil spirits;" but that now they were worshippers of Jehovah, the one living and true God; giving them a detailed account of the manner in which Christianity had been introduced among themselves, and pointing to the demolished maraes (or temples), and mutilated idols in confirmation of their statements. The astonished strangers, on hearing that white men, who had come in ships from a distant country to bring them good tidings, were living at islands the summits of whose mountains were in sight, determined to proceed there immediately. A westerly wind setting in, Auura and his friends again launched on the deep, not to fly from the anger of their gods, but in search of those who could explain more fully to them the nature of the astonishing news they had heard. Not being acquainted with the coast of Porapora, they missed the entrance, and were driven to Raiatea. On landing, their astonishment was again excited; the missionaries, their wives and families, the natives in European dresses with hats and bonnets, their neat white cottages, together with the various useful arts which had been introduced amongst the people, filled the strangers with admiration and surprise. When they were conducted to public worship on the Sabbath, they beheld with astonishment the assembled multitude; heard them sing the praises of the one living and true God; and listened with the deepest interest to the message of mercy. At once they were convinced of the superiority of the Christian religion, and concluded that God had graciously conducted them there for the purpose of making them acquainted with its inestimable blessings. They were immediately placed under instruction, which they received with great avidity and attention, and, at the end of three months, departed for their own island again. Auura, however, objected to go to their "land of darkness without a light in his hand;" by which he meant some person to instruct him and his people in the truths of the Gospel. We (says Williams) assembled the members of our congregation, mentioned Auura's desire, and inquired who among them would go as teachers to the heathen of Rurutu. Two of our deacons, who were amongst our best men, came forward, and, we hope with the spirit as well as in the language of the prophet, said, "Here are we; send us." They were therefore set apart to their work by an interesting service. The greater part of the night previous to their departure was spent in providing them with some necessary and useful articles. Every member of our Church brought something as a testimonial of his affection; one a razor, another a knife, a third a roll of native cloth, a fourth a pair of scissors, and others, various useful tools. We supplied them with elementary books, and a few copies of the Gospels in the Tahitian language, from which their own does not materially differ. Thus we equipped them for this expedition as well as our means would allow. And, in a little, as we were anxious to know what reception was given to the teachers, and to open a communication with this, to us, unknown island, we sent a boat of our own, with a native crew, to bring back intelligence. After an absence of little more than a month, we had the pleasure of seeing this boat return, laden with the trophies of victory—the gods of the heathen taken in this bloodless war, and won by the power of the Prince of Peace. On reading the letters which accompanied them, and seeing with our own eyes the rejected idols, we felt a measure of that sacred joy which the angels of God will experience when they shout, "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our God and his Christ."

These events "revolutionized Mr Williams' view of his position." He saw now that his field was not so narrow. Rurutu had cast off its idols. Why not Rarotonga—why not Mangaia—why not the Samoas—why not all the countless islands with which the Pacific was studded, and of which Raiatea was but one? Had he but a missionary ship, the whole of these could be reached; and once reached, and the Gospel proclaimed, "what wonders" could the Lord not work! His soul was fired with the thought, and from that time he was in

spirit, as he was afterwards in action, "the Apostle of Polynesia." A glorious vision opened up before him, the realization of which formed the business of his future life—the object of his most ardent hopes, and prayers, and efforts.

In the midst of joy there is weeping. About this time Williams was greatly weighed down by intelligence which he received of the death of his mother; to whom, as may well be conceived, he was very fondly attached. But "weeping did not hinder sowing." He seized the opportunity of writing a solemn and faithful letter to his father, who, till now, had been, although a decent, yet a worldly and irreligious man. And the reaping was in joy. The letter was blessed to his father's conversion; and he died in 1827, blessing God for the child who had been made the instrument of thus leading him from "darkness unto light."

Near the close of 1821, Mr and Mrs Williams having been attacked with a rather dangerous malady, found it to be their duty to leave, for a short time, the scene of their labours, and proceed to New South Wales, for the purpose of obtaining medical advice; a course which they resolved on the more readily, as they hoped to be able, not only to visit some islands in their course, but also, when they were at Sydney, "to advance and consolidate the civilization of the Society Islands, by establishing a regular communication between them and the colony, and opening a market there for native produce."

They first sailed for Aitutaki, one of the Hervey Islands, which was reached on the 26th of October.

On the arrival of the vessel (says Williams), we were very soon surrounded by canoes: the natives were exceedingly noisy, and presented in their persons and manners all the wild features of savage life. Some were *tatooed* from head to foot; some were painted most fantastically with pipe-clay and yellow and red ochre; others were smeared all over with charcoal; and in this state were dancing, shouting, and exhibiting the most frantic gestures. We invited the chief, Tamatoa, on board the vessel. A number of his people followed him. Finding that I could converse readily in their language, I informed the chief of what had taken place in the Tahitian and Society Islands with respect to the overthrow of idolatry. He asked me, very significantly, where great *Tangaroa* was? I told him that he, with all the other gods, was burned. He then inquired where *Koro* of Raiatea was? I replied, that he, too, was consumed with fire; and that I had brought two teachers to instruct him and his people in the Word and knowledge of the true God, that he and they also might be induced to abandon and destroy their idols, as others had done. On my introducing the teachers to him, he asked me if they would accompany him to the shore. I replied in the affirmative, and proposed that they should remain with him. He seized them with delight, and saluted them most heartily by rubbing noses; which salutation he continued for some time. On the chief promising me that he would treat the teachers with kindness, and afford them protection, taking with them their little store, they got into his large canoe, and the natives paddled off to the land, apparently greatly delighted with their treasure.

Mr Williams then left and proceeded to Sydney, where, after obtaining medical advice, he made it his first business to look out for a ship. The Society's agent there refused to undertake the risk of the purchase; but seeing Williams determined, notwithstanding, on having it, he relented, and proposed, on the part of the Society, that the risk should be shared between them. Williams instantly closed with the offer—having inherited some property on his mother's death. "Whatever the sum may be," he wrote home to the Directors—"whether £500 or £1000, I have, rather than not accomplish the object, agreed to advance." A vessel of from eighty to ninety tons' burden was accordingly purchased, which they named "The Endeavour;" and ever anxious for the temporal good, and improvement of the islanders, he made arrangements also with a gentleman at Sydney, to come and superintend the cultivation of various articles of produce suited for exportation. In April 1822, he returned to Raiatea—his own health and that of Mrs Williams greatly restored—and was received by the people with every demonstration of attachment and delight.

EXTRACTS FROM A TRAVELLER'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY THE REV. W. K. TWEEDIE, EDINBURGH.

THE PASSES OF THE ALPS.

St Gothard—The Splugen Trap—The Great St Bernard—Mont Blanc—The Semplon—Mont Cenis.

When a traveller from the southern parts of this island, whose eye is not accustomed to measure great altitudes, first approaches the Alps, his feelings are often or generally those of disappointment. His mind is not able to take in at once the true idea of the gigantic masses on which he gazes. He requires a scale of measurement *now* different from all that he has hitherto used, and must grow familiar with new objects and new proportions, before he can thoroughly estimate the grandeur amid which the Alpine traveller moves. Till that be done, it is rather a vague, indefinite awe that pervades the mind, than any clear perception of the magnificence that surrounds him. For days, we felt in this way almost bewildered. When we first saw the Alps, Mont Rosa, Mont Blanc, the Young Vraw, and a hundred other masses wonder-struck the mind at once; but it was days or weeks before it grew familiar with those giants of the earth, so as to comprehend their real vastness.

This familiarity, however, is at length acquired; and the following Notes are designed to tell the impressions that were produced by a summer's journeying among those wondrous scenes.

Switzerland, with its mountains, cities, lakes, and stirring associations, might detain us long; but we pass at once from these, and would have our readers to suppose us, after a sail of five or six hours on the Lake of Walstetten, or the Four Cantons—amid scenes made famous by the achievements of Tell, the Wallace of Switzerland, and by the first Swiss Con-

federation (1307), which broke the chains which the House of Hapsburg was forging for that free land—quartered for the night at Altdorf, the capital of Uri, preparing for the ascent of the St Gothard. We are surrounded with many tokens of the superstition of the canton of which Altdorf is the little capital, for it is one of those which rejected the Reformation—which loved and bled for civil liberty, but cared not for that with which Christ maketh free. To reconnoitre the steep and glaciered pass which we had to face and traverse on the morrow, we ascended an eminence above the town, and found its summit crowned with a church, filled with all the insignia of superstition, and telling to the very eye how the system which is characterized by "*all* the deceivableness of unrighteousness," cheats and deludes its adherents by giving them a religion for the senses, not for the soul—hiding the things of the Spirit, as Achan hid the gold, "beneath their stuff." Tell is the *genius loci* here. The ruins of his house, the spot where he is said to have struck the apple with an arrow from the head of his son, at the command of Gessler, the tyrant of the times, and other mementoes, are here pointed out; but legend is so largely mixed up with the truth, that you gladly take refuge in scepticism when you are not forced to examine and decide.

We began the ascent of the St Gothard betimes, although we were some leagues from the base. On the right and the left, around Altdorf and up the pass, mountains rose to the height of more than 3000 feet. Their flanks were covered with stupendous glaciers, among which those of Trift and Gelmer are the most remarkable; and even beside these, we found that man had been frequent and keen in the pursuit of his mimic glory—the counterfeit of the real, the glory that is hereafter to be revealed. At the Pont-du-diable, over the Reuss, the French and the Russians encountered each other during the revolutionary war (1799). Many were precipitated into the dizzy chasm which is spanned by the bridge; and when the Russians under Suwarrow entered the village of Andermat, which stands far up on the mountain, hunger had reduced them to such a state, that soap was greedily devoured, hides were cooked and eaten, and everything was endured which could demonstrate the madness of man's ambition—the extravagance of the price paid to indulge his lust of power. The regions which we were now traversing, with nothing to disturb us but the constant crackling of the neighbouring glaciers—next to the avalanche, one of the most awing sounds to which we have listened—are dreary and bleak, like a world which is indeed weighed down by the primal curse; but the desolation that is spread over such scenes is nothing like the moral blight which has passed over the creature that has risen in revolt against its God.

Much delusion, fostered by mere romance, exists on the subject of *Swiss Cottages*. Their Alpine positions, and eyry-like clinging to the rocks, as seen on the sides of St Gothard and elsewhere, no doubt render them often picturesque in the distance; but, to examine their interior in detail dissipates the charm. First of all, they are never cleanly, and cannot be comfortable. Formed chiefly of wood, or having only the ground storey of stone, they are so clumsily constructed as to appear misshapen masses. Their large projecting eaves, covering a balcony which serves the multifarious purposes of an apiary, a vinery, a washing-house, a hen-roost, a depôt for wood, a hemp-store, *cum quibusdam aliis*, give the whole rather the aspect of a huge Gipsy encampment, than of those drawing-room sketches which are as fanciful as Utopia. Wherever such Swiss cottages are to be found, we have not seen them in all Switzerland.

But we ascend the pass, and are approaching the summit. It is a work of seven or eight toilsome hours to those who travel on foot, as every traveller in Switzerland should do. The path formed over the mountain, to connect Switzerland with Italy, is a work of utility rather than of genius, like the Semplon. The highest point of the pass is 6390 French feet above the level of the sea, though the mountain, at one point, rises nearly as much more, sheer above the traveller's head. The windings and embankments of the route, the granite rocks blasted, and at one place tunnelled, the bridges built, and galleries formed—all tell of the efforts needed to level, or at least to lower, the barrier between Switzerland and Italy. On either side, and all along the pass, the inhabitants seem wholly given up to idolatry; and as one wanders from place to place, amid these strange, stupendous scenes, he is prevented, when he reflects, from enjoying their grandeur, by the spectacle of degraded minds and enslaved souls, which everywhere meets him. If the religion of the Saviour be found only in the Bible, these people still need to be converted to it; but the route formed with so much labour, and at such a cost, which carried us over the Alps, was a step towards the grand consummation, when "men shall run to and fro, and knowledge (the knowledge of the Lord) shall be increased."

During a short residence in one of the valleys to the north of St Gothard, we made an experiment which, to ourselves at least, was more important far than all Professor Forbes' observations on glaciers or *moraines*, although we do not think meanly of his labours. We were at no great distance from Mont Pilate, Rigi, Titlis, the Blum-Alpe, Wetterhorn, and other mountains pyramidal and peaky—one of the noblest amphitheatres in the midst of which man could stand. The Sabbath calm was reigning; for, though there was no house of God to which we could resort, He who said, "Lo, I am with you alway," is ever redeeming his promise, and imparting his peace to those that seek him—and a Sabbath day among the Alps may be, to a spiritual mind, a sweet foretaste of "the rest that remaineth for the people of God." As the moon rose unclouded on that most lovely eve, we tried to put it to the proof whether men *can* "rise through *nature* up to nature's God;" or whether there be not a fallacy, nay, something Antichristian, involved in that maxim, if the kingdom of nature be viewed apart from the dispensation of grace. The stupendous objects that lay around us—the serene moonshine—the cold glittering of glaciers far and near—the deep shadows of Mont Pilate and the Wetterhorn Alp—with the grave-like silence that

prevailed—all influenced or subdued the mind, so that it would be wrong to assert that there is not *some* kind of religious emotion envolved by such a spectacle. The mind struggles for a little to find expression, and feeling that to be impossible, retires into itself, and calmly contemplates the cynosure of glories. There may be thus produced a kind of pantheistic admiration of the things that are seen—an unsubstantial, unpractical, imaginative theism; but the question still recurs, Can all these glories connect me, *a sinner*, with my God? Can they re-conduct me to his favour? Can they answer, even by a hint, the question of Job: "How shall man be just before his God?" No doubt, "the works of God are good, and sought out by all that take pleasure therein;" and one of the charges brought against his ancient people is, that they did not regard the works of his hands. But these works, by *themselves*, never can calm my fears, nor tell how the holy God can deal in mercy *with me a sinner;* and all the indiscribable grandeur, by which I was an hour ago surrounded, gave me, for that purpose, no clearer notion of the infinite Jehovah. It is not through *nature* that we can arrive at the saving or satisfying knowledge of him. The notion of power becomes more vivid amid such scenes; but what if it be hostile power? The notion of the wisdom that presides over all one sees, is more solemnly impressed; but what if that wisdom be pledged to see me punished as a sinner? These are the questions that never yet were answered amid such scenes, merely by *them*. It is poetry, then, not religion, that dreams of *sinners* ascending to God through nature. It is "God manifest in the flesh" alone, that brings the sinner and the Judge in amity together. It is in "the brightness of the Father's glory," and not in the grandeur of the Alps, or the loveliness of other sights, that we can "acquaint ourselves with God, and be at peace." I found no solution for the question, "How can man be just before his God?" in all the groups of magnificence which surrounded me an hour ago; but I find it solved and for ever settled when I turn from these to look, as a believer, on "the image of the invisible God." The savage aspect of the mountains, or the quiet aspect of the Lake of Lucerne, at a little distance—the mixture of the terrific and the tranquillizing—may combine to generate such sentiments as pass for piety, when pure and undefiled religion is unknown. But though men may love what they *call* Deity more, they cannot know the true Deity, the "God of pardons," better. "No man knoweth the Father, save the Son, and he to whom the Son reveals him," is the saying of Jehovah. It is true, whether I feel its truth or not; but I never felt its truth more distinctly than now, in the bosom of the Alps, with all their glories, dusked by moonlight, but therefore the more awing to man's spirit

In returning to our home, we passed from the temple where man might have worshipped the God of nature, had sin never blighted the soul, to the church of the place—a Popish one. The worshippers were few, for the evening opera (one can liken their worship to little else) was over, and only the stricter or more anxious devotees remained behind. The glimmering lamps were barely sufficient to make the darkness visible, but more than sufficient to show that we had passed from the scene of one delusion to another. Men, untaught by the Spirit of God, both regarding Him and themselves, think they can worship Him with acceptance as the God of nature; and deluded Romanists, equally untaught, think that prayers offered by tale will be heard, and an atonement offered or eked out by self-inflicted tortures accepted. Each class, the Deist, and the Romanist, overlooks or undervalues Him who is the appointed meeting-place between the sinner and his God—the Daysman who "laid his hand upon us both, so making peace." Yet gladly would we believe that the sighs which we heard in that gloomy temple of superstition were the strugglings of souls convinced of sin, for reconciliation with their God—a reconciliation which might, through the Spirit's blessing, be enjoyed, as it has been enjoyed, by Romanists, like A'Kempis and Pascal, in spite of all the wood, and hay, and stubble, which a crafty priesthood has piled upon the only foundation which man can lay for hope towards his God.

In our own land, how many are Papists at heart—praying by tale, and doing penance by their own acts, and pleasing God because they belong to *the Church!*

One leaves, with regret, any spot where a new truth has been learned, or old truths confirmed; but a traveller must move on; and after a night's rest at Andermat, we resumed the ascent, now fully half completed. The snowy summit of St Gothard is crossed, where even the Scotch fir-tree first degenerates into a feeble shrub, and then disappears—the fountains of the Reuss and the Ticino are passed;—the former rushing towards Switzerland, the Rhine, and the German Ocean; the latter, to Italy, the Po, and the Adriatic. The hospital on the *Col*, fast falling to decay, because the new route has made it useless, is left behind—our passports are examined, and our knapsacks searched, on the Italian frontier—waterfalls on the Ticino are scarcely glanced at, though they would be visited by thousands, and admired by them all, in every country but Switzerland. We descend by Airolo into sunny Italy, and soon discover that we are surrounded by a race of men specifically different from those we have left behind us, yet withal frank and bland to strangers. Monks are now even more rife, superstition is more rampant, and all that presents the religion of the Saviour in travesty or caricature becomes more abundant. Faido, Al Dazio, the Val Levantine, Bellinzona,—all can be but named, for our present business is with the Passes of the Alps. Our next paper shall refer to the Splugen Trap, by which we recrossed from Italy to Switzerland, and the great St Bernard, by which we returned to Italy again.

THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH.

It matters not at what hour of the day
The righteous fall asleep; Death cannot come
To him untimely who is fit to die;
The less of this cold world, the more of heaven;
The briefer life, the earlier immortality.

MILMAN.

MANNA GATHERED FROM THE GROUND.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM ARNOT, GLASGOW.

INTRODUCTORY.

The Works and the Word of God.

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow."—Matt. vi. 28.

"Unto the pure, all things are pure; but unto them that are defiled and unbelieving, is nothing pure." And the reason is added: "Their mind and conscience is defiled."—Tit. i. 15. The condition of the observer's mind gives a character to all that he observes. If his spirit is burdened within him, all nature seems arrayed in gloom. If his heart is joyful, wherever he looks the world answers with a smile. The glass through which you look gives its own colour to everything you see. This law of physical nature holds good in morals too. The mind—the soul's eye—whether carnal or spiritual, tinges with its own hue all the objects of nature and all the events of Providence. In order to judge whether you get good or evil by contemplating any object, I do not care so much to inquire *what* you see, as *how* you see it. The result depends not so much on the abstract character of the object, as on the frame of the observer's mind. The same scene of vice will entice one into its vortex, and drive another away. The same beauty of holiness will to one man be a weariness, and to another a delight. If your soul be set on heaven, every breath that blows will impel you thitherward. If God's image be restored upon your soul within, God's mercy will be manifest in his works without. If Christ dwell in your heart by faith, the objects of sight will readily remind you of Christ. If you have received the light of the glorious Gospel in upon your soul, you will see it reflected from the face of the world. Again I say, the good or the evil your soul may get from converse with the material world, depends not so much on the things you meet, as the spirit you meet them in. If you are the Father's child, all things are the Father's servants. "To the pure, all things are pure."

When the spiritual mind is imparted, there is abundant scope for its exercise. When the faculties of the soul are enlightened, and sanctified, and set on God, they have a wide field to go forth upon; and "the field is the world." The Word and the works of God mutually reflect light on each other. True, we would never find the way of salvation by looking on the earth beneath. That way is found, not imprinted on creation, but written in the Word—not discovered by reason, but revealed to faith. Yet, when the knowledge of God is revealed direct from heaven, the material world supplies in part the means of diffusing it. There is a language in the work of his hand, that helps to interpret the law of his mouth. The light of day issues all from the sun on high; but much of its use to men depends on its being reflected back from the surface of the earth. The dead cold stone on the mountain side is dumb—it cannot speak; but it is so formed, that it echoes back the voice of a living man. So, though the Word of eternal life does not come *from* "herbs, and plants, and fruitful trees;" yet, *through* them, it may come in more distinct articulation to the ear of man. In this sense, the earth helps the woman—helps the Church—to conceive of the glorious things that God hath prepared for them that love him.

If you be Christ's, all things are yours; and if you be skilful in the Word of Righteousness, you may turn everything to a profitable account. If the imagination were sanctified, it might roam free, even over this fallen world. A lamb may safely be set at large—it will not wallow in the mire, although mire be within its reach. Let a bee roam free over all the bloom of summer;—it will bring no poison home, though there be poison in some of the flowers. Oh, for the instinct of a new nature, so strong that all impurity would repel, all holiness attract it!

It is not only when reading the Word, and waiting on ordinances, that believers are drawing near to God, and tasting that he is gracious. God is everything to them; and they now see God in everything. The exercise is pleasing and profitable. The Bible encourages us to engage in it, and teaches us how. Nay, it trains us into the habit. It takes young scholars by the hand, and leads them over the path oft, just that they may be able to tread it alone. How many parables did Jesus put forth, all with the same end in view—not only to lead us to God, but to lead us to God over a path cut out of creation! He made Nature the handmaid of Grace. This is the peculiarity of the parables—they employ the objects and laws of nature to reveal a spiritual kingdom, and accomplish a spiritual work. A scholar in the school of Christ not only sets his affections on things above, but he lays his hand on things below, and makes them the very ladder on which he climbs. He presses temporal things into his service, and makes them the instruments of lifting up his soul to heavenly things. Thus, one who is created again in the image of Christ, filled with his Spirit, and trained after his example, cannot see a hen gathering her chickens under her wing, without thinking of God's mercy shielding men, and men's madness in refusing mercy. He cannot see a fisher casting his net into the sea, without thinking of the office of the ministry, instituted to draw forth sinners from a sea of wrath. He cannot see a vine branch laden with its fruit, without thinking of Christ sustaining believers, and believers abiding in Christ.

In this sense, already the *earth* is "full of the knowledge of the Lord." Although it is a wilderness through which they are travelling, the Israel of God may gather manna from the ground they tread on; but though they gather it on earth, they know that it did not grow there—it has fallen from heaven all. The great things of God's law—the things that concern man's salvation—appear not in the laws of nature, but in the covenant of grace. From the analogies of nature we cannot get any new light on the things that belong to our peace; and yet it may be good to trace the analogies that exist between things temporal and things spiritual—the works of the same God. If we receive from the Word a spiritual thing, and, by means of a natural law, fix it for a longer

period before the mind, for a more leisurely contemplation, we have not lost our labour. Although these analogies do not make known new religious truths—although they do not even throw any additional light on religious truths already known—they are not useless, if they serve as a handle to detain a little longer those unseen things which flit so quickly past, and leave so slight an impress on our minds.

Let us try this exercise. Let us take our theme from the Word, and, under its guiding light, let us range over nature seeking food for faith. Confining our view, in the first instance, to the vegetable department of creation, let us try so to arrange some of its facts and laws, as to make them teach spiritual wisdom. Taking the Bible in our hands as our guide, and looking to the Lord for the blessing, we shall adopt the converse of Jeremiah's exclamation (xxii. 29), "O earth, earth, earth, *speak* the word of the Lord." The earth, as well as the heavens, may declare his glory.

A SABBATH AMONG THE WALDENSES.

ALL our readers must have heard of the Waldenses, who, in the retirement of their mountain fastnesses, "kept the faith," when the whole of Christendom besides was "faithless"—and for so long a time suffered such fierce and relentless persecution at the hands of their Popish oppressors. The following account of a Sabbath spent last July, in one of their valleys—that of Angrogna—is taken from an extremely interesting volume,* lately published by Dr Henderson of Highbury College, already well known to the public as the author of "Travels in Iceland," &c.:—

On Sabbath, July 21, 1844, I accompanied Professor Revel to Angrogna, where he was to officiate for the day. We commenced our walk about eight o'clock, and, after crossing the Angrogna torrent, proceeded up the gorge through which it emerges a little above the Catholic convent. The scenery through which we passed was sublime and lovely, occasionally presenting to view immense rocks and profound chasms along the torrent below us on the left; but it burst forth into all the beauties of mountain landscape as we prosecuted our walk farther up to the church of Serre, in which the former of the two services was to be performed. The ruggedness of the rocky glen gave place to the varied terraces of chestnut, walnut, and cherry trees, along which the pathway winded; and, in many places, I could have imagined myself taking a promenade in the walks of a nobleman's park in England, rather than traversing the mountain districts of Angrogna.

As we arrived at the church, we had to pass through crowds of the Vaudois, who were exchanging salutations and communications with each other; many of the latter of which, doubtless, had reference to the occurrences of the past week. This practice of loitering about the church doors till after the service has commenced is, I was sorry to learn, too common in the Valleys, as it is in many parts of my native country. It may, in some measure, be accounted for on the principle, that this occasion is the only one on which most of the people have an opportunity of meeting each other; but it unquestionably argues the absence of a due sense, in those who indulge in it, of the importance of divine worship, and of the sanctity of the Sabbath. Some of the pastors have endeavoured to do away with the scandal; but bad habits are not easily reformed, especially if there be the absence of the true spiritual principle to which an appeal can be made. In the course of a short time the church filled, though it was not crowded, owing, I was told, to many of the inhabitants being away in their distant summer châlets upon the mountains.

The service was begun by the regent, who ascended a desk in the table-pew before the pulpit, and read the first three chapters of the Epistle to the Ephesians, subjoining at the end of each, the words, "*Ici suivent les observations;*" and then read the practical reflections of Ostervald, whose large folio Bible is used in all the Vaudois churches. He next read the Decalogue; and concluded with the substance of the law, as given by our Lord, Matt. xxii. 37–40.

The minister then ascended the pulpit, and having engaged in prayer, gave out some verses of a psalm, which were sung by the congregation sitting, each having a psalm book, with the musical notes under the lines. They joined in full chorus, and sang with good taste, evincing that they are not only fond of sacred music, but that they are diligent in its cultivation. The tune was plaintive in its character, and required the pronunciation of the mute vowels at the termination of words, as is customary in the Protestant psalmody of France. When the singing had ended, another prayer was offered up.

The professor then preached on the marriage supper (Matt. xxii. 1–14), setting forth, in a very lucid and interesting manner, the provision which God, in his infinite love and mercy, hath made for the salvation of the guilty; the extent and freeness of the Gospel invitations; the proneness of mankind to plead any excuse, rather than embrace the blessings of divine grace; and the fearful doom which awaits all who reject them. The sermon was characterized by a style adapted to the meanest capacity; an earnestness and pathos admirably calculated to rivet the attention and move the passions; and a searching discrimination of character, which rendered it next to impossible for any of the hearers to go away without having had some intimations of conscience respecting his state before God. It was neither read nor delivered with the assistance of notes, but preached from memory, having been previously mandated with care—while extemporaneous sentences and passages appeared occasionally to be thrown in, according as some apt or striking idea happened to be suggested to the mind of the speaker. This mode of preaching is universal in the churches of the Vaudois, and is regarded by them to be so important, that they would on no account listen to a minister who should read his discourse.

Immediately after sermon, the ordinance of baptism was administered. We are told that

A young-looking man stepped forward, holding in his arms a child, over which, and pinned to his shoulders, was spread a square piece of red silk brocade, ornamented with bows of ribbon at the corners. He was accompanied by two females, one of whom had a small phial with water, and a towel. When they had taken their station in front of the pulpit, in the attitude of kneeling, the minister addressed him as follows: "You present this child that it may be baptized?" to which he replied, "Yes." A short discourse on the nature of the ordinance was then delivered, to the effect, that our Lord teaches us the necessity of our being born again, if we would enter into the kingdom of God; by which is meant, that a great change takes place in us when we are received into the communion of our Saviour—a change which is very sensibly represented by the rite of baptism. For, as water cleanseth the impurities of our body, so we shall find in communion with

* The Vaudois. Snow, London.

Christ all that is necessary for cleansing the pollutions of our soul; and as God offers us his grace in the pardon of our sins, and the assistance of his Holy Spirit, when he receives us into covenant with himself, so we, on our part, engage to purify ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, and to perfect holiness in the fear of God! Such are the sacred engagements into which we enter by baptism. And we cause our children to enter into them, so far as depends upon us, when we consecrate them to God by this sacred rite, and present them to him to be received into his Church. And when they come to the years of discretion, they are bound to fulfil these engagements, if they would participate in the benefits of the covenant of God, which are destined for none but true believers.

Having adverted to the readiness of God to extend his favour to children as well as to their parents, and to the circumstance of our Saviour's putting his hands upon them, and blessing them, the minister called upon the whole congregation to unite in devoting the child to God, and commended it to His grace in prayer.

The vows were then laid upon the father and accompanying relatives; and

The minister having added: "God give you grace to fulfil your promise," came down from the pulpit, and holding out both his hands, placed close together, into which one of the females poured the water she had brought with her in the phial, he poured it upon the child, pronouncing, at the sametime, its name, and repeating the words of the institution: "I baptize thee," &c.

The rite having thus been performed, he returned to the pulpit, and offered up another general prayer, which was followed by the Lord's Prayer and the Creed, rehearsed by the minister alone. Some verses of a psalm were then sung by the congregation, and the service closed with the Benediction.

There was much about the appearance of the congregation that reminded me of scenes which, in my early days, I had witnessed in Scotland. The men and women were all dressed in their best clothes: the elder men with their coarse but white shirt collars rising above their neckerchiefs, and the young men with theirs folded down, and simply buttoned, or tied with a ribbon in front. The females wore their hair turned back under plaited caps, and had cotton handkerchiefs in the shape of small shawls. The sexes sat separately; the women in front of the pulpit, which is placed against one side of the church, and the men to the right and left on either side. Just under the pulpit is a large square pew without doors, which is reserved for the elders and any stranger who may happen to enter the church. There are no close pews in the Vaudois churches. The worshippers sit on benches with backs, which are open to the poorest equally with those who may be in somewhat better circumstances. No one has occasion to envy his neighbour on account of superior accommodation. No one is put to shame by being compelled to give way to another. All distinction of persons is lost in the presence of Him who looketh not upon the outward appearance, but upon the heart, and to whose omniscient eye each, while uniting with all, ought ever to regard himself as specially the object of inspection.

The churches are extremely simple. The only decorations exhibited in some of them are passages of Scripture, or the ancient insignia of the Vaudois—a candlestick with a light shedding its rays across the surrounding darkness, encircled with seven stars, having the motto, "*Lux lucet in tenebris.*" Anything more appropriately descriptive of the position and destination of the people it is impossible to conceive. Long may they be preserved by Him who walketh in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks, and holdeth the stars in his right hand! And brighter, and still brighter, may they shine, till the perfect millennial day, when the light of the stars shall be as the light of the moon, and the light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be as the light of seven days!

Smiling countenances and a hearty shake of the hand on the part of the elders, and others of the congregation, assured me that I was welcome among them as a brother in the faith. For myself, I could not but feel that I was in the company of the descendants of a race of men of whom the world was not worthy; and who, during a long succession of ages, have borne testimony on behalf of the truth as it is in Jesus—witnessing to his sole priesthood, in opposition to a sacerdotal order of purely Antichristian invention, and to the claims of his universal headship, in opposition to the usurped authority of the pretended successors of one of his apostles.

We now returned to St Laurent, accompanied by most of the congregation, and had not been long at the parsonage when the hour of service at the larger church arrived. Before entering, I repaired to the cemetery, which is close by, where a funeral was being performed. It was the interment of a child. The regent read a selection of the following passages of Scripture, appointed by the Synod to be used on such occasions: John xi. 25, 26; Job xix. 25–27; 1 Tim. vi. 7; Job i. 21; Ps. xxxix., xc., vi., xxxii., xxxviii., li., cii., cxxx., cxliii.; 1 Cor. xv. 20–58; and concluded with prayer. On the repetition of the Lord's Prayer and the Benediction, the assembly, which was numerous and very attentive, dispersed, and proceeded to the church.

The afternoon service was nearly the same as that in the morning at Serre. The regent read the three remaining chapters of the Epistle to the Ephesians, with the accompanying reflections of Ostervald. The text which M. Revel selected as the basis of his discourse, was Matt. xi. 28–30, from which he took occasion to expatiate on the various classes to whom the invitation of our Saviour is addressed, the nature of the rest to be found in him for the guilty, and the happiness of all who cordially choose his service.

Another baptism was celebrated precisely in the same manner as in the morning. The congregation was large, and the deepest attention appeared to be paid to the interesting discourse to which they listened. After service we returned to the presbytère.

It was pleasing to observe several of the young people of both sexes proceeding shortly afterwards to a prayer-meeting, which was about to be held high up on the mountain. They were accompanied by a venerable patriarch, of upwards of eighty, who climbed up the pathway, with the New Testament under his arm, at a pace which not a little surprised me. In this way many of the Vaudois spend the evening of the Sabbath; while others, unimpressed with a sense of its sanctity, and of the importance of the objects to which it should be devoted, congregate for trifling conversation, or worldly amusement. As we returned through the hamlet of St Laurent, we observed several persons, partly Roman Catholics and partly Vaudois, playing at ninepins, without any apparent consciousness that they were doing wrong. It was formerly the custom to shoot at the tirata, or target, in order to keep up the character of expert marksmen; but the practice is less common than it was, and takes place on Catholic holidays, when the Vaudois are interdicted work, rather than on the Sabbath.

After family worship, I retired to rest, in no ordinary degree gratified at having enjoyed the privilege of spending a Sabbath among the Vaudois.

Daily Bread.

FRIDAY.

"It is appointed unto all men once to die."—HEB. ix. 27.

Only this frail and fleeting breath
Preserves me from the jaws of death:
Soon as it fails at once I'm gone,
And plunged into a world unknown,

Value not yourselves on the blossom of youth; for while ye are in your blooming years ye are but ripening for the grave; and Death gives the fatal stroke without asking any body's age. Glory not in your strength—it will quickly be gone: the time will soon be when ye shall not be able to turn yourselves on a bed; and you must be carried by your grieving friends to your long home. And what signifies your healthful constitution? Value not yourselves on your beauty, which "shall consume in the grave." Remember the change Death makes on the fairest face: "Thou changest his countenance, and sendest him away." Death makes the greatest beauty so loathsome, that it must be buried out of sight. Could a looking-glass be used in the house appointed for all living, it would be a terror to those who now look oftener into their glasses than into their Bibles. And what though the body be gorgeously arrayed? The finest clothes are but badges of our sin and shame, and in a little time will be exchanged for a winding-sheet.—*Boston.*

SATURDAY.

"And after that the judgment."—HEB. ix. 27.

Then, leaving all I love below,
To God's tribunal I must go;
Must hear the Judge pronounce my fate,
And fix my everlasting state.

Believers! let not the terror of that day dispirit you when you meditate upon it: let those who have slighted the Judge, and continue enemies to him and to the way of holiness, droop and hang down their heads when they think of his coming; but lift ye up your heads with joy, for the last day will be your best day. The Judge is your Head and Husband, your Redeemer and your Advocate. Ye must appear before the judgment-seat, but ye shall not come into condemnation—his coming will not be against you, but for you. It is otherwise with unbelievers—a *neglected Saviour* will be a *severe Judge.*—*Ibid.*

SABBATH.

"This day is holy unto the Lord your God."—NEH. viii. 9.

The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day,
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

When you enter this day into the sanctuary, or into your closets, shut the door of your hearts, so that worldly thoughts may not enter to trouble you. Set solemn obligations and charges upon your hearts, that they wander not from God; bind the sacrifice with cords to the altar's horns; and if the birds of prey come by surprise down upon the sacrifice, then, like Abraham (Gen. xv. 11), "drive them presently away," and summon every thought to attend your main business. Retract every vain thought with a sigh, and chide with your hearts for vain excursions; check them as Christ did his drowsy disciples—What? cannot you watch with Christ for one hour? how, then, will you like to be engaged in heaven's work to all eternity, where there is no interruption?—*Willison.*

MONDAY.

"They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with its affections and lusts."—GAL. v. 24.

O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free—
A heart all sprinkled with that blood
So freely spilt for me.

A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect and right, and pure and good—
A copy, Lord, of thine.

Oh! never suffer sin to live any more in you, that would not suffer your Saviour to live in the world; never allow that a room in your heart, that would not allow him a room among the living on earth. O beware of crucifying Christ afresh! Never dispute any more, when a temptation is presented, whether Christ or Barabbas should be preferred—your lusts denied, or Christ crucified; but presently cry out against your lusts, "Crucify them, crucify them."—*Willison.*

TUESDAY.

"Be clothed with humility."—1 PET. v. 5.

Lord, if thou thy grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall as my Master be,
Clothed with mild humility.

Simple, teachable, and mild,
Changed into a little child;
Pleased with all the Lord provides,
Weaned from all the world besides.

The casting down of our spirits in true humility, is but like throwing a ball on the ground, which makes it rebound the higher to heaven. . . . . None was ever so high and glorious as Christ, yet none so meek and lowly.—*Mason.*

WEDNESDAY.

"Search the Scriptures."—JOHN v. 30.

Precious Bible! what a treasure
Does the Word of God afford!
All I want for life or pleasure,
Food and med'cine, shield and sword:
Let the world account me poor,
Having this I need no more.

Hold fast and close by your Bible. Peruse it with frequency, with seriousness, with diligence, and with self-application. . . . . Let it be your study by day, and your song by night. Let it be your companion in society, and in solitude. Though you abandon everything else, keep your Bible; believe it, love it, read it, and you shall be happy. It is the light of your souls; it is the source of your joy; it is the ground of your hope; it is the well out of which you are to draw the waters of life and salvation.—*Rev. Dr Andrew Thomson's Sermons.*

THURSDAY.

"Let your speech be alway with grace seasoned with salt."—COL. iv. 6.

O may I ne'er my silence break,
Unless inspired by God to speak;
Then let such power attend my word,
That all who hear may seek the Lord.

I would never wish to be in a company in which there is not room for my Master, as well as for myself.—*Hervey.*

Beware of vain, flattering, and proud speeches. Beware also of *much* speaking. An open mouth is a sign of an empty heart, as a chest open is a sign that nothing is in it. When money or jewels are within, it is kept locked. Be not hasty in speech, and as the best rule of all—commit the guidance of your tongue in prayer to God.—*Philip Henry.*

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SCRIPTURE COINCIDENCES AGAINST POPERY.

BY THE REV. JAMES BEGG, EDINBURGH.

Popery has been called the "masterpiece of Satan;" and no one can have studied its character or marked its striking success without seeing how eminently fitted it is to adapt itself to all the various moods and phases of depraved human nature. It appeals to all the senses—calls in the aid of all the arts—suits itself to all the tastes of men; it provides indulgences for the sensual—brilliant pageants for the gay—gloomy retirements for the morose—princely honours for the ambitious—promises of heaven for the generous devotee. It is literally "all things to all men." It meets man at all the most tender and interesting periods of his history—at his cradle—at his marriage—in sickness—at death—at the grave, when weeping over the remains of friends; and for all these circumstances it has plausible and appropriate promises. It lays hold of the teacher, the politician, the author, the statesman, the demagogue, the king, and strives to turn them all into its obsequious instruments. It seizes the press. It loves, especially, to dwell at the centres and sources of earthly power. If that power be a despotism, Popery has its most accomplished agents at the despot's ear. If it be a democracy, Popery, whilst labouring to overthrow all forms of human freedom, has its busy agents everywhere wielding the masses towards the accomplishment of its ends. It has already achieved mighty triumphs; and the Word of God and the signs of the times seem to point to victories yet to be won, before it is destroyed "by the spirit of Christ's mouth, and the brightness of his coming." The man who despises it is equally ignorant of Scripture, of history, and of the human heart. To it the striking language of our Saviour may be justly applied: "If it were possible it would deceive even the very elect."

And yet God, in great mercy to his people, has not only drawn at full length the features of this great apostasy in his Holy Word, so that "he that runneth may read," branding it with the stamp of his deepest abhorrence, and foretelling its fearful overthrow; but there are certain striking coincidences in Scripture which seem to have been designed specially to warn Christians against the snares of the Man of Sin. It is no part of our intention, at present, to enter into an argument at large against Popery, but simply to refer to a few important Scripture facts which, as it were, lie on the surface.

I. There was an ancient Church of Rome, to which the Apostle Paul, under the inspiration of the Spirit of God, wrote a lengthened epistle; which forms part of the canon of Scripture. In this epistle there are two points very remarkable, as connected with the corruptions of the modern Church of Rome.

First, The Epistle to the Romans contains the fullest connected exhibition to be found in Scripture of the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel, and especially of that doctrine of a sinner's justification by faith alone in the Lord Jesus Christ, and by the imputation of his all-perfect righteousness upon the denial of which the whole superstructure of Romish delusion is based. There was thus, therefore, not only a protest given in by anticipation against the corruptions that were afterwards to spring up in the Romish Church, but the means of escape from error were divinely provided, if Rome had not hid the key of knowledge. If her deluded votaries were permitted to read the Book of God, a professing Christian at modern Rome might have abundant means of testing the truth of the dogmas of Antichrist, and of seeing how far the professing Church to which he now belongs has removed away from the truth of the Gospel, as maintained by the pen of inspiration, and originally professed at Rome itself. And, meantime, every Christian has the ready means of applying the same test to the overthrow of that system of will-worship and superstition which has, under Popery, usurped the place of the simplicity of truth; so that, amidst all vain rites and ceremonies of modern idolatry, we can hear the still small voice of truth, as addressed to ancient Rome: "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

But, *Secondly*, The same epistle to the Roman Church contains a very solemn and striking warning of the danger of apostasy, to which the subsequent history of that Church has now appended a commentary. To almost no other Church is such language addressed; and with what feelings must a true Christian, standing at Rome amidst spiritual desolation, read the following passage: "Thou wilt say then, The branches were broken off, that I might be graffed in. Well; because of unbelief they were broken off, and thou standest by faith. Be not high-minded, but fear: for if God spared not the natural branches, *take heed lest he also spare not thee.*" — Rom. xi. 19–21.

II. The coincidences to which we have referred are still more remarkable in the case of Peter, the apostle who was afterwards to be falsely set forth as the head and representative of Romanism. To cover the fearful imposture of him who sitteth in the temple of God, claiming divine infallibility and universal dominion in the Christian Church, the Pope professes to be

the successor of the Apostle Peter, in whom such attributes are supposed to have primarily resided.

Now, it is very remarkable, *First*, That Peter, so far from being infallible, was *the most fallible of all the apostles, except Judas.* He fell fearfully and repeatedly before our Lord's death; and lest any one should imagine that he had acquired personal infallibility after Christ's resurrection, we are told that he sinned after that. The fact is very singular, and is recorded of no other apostle. Paul makes the following statement: "When Peter was come to Antioch, I withstood him to the face; because *he was to be blamed.* For before that certain came from James, he did eat with the Gentiles; but when they were come, he withdrew and separated himself, fearing them which were of the circumcision. And the other Jews dissembled likewise with him; insomuch that Barnabas also was carried away with their dissimulation."—Gal. ii. 11–13. Peter is, therefore, a singularly unfortunate head of a Church professing infallibility.

Secondly, The Popish Church requires celibacy on the part of all her ministers—a diabolical device, designed to promote her worldly influence; but the parent of a world of wickedness. Here also it is remarkable, that Peter, whom the unmarried ministers of Rome profess to copy and to represent, is the *only apostle whose wife is expressly mentioned in Scripture.* We are told that, "when Jesus was come into Peter's house, he saw *his wife's* mother laid and sick of a fever."—Matt. viii. 14. The other apostles may have had wives—Paul maintains his right to have one if he chose; but the wives of none of the rest are expressly mentioned in Scripture.

Thirdly, There is not only no such thing in the Word of God as a spiritual despotism, like that of Rome, set up by our blessed Saviour under any of his apostles; such a system is not only expressly and repeatedly condemned as a violation of the whole spirit of the Gospel, but it is remarkable that, in planning out the fields of their respective labours, Peter is said to have been especially *an apostle to the Jews*, whilst Paul was peculiarly the apostle of the Gentiles. Paul expressly tells us that the "Gospel of the uncircumcision was committed unto him, as the *Gospel of the circumcision was unto Peter.*"—Gal. ii. 7. If Peter, therefore, had been destined to be an universal bishop at all, it must have been, not at Rome, but at Jerusalem; not over Gentiles, but over Jews. It is singular that the Apostasy did not choose Paul as its head. He was the apostle of the Gentiles; he was certainly at Rome, and certainly preached the Gospel there. But there were other reasons for their not choosing him, and God has arranged all these events in infinite wisdom, that the light of truth may shine clearly, even in the midst of darkness, and that the very wrath and folly of man might be made to praise him.

Biographical Sketch.

THE REV. JOHN WILLIAMS,

MISSIONARY TO THE SOUTH SEAS.

PART III.—THE MISSIONARY.

In 1823, Williams commenced those "missionary enterprises," the fame of which is in all the Churches, and which will immortalize his name as the modern "Paul" of missions. On the 4th of July, accompanied by six native teachers, who had been solemnly ordained to the work on the preceding evening, he sailed in the "Endeavour" for the Hervey Islands; the whole of which he was determined to visit, if possible, before his return. The first at which he called was Aitutaki, where he found that a wondrous change had taken place since his previous visit.

When (says he) the chief's canoe came alongside, we learned from Tebati, one of the first who embraced the Gospel, that the maraes were burned; that the idols which had escaped the general conflagration were in the possession of the teachers; that the profession of Christianity was general, so much so, indeed, that not a single idolater remained; and that a large chapel was erected, nearly two hundred feet in length, plastered, and awaiting my arrival to open it. When the teachers came on board, they not only confirmed all that had been told us, but added, that the Sabbath was regarded as a sacred day, no work of any kind being done on it; that all the people, men, women, and children, attended divine service; and that family prayer was very general throughout the island. We hastened to the shore; and, instead of the unsightly gesticulations and lascivious songs with which I was greeted on my first visit, now found some spelling long words, and others repeating portions of the Catechism, or a prayer; another asking a blessing on his food; and others singing a verse of a hymn; indeed, every one appeared anxious to show what progress he had made.

Williams remained there two days, and then set sail for Rarotonga, accompanied by several natives of that island, whom he had met at Aitutaki, and also by Papeiha, a native convert. Not succeeding, however, after a week's search, in finding Rarotonga, they made for Mangaia, the inhabitants of which treated Papeiha and the teachers, who went on shore, so roughly that they could not with safety remain. They then proceeded to Atiu, another island of the group, where, some months before, two native teachers had been sent. These were found "in a most pitiable condition, having been stripped by the natives of every article of property, suffering exceedingly from hunger, and greatly disheartened by their want of success." But it was otherwise before Williams departed. The chief having come off to their vessel, one of the natives of Aitutaki took him aside, and told him of the wondrous change which had taken place there—how the maraes were destroyed and the idols burned; at the same time remonstrating with him on the folly of idol worship. The chief, wondering and per-

plexed, not knowing well what to make of either his friend's intelligence or of his arguments, remained on board the vessel all night. Next day, being Sabbath, he attended worship on board, and having heard Williams preach, was still more perplexed—returned and spent the whole night in conversation with the teachers and chiefs from Aitutaki—till at last he "saw clearly" and expressed his determination to cast off his idol gods, and worship the God of the Christians. On his return he proved himself sincere, by publicly renouncing the ancient superstitions; an example which was speedily followed by the whole of his subjects. He also accompanied Williams to Mitiaro and Mauke, two islands in the neighbourhood of which he was chief, and where, as in Atiu, the people "heard the Word with gladness" and abandoned their idolatry.

Determined on making another attempt to discover Rarotonga, he again set sail in search of it; but for five days was unsuccessful. He says,

We were baffled and perplexed by contrary winds. Our provisions were nearly expended, and our patience all but exhausted, when, early in the morning of the day on which we discovered the island, the captain came to me, and said, "We must, Sir, give up the search, or we shall all be starved." I replied, that we would continue our course till eight o'clock, and, if we did not succeed by that time, we would return home. This was an hour of great anxiety; hope and fear alternately agitated my mind. I had sent a native to the top of the mast four times, and he was now ascending for the fifth; and when we were within half-an-hour of relinquishing the object of our search, the clouds which enveloped its towering heights having been chased away by the heat of the ascending sun, he relieved us from our anxiety by shouting "*Teie teie, tana fenua, nei!*"—Here, here is the land we have been seeking!

Although Williams "rejoiced as one that findeth great spoil," yet, hearing the inhabitants of the island described by the Aitutakians, as "most treacherous and ferocious cannibals," his joy was not unmingled with solicitude; "he wondered and held his peace, to wit, whether the Lord would make his journey prosperous or not." He first sent on shore Papeiha and Vahineino (a native of Aitutaki), who were kindly received by a large concourse of the islanders. They expressed not only their willingness, but their desire, that teachers should remain among them; and Makea the king went off himself to the ship, and conducted them on shore. But, during the night, the treatment given them having been the reverse of kind, and a leading chief having threatened serious mischief, they came off next morning to the ship. Williams was so much discouraged that he says,—

We were about, for a time, to abandon this inviting field of labour, when our excellent friend Papeiha, instead of uniting with us in useless regrets, offered to remain alone at Rarotonga, provided we would send a coadjutor, whom he named, from Raiatea. We rejoiced in the proposition; and, leaving his property in the vessel, after taking an affectionate farewell of us, this truly devoted man got into a canoe and went on shore, carrying nothing with him but the clothes he wore, his native Testament, and a bundle of elementary books. Two men and four women, natives of Rarotonga, whom we had brought from Aitutaki, had all embraced Christianity some time before, and promised stedfastly to maintain their profession among their heathen countrymen. Thus Papeiha was not left desolate, but surrounded by a little company who were ardently attached to him, and who were indebted to his instructions for all they knew of the religion of the Gospel. We left him with a prayer that his little flock might become the germ of a Christian Church in Rarotonga, and that by their instrumentality the incorruptible seed of the Word might be scattered throughout its numerous population. Nor were we disappointed; for, by the time Tiberio, Papeiha's colleague, arrived, which was about four months after our departure, he and his little band had received many additions to their number. And when our esteemed friends, Messrs Tyerman and Bennet, visited the island, which was but little more than a year after its discovery, the whole population had renounced idolatry, and were engaged in erecting a place of worship, six hundred feet in length!

Williams sailed from Rarotonga to Raiatea, having been absent for about five weeks, and remained there for some months, diligently cultivating the field which he had been the first to break up. In a short time, however, he meditated a voyage to the Samoas, and other Islands, to which the Gospel had never yet been conveyed. "But just as this purpose had been formed," his biographer tells us, "it was frustrated, by the painful intelligence that their commerce to the colony, and with it their hope of retaining their vessel, was destroyed. Through the intervention of some interested merchants at Sydney, the governor had been persuaded to make certain fiscal regulations, which materially reduced the value of all Polynesian produce; while, to complete the calamity and consummate his own disappointment, Williams at the sametime received a letter from the London Directors, in which the buying of the vessel was condemned and his conduct censured. Thus beset with difficulties, he summoned a meeting of the chiefs, and after ingenuously explaining to them the exact position of affairs, it was resolved to send her immediately to Sydney, laden with the most marketable produce they could collect, with an order to sell both ship and cargo." Williams was greatly depressed by this blow.

"Satan knows well," he exclaimed in a letter to the Directors, "that this ship was the most fatal weapon ever formed against his interests in the great South Sea; and, therefore, as soon as he felt the effects of its first blow, he has wrested it out of our hands."

But he did not despair. He was determined on soon procuring another vessel, and did not doubt but that the Lord, whose glory was in this matter the great object of his anxiety, would in due time "show him the way."

Early in 1826 he again sailed for the Hervey Islands, in a chartered vessel, and in company with Mr Pitman, who had been sent out by the Society to occupy the station at Rarotonga. He was received by the people with great enthusiasm:

The report of his arrival off the island had been widely spread on the day previous to his landing, and had attracted to the beach an immense assemblage, anxious to see and welcome the man who first brought to them the Gospel. As soon, therefore, as they leaped on shore, they were surrounded by the multitude, who would not permit them to pass, without having severally exchanged the English mode of salutation; and as with this new custom they had, unfortunately for their visitors, received the opinion, that the strength of the squeeze and the violence of the shake were the orthodox standards of sincerity, Mr Williams' hand at least was in no danger, for some time afterwards, of losing the impression.

On the following Sabbath he preached in the open air to about four thousand people—the chapel not being capable of accommodating more than two thousand; and next day it having been determined, at a meeting of the chiefs and people, to erect a new and more commodious one, they immediately set to the work, and so great was their diligence, that in the space of seven weeks it was completed. Williams' next object was thoroughly to organize the congregation; and, with this view, we are told that he "distributed the baptized and those who were candidates for baptism into twenty-three classes—each containing from twenty-five to twenty-eight households—and two of the most serious and intelligent natives being appointed over each class, to secure their regular attendance upon the catechetical instructions of the missionaries." He then turned his attention to the establishment of a code of laws; for in Rarotonga, as in the other islands of the Pacific, the only law previously known was the will of the chiefs. And so great was his moral influence over the chiefs, that when he explained to them the provisions of the code which he had introduced at Raiatea, and urged them to adopt it, they at once acquiesced; a circumstance which, as his judicious biographer remarks, may well excite surprise, "when the previous circumstances of the people are considered, and when it is recollected that the supremacy of law would divest the chiefs of their most valued prerogatives, abolish polygamy, protect property, destroy despotism, and punish with heavy penalties crimes which had grown into customs."

While thus usefully occupied, however, in Rarotonga, he was not free from anxiety about Raiatea.

When he left that island, he intended, within a short time, to resume his labours there. But this design was frustrated; for no opportunity to return had as yet been presented. He who has "fixed the bounds of our habitations" detained him at Rarotonga. Month succeeded to month, but not a ship approached its shores. With constantly increasing anxiety did the eye of the missionary, as each morning dawned, and often through the day, sweep the horizon in quest of a sail. But every search only brought disappointment. The secluded spot which detained him a prisoner was then scarcely known, and seldom visited; and these considerations, together with hope long deferred, at length destroyed all expectation of obtaining a passage to Raiatea.

It soon appeared that there was a merciful providence in his detention. As may have been inferred from his history already told, Williams was a man of singular strength of purpose, and it was no ordinary obstacle that could detain him from anything on which, in his Master's cause, his heart was bent. But in no circumstance of his life, perhaps, was this characteristic more strikingly exhibited than in the determination which he now formed, and speedily executed. No ship appearing to take him to Raiatea, he determined to build one for himself; and "although he knew little of shipbuilding, and had scarcely any tools to work with, and the natives were wholly unacquainted with mechanical arts, he succeeded, in about three months, in completing a vessel between seventy and eighty tons burden!" Williams was not a boaster; and even of this work, this marvellous triumph over difficulties, he, with the modesty of true greatness, said but little; but of the prospects which it opened up his mind was full. For although the return to Raiatea was the primary object he had in the undertaking, it was not the chief one. *That* was rather the procuring of a vessel in which he might sail from island to island, teaching and preaching "the Gospel of the grace of God"—a desire which previous disappointment had but rendered the more intense. And, accordingly, now that the desire was gratified, he longed to commence the work. Writing to a brother missionary, he said:

The Lord has already blessed our labours in every direction; and I trust that what has been done is only an earnest of what will be done, and as the first drops of abundance of rain. I shall write to the directors, and to Messrs James and East for their assistance. My hands, my head, and my heart are more full of missionary work than ever. My grasp is great and extensive, and the prospect of success encouraging. I'll get help from my brethren, if I can; if not, nothing shall deter me; I will work single-handed.

In March 1828, he left Rarotonga and sailed for Raiatea, where he arrived on the 26th of April—exactly twelve months from the time of his departure—and remained there till May 1830, when his stated connection with that island was brought to a close. The remainder of his life was spent in missionary voyages; and although he occasionally returned to Raiatea, he did so "rather as a visitor than as a resident." He had long before contemplated a voyage to the Samoas, but, as we have seen, the selling of the "Endeavour" had prevented it; and, besides, as they were from eighteen hundred to two thousand miles distant, and the voyage

would require an absence of at least six months, Mrs Williams had warmly opposed the project. At Rarotonga, however, Mrs Williams, on recovering from a violent illness, which had threatened to prove fatal, told her husband that she feared the affliction had been sent because of her opposition in this matter, and that if she any longer withheld her consent, the Lord might remove her altogether.

From this time (she continued) your desire has my full concurrence; and when you go, I shall follow you every day with my prayers, that God may preserve you from danger, crown your attempt with success, and bring you back in safety.

Accordingly, on the 24th of May 1830, Williams, accompanied by another devoted missionary (Mr Barff), sailed in his vessel, which he named "The Messenger of Peace," for the Samoas. Having resolved to visit the Hervey Islands in their course, they steered first for Mangaia, and then for Atiu, Mauke, and Mitiaro; in all of which they found the work of the Lord prospering.

But a scene of deep affliction presented itself on their arrival at Rarotonga, where a fearful disease, then at its height, was spreading death and desolation through that once smiling land. Many of the houses were left without an inhabitant—all their former inmates having gone to the grave; and, wherever Mr Williams directed his steps, he was saluted either with the sounds of lamentation or by "walking skeletons," who, having heard of his approach, strained their little strength, and crawled to the pathway, that they might once more see his face and seize his hand. Yet, amidst this dark and dreary spectacle, he was cheered by the appearance of many incipient evidences of that spiritual prosperity which Rarotonga was so soon to enjoy.

Having done what they could to comfort the hearts of their brethren, and praying that "the Lord would repent him of the evil," and say to the angel that destroyed the people, "It is enough," they took their departure for Aitutaki; and finding that, under the superintendence of the native teachers, the congregation there was in a flourishing condition, they sailed for the Samoas, and after a visit to the Wesleyan missionaries at Tongatabu, reached Savaii, the largest and most imposing of the group, near the end of August.

They arrived at an advantageous time; for, as the vessel approached the island, she was surrounded by natives in canoes, who brought the important intelligence, "that Tamafaigna, a despot who united the supreme spiritual with great political power, and whose boundless sway would have presented a most formidable barrier to the introduction of the Gospel, had just been slain." On receiving this news, they proceeded to Sapapalii, the residence of Malietoa, the principal chief, who visited them on board, and gave them a cordial welcome; and next day they landed amid the acclamations of the people.

The following two days were fraught with interest and importance. During that time, the purpose of his visit was secured. While the people, generally, were prepared to receive the teachers, no barrier against it was raised by the chiefs. On the contrary, Malietoa, won by the representations of Fauea, a native whom Williams had brought with him from Tongatabu, and by the arguments and persuasions of the missionaries, acceded to their wishes, and gave a public pledge to protect the men, and learn the message now brought to his shores. Williams, therefore, deemed Savaii as won for the Saviour. A wide and effectual door was opened for the Gospel; and a disposition evinced by all classes, which justified the hope that they would soon and universally receive it. "We remained on shore," he writes to the Directors, "three days and two nights, during which time although probably no European had been on shore before, we were treated with the utmost respect and kindness. A commodious building was given up by the chiefs for our people to teach and worship in, with four good dwellings for themselves." And when they returned to the ship, nothing could exceed the expressions of regard which they received from the people, all of whom escorted them to the shore, and rent the air with the cry, "Great is our affection for you, English chiefs!"

Williams was greatly delighted by the result of his visit, and left Savaii "rejoicing and praising God." "There are two little words," said he, "which I always admire—*try* and *trust*. You know not what you can or cannot effect till you *try;* and if you make your trials in the exercise of *trust* in God, mountains of imaginary difficulties will vanish as you approach them, and facilities will be afforded which you never anticipated!"

On his way back he called at Rarotonga, where he found that the plague had entirely disappeared—that the island had recovered its wonted prosperity, and that the "Gospel had free course, and was daily glorified." And having further visited Mangaia, Rurutu, Tahiti, and Eimeo, Williams again reached Raiatea at the beginning of September, and remained there for a year, to the great joy of the people.

Two things then forced upon his attention the necessity of returning, for a season, to England—viz., the health of Mrs Williams, which had been very seriously impaired, and the superintendence of the printing of a translation of the Scriptures, which he, along with two brother missionaries, had nearly finished. But being determined, before setting out for England, to revisit the Samoas, he set sail for them on the 11th of October 1832, clearing the harbour of Raiatea, "amid the shouts and supplications of the swarthy multitude who thronged the shore.

The continuance of the voyage was in harmony with its commencement. All things favoured them. After a delightful sail of eight hundred miles, on October 17th, they sighted Manua, the most easterly island of the Samoan group. As he did not visit this island on his former voyage, and it was two hundred and fifty miles from the residence of the teachers, Mr Williams little expected to hear and see so much to gladden his heart. But his first visitors were nominal Christians, and "We are sons of the Word," were the earliest salutations which broke upon his ear in the Samoan language. This delightful surprise was heightened by the information, that large numbers of the inhabitants of Savaii and Upolu

had embraced the Gospel. Here also he found several natives of Raivavae, who, many years before, had been drifted from their island; but, having brought with them a knowledge of the religion of Jesus, they had erected a chapel, had chosen a teacher, and were maintaining the worship of God, and singing the songs of Zion in this strange land. As they pursued their course, numerous visitors confirmed their first impressions, and convinced Mr Williams that a mighty work had already been effected throughout Samoa; and from almost every settlement he passed chiefs arrived who evinced an earnest desire for instruction and teachers.

On reaching Savaii, he found that the Lord had wrought great wonders there. He says:—

I learned from the teachers that Malietoa, his brother, the principal chiefs, and nearly all the inhabitants of their settlement, had embraced Christianity; that their chapel could accommodate six or seven hundred people, and that it was always full; and that in the two large islands of Savaii and Upolu the Gospel had been introduced into more than thirty villages. In addition to this, they stated that the great body of the people were only waiting my arrival to renounce their heathen system. This was most delightful information, and drew forth tears of gratitude to God, for having, in so short a time, granted us such a rich reward.

He spent some time in the island, confirming the good work; and after visiting a number of the neighbouring islands—in all of which "the people heard the Word gladly," and "many believed"—returned to Rarotonga. There he finished the translation of the Scriptures, and shortly afterwards set out for England. During the voyage, he occupied the time in revising the translation anew, and in the preparation of other works for the use of the islanders; and on the 12th of June 1834, after nearly eighteen years absence, "the white cliffs of his beloved native land once more greeted and gladdened his eyes."

ON SEEING A SUN-DIAL IN A CHURCH-YARD.

Grey dial-stone, I fain would know
What motive placed thee here,
Where darkly opes the frequent grave,
And rests the frequent bier.
Ah! bootless creeps the dusky shade
Slow o'er thy figured plain;
When mortal life has pass'd away,
Time counts his hours in vain.

As sweep the clouds o'er ocean's breast
When shrieks the wint'ry wind,
So doubtful thoughts, grey dial-stone,
Come sweeping o'er my mind.
I think of what could place thee here,
Of those beneath thee laid,
And ponder if thou wert not raised
In mock'ry o'er the dead.

Nay! man, when on life's stage they fret,
May mock his fellow-men;
In sooth their sob'rest pranks afford
Rare food for mock'ry then.
But ah! when pass'd their brief sojourn,
When Heaven's dread doom is said,
Beats there a human heart could pour
Light mock'ries o'er the dead?

The fiend unblest, who still to harm
Directs his felon pow'r,
May ope the book of grace to him
Whose day of grace is o'er.
But sure the man has never lived,
In any age or clime,
Could raise in mock'ry o'er the dead
The stone that measures time.

Grey dial-stone, I fain would know
What motive placed thee here,
Where sadness heaves the frequent sigh,
And drops the frequent tear.
Like thy carved plain, grey dial-stone,
Grief's weary mourners be;
Dark sorrow metes out time to them,
Dark shade marks time on thee.

Yes! sure 'twas wise to place thee here,
To catch the eye of him
To whom earth's brightest gauds appear
Worthless, and dull, and dim.
We think of time, when time has fled—
The friend our tears deplore;
The God our light, proud hearts deny,
Our grief-worn hearts adore.

Grey stone, o'er thee the lazy night
Passes untold, away,
Nor is it thine at noon to teach
When fails the solar ray.
In death's dark night, grey dial-stone,
Cease all the works of men,
In life, if Heaven withholds its aid,
Bootless their works and vain.

Grey dial-stone, while yet thy shade
Points out those hours are mine,
While yet at early morn I rise,
And rest at day's decline;
Would that the Sun that formed thine
His bright rays beam'd on me—
That I, thou aged dial-stone,
Might measure time like thee.

HUGH MILLER.

MAN'S RELATION TO THE DIVINE LAW.

BY JOHN BROWN, D.D., EDINBURGH.

IN a former article, it was attempted to show, with as much brevity and clearness as possible, that, whether we consider its PRINCIPLES its PRECEPTS, or its SANCTIONS, the divine law is "holy"—both "*just* and *good*."

It is a matter of very deep interest to every one of us to understand well the relation which we bear to this holy, just, and good law; for to it we do bear, to it every intelligent being in the universe bears, a relation; and our most important interests are dependant on that relation. There are multitudes who would fain have nothing to do with this law; they would fain have it abolished—annihilated. Many practically deny, some theoretically question, or even deny, its obligation on them. But the law is as stable and immutable as its author—God. Indeed, the law is God commanding, prohibiting, threatening. Men may forget it, but it never forgets them; they may put it away from them, but it keeps its hold; they may renounce its authority, but they cannot

escape from its grasp; they may deny its obligation, but they cannot destroy it. They may deny it now, but they will not always be able to deny it—they will be made to feel it in its painful effects. There are no sceptics in the invisible world.

It is of great importance that we should clearly understand the relation in which innocent man stood to this law—the relation in which fallen man stands to this law—the relation in which restored man stands to this law.

To innocent man, this law was the charter by which he held the fair inheritance of divine favour bestowed on him. The principle of the original economy was: "Do this, and live." Obedience to the law was the stipulated means of securing the divine favour, and of obtaining higher manifestations of this favour. It would have brought him into, and kept him in, a justified state; and, both as a statement of duty, and incentive to duty, presented to a holy mind predisposed to holiness, it tended to make holy man more and more holy. The law was then strong to justify, to sanctify, to save.

With regard to fallen man, his relation to this holy, just, and good law, has undergone a most melancholy change. He has broken the law; and he is, so far as all influence but divine is concerned, invincibly indisposed to keep it. The principle of the economy which sin brings man under is: "The wages of sin is death." The law says to the sinner: "Thou hast disobeyed, thou must, thou shalt, be punished;" and it says also: "Obey, obey perfectly every one of my requisitions. Every neglect, every violation, brings along with it a new sentence of condemnation—sinks thee deeper in guilt and in perdition." But not one word of promise, no ground of hope, does the holy, good law offer to the sinner. It would not be a holy, just, and good law, if it did. To the sinner, then, the law cannot be the means of justification. No; "by the deeds of the law no flesh can be justified," for this plain reason: "By the law is the conviction of sin." Man is a sinner, and the law condemns him because he is a sinner; how, then, can it justify him? But this is not all. To the sinner the law cannot be the primary means of *sanctification*. For this purpose, too, "it is weak through the flesh." It cannot remove the enmity which conscious guilt generates and perpetuates. It merely authoritatively commands us to do what we are invincibly disinclined to do; and forbids us to do what we are strongly inclined to do, under the most fearful sanctions; and in this way, through our depravity, it either rouses our depraved propensities into a state of exasperated activity, or smites our powers of spiritual action with the torpor of despair.

With regard to restored man, he stands, too, in a peculiar and most important relation to the holy, just, and good law of God. He is delivered from its curse through union to Him who "has redeemed us from the curse, having become a curse for us." "There is no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus;" and the law is not with him at all the means of justification, nor the primary means of sanctification. He is "justified freely by God's grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus." To him "eternal life is the gift of God, through Jesus Christ the Lord;" and as to sanctification, "the love of God shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost, given to him" by the faith of the truth, is the spring of holy obedience. Being "not without law to God, but under the law to Christ," he walks "at liberty, keeping the commandments;" not doing that he may live, but doing because he lives, and living because he believes; finding, in the holy, good law of God, "a light to his feet and a lamp to his path;" a stimulus when indolent—a guide when perplexed—a constant source of delightful contemplation and powerful motive, as an exhibition of the wisdom, holiness, and benignity of Him "whose he is, and whom he serves." Such is a brief statement of the relation in which innocent, fallen, restored man stands to the divine law.

To the two classes into which my readers, and into which, indeed, the whole human race, are divided as to their relation to the law, I conclude with offering a few affectionate exhortations.

All are by nature related to the law in the second of the ways I have been describing; "all have sinned"—all have incurred the curse—all are under the authority and obligation of the violated law; and all who have not been delivered from this state, by the atoning sacrifice and sanctifying Spirit of Christ, are so related to the law still. Not a few of the readers of these pages may belong to this class. Are there not some of them who know they are sinners, and who know, too, that they are unpardoned, unsanctified sinners? To such I say, Oh! think of your wretched, perilous condition, every hour becoming more perilous and wretched! Seek not to deny the fact that you are sinners. "If you should justify yourself your own mouth would condemn you; if you say you are perfect, it also proves you perverse." Do not attempt to apologize, or excuse, or justify your conduct in violating the law. No excuse will bear examination at the bar of your own calm conscientious judgment now. How, then, will it bear to be urged at the bar of divine justice hereafter? "When he punishes you, you will have nothing to answer him." No, you will be speechless. Do not say the law was too strict in its requisitions, too severe in its sanction; we have seen that the law is every way worthy of its infinitely perfect Author. Do not speak of the weakness of your nature; that is but another name for its depravity. Do not harbour the thought, that you can be saved without the law being satisfied—without your being both justified and sanctified. Do not attempt, for it

is impious and vain, to obtain either the one or the other by works of righteousness which you may suppose you can do. Do not suppose that you can, in any degree, dissolve the connection between you and the law. No, you are bound to it by a chain indissoluble as the decrees of the Eternal. Do not suppose that you can have the law in any degree altered. When God changes, then, and not till then, can the law change; for what is the law but a declaration of God's mind and will as to what is right; and "he is of one mind, and who can change him?" Acknowledge the excellence and authority of the law. Acknowledge your own inconceivable folly and wickedness in violating it, and in being opposed to it in your carnal minds. Instead of seeking to have your connection with the law dissolved, or to convert it into an instrument of justification, seek to have your relation to the law changed. That can take place only by a change taking place either in the law or in you. The former is absolutely impossible. The created universe may be annihilated, but the law of God cannot change. Oh! dream not—it is a dangerous, if continued it will be a fatal, dream—of its demands, either preceptive or sanctionary, being lowered. The change must take place in you; you must "repent and believe the Gospel;" you must change your mind respecting God; you must believe the truth with respect to Jesus Christ; you must, in good earnest, believe that God is the immaculately holy, the infinitely kind being he appears to be "in the face of Christ Jesus." Believing the truth as it is in Jesus—believing that "God is in Christ reconciling the world to himself, seeing he made him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him"—believing that "he has redeemed us from the curse, having become a curse in our room"—believing that he hath "taken away sin by the sacrifice of himself"—you shall be "justified freely through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus;" and, "being justified by faith, ye shall have peace with God, through whom we have received the reconciliation." You will then be reconciled to God and to God's law; you will learn, indeed, to count it "holy, just, and good," and rejoice that it is "magnified and made honourable" in the finished work of your Lord; and loving God, you will be taught, by his grace, to "deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, and to live soberly, righteously, and godly in the present world," while you are "looking for the blessed hope, the glorious appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ, who gave himself for us that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify us unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." And thus "what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh," will be accomplished through "God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh and for sin." Through this wonderful manifestation of the united glories of divine holiness and love, set forth in the word of the truth of the Gospel, understood and believed by you "the righteousness of the law will be fulfilled in you, walking not after the flesh, but after the Spirit;" and, in the beauties of a consistent, holy life, you will show forth the glories of the character and law of Him who hath "called you out of darkness into his marvellous light." Such is the blessed result when a deep conviction of the righteousness of the law, and the impossibility of finding either justification or sanctification by it, leads the sinner to pardon, hope, holiness and heaven, by leading him to Him who is "the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth." Yes—

So fares it with the sinner when he feels
A growing dread of vengeance at his heels;
His conscience, like a glassy lake before,
Lashed into foamy waves, begins to roar.
The Law, grown clamorous, though silent long,
Arraigns him—charges him with every wrong;
Asserts the rights of his offended Lord—
And "Death or restitution" is the word.
The last impossible, he fears the first;
And having well deserved, expects the worst.
Then welcome refuge, and a peaceful home!—
Oh! for a shelter from the wrath to come.
"Crush me, ye rocks, ye falling mountains hide,
Or bury me in ocean's angry tide.
The scrutiny of these all-seeing eyes
I dare not"—"And you need not," God replies;
"The remedy you want I freely give;
This Book shall teach you—read, believe, and live."
'Tis done!—the raging storm is heard no more;
Mercy receives him on her peaceful shore;
And Justice, guardian of the dread command,
Drops the red vengeance from his willing hand.

And what is the practical result?

A soul redeemed demands a life of praise;
Hence the complexion of his future days—
Hence a demeanour holy and unspeck'd,
And the world's hatred as a sure effect.
COWPER.

I have left myself room to say only a word or two to those whose relation and feelings to the law have been happily changed, "through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth"—to which, I trust, not a few of my readers belong. Show gratitude for deliverance from the curse of the law; by cheerful obedience to its precepts make it evident that you do indeed count the law holy, just, and good;—that you delight to contemplate it, as exemplified in the all-perfect character of your Lord and Saviour, who fulfilled all righteousness; to study it in the writings of the holy prophets and apostles; and to reduce your studies to practice, in the cultivation of every holy disposition—in the performance of every prescribed duty. Oh! beware of giving the slightest ground to the world to suppose that the faith of these truths, the enjoyment of these privileges, has any tendency to make men say, "Let us continue in sin that grace may abound." Make it evident that "the liberty wherewith Christ has made you free," is not a liberty to sin, but liberty in holiness.

"Walk at liberty, keeping his commandments." "Serve him without fear, in righteousness and holiness all the days of your life." Having died and been buried, and raised again in your Surety, who died by sin under the curse of the law once, but who now liveth for ever, by the power of God, made exceeding glad in the light of his Father's countenance, "reckon yourselves, by this death and resurrection, dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord;" and, "let not sin reign in your mortal body, that ye should obey it in the lusts thereof; neither yield ye your members as instruments of unrighteousness unto sin; but yield yourselves unto God as those who are alive from the dead, and your members as instruments of righteousness to God; for sin shall not have dominion over you; for ye are not under the law, but under grace."* Improve the high advantages of your new situation—act up to your principles and your privileges; and "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, whatsoever things are commanded in the holy, just, and good law, think on these things." Let your holy, happy lives proclaim, "His yoke is easy, his burden is light;" "his commandments are not grievous—his law is holy, just, and good."

A VISIT TO JERUSALEM.†

We rose very early to set out on our journey to Jerusalem. I felt a feverish restlessness and anxiety to reach that city, which had been associated in my mind from childhood with all that is sacred and venerable; and I often said within myself as we rode along: "Is it possible that this very day my feet shall stand within the gates of Jerusalem?"

Our route lay for some time through a fertile plain, which had some appearance of cultivation; there being several fields of millet in it. But the farther we advanced on our journey the more barren and desolate the country became. My mind was alternately occupied with two very different pictures. At one time I thought of the days when all the male population of Israel went up "three times in a year" to Jerusalem; "whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord." In all probability six of the tribes, whose possessions lay northward of where I then was, travelled by this very road; the party increasing at every stage of their journey, "company by company," until they all "appeared before God in Zion." As I thought of this goodly assembly, all animated by one spirit, and intent on one common object, receiving each new accession of brethren with friendly greetings, and beguiling the way with social converse, the melancholy contrast presented by the present state of the country forcibly recalled the opposite picture, as delineated in the writings of the prophets. Nay, I should not say the picture was recalled—the very reality was itself before me. "The highways" are indeed "desolate" and "lie waste;" instead of being trodden by a joyous company of Israel's sons, a few strangers from distant lands come to behold the judgments of the Lord, and to "say, when they see the plagues of that land, that it is not sown nor beareth, nor any grass groweth therein: Wherefore hath the Lord done thus in this land? What meaneth the heat of this great anger?"

The marks of the curse are indeed upon the land. Sometimes a green spot will be seen at a distance, giving the idea of fertility; but when approached, it is found to bear only the tokens of the original denunciation—thorns and briers.

We rode on hour after hour, amid increasing desolation. The latter part of the way lies over a succession of mountainous ridges, where there is no regular road; but the horses clamber up the best way they can, sometimes over smooth slabs of stone, and sometimes through heaps of loose stones. My impatience to see the holy city increased every hour. As we climbed up each ridge, I expected that from its summit I should behold Jerusalem; but I was doomed to many disappointments, as summit after summit only gave to view another range of hills to be surmounted. It forcibly reminded me of the journey to the heavenly Jerusalem, which is a steep and difficult path, presenting one mountain after another to be overcome; but we know that at last we shall reach the city of God; and should not the certainty of this reconcile us to all the difficulties of the way? While on this tedious journey I was made fully to understand the comparison of the Psalmist: "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth, even for ever."

At length the long expected moment arrived: about noon we reached the summit of the hill Scopus, and all at once Jerusalem burst upon my view! The feelings of such a moment cannot be described; they can only be faintly imagined by those who have not experienced them. Every Christian traveller speaks of the feeling as overpowering; what, then, was it to me, as at once a Christian and a Jew! The scene of the world's redemption—the metropolis of the country of my fathers—"the city of the great King!" I could, in some faint measure, realize the feelings of my blessed Lord and Master, when "he beheld the city, and wept over it."

But here, as everywhere else in the Holy Land, you are indebted to association alone. That which actually meets your view is a comparatively modern eastern city; her bulwarks and her palaces are those of the false prophet. The Lord has abhorred his sanctuary; he has given it to be "trodden down of the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled." How near this may be, who can tell?

We went first to the Damascus gate, but were not admitted; we then went round to the Jaffa gate, and

* Rom. vi. 1-13.

† From "A Visit to my Fatherland, in 1843." By R. H. Herschell. London, J. Unwin.

by it I entered the Holy City. My feet stood "within the gates of Jerusalem;" a pilgrim and a stranger I entered the city of my fathers, "Jerusalem which is in bondage with her children;" yet, through the great mercy of God, a citizen of "the Jerusalem which is above."

When thinking of its former magnificence, and viewing it now, how appropriate do the words of Jeremiah appear! "How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people! how is she become as a widow! she that was great among the nations, and princess among the provinces, how is she become tributary! The ways of Zion do mourn, because none come to the solemn feasts." The word of the Lord went forth against Jerusalem—that word which is "a fire, and a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces." He said by the Prophet Micah that "Jerusalem shall become heaps;" and it has been literally fulfilled. The modern city is built on the heaps of rubbish accumulated by the ruins of ancient buildings. So great are these heaps, that in digging for the foundation of a house, they have to go to an immense depth before they can get to the solid rock. On this account a great many of the present houses are built on arches. The glory and magnificence of Jerusalem are gone; she is in bondage, as well as her children. The jealousy of her Turkish possessors is ever on the watch, lest anything should seem to interfere with their despotic sway; and any material change in her condition, while they continue to have the rule, appears impossible.

What now remains of the glory of Mount Zion? Nothing. Its regal splendour, its hallowed sacredness are gone. "Therefore shall Zion for your sake be ploughed as a field," was the word of the inspired prophet to "the heads of the house of Jacob, and princes of the house of Israel;" and there is now a field of barley growing on Zion, as a testimony that the word of the Lord standeth sure. Where now are her bulwarks and her palaces, which the Psalmist pointed out to the consideration of the faithful? They are swept away with the besom of destruction.

The last denunciation uttered by the Prophet Micah has also been fulfilled—that "the mountain of the house" should become "as the high places of a forest." This latter expression signifies the places where the worship of a false religion was carried on; the "high places" of the heathen, in the prophet's days, being always in a wood or grove. This, also, has been fulfilled to the very letter. The Mosque of Omar, the sanctuary of the false prophet, occupies the place where the temple of the Lord once stood; and, as if to fulfil the prophecy more minutely, the Mohammedans have planted around it cypress and orange trees; so that, looking at it from a distance, it indeed appears "like the high places of a wood" or forest.

THE JEW IN JERUSALEM.

The Jew should be seen at Jerusalem. There, if the missionary or the political economist can make little out of him, he is at least a striking specimen of man. In the dark-robed form that lingers thoughtfully among the tombs in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, or bends with black turban to the ground at the "Place of Wailing," you seem to behold a destiny incarnate. The fierce dark eye and noble brow—that medallic profile that has been transmitted unimpared through a thousand generations and a thousand climates; these are nature's own illustrations, and vindicate old history. Thou son of a perverse, but mighty generation; thou chosen, yet accursed of Heaven; homeless throughout the world, yet a dweller in all its cities; treasurer of the dross man worships, yet despised by its bigots; thou inhabitest the proudest palaces, and the most sordid huts; thou art welcomed in the cabinets of kings, and hooted in the haunts of the destitute. Thy destiny, that has been so far fulfilled, must yet be gloriously completed. Thy wanderings over the world shall have an end, like the wandering in the desert, by which thou wert first disciplined, and made fit for freedom:—

> "And we shall see ye go,—hear ye return
> Repeopling the old solitudes."

—*Warburton's Crescent and the Cross.*

THE CHILDREN OF MISSIONARIES—THE DISADVANTAGES OF THEIR POSITION.*

THE circumstances of the children of missionaries are peculiarly trying, and such as should naturally and strongly commend them to the sympathy and the prayers of Christians. These children are always exposed to a greater amount of physical suffering than children in our native land. They are the victims of some of the same causes which work the early prostration and premature death of missionaries themselves. They are exotic plants. The climate is generally more or less uncongenial, and often decidedly hostile, to the children even of foreigners. Many of the lands to which our missionaries go are often scourged by "the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the destruction that wasteth at noon-day;" and the children of missionaries are sometimes numbered among its victims. And some of our missionaries are situated where medical relief, in case of the sickness of their children, cannot be obtained. Our own first-born died suddenly at Tabréez, of a disease which might at least have been greatly mitigated by judicious prescription; but there was no physician who could understand our language, within four hundred miles of us; and we were in similar circumstances during the sickness and death of our third child.

The children of missionaries, also, necessarily suffer the privation of many privileges enjoyed by children in our native land. These privations are more and greater than can be told. What, for instance, are the intellectual advantages enjoyed by these children? In general, they have no school, no teacher, and no instruction, except the very limited amount which the missionary himself communicates, during the few moments which he is able, with the utmost difficulty, and but very irregularly, to redeem from his pressing care and toil for the salvation of the perishing around him.

* From Perkins' Eight Years' Residence in Persia.

The children of missionaries are most alarmingly exposed to moral contamination. So far as residence is concerned, they are upon a level with the benighted around them. Nothing but the single taper of the missionary's own example shines upon their pathway. All else is deep darkness. They feel nothing of the pure moral atmosphere of enlightened Christian lands. Every man, every child whom they meet, is a sower of tares. They cannot step from their parents' dwelling without being in peril. The peril is much nearer. The domestic—the nurse, who enters the missionary's abode to assist the sick mother, brings with her the deadly poison; and ere he is aware, there is painful evidence that it has been too successfully administered to his unsuspecting children. It is not long ago, that a painful case occurred, in a pious English family in Persia. The parents had, with much pains-taking, secured the services of a Mohammedan domestic, whose kind attention to their little one for some time created in them only increased confidence and satisfaction. But how were they surprised and shocked, on one day finding their little girl, then four years old, kneeling with her face towards Mecca, and lisping the devotions of the false prophet!

Such constant and appalling exposure of the children of missionaries, appeals with an eloquence which nothing else can, for the prayers of Christians, that the Lord, who alone can afford them effectual succour, would shield them from threatening destruction. The fact that so many judicious missionaries deem it to be their duty to part with their children, and send them home, for preparation to obtain a comfortable subsistence, and to be useful in future life, and for security from hostile influences, speaks volumes on this subject.

Column for the Young.

THE SABBATH-DAY.

"Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy."—Exod. xx. 8

I DARE say you have often heard your minister say this at church on a Sabbath; but perhaps you have never thought what it means. Well, if you will listen, I will tell you the meaning of it. We are commanded by God to "remember the Sabbath-day." Whose day is the Sabbath? It is God's own day, and we are told to keep it holy. The word Sabbath means *rest*. Now when God made the world, and all in it, he was six days in making all, and on the seventh day he "*rested*." The seventh day was the same as the Sabbath-day, and God rested on that day, to show people that he wished them to rest also. By *resting* I mean stopping from all week-day work—from all play, and from everything that belongs to this world. God has given us six days in the week in which we may be busy at work, and be industrious about worldly things; but God says that the Sabbath is his own day; and that then people must do no work, but must keep it holy. What does keeping the Sabbath *holy* mean? It means that on the Sabbath-day we are to do nothing but what belongs to God and our souls. We are to think of God, and not of this world; we are to think of our souls, and not of our week-day business. We are to remember it is God's own day, and therefore we must not take away any of the time of that day for our own pleasure. Little children must remember that the Sabbath is God's own day, and they must not rob God by taking some of his day for playing and making a noise. Suppose that on some grand day you had a holiday given to you, on which you were told you might play and make as much noise as you liked. Now, suppose that while you were very happy at play, your master or mistress called you in, and made you come to school, and learn some lessons—would you not feel angry at being robbed of some of your holiday? I am sure you would. But how often do you rob God of some of his day? How often do little boys and girls play, and make a noise on Sabbath, just the same as on other days, and thus take some of God's own day for amusing themselves? Oh! this makes God very angry; and we cannot think that such children will ever go to heaven. O no! children who love God will not play on the Sabbath, because it is God's day; but what time they have over from school-time they will spend quietly and in a holy manner. When they go to church, they will pray that they may go to get a blessing there; they will not try to be thinking of their play and other things while in church; but they will listen, and seek to understand what the minister says. And when they go home they will go quietly, remembering it is God's day; they will not play and idle away their time with others as they go; but they will go home in a quiet manner, and when they get there, they will get some good Sabbath book, or their Bibles, and read them. O how I wish there were more children who kept God's day holy! Do you not wish to keep holy the Sabbath-day? If you do, you must pray to God to help you to do so, and to make you love him; for unless you love God, you will not wish to keep his day holy. If you love a friend very much, you try to do everything you can to please him; and you do not mind how much time you spend in doing a kindness for that friend. Now, you must love God; you must pray that you may love him; and then you will have a pleasure in serving him. The Sabbath will then be your happiest day, because you will be able to hear more about God and Jesus than on any other day in the week. Why do children think the Sabbath a dull day? Why do they not like going to church and Sabbath school? It is because they hate what is good, and do not love God. If they loved God, they would love his day; if they loved God, they would love to hear all they could about him. But they love their play, and everything more than God; and therefore they do not feel happy to hear about good things. Oh! poor unhappy children, how I pity them! If they do not love God's day in this world, they never can go to heaven, where it is Sabbath always. In heaven it is always Sabbath; and that is what makes the good people in heaven so happy. In heaven they are praising God always; they are singing sweet hymns of praise to Jesus, and thanking him for having died for them, and for having washed their sins away with his precious blood. In heaven their greatest happiness is praising and loving God, and thinking how kind he has been to them. Now, do you think that those children who do not love the Sabbath *here*, will love it *in heaven*? Do you think that those children who do not like praying to God *here*, will like praising him *in heaven*? O no! such happiness can never be theirs. Our Sabbaths here should be days on which we are particularly preparing for heaven. Then, if we are not prepared for heaven in this world, we cannot hope ever to get there. Oh! my dear children, go and pray that you may love God and his day in this world, and that you may grow in grace on his Sabbath-days here below, so that when you die you may join that happy family above where it is Sabbath every day, and where all is happiness, holiness, and love.—*Bevan's Sermons for Children.*

Daily Bread.

FRIDAY.

"Who will show us any good? Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us."—Ps. iv. 6.

God all my gloomy path shall cheer,
And banish ev'ry painful fear
That can my soul invade:
Should earth and hell against me join,
The beamings of his love divine
Would give me sovereign aid.

Let our house be a prison—a dungeon; but let the light of God's countenance shine in at some little opening, and that shall make it a palace—a court—a heaven! Let our bread be the bread of affliction, and our tears be our drink; but let the light of his countenance shine upon us, and that bread shall be changed into the food of angels, and that water turned into wine! If God be our enemy, nothing can secure us; if God be our friend, nothing can hurt us. Let Pharaoh be behind, the Red Sea before, the mountains on each side—the Israelites can still find a way; and when there is no other way to escape a danger, a Christian can go by heaven!—*Old Author.*

SATURDAY.

"Let your light shine before men."—Matt. v. 16.

So let your lips and lives express
The holy Gospel you profess;
That men may see your virtues shine,
And own the doctrine is divine.

What badge, what cognizance hast thou, to make it known that thou art God's? A human nature—Gospel ordinances and privileges? and so have thousands had who are now in hell. Wherein is thy likeness and similitude unto God? Possibly, thou resemblest him in thy knowledge and understanding; and hast a great measure of wisdom and prudence bestowed upon thee: possibly, thou resemblest him likewise in thy beneficence, and art kind and charitable, and helpful to those who stand in need of thee. It is well. But yet this is not that image that God will own thee by. He requires a nearer resemblance of himself, in thy holiness and purity; and whatsoever else thou mayest think to produce will stand thee in no stead; for "without holiness no man shall see God."—*Hopkins.*

SABBATH.

"Keep the Sabbath-day to sanctify it, as the Lord thy God hath commanded thee."—Deut. v. 12.

Ye vain engrossing thoughts, away!
The Lord demands our hearts this day;
From earthly trifles bids us fly,
And seek the glories of the sky:
We come, O Lord, at thy decree,
To yield our willing hearts to thee.

Attend diligently on ordinances; yet beware of putting ordinances in God's stead. Hath not thy heart said, "I will go hear such a man, and get comfort and get strength?" No wonder that you feel yourself weak, barren, and unfruitful. How should means and ministers help thy soul, except the Lord help? Christ himself keeps the key of his wine cellar. His ministering servants cannot so much as make you drink when you come to his house; and therefore, poor soul, stop not short of Christ, but press through all the crowd of ordinances, and ask to see Jesus, to speak to Jesus, and to touch him; so will virtue come out from him to thee.—*Gurnall.*

MONDAY.

"In everything give thanks."—1 Thess. v. 18.

Either God's hand preserves from pain,
Or, if I feel it, heals again;
From Satan's malice shields my breast,
Or over-rules it for the best.

To bless God for mercies is the way to increase them; to bless him for miseries is the way to remove them. No good lives so long as that which is thankfully improved; no evil dies so soon as that which is patiently endured.—*Dyer.*

TUESDAY.

"Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven."—Matt. vi. 20.

Lord, draw my best affections hence,
Above this world of sin and sense;
Cause them to soar above the skies,
And rest not till to thee they rise.

O precious treasure!—a treasure not liable to corruption by moths or rust—a treasure which none can steal. Never did any kingdom afford such a precious treasure, nor a treasure of such variety; for "he that overcometh shall inherit all things." This is the peculiar treasure of those who inherit the kingdom of heaven. Now they are rich in hope; but then they will have their riches in hand. Now all things are theirs in respect of right; then all shall be theirs in possession. They may go for ever through Immanuel's Land, and behold the glory and riches thereof, with the satisfying thought that all they see is their own. It is a pity those should ever be uneasy under the want of earthly good things, who may be sure they shall inherit all things at length.—*Boston.*

WEDNESDAY.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness."—Matt. v. 6.

Dear fountain of delight unknown!
No longer sink below the brim;
But overflow, and pour me down
A living and life-giving stream!

For sure, of all the plants that share
The notice of thy Father's eye,
None proves less grateful to his care,
Or yields him meaner fruit than I.

Oh! blessed hunger, that ends always in fulness. I am sorry that I can but hunger, and yet I would not be full; for the blessing is promised to the hungry. Give me more food; but so as I may hunger more. Let me hunger more, and I know I shall be satisfied.—*Hall.*

THURSDAY.

"Be content with such things as ye have."—Heb. xiii. 5.

Art thou a sinner, soul? (He said),
Then how canst thou complain?
How light thy troubles here, if weigh'd
With everlasting pain?

If thou of murm'ring wouldst be cured,
Compare thy griefs with mine;
Think what my love for thee endured,
And thou wilt not repine.

I should marvel that the covetous man can still be poor, when the rich man is still covetous, but that I see a poor man can be content, when the contented man is only rich; the one wanting in his store, while the other is stored in his wants. I see, then, we are not rich or poor by what we possess, but by what we desire. For he is not rich that hath much, but he that hath enough: nor he poor that hath but little, but he that wants more. If God, then, make me rich by store, I will not impoverish myself by covetousness; but if he make me poor by want, I will enrich myself by content.—*Warwick.*

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THE LOVE OF GOD IN CHRIST JESUS.

A Sermon.

BY THE REV. THOMAS GUTHRIE, EDINBURGH.

"The love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."—Rom. viii. 39.

There are many laws in nature affecting, in some cases, one department of creation, and in some another — ruling the tides of ocean, the climates of different lands, the verdure and varied vegetation of the globe—affecting the being and wellbeing of every creature that inhabits earth, from man himself to the meanest worm which creeps upon its surface. Now, while there are many laws in nature, one there is which stands, like Saul among the people, pre-eminent! There is one great and primary law of nature—one, so far as we know, of universal agency and amazing power! We believe all creation to be so skilfully contrived, that if you could derange but one (the meanest law), it would in time derange the whole; just as if you took a stone (any stone) out of an arch, it would in time bring down the whole building; or, if you broke or injured any one tooth of any one wheel in an intricate machine, it would affect, in course of time, the motions of them all; but, drive the keystone from a bridge, and the entire arch tumbles into immediate ruin. Put your finger on the mainspring of a watch—touch the pendulum of a time-piece—they stop; but break that spring, or remove that pendulum, and the whole machinery rushes into instant confusion! The law of which I speak—the law of gravitation—is, so to speak, the mainspring of the universe. There is nothing it does not govern. It governs all the elements of our earth, and reigns over all creation! By that law the clouds are floated in the sky, and the mariners' bark upon the sea; it rolls on the river's flood, and feeds the sea with streams; it fills up valleys, and levels mountains—nor without it could the covenant with Noah be kept; it bends the rainbow in the heavens, and confines the sea within its ancient bounds!

Nor is this law only terrestrial—it is celestial too; and it is a remarkable fact, that the same law which gives its form to a tear-drop, gives its form also to the blazing sun. The same law that causes the rain to fall on our thirsty fields, preserves the planets in their spheres. Abolish this law, and the entire fabric of creation would go all to pieces, and, amid the rush of burning suns and blazing stars, everything would pass into chaotic confusion. That law binds the atoms into rocks, the rocks into massive mountains, the masses of earth into this solid globe, this globe to its centre sun, yonder sun with its train of planets, to the general fabric of creation—keeping and preserving all in beautiful and harmonious order! Now, that law, so wonderful in the material universe, has its counterpart in the spiritual—I mean the power of love! This love binds all the members of God's family to each other, while it binds them all to him. And, notwithstanding the many minor differences among Christians here (and every difference is a point of repulsion), yet love draws them, love binds them all together. And if every congregation were what it should be, this law would be seen on earth in beautiful and beneficent operation; it would bind all the members into one congregation, all the congregations into one Church, and all the Churches, whatever their government or name, into one body, of which Jesus is at once the heart of love and the head of wisdom! We don't see that as we should do here on earth; and the reason is, because there is sin in the Church on earth. That is a deranging force. There is no sin in heaven; and to heaven, therefore, we must raise our eyes to see this law in pure and perfect power. There love binds together all the ransomed saints. There is no variance there—no jealousy, no discord, no backbiting, no strife. The clash of arms and the confusion of tongues are never heard in heaven. Love binds the ransomed saints to each other—binds saints to angels, angels to archangels, archangels to cherubim, cherubim to seraphim, and the whole to God! Love is the sceptre that rules in heaven. It is the law of heaven—the very God of heaven is love. Every eye there beams with love—every heart beats with love, and every word is spoken in tones of love. No wonder Paul, in his most beautiful eulogium on love, speaking of the graces, pronounced love the greatest of all! "Whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. Charity never faileth. Now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity."

"Now abideth faith"—that is below! "Now abideth hope"—so is that. In heaven there is no faith, no hope; angels and saints have neither; but all have love. Therefore, says Paul, "Faith, hope, charity; but the greatest of these is charity."

And where do we find the greatest, and noblest, and best example of love? Where would we kindle the new love in our hearts? Torch kindles torch, and fire kindles fire; and where shall we, with God's blessing, kindle the fire of love within us? Where, but at the love spoken of in my text—"the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord!" Oh! that God would so bless the Word, when we set that love before

this company, that it might kindle love in every sinner's heart; and as you would collect the sun's rays in the focus of a burning-glass, may the rays of the love of God be so collected in the burning-glass of the Gospel; in the cross of Christ—in Christ himself—may that love be so collected and concentrated as to warm, and warming melt, every sinner's soul! This I can say, brethren, God has no wish that his should be a reign of terror; if so, it is your own choice, and must be your own blame! God has no wish that his should be any but a reign of love. And if any one ask me how I know that God would rather draw him to heaven than drive him to hell? I tell him to look to the cross at Calvary. I see traced there in lines of blood, written with tears, inscribed in letters as of fire, that "God has no pleasure in the death of the wicked—is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance!"

Now, let me turn your attention to the closing words of this most beautiful, most precious passage of Scripture—one which shows us the security which those enjoy who are real believers—who have received the Gospel into their hearts, and whose lives are conformed to the pattern of Christ. And who is there that would not wish to be a Christian? Who would not gladly suffer all which the apostle suffered, to have a hope so clear and bright—a confidence so perfect, and a persuasion so strong, that nothing can ever separate him from the love of Christ? No; not fear of death, nor the love of life, nor evil angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor the height of prosperity, nor the depth of adversity, nor anything else, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is bestowed upon us through Christ Jesus our Lord!

There are just two points which we shall touch—

First, The love of God; and, *secondly*, The manner in which that love is manifested.

I. Then, the love of God. Now, a guilty conscience clothes nature in sackcloth; a guilty conscience will make the sweetest cup bitter; a guilty conscience will people the night with spectres; a guilty conscience will turn a downy pillow into a bed of thorns; and a guilty conscience will invest the loveliest being, God himself, in the clothing of terror and fear. So it was with Adam when God said to him, "Where art thou?" He had been accustomed, as a child who hears his father's voice and step, to run with love and confidence to meet him; but now he flees. And why? Because he had a guilty conscience! His conscience told him he had done wrong—his memory recalled the sentence: "Thou shalt surely die!" And the voice of God was heard as the voice of the executioner, when he comes to call the criminal to take his place upon the gallows. Now, brethren, I don't wonder at that; because Adam knew nothing of God's love in Christ Jesus. But for any man in this house to flee when God calls on him, is most monstrous, and unnatural, and unreasonable! Men act towards God as if God's voice were never heard but in the thunders of Sinai—they act towards God as if he made his creatures only to destroy them—they act as if God was like some earthly fathers, who live, not to bless, but to curse their children.

I could bring you a heathen idol of frightful form and hideous colours, invested with horrid attributes; and I say, the man, be he preacher or not, who invests Jehovah with nothing but the attributes of repulsive terror, that man does Jehovah more injustice than the blinded Pagan, who makes a horrid god, and trembles before the work of his own hands. God has no wish to be a God of terror to any one within these walls. The God of that Bible is a God of love. Love is, so to speak, the essence and element of divinity! The Bible does not say, God is justice; it does not say, God is holiness; it does not say, God is truth; but it does say, God is love!

And I venture to say that, among you in this city, there is not a father so fond of his children as God would be of you, would you only come to him; and the fondest, happiest father on earth would not be so happy in his own family as God would be in us. And what is this fond and faithful earthly parent but a dim and distant image of our ever-loving, ever-living, and everlasting Father in heaven? But some may say, Does not God punish sinners? Very true; yet God has no pleasure in punishing sinners—God has no pleasure in sentencing any man to wrath! Do you suppose a king, who has a heart like other men, has pleasure in signing away the felon's life?—he has dropped a tear of pity on the very death-warrant that he signed! There was an ancient Roman who condemned his own son to die; he was the judge as well as father of the culprit. Painful position! The voice of duty prevailed over that of nature, and Brutus gave his son to die! yet I believe, if his own life could have saved his son, he would gladly have laid it down. Did Jesus destroy Jerusalem? Very true; but he wept over the city he destroyed!—he would have saved her, if she would have been saved. And I believe God never consigned an immortal spirit to eternal misery but, in a sense, he did it unwillingly; for "God is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance."

Now, brethren, men think God hates them, and they hate him for it. It is a great mistake. God hates no man; the hatred is all your own. There is no hatred in yon dying Son, and none in yon gentle Spirit. Men fly, as if God pursued them with his justice. With his justice he will pursue them; but first he pursues them with his love! What would you think of a man flying from a pardon into the arms of his executioner?—flying from a place of safety into the burning fire? Ah! that is the man who flies

from God! and I say, men never made a more monstrous mistake than when, confounding the sinner and his sin, they think he hates the sinner who but hates the sin. Many people fancy that God loves you, because Christ died for you. No such thing! The tree of Calvary grew from the love of God. This love was the root, not the fruit, of the tree. God did not love because Jesus died; but Jesus died because God loved. "God so loved the world"—and remember when he so loved the world, he so loved you—"that he gave up his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life!" Bear, then, this in mind of the love of God, that Christ is not the root, but the fruit—not the fountain, but the stream—not the price, but the gift of love. In love he spared not his own Son; and shall he not, who spared not his own Son, with him also "freely give us all things?" Let us now turn—

II. To the manifestation of this love, here said to be "the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." It is seen in Christ—it is shown in Christ—it is sent by Christ. You cannot see God from any position as a God of love, but standing on the righteousness, and looking on the face of Jesus.

The love of God! Why, brethren, that is a vast subject—a subject which would not occupy us for hours, but shall occupy the redeemed for eternity! It is the constant theme both of the damned and the redeemed—of the lost and of the saved. The lost, as they toss on their fiery bed, restlessly and unavailingly trying to ease their position, and relieve their pain—ah! they think of the love of Christ—of many a precious Sabbath and many a Gospel sermon, when that love was offered; and now they wonder and curse the madness, the blindness, which rejected it. And what is spoken and sung of in the hymns of heaven? "The love of God in Christ Jesus!"—this is the sweetest, loftiest, noblest, theme that tongue can speak of, pen can write of, mind can think of, harp can praise, or heart can feel! To preach it, is the office of ministers; to embrace it, is the salvation of sinners; to despise it, is the loss of souls; and to prefer to it the love of sin, is the highest insult to Jehovah. To know it lost, is the bitterest curse of hell; to know it gained, the highest happiness of heaven. Well may we say of the love of God what Luther said of music: "If I were to speak of it, I would not know where to begin, and I would not know when to end!"

Let us now consider one or two things belonging to this love. *First*, Its Author. It is celestial—it is more; the love of angels is celestial, but this love is divine—eternal! The seat of this love is the bosom of Divinity—the heart of the everlasting God. What a wonderful thought, that from the bosom of a pure Divinity love should descend on us! Not the love of an earthly father, that shall be short and transitory, but the endless love of Him who garnished the heavens, and laid the foundations of the earth—who created worlds by the word of his mouth, and shall consume them by the breath of his lips!

Then, after looking at its Author, turn your eye, and, *secondly*, look at its objects. Ah! what a distance there, between the loving and the loved! What a deep descent that love accomplished, when it descended on fallen man! There is a common proverb, that "Like draws to like;" but how unlike—a holy God and his sinful, polluted creatures! No phenomenon in nature were half so wonderful as this—the most marvellous spectacle a universe ever saw! Were the fire to freeze, the snow to burn, the sun with his noon-day beams to congeal the sea, it were far less wonderful than this! Were a mother to smite the sucking infant at her breast, and cast it out from her heart's affection—the hatred, indeed, of all the mothers of earth to their own offspring, horrible and hateful as that would be, to my eye that monstrous sight were less amazing far than this most amazing spectacle of the love of God descending upon us. Where he might have smitten, he heals; where he might have punished, he pardons; and calls to heaven when he might have cast to hell. And the question that has never been answered is this: What did God see in you and me to love? "Oh! the height, and depth, and breadth, and length, of the love of God! It passeth knowledge. Herein, indeed, is love; not that we loved God, but he loved us!"

Now, turn we from its Author, and from its objects, and, see, *thirdly*, its end. What was it this love had in view? A most beneficent and benevolent end!—to conquer the king of terrors, him also called "the terror of kings." In its grave, to revive the dust—to sweeten the cup of misery—to pluck the sting from conscience—to wash the polluted soul—to rebuild a ruined spirit—to bear far and for ever away yon black curse of sin—to save the soul from hell, and save the soul for heaven—that was the end! The Bible speaks of a man dying as a fool dieth; and I say Christ did not die as a fool dieth. The end was worthy for God's Son to die; and, brethren, that that end should be accomplished in you and me is the one grand, only end worth living for; and it's worthy dying for.

Let us look for a moment, *fourthly*, at the person in whom this love was shown. We have seen that the author of this love was God—that its objects were poor, wretched, sinful men—that its end was great and glorious. Paul speaks of "this great salvation"—great in its author—great in its object—great in its price; and it will be great in its ultimate and eternal end! Let us now look at the person in whom this love was shown—"the love of God which is," not in angels or archangels, cherubim or seraphim—not in man, but "the love of God in Christ Jesus." This is precious love in a precious vessel! wine of life in a cup of gold! fra-

grant incense in an alabaster box! a jewel in a casket worthy of its gem!—the love of God in Jesus Christ! And, brethren, who is Jesus Christ? The Son—the dear Son—the only Son—the only begotten and well-beloved Son of his own Father! And can you sit like stocks and stones, and hear of such a love sent through such a person? God's own Son is the channel through which it flows. The sovereign may send a peer as his messenger of mercy; but here God sends a prince. The noble may send, as the bearer of his charity, a liveried servant; but here God sends his Son; and, mark you, the Son of God, though a messenger, is more than a messenger. A messenger brings a pardon; but what Christ brings he bought. He is messenger and mediator too. When the dove, on white wings, came across the flood, bearing an olive branch—an emblem of peace—she was taken into the ark; and, the waters of wrath subsided, she was let go free, to fly with her mate to the forest. But the Dove that came from heaven, with the palm of peace and reconciliation to God, bled upon the altar. That blessed Dove was at once both messenger and mediator.

I spoke of the box of ointment. The love of God was, so to speak, enclosed in Christ, as that precious, fragrant ointment in its alabaster box. You remember how, before the ointment could be poured on Christ's blessed head, the box had to be broken. And so it was in respect of us; before that love could be poured on us, the vessel of his humanity had to be bruised, as bruised it was by thirty-three years of suffering and sorrow; and broken, as broken at length it was when dashed and shattered on the cross. Herein is love, indeed, that he yielded his Son to death. And now here is the position in which Almighty God stands before this company. He stands over the broken, bleeding, lifeless body of a beloved, a well-beloved Son, from whom, in compassion for you, he turned away his paternal and blessed face—in whom, in compassion for you, he thrust his own sword of justice! It might move us to see any father stand by the body of a murdered son; but what a spectacle is here!—Almighty God stands by the body of his lifeless Son, and says, as well he may: "What could I have done more for you than I have done?" More he could not do, though there had been as many crosses as hills on earth, and a cross on every hill, and an angel nailed on every cross. Yon single cross, yon middle tree of Calvary, was greater than them all! More he could not do! And what, brethren, can you say? But this less I cannot do than say: "Father, my Father, which art in heaven! I have sinned against thee! Give me thy precious Son!—give me thy gracious Spirit!—give me Jesus, else I die!"

There is one peculiarity about this love, to which, for a moment, in closing, I request your attention, although it perhaps more properly belongs to a preceding portion of the chapter. Now, the love of God to angels (it is difficult to use an expression that might not be found fault with; yet I think we may venture to say), the love of God to angels was quenchable, because quenched. Of course, Satan and his fallen crew stand not now in the position they once did with regard to God, as when they stood a happy and a shining throng around the throne in heaven. And thus I may safely say that angels could be separated from the love of God. And then, in paradise, under the covenant of works, it were safe enough to say, man could be separated from the love of God. The love of God to Adam and the first Adam's race was not only quenchable, but quenched. And, here is the value of this love (new covenant love, redemption love), that which raises it above all other love of God—it is eternal. When once in Christ, aye in Christ—sure of him, safe for ever! Whom he loveth, he loveth to the end. The love of God to man in Christ Jesus never can be frozen among the mountains of our native land. Some lakes there are that are never frozen, and the reason is, they are so deep; and so deep, deeper still, is God's love to believers. To believers in Jesus, God is a well of water, whose waters flow night and day, springing up into everlasting life. Some wells dry up in summer; and when the mountains are white with snow, they are bound in chains of ice; but the well of God's mercies—the well of God's love in Christ—the well of God's grace in the Spirit—it is like those springs that rise from the mountain's bosom—springs, summer's sun never dried, and winter's frost never bound!

A mother may forget her sucking child; and the child may sting the bosom it has been nursed on, and trample upon a mother's heart, break its tenderest strings, and bring down her grey hairs with sorrow to the grave; and misconception on their part, and misconduct on ours, may quench the fires of earthly affection—may cool, may kill, earthly love. We have seen the black, cold ashes, where the fires of love once glowed and burned; but no man ever saw the ashes of the fires of God's covenant love. They were never quenched, because unquenchable! And if of the covenant of grace, and love of that blessed covenant, you ask for an emblem, what emblem, what figure, so appropriate for its snow-white banner, as "The bush that was burning, but never consumed!"

May God bless that Word to us all, and to his name be the praise!

THE THRONE OF GRACE.

As fogs obscure the light,
And taint the morning air,
But soon are put to flight
If the bright sun appear;
Thus Jesus will our troubles chase,
By shining from the throne of grace.

NEWTON.

Biographical Sketch.

THE REV. JOHN WILLIAMS.

MISSIONARY TO THE SOUTH SEAS.

PART IV.—THE MARTYR.

"Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." Of these words the life of Williams was a continued illustration. He was ever active—never idle—always finding something to do, and never slow to do it. During his visit to England, he was as busy as he had ever been during the busiest period of his labours in the missionary field. The story he had to tell was a wondrous one, and so many, in all quarters, wished to hear it, that for three years the greater part of his time was spent in attending and addressing missionary meetings. Scarce a town in England or Scotland but had its meeting; and thus, through his instrumentality, the interest in the South Sea mission was raised to a pitch of intensity greater, if possible, than was felt even when, after a "long night of toil," the first intelligence of the triumphs of the Gospel there was received. There are many of our readers who must remember these meetings, and with whom the impression of Williams' story, as it fell, full of simplicity and power, from his own lips, must still remain—not now to be effaced. He had other work, however, besides attending these. For, not to speak of the time and care required in superintending the printing of the Rarotongan Testament, he also occupied himself in preparing translations of numerous religious books and tracts; and his own well-known and singularly interesting work, entitled "Missionary Enterprises in the South Sea Islands," was composed during all the bustle of this engrossing period. Fascinating as every one who reads that work feels it to be, it was written during mere intervals of hardly procured leisure. It was received at the time with unprecedented favour, and many were the testimonials of approbation and delight which its author received from countrymen high in station and distinguished for talent. Nor has its popularity decreased. It is a book that will live as long as there are books in existence.

There was still one thing, which, as Mr Williams had determined he would not return to the Pacific without, viz., a missionary ship, he now, under the sanction of the Society, set himself to procure; and with that view issued an appeal to the Christian public. The appeal was speedily and cordially responded to, so that in a short time nearly £4000 were raised, with which a vessel named the "Camden" was purchased, and thoroughly repaired. In that sum was included £500 from the Corporation of London. Williams presented to that body a petition and address; in which, after urging the immense advantage which accrued from missionary enterprise to the interests of commerce, and thereby to the welfare of a city which was a mart of commerce for the world, he asked their pecuniary aid. And so powerful was the impression which his address produced, that the munificent sum mentioned above was at once unanimously given.

He soon afterwards took his departure; but before doing so, he received many pleasing proofs of the Christian love with which he was regarded.

Letters, poetry, and presents were poured in upon him from many warm hearts and generous hands; and scarcely was the "Camden" repaired, when she was stored with presents of provisions and luxuries, such as rarely fall to the lot of those "who go down to the sea in ships." The kind people appeared to be determined that, whatever privations the mission families might endure after reaching the scenes of their labour, they should lack no good thing by the way. And many of these gifts came, not from the more affluent friends of the expedition, who, like Sir Culling Smith, had liberally stocked the pens and coops on the deck with some of the best sheep and poultry which his estate could furnish, but from tradesmen, and individuals in the humbler walks of life, who were forward in contributing to the same design. The conduct of the pilot who came to solicit the privilege of gratuitously conducting the "Camden" out of port (the regular charge for which was from £20 to £25), and of a pious man who obtained his living by supplying ships with filtered water, and who, after carrying off twenty tons to the "Camden," refused all remuneration, saying, "I know what this ship is going for, and I too will have the pleasure of giving a cup of cold water," greatly interested and affected Mr Williams.

A few days before his departure, a valedictory service was held in the Tabernacle, London; at which, after addresses from various ministers, he bade the Society and Christian friends present an affectionate farewell.

I am fully aware (said he) of the feelings of which my brethren and myself are conscious at the present moment. We know how to appreciate the endearments of civilized society; we know how to appreciate the entwinings of affectionate relatives; and we know that we are tearing away all the sympathies which bind heart to heart. We have gazed upon it all; we have taken it into consideration. I have looked at the violent storms to which we may be exposed—at the ferocity of the savages among whom we are going; and having viewed it all, I have just placed the object in view in the opposite scale; and fixing the eye of the mind intently upon the greatness and sublimity of that, I trust I can say, in the face of all difficulties and dangers: "None of these things move me; neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I may finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God."

He sailed in the "Camden" on the 11th of April—thousands having assembled to witness his departure—and after a prosperous voyage, having touched at Cape Town and Sydney, arrived at Tutuila, one of the Samoas, on the 23d of November. On going on shore, he found that the majority of the people professed Christianity, and had several delightful meetings with them. We are told that at one meeting,

After several natives had made their "little speeches," a very old chief arose, and said that many years ago a chief in a neighbouring village delivered this prophecy: "That the worship of the spirits would cease throughout Samoa—that a great white chief would come from beyond the distant horizon, who would overthrow their religion, and that all this would happen very shortly after his death." "That old man," he added, "died just before the lotu was brought to our land;" and then turning from the assembly, fixing his eyes intently upon Mr Williams, and pointing to him as he sat in their midst, he said, in a most impressive tone, "See! the prophecy is fulfilled. This is the great white chief who was to come from beyond the distant horizon; this is he who has overturned the worship of the spirits!" He then proceeded to show how completely the prediction had been verified, and concluded with an earnest exhortation to all to embrace the Word of God.

After visiting several of the neighbouring islands, Williams wrote home as follows:—

The numbers who have renounced heathenism are very great. It is supposed that the whole group contains a population of sixty or seventy thousand, and of these about fifty thousand are under instruction. The desire for missionaries is intense and universal. Chiefs from all quarters came, some one hundred, others two hundred miles, and pleaded with us in the most urgent manner; and, if we had had twenty instead of three, all would have been readily disposed of. Your heart would have ached, had you seen the downcast dejected looks of those who were unsuccessful. Since my arrival, I have attended the opening of three or four places of worship, each of which will contain from twelve to eighteen hundred persons.

In January he visited Rarotonga, where he was received by missionaries, king, and people, with every manifestation of joy and love; and the Bibles he brought were, if possible, more welcome than himself. In a letter to a friend, he says,

The eagerness with which they received the Testaments would have cheered your heart, could you have been an eye-witness of the scene. The countenance of a successful applicant glistened with delight, while he held up his treasure to public view; others hugged the book; many kissed it; some sprang away like a dart, and did not stop till they entered their own dwellings, and exhibited their treasure to their wives and children; while others jumped and capered about like persons half frantic with joy. Many came with tears in their eyes, begging and beseeching that they might have one; and if it was said "You cannot read," the reply was, "But my son or my daughter can, and I can hear and understand them."

After a week's stay, he sailed for Tahiti, where—as subsequently at Raiatea, Eimeo, Borabora, &c.—he was received with like enthusiasm. Thereafter he returned to the Samoas, where for some months he remained, devising and maturing plans for carrying forward the good work, by the education of natives, &c. The many islands to the west, however, were still in darkness; and he now hastened to carry to them the good news which he had already been the first to declare to so many. But he did not commence the voyage—it was his last—without feelings of anxiety and fear. We are told that, before setting out, he preached from Acts xx. 36–38—principally dilating upon these words: "And they all wept sore, and fell upon Paul's neck, and kissed him; sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they *should see his face no more.*"

These touching references, and the tears of the natives, acted so powerfully upon his tender spirit, that for a considerable time the place was a Bochim; pastor and people wept together, and nothing but sighs and sobs were to be heard throughout the assembly. Their sorrows tended to deepen these of their departing friend, and it was with pain that Mrs Williams remarked the depression under which he laboured. This to him was an unwonted state of mind. Formerly, when separating from his family on similar embassies of mercy, no sadness sat upon his countenance, and no feelings prevailed in his heart but those of hope and animation. But now the scene was changed. As if "coming events had already cast their shadow before them," and he felt its oppressive gloom creeping over him, he went forth dejected and weeping. Never before had his family seen him thus, and they "wondered and held their peace."

He was accompanied in the voyage by Mr Harris, a gentleman who intended devoting himself to the missionary work, and by Captain Morgan. The first island which he visited after leaving the Samoas was Tanna. There he was very kindly received by the natives, and at their request, left teachers to instruct them in the truths of Christianity. On the evening of that day he made the last entry in his diary, as follows. The words are remarkable. "This is a memorable day—a day which will be transmitted to posterity; and the record of the events which have this day transpired, will exist after those who have taken an active part in them have retired into the shades of oblivion, and the results of this day will be——" This passage has excited no little attention; and although it is very clear that it referred to the success with which his visit to Tanna had been crowned—he perhaps auguring well from that for the success of his future labours—some have thought that "he wrote, though unconsciously, under a supernatural impression." For his end was now near at hand, and he was soon to seal with his blood the testimony which he had so long and so nobly borne in behalf of his Master.

Leaving Tanna, Williams steered for the Island of Erromanga, the natives of which were reputed to be in a grossly savage state; and the night coming on, and being unable to distinguish the creeks and bays in the land, they put the vessel about, to lie-to during the night. The tragic narrative of the subsequent morning will be best detailed in the words of an eye-witness—Captain Morgan.

On reaching the head of the bay, we saw several natives standing at a distance; we made signs to them to come towards us, but they made signs for us to go away. We threw them some beads on shore, which they eagerly picked up, and came a little closer, and received from us some fish-hooks and beads, and a small looking-glass. On coming to a beautiful valley between the mountains, having a small run of water,

we wished to ascertain if it was fresh, and we gave the chief a boat-bucket to fetch us some, and in about half-an-hour he returned running with the water, which, I think, gave Mr Williams and myself more confidence in the natives. They ran and brought us some cocoa-nuts, but still were extremely shy. Mr Williams drank of the water the native brought, and I held his hat to screen him from the sun. He seemed pleased with the natives, and attributed their shyness to the ill-treatment they must have received from foreigners visiting the island on some former occasion. Mr Cunningham asked him if he thought of going on shore. I think he said he should not have the slightest fear, and then remarked to me, "Captain, you know we like to take possession of the land, and if we can only leave good impressions on the minds of the natives, we can come again and leave teachers; we must be content to do a little; you know Babel was not built in a day." He did not intend to leave a teacher this time. Mr Harris asked him if he might go on shore, or if he had any objection; he said, "No, not any." Mr Harris then waded on shore. As soon as he landed the natives ran from him; but Mr Williams told him to sit down. He did so, and the natives came close to him and brought him some cocoa-nuts, and opened them for him to drink. Mr Williams remarked, he saw a number of native boys playing, and thought it a good sign, as implying that the natives had no bad intentions: I said, I thought so too, but I would rather see some women also; because when the natives resolve on mischief they send the women out of the way. There were no women on the beach. At last he got up, went forward in the boat, and landed. He presented his hand to the natives, which they were unwilling to take; he then called to me to hand some cloth out of the boat, and he sat down and divided it among them, endeavouring to win their confidence. All three walked up the beach—Mr Harris first; Mr Williams and Mr Cunningham followed. After they had walked about a hundred yards, they turned to the right, alongside of the bush, and I lost sight of them. Mr Harris was the farthest off. I then went on shore, supposing we had found favour in the eyes of the people. I stopped to see the boat anchored safely, and then walked up the beach towards the spot where the others had proceeded; but before I had gone a hundred yards, the boat's crew called out to me to run to the boat. I looked round, and saw Mr Williams and Mr Cunningham running; Mr Cunningham towards the boat, and Mr Williams straight for the sea, with one native close behind him. I got into the boat, and by this time two natives were close behind me, though I did not see them at the moment. By this time Mr Williams had got to the water, but, the beach being stony and steep, he fell backward, and the native struck him with a club, and often repeated the blow; a short time after, another native came up and struck him, and very soon another came up and pierced several arrows into his body. My heart was deeply wounded. As soon as I got into the boat I headed the boat towards Mr Williams, in hopes of rendering him some assistance, but the natives shot an arrow at us, which went under the arm of one of our seamen, through the lining of the boat into a timber, and there stuck fast. They also hove stones at the sametime. The boat's crew called out to me to lay the boat off; I did so, and we got clear of the arrows. I thought I might be able to get the body; for it lay on the beach a long time. At last I pulled alongside the brig, and made all sail, perceiving with the glass that the natives had left the body on the beach. I also ordered a gun to be fired, loaded with powder only, thinking to frighten the natives, so that I might get the body; the natives, however, made their appearance, and dragged the body out of sight. Mr Harris was also cruelly murdered.

Thus fell John Williams, through life the apostolic missionary, and now in death the devoted martyr! "Who can recall that name, and not be impressed with a sentiment of unearthly greatness? . . . . . How does the wave of Erromanga henceforth seem to redden with his blood, and to murmur with his name; and its corals to pile up their monument to the enterprise of his mission and the oblation of his death!" *

The news of his death was first carried to Sydney, whither the "Camden" sailed, and where it excited the deepest distress. An application was immediately made to the governor for a ship-of-war, which might be despatched to Erromanga, to recover the remains, and convey the tidings of Williams' death to Samoa. The request was complied with; and on the 26th of February, the vessel, under the command of Captain Croker, reached the Island of Tanna. Here the first question asked by the natives was: "Where is Williams?" and when the sad truth was told, "they hung upon Mr Cunningham's hand, and wept like children. On the following morning, they reached the scene of the dreadful tragedy, and Captain Croker, his second lieutenant, Mr Cunningham, and others, put off for the shore; but as they approached it, they heard the reverberation of the war conch, and saw the savages flying in all directions. At length, however, communications were opened, and the wretched creatures confessed that they had devoured the bodies, of which nothing remained but some of the bones. These, including the skulls, were, after hours of delay, brought to the boat; and having satisfied himself that he now possessed all the mutilated relics of the murdered missionaries which could be obtained, Captain Croker hastened from these horrid shores."

They sailed straight for Samoa. "The first canoe that reached us," said an eye-witness, "was guided by a middle-aged man, who, as soon as we were within hail, called out to our native teachers, inquiring for 'Missi William;' and those who witnessed it will not forget the stunning and agonizing effect which the news of his death produced. The man seemed at once unhinged; he dropped his paddle, and stooped his head and wept. We did not understand his words; but his gestures could not be misinterpreted. He accompanied us for some time, making various inquiries; but no smile lightened his expressive countenance, and ever and anon he burst out into fresh cries and tears."

Mrs Williams resided at Samoa, and the paralyzing intelligence was conveyed to her at the dead hour of night; and terrible and protracted was her anguish. Nor was she alone in her grief. "Had the death-scene in Egypt been that night repeated in Samoa, lamenta-

* Rev. Dr Hamilton of Leeds.

tions more bitter and cries more piercing could scarcely have attended it, than those which this intelligence awakened. In a short time every sleeping native had been aroused, and through the morning twilight they were seen grouped together in solemn and sorrowful communication, while everywhere might be heard the sounds of distress." And as the vessel carried the sad news from island to island, similar scenes occurred—the same depth of sorrow and emotion was everywhere irrepressibly exhibited. "*Aue Williamu! Aue Tama!*"—"Alas, Williams! alas, our father!"—was the universal cry. They felt they had lost a friend—a friend the best they had on earth—their spiritual father—he who had been the first to declare to them that glorious Gospel, in whose salvation they rejoiced, and whose blissful reward they now hoped and waited for! And on none did the news come with more stunning effect than on his brother missionaries. He was greatly beloved by them all; his example and success had done much to strengthen and encourage them; while his extensive experience had enabled him to give them much valuable advice. He was, indeed, the head of the mission; and now that he was gone, there was none to fill his place. "The cedar had fallen." "By whom should Jacob now arise?"

The intelligence of his death, when received in this country, spread a deep gloom over the religious public; and well do we remember how slow for a time many were to believe its truth. In London, several public services were held to mourn over and improve the event; while throughout the country, the pulpit, the platform, and the press, all united in testifying to his greatness and his worth.

His remains lie in Samoa. What a meeting will that be, when, on the resurrection morn, at the sound of the trump, he rises and again finds himself in the midst of those whom he had been the first to lead to Jesus! And how joyfully will he enter heaven at the head of the mighty throng! "Behold here am I, and the children whom thou hast given me!"

THE SABBATH.

The world is full of toil;
It bids the traveller roam,
It binds the labourer to the soil—
The student to his home.
The beasts of burden sigh,
O'erloaded and opprest—
The Sabbath lifts its banner high,
And gives the weary rest.

The world is full of care;
The haggard brow is wrought
In furrows as of fixed despair,
And check'd the heavenward thought;
But with indignant grace,
The Sabbath's chastening tone
Drives money-changers from the place
Which God doth call his own.

The world is full of grief;
Sorrows o'er sorrows roll,
And the far hope that brings relief
Doth sometimes pierce the soul.
The Sabbath's peaceful bound
Bears Mercy's holy seal—
A balm of Gilead for the wound
That man is weak to heal.

The world is full of sin;
A dangerous flood it rolls,
The unwary to its breast to win,
And whelm unstable souls.
The Sabbath's beacon tells
Of reefs and wrecks below,
And warns, though gay the billows swell,
Beneath are death and woe.

There is a world, where none
With fruitless labour sigh!
Where care awakes no lingering groan,
And grief no agony:
Where Sin, with fatal arts,
Hath never forged her chains,
But deep enthroned in angel hearts,
One endless Sabbath reigns.

MRS L. H. SIGOURNEY.

POPISH RELICS.

THE HOLY TUNIC OF TREVES AND THE REFORMER RONGE.

ANTICHRIST is described in Scripture as coming with "lying wonders," and with "all deceivableness of unrighteousness;" and in nothing, perhaps, has the Church of Rome more thoroughly served herself heir to this character, than in the numberless deceptions which she has practised, and still practises, on her credulous and deluded votaries in the matter of "religious relics." Holding, as one of her bishops tells us, that "the dead bodies or bones of the saints, as also whatever other things have belonged to them in their mortal life, are to be kept with religious respect and veneration," she has gone about the manufacture of such articles with a recklessness and an effrontery which make us almost wonder how Satan could have left one of his best and most willing servants to perpetrate frauds so easily detected, and, when detected, so sure to bring down upon her the reprobation of every rational and honest man.

A catalogue of the multitudinous articles which the Church of Rome exhibits throughout her provinces, under the name of "relics," would be a singularly ludicrous, were it not a painfully humiliating, document—humiliating, whether we consider the fraudulent cupidity by which they must have been "got up," or the miserable superstition which believes them genuine.

Thus they profess to have in the Church of Lateran *the ark* which Moses made in the wilderness, together with his *rod;* and also the table at which our Lord instituted the sacrament of the supper! In St Peter's Church at Rome, they exhibit the cross of the repentant thief, the *dice* with which the soldiers cast lots for Christ's garment, and a *millstone*, on which, *it is said*, St Anthony *sailed* to Muscovy!! In other places they profess to have a finger and an arm of St Ann, the Virgin Mary's mother; a piece of

the Virgin's veil; some of her husband's (Joseph's) breath, *which an angel enclosed in a phial;* a jawbone of Mary Magdalene; a piece of the rope with which Judas hanged himself; and many things even more absurd, which we would mention, but our doing so might excite a feeling of the ludicrous, which we should not wish our readers to associate in any case with our pages. And even this is not all; for, not satisfied with one, they have often several of each relic! Thus, although they possess at Lateran the *entire* table at which our Saviour instituted the last supper, certain monks, both in Spain and Flanders, assert that they have *pieces* of it. Of the wood of the cross it has been calculated they have enough wherewith to erect a temple, while, according to a well-known couplet,

> More locks of the Virgin's hair have been
> Than single hairs on her head were seen.

And so on with other duplicate relics, which, for the reason stated above, we forbear from mentioning. It is for things like these that they demand and receive the reverence and worship of the people.

Before the Reformation, there were many such relics in Scotland. In the Glasgow Cathedral there were said to be, among other things, part of the wood of the cross, a piece of St Bartholomew's skin, and two bags filled with the bones of ancient saints. But in our day the British Romanists have no such things in their possession; at least if they have, we never hear of them. What will do in Italy or Spain would never do here. There is "light" in Britain, and they bring not such deeds of darkness to the light, "lest they be reproved." Indeed, when Papists in this country are spoken to privately on the subject of these relics, their usual course is altogether to deny their existence. But such a course is extremely foolish. Facts are overwhelmingly against them. They might as well attempt to deny that they are taught by their Church to believe in the doctrines of purgatory and the mass—doctrines which, by the way, have a common origin with that of "relics," viz., the avarice of the priesthood. It was the observation of an old author, that "the fire of purgatory was kindled, not for the purification of souls, but for the warming of the Pope's kitchen;" and the mass, it is well known, is chiefly powerful in relieving the souls of the departed when the equivalent, in the shape of money, is laid down by the surviving friends. The doctrine of relics forms but a branch of the same corrupt money-making system, and is commonly a very successful branch—the appeal being made to the people when, under the influence of excited superstition, they are never slow to give.

An event has recently occurred on the Continent which has had the effect of calling the public attention forcibly to this subject, and promises to be followed there by consequences of no mean importance. We refer to the exhibition at Treves of the so-called Holy Tunic. The cathedral there, it would appear, lays claim to the possession of the garment without seam which our Saviour wore, and for which his executioners cast lots—a claim which, as usual, is disputed, the ecclesiastics of eleven other places asserting that the garment is in their possession—and towards the close of last year, Arnold, the Romish bishop of the place, gave intimation that it would be publicly exhibited during seven weeks, for the veneration of the faithful! The announcement excited a great sensation over Germany, and we are told that hundreds of thousands of pilgrims hastened from all quarters to witness the exhibition—including many of the *sick and diseased*, who expected, by *touching the holy relic*, to be cured of all their troubles. The superstitious excitement of the populace on the occasion, strongly reminds one of the fanatical enthusiasm of the crusades. It is stated by a Protestant gentleman who visited the scene, that

> The steamer [in which he sailed to Treves] was soon converted into a floating chapel, and at frequent intervals during the whole of the day, the greater proportion of the passengers were engaged in their devotional exercises—in prayers, singing hymns, and listening to the addresses of the priests, who, in turn, officiated and relieved each other. The subjects of these addresses had reference to the "*Holy Tunic;*" and the "*Virgin Mother*" seemed to be the chief object of adoration.
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> During our progress we ever and anon passed boats of every size, from that of the humble fisherman to the largest craft which ply on the Moselle. These were returning from Treves, each with its full complement of pilgrims, as closely packed and regularly arranged as on the exterior of an English stage-coach in which every seat is occupied. All these boats, some of them with bands of music on board, were decorated (like our steamer) with colours, exhibiting, in every variety of form and gaudy hue, the *holy coat.*
>
> The beautiful and picturesque banks of the Moselle also exhibited scenes of similar interest and religious excitement. We overtook several bands of pilgrims wending their weary way on foot, with their gay colours, crosses, priests, and musical instruments, chanting their solemn hymns of praise and adoration; the surrounding hills and valleys responding to, and swelling with the pealing anthems of these peaceful, simple-hearted victims of superstition and delusion. These processions were composed of from one thousand to three thousand individuals in each, with from six to ten waggons, containing provisions, &c., and probably also the aged and infirm.

Having arrived at Treves, we are told that

> The scene of excitement, bustle, and confusion which the whole town presented, was such as the imagination cannot picture, or language accurately describe. In the market-place, and more open streets and avenues leading to the cathedral, were erected ranges of booths, sheds, &c., as on the occasion of a periodical fair. These, like the regular shops, were well furnished with provisions, and a profusion of articles, such as handkerchiefs, &c., on which were figured the holy coat in every variety of form and representation. The entire areas, not occupied by these booths, &c., were crowded to excess by the assembled thousands of strangers and pilgrims, attracted thither from all parts of Germany, France, Belgium, and Holland. The pilgrim processions were regularly marshalled and arranged, under the direction of the priests and other authorities, both civil and military. Each procession was composed of many hundreds of individuals, all slowly progressing in the direction of the cathedral, into which none were admitted without tickets. We requested a

priest to give us tickets, which he did with much politeness, and we gained admittance through a private entrance into the cloisters, where we joined a procession entering the cathedral in that direction. Such, however, was the throng there assembled, so slow the progress and admittance into the cathedral, which was by only three or four at a time, that we relinquished the attempt, foreseeing that our turn would not come till a late hour. In the course of the evening my son made another attempt, and succeeded in gaining an entrance, and saw the famous relic; which was enclosed in a glass case, and appeared to be a kind of coat or cloak of dark brown colour. All pilgrims and strangers were permitted to *behold* the relic, but we were told that those only on whom *miraculous cures* were to be worked were allowed to *touch and handle it;* and all the pilgrims made a *pecuniary offering* to the priests.

And another writes that—

"Holy garment, I have come to thee"—"holy garment, I adore thee"—"holy garment, *pray* for me"—were words with which the cathedral resounded.

Such is Popery—the religion of moth-eaten garments and of dead men's bones; and such the fearful influence which, to this day, she exercises over her votaries—able by a word to lead them to the worship of an old coat, and, by the exhibition of it, raising money more than sufficient to replenish an exhausted treasury!

But although many were deceived, it was not so with all. There were numbers among the more intelligent German Romanists, who, like their brethren in this country, entirely disapproved of the exhibition. And one man—John Ronge—a Romish priest, fired with indignation at the delusion practised on his countrymen, and grieved by the readiness with which they fell into the snare, published a letter to the bishop, denouncing the whole exhibition, and demanding that it should cease.

Arnold, [he, with all the fire of an honest man, exclaimed], Arnold, Bishop of Treves! I turn to you, and I conjure you, by the authority of my profession and calling as a priest, as an instructor of the German people—in the name of Germany, and in the name of its rulers, I conjure you to put an end to the heathen spectacle of the exhibition of the holy tunic,—to remove this garment from the public eye, and not to permit the evil to become greater than it already is. Do you not know—being a bishop, you ought to know—that the founder of the Christian religion left his disciples and his successors, not his coat, but his Spirit? His coat, Arnold, bishop of Treves, belongs to his executioners. Do you not know—being a bishop, you ought to know—that Christ said, "God is a Spirit, and he who worships him must worship him in spirit and in truth?" And he may be worshipped everywhere, and not in the temple at Jerusalem only, on Mount Gerizzim, or at Treves, in the presence of the holy tunic.

The effect of the letter was electric. Circulated through the whole kingdom, it raised a flame which the bishop and his clergy found they could not, with all their influence, extinguish. Ronge was immediately excommunicated; but that only served to increase the excitement. And the flame still spreads. For, not content with denouncing the exhibition of the fictitious garment, Ronge has now issued a creed, in which renouncing the authority of the Pope, he abjures many of the errors of Rome—proclaiming liberty of conscience, free inquiry, and the Bible as the only rule of faith, and discarding the five spurious sacraments, along with images, processions, and indulgences. To this creed thousands of Romanists have adhered, and whole congregations are rapidly joining his standard. In one place alone (Schneidemühle) we learn, from a private letter, that there is a congregation of two thousand individuals, headed by a priest, who, in the way of carrying out his reforming views, has already freed himself from the servitude of celibacy. The spirit of inquiry is so awakened that the conduct and creed of Ronge form the chief subject of conversation and discussion in all circles—in all parts of the kingdom. And before free discussion Rome cannot stand. She has been caught in her own net, and is likely to pay dear for her attempted imposition.

Ronge has yet much to learn. He does not appear to possess any clear or heart-influencing view of the necessity and nature of the Gospel scheme, and has, in consequence, made no avowal of his belief in the great fundamental doctrine of justification by faith alone. That was the point on which Luther ever kept his eye, and which gave strength and stability to the Reformation. And Ronge, if he would be Luther's successor, as by many he has already been designated, or would look for Luther's blessing, must take his stand on the same great truth on which Luther stood, and from which he was not moved by either the subtleties of Romish sophistry or the terrors of Papal power. Without this, the movement, so far as spiritual effects are concerned, must fail. But as even Luther could not all at once bring himself to the denial of the Pope's supremacy, and yet, as light advanced, and as Providence hedged up his way, was brought to it; so may we not hope that Ronge, although at present giving no very certain sound on this grand truth, will, ere long, be led by the Spirit's light to see and to speak clearly regarding it.

The following account of his earlier history is taken from a letter which appeared some time ago in the *Frankfort Gazette*, signed "A Friend of Ronge":—

John Ronge studied in Breslau, and was educated for the priesthood in the seminary there. He distinguished himself by diligence and assiduity in his studies, and moral purity; so that his superiors said that they had rarely met with a young man who sought with such deep and holy seriousness for the truths of the Catholic religion. When he left the seminary, he was made chaplain in Grottkau, a place about seven German miles from Breslau. Here he undertook also the training of the children; and, by his seriousness, mildness, and educational eminence, so gained their affections, that they looked upon him as a father; their parents also revering him, notwithstanding the envy and jealousy of the parson, who tried to calumniate him. At this time the bishopric of Breslau became vacant, by the abdication of Mr Sedlinitzky. Canonicus Ritter assuming, without authority, the office, used such liberties in it as to call down a severe reproof from the royal cabinet; but was supported by the Jesuits. At this time Ronge came forward, and anonamously, through the press, attacked the Jesuitic intrigues of the Capitulary, which, even after the nomination of the new bishop, Knauer, was wholly under the influence of Ritter.

Ronge being asked, on his word as a priest, whether he was the author of this attack, at once admitted that he was, rather than equivocate, and being prepared to sacrifice his all to truth. He was ordered to be confined in the seminary of Breslau; but being fully aware of the degrading nature of the treatment to which the mind was subjected under the regimen employed in that place, he refused to obey; and, in consequence, was suspended immediately from his office. With what feelings the Catholic congregation of Grottkau viewed his departure from them may be judged of from the fact, that the whole town-council petitioned the Capitulary for his restoration; although, as might have been expected, in vain. Ronge then went to Laurahutte, a colony near Beuhten, in Upper Silesia, and employed himself in teaching the children of the superintendents there. And there also his excellent qualities secured for him the affectionate regards of all. It was here that he wrote his famous letter on the "Holy Tunic."

THE IMPORTANCE OF LITTLE THINGS.

What if the little rain should plead,
"So small a drop as I
Can ne'er refresh the thirsty mead,
I'll tarry in the sky?"
What if the shining beam of noon
Should in its fountain stay;
Because its feeble light alone
Cannot create a day?
Does not each rain-drop help to form
The cool refreshing shower?
And ev'ry ray of light to warm
And beautify the flower?

WHY DO WE SOMETIMES HEAR UNFAVOURABLE ACCOUNTS OF THE EFFECTS OF MISSIONS?

THERE have been men who, on returning from visits to the scenes of missionary operation, such as the South Sea Islands, have published fierce attacks on the plan of the missions and the conduct of the missionaries—attacks which the enemies of our faith are always glad to meet with, and of which they contrive to make the most. The following extract from the letter of a correspondent of the *New York Evangelist*, may serve to throw some light on the reason of these attacks, and show what value should be attached to them:—

I once asked a very intelligent sea captain, how we were to account for the fact, that when the improvement in the South Sea Islands is so glaring and undeniable, persons occasionally return from them with very unfavourable reports. His answer was, that some men are enraged because they find that the intellectual improvement and moral elevation of the natives interfere with their gains and their lusts. And if they can no longer purchase pigs and poultry with a rusty nail, or convert the cabin of their ship into a harem, they fill Christendom with the outcry that the missionaries are ruining the islands. Again, he stated that on many of the islands there are low grog-shops, kept by abandoned foreigners, who hate the missionaries, and fabricate all imaginable slanders against them. And that many sea captains do not go near the mission houses, which are generally a little in the interior, but derive all their information respecting the measures of the missionaries from stories they hear circulated in these grog-shops. And again, there have, of course, been individual cases in which a missionary has not acted wisely, or has even, as with some ministers in our own land, fallen before the power of temptation, and dishonoured the cause of Christ. But in conversing, I think, with at least a hundred captains and mates of whale-ships, I never yet have met with one who has not borne cheerful and decisive testimony to the beneficial results of Christian missions in the islands of the Pacific Ocean.

THE MOTHER'S REWARD.

I SAW a little cloud rising in the western horizon. In a few moments it spread over the expanse of heaven, and watered the earth with a genial shower. I saw a little rivulet start from a mountain, winding its way through the valley and the meadow, receiving each tributary rill which it met in its course, till it became a mighty stream, bearing on its bosom the merchandise of many nations, and the various productions of the adjacent country. I saw a little seed dropped into the earth. The dews descended, and the sun rose upon it; it started into life. In a little time it spread its branches and became a shelter from the heat, "and the fowls of heaven lodged in its branches."

I saw a little smiling boy stand by the side of his mother, and heard him repeat from her lips one of the sweet songs of Zion. I saw him kneel at her feet, and pray that Jesus would bless his dear parents—the world of mankind, and keep him from temptation. In a little time I saw him with the books of the classics under his arm, walking alone, busied in deep thought. I went into a Sabbath school, and heard him saying to a little group that surrounded him, "Suffer little children to come unto me." Long after, I went into the sanctuary, and heard him reasoning of "righteousness, and temperance, and judgment to come." I looked, and saw that same mother, at whose feet he had knelt, and from whose lips he had learned to lisp the name Immanuel. Her hair was whitened with the frosts of winter, and on her cheek was many a furrow; but meekness sat on her brow, and heaven beamed in her dim eye glistening with a tear; and I thought I saw in that tear the moving of a mother's heart, while she reverted to days gone by, when this Boanerges was first dawning into life, hanging on her lips, listening to the voice of instruction, and inquiring, in child-like simplicity, the way to be good; and I said—This is the rich harvest of a mother's toil; these are the goodly sheaves of that precious seed which probably was sown in weeping; and your grey hairs shall not be "brought down with sorrow to the grave," but in the bower of rest you shall look down on him who "will arise and call you blessed," and finally greet you where hope is swallowed up in fruition, and prayer in praise.

Miscellaneous.

THE IMPORTANCE OF CONSIDERATION.—Consideration is the first step towards conversion. The prodigal son came to himself first, and then to his father. —*Matthew Henry.*

THE REASON OF AFFLICTION.—The Rev. John Newton used to say—"If a man will make his nest below, God will put a thorn in it; and if that will not do, he will set it on fire."

"Life is sweet," said Sir Anthony Kingston to Bishop Hooper at the stake, trying to persuade him to recant, "and death bitter." "True, friend," he replied; "but consider that the death to come is more bitter, and the life to come is more sweet."

ANGELS.—All that we know of angels is, that they serve on earth and sing in heaven.—*Luther.*

Daily Bread.

FRIDAY.

"What think ye of Christ."—MATT. xxii. 42.

If ask'd what of Jesus I think
(If he graciously give me the power),
I'll say, He's my meat and my drink,
My life, and my strength, and my store.

My Shepherd, my Husband, my Friend,
My Saviour from sin and from thrall;
My hope from beginning to end—
My portion, my God, and my all.

Have you seen Christ, who is the truth? Has he been revealed to you, not by flesh and blood, but by the Spirit of our God? Then you know how true it is that in him "are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge"—that he is the "Alpha and Omega," the beginning and the ending of all knowledge. But if you have not seen Christ, then you know nothing yet as you ought to know; all your knowledge is like a bridge without a keystone—like a system without a sun. What good will it do you in hell that you knew all the sciences in the world, all the events of history, and all the busy politics of your little day? —*M'Cheyne.*

SATURDAY.

"Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity."—2 TIM. ii. 19.

O crucify this self, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live;
Bid all my vile affections die,
Nor let one hateful lust survive;
In all things nothing may I see,
Or aught desire or seek but thee.

Either take Christ in your lives, or cast him out of your lips; either obey his commandments more, else call him Lord no more; either get oil in your lamps, or cast away your lamps. To be a professing Christian and a practiser of iniquity, is an abomination unto the Lord. Some would not seem evil, and yet would be so; others would be good, and yet would not seem so; either be what thou seemest, or else be what thou art. Oh! Christians, bring your lights to the light. —*Dyer.*

SABBATH.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."—REV. iii. 20.

He now stands knocking at the door
Of every sinner's heart;
The worst need keep him out no more,
Nor force him to depart.

Come quickly in, thou heavenly guest,
Nor ever hence remove;
But sup with us, and let the feast
Be everlasting love.

Some persons, when Christ begins to knock at the door of their heart, put him off from time to time. They trifle with their convictions. They say, I am too young yet, let me taste a little more pleasure of the world; youth is the time for mirth; another time I will open the door. Some say, I am too busy; I have to provide for my family; when I have a more convenient season I will call for thee. Some say, I am strong and healthy; I hope I have many years to live; when sickness comes, then I will open the door. Consider that Christ may not come again. He is knocking now; let him in. Another day he may pass by your door.—*M'Cheyne.*

MONDAY.

"This is not your rest."—MIC. ii. 10.

I pity those who seek no more
Than such a world can give;
Wretched they are, and blind and poor,
And dying while they live.

O Christian! follow thy work, look to thy dangers, hold on to the end, win the field, and come off the ground before thou thinkest of a settled rest. Whenever thou talkest of a rest on earth, it is like Peter on the mount—"thou knowest not what thou sayest." If, instead of telling the converted thief, "This day shalt thou be with me in paradise," Christ had said he should rest there upon the cross, would he not have taken it for a derision? Methinks it would be ill resting in the midst of sickness and pains, persecutions, and distresses. But if nothing else will convince us, yet sure the remainders of sin, which do so easily beset us, should quickly satisfy a believer that here is not his rest. I say, therefore, to every one that thinketh of rest on earth, "Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest, because it is polluted."—*Baxter.*

TUESDAY.

"The Lord is my portion."—LAM. iii. 24.

From pole to pole let others roam,
And search in vain for bliss;
My soul is satisfied at home—
The Lord my portion is.

Jesus, who on his glorious throne,
Rules heaven, and earth, and sea,
Is pleased to claim me for his own,
And give himself to me.

For him I count as gain each loss—
Disgrace for him renown;
Well may I glory in his cross,
While he prepares my crown!

The poorest Christian may vie estates with all the world; let the world drop down millions of gold and silver, boundless revenues, and crowns and sceptres; a poor contemptible Christian comes and lays down one God against all these, and beggars them.—*Hopkins.*

WEDNESDAY.

"Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart."—Ps. xcvii. 11.

Dark, like the moon without the sun,
I'd mourn thine absence, Lord;
For light or comfort I have none
But what thy beams afford.

But, lo! the hour draws near apace,
When changes shall be o'er;
Then I shall see thee face to face,
And be eclipsed no more.

However gloomy our prospect may at any time be, let us wait patiently, as the husbandman doth all the winter, in expectation of a future crop from the seed which lieth buried in the earth. "Light and gladness are sown for the righteous and true-hearted," though they may not yet appear; the seed-time is in this world; the harvest will be in that to come. "In due season we shall reap, if we faint not." Gal. vi. 9. —*Horne.*

THURSDAY.

"O, Grave, where is thy victory?"—1 COR. xv. 55.

What though corruption's worm
Devour this mould'ring flesh,
Soon my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.

God our Redeemer lives,
He knows his people's dust;
He'll raise it up a purer frame—
His promise is our trust.

Christ's lying in the grave before us hath quite changed and altered the nature of the grave; so that it is not what it was; it was once a part of the curse. The grave had the nature and use of a prison, to keep the bodies of sinners against the great assizes; but now it is a bed of rest, yea, and a perfumed bed, where Christ lay before us. O then let not believers fear. He that hath one foot in heaven need not fear to put the other into the grave.—*Flavel.*

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ON THE MUTUAL DUTIES OF MASTERS AND SERVANTS IN RELATION TO THE SABBATH.

BY THE REV. DAVID KING, LL.D., GLASGOW.

Human society presents all varieties of condition. Wealth, station, and power are all distributed in very unequal proportions; and while some have a measure of each, multitudes may be said to have nothing. That this diversity so far belongs to the constitution of the world, as planned by its Maker, cannot be reasonably doubted; and they who would level all such distinctions, might as well think of reducing to a uniform depth the channel of the ocean, or transforming our Alpine chains into smooth and velvety meadows. It does not follow, however, that God instituted these dissimilarities of lot to dissociate men, and sow dissension among them, and bring them into collision with each other. Strange as it appears at first view, this apparent incongruity, while it furnishes a stimulus to individual competition, is designed and fitted to enhance the intimacy and the felicity of the social compact. The rich and the poor are not, for being such, to separate or to strive, but to "dwell together;" and their inequality of circumstances, if rightly applied, will promote the interchange of the kindest sympathies.

In a particular manner, out of this circumstantial disparity arises the relation of master and servant; and the very word *relation* speaks to us, not of disseverance, but of associating ties. Nor is there anything in this particular relationship to render it, in itself, obnoxious and undesirable; but very much to commend it, as signally advantageous. It is odious only in its perverted and reprehensible forms. In one view, all are servants, and it is a high honour for any man to be enabled to serve society; and that master knows little of true dignity, who is not gratified by having it in his power to serve a servant by genuine kindness. On the other hand, all have, in one view, a mastery; for if the servant depends upon the master, so does the master upon the servant, and every section is necessary to every other section of the commonwealth.

But, without attempting to explain away or unduly to qualify gradation of class, it is enough, meanwhile, to insist that happiness is its intended and appropriate end. If every one were his own master and servant, there could be no organization; society would be broken up, and nothing great could possibly be accomplished. But when society is classified, and superintendence is lodged here, and service is performed there, then as stones individually small form collectively, and in their due subordination, a spacious edifice; so the members of the human family, though individually weak, become strong in their union, and the achievements of men assume a God-like magnificence.

Nor is it only the interests of commerce which may be thence promoted. The relation has its religious as well as its secular bearings. Masters and servants owe much to each other of spiritual good; and if the connection were improved as it ought to be, we would have the joyous spectacle presented to us of a present inequality ministering to the certainty and the happiness of an eternal identification.

But I need not point out the lamentable distance between what is and what should be. The relation has been corrupted and degraded. Nothing is sought from it, in many cases, but pecuniary advantage; and, on the one side and on the other, "every one looks for gain from his quarter." A master talks of the "number of hands," as he would of the number of wheels, and scarcely distinguishes in his thoughts between the men and the machinery. Of course, the compliment is returned, and the men estimate their employer solely by the wages which he gives them. Thus the relation is denuded of all its finer and more elevated attributes, and becomes like a once beautiful landscape, which has been stripped of all its garniture—its flowers and shrubbery—its steeps and cascades—its bounding stags and singing birds—and trampled into a thoroughfare of roads and traffic.

Not only is the highest good thus forfeited, but the worst of evils are incurred. The connection of master and servant can never cease to be influential; it must be beneficially or mischievously powerful; and when morals and piety are not promoted by it, it becomes the inevitable source of immorality and irreligion. Temporal profiting itself is, in consequence, impaired. In being alone sought, it is not the more secured, but is jeopardied and lost. Much doing becomes overdoing—labour degenerates into oppression—health and substance suffer from headlong rivalry, and the land is filled with grievances and heart-burnings.

At present, I am to speak of a remedy only in so far as it may be found in a right observance of the Sabbath. But this one department of the subject has diversified phases. For example, there are various kinds of service, and the nature of the service of course affects very essentially the resulting obligations. Let me view the relation

As it is exemplified, *first*, In private dwellings; and, *second*, In public works.

I. I am to speak of the relation of master and servant as exemplified in private dwellings.

Here the connection is very close, as the parties are encompassed by the same walls, sheltered by the same roof, and largely intermingle participation in the same gladsome or adverse vicissitudes. This closeness of the connection invests it with the more solemn accountability, and must always render it more effective for evil or benefit.

1. Looking first at the duties of those who rule, it is primarily incumbent on them to spare their domestics all superfluous toil on the Lord's-day.

"Thou shalt not do any work, thou nor thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant." Here the master is addressed on behalf of the servant; because if the master do not impose, the servant has no temptation to perform, desecrating labours. Thou shalt not do, or cause to be done, any work; that is, any unsuitable work—any servile work which may be dispensed with, or done the day before, or left undone until the day following. Here I cannot but remark, in passing, how sadly the Sabbath is misconceived, when it is thought of as severe in its character. It mitigates toil—it is a gift from Heaven to the labouring and heavy laden. What God has given, then, let not man take away. You would not keep back their wages from your servants—you would think that unjust and base; but if you withhold a Sabbatical rest, you are robbing them of what is more precious—what is theirs by a higher title than any human covenant, and what menaces with destruction every invasion of its blessings.

It is nearly a repetition of the last idea, that domestic servants should have all possible facilities for attending religious ordinances on the Lord's-day. They are to be allowed the rest, not that it may be spent in idleness and ennui, but that God may be worshipped, and the soul as well as the body find its appropriate repose in trusting to his fidelity and leaning upon his love. What are those claims of yours which you set up in competition with the sanctuary? Are you to be served seven days, and God not one? The servant is needed at home. But is that need more urgent, more sacred than compliance with the proclamation: "Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing: enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise?" Or, have you so few personal shortcomings to account for, that you will also answer for the guilty inattention of dependants, to the mandate: "Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together, as the manner of some is?" I do not say that servants can be always free for church attendance; but the restraint should be the exception, and can be vindicated only by the clearest of necessities.

Still further, the servant should not only have liberty of attendance on public worship, but should be invited to encircle with master and mistress, parents and offspring, the family altar. This, however, is not a usage for Sabbath only, but for every day of the week. It is a heathenish house in which it is amissing; and in some views worse than heathenish, for the poor Pagans have their household gods, and associated ceremonial; and how shall these rise up in judgment to condemn professing Christians, who can allow the sun to rise and set upon them in peace, and never unite in devotional acknowledgment of Him who made that sun, and gave it lustre, and who has promised to all his faithful servants a better and more enduring inheritance, which has no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof! But if the neglect of family worship be criminal and pernicious on any day, I need not say how the contempt of it is aggravated by the sacredness of the Sabbath. Indeed, the day is no Sabbath where such delinquency prevails; and though the inmates of those prayerless and praiseless abodes should be in the very centre of Christian privilege, they are still but strangers in Jerusalem, and Canaanites in its temple. Retire, then, from public worship to domestic worship, if you would visit your houses and not sin; and let the voice of command and the accents of submission, interchanged by fellow-creatures, be merged for a time in the confession of common sins and the acknowledgment of common mercies.

I observe, further, that the heads of families should endeavour to benefit servants by a system of religious instruction on the Lord's-day. We do not expect a field that is never cultivated to become a garden; nor does a parent look for proficiency in a child, irrespectively of tuition; but, somehow, a demand is made on servants to be in all views qualified and faultless, while no pains are bestowed on their mental and moral culture. Are offspring committed to the trust of parents?—so are servants to masters; and a double injury is done them when they are first neglected in their spiritual interests, and then harshly reprimanded, perhaps summarily dismissed, for the natural results of such deficient oversight. They should be invited to read the Word of God, by one or other member of the family, and to hear explanations of its important truths; and when can this be so seasonably, so leisurely done, and every way to so much advantage, as on the evening of the day of God? No doubt, they who teach others must, in the first instance, teach themselves. But that is just one of the principal benefits of the measure recommended—its reactive influence on those giving it effect. It would diffuse illumination on all sides, and bless all sections of society, from the least to the greatest.

2. Let us now consider the obligations of servants in private families.

I have been stating what your superiors should be and do. But I would caution you against supposing that your responsibility is suspended on their faithfulness. Whatever be

their conduct, yours should be such as becometh saints. If you cannot yield them obedience from any feeling of personal esteem, still act dutifully towards them, from a principle of piety—"with good-will doing service from the heart, as unto the Lord, and not unto men." In the primitive age of the Gospel, the converts were mostly servants, and experienced all kinds of cruel treatment at the hands of their unbelieving masters. But the apostles exhorted them, notwithstanding, to requite evil with good—to be honest, obliging, and diligent; and the fulfilment of these exhortations was one of the principal means of extending the Gospel in those days, and more especially of recommending its principles to the higher ranks. Let the example be more widely followed, and we shall witness a renewed exhibition of its beneficial effects.

But if servants should be faithful to bad masters, need I say what special responsibility devolves on those whom Providence has placed in godly families. Estimate highly such a position. Let no trivial considerations displace you from its occupancy. And, above all, respond gladly to every effort which is made for your improvement. If you do not—if you will not worship with the family, or be instructed by them—you not only forfeit these advantages yourselves, and accumulate guilt upon your own heads, but you discourage masters and mistresses in making like attempts with others; and thus perpetuate the evil you have daringly commenced. I hope better things of such as may read this paper, and things that accompany salvation, though I thus speak And happy should I deem myself if I knew that, in any case, a master or a servant were led, by these remarks, to hold sacred a relation heretofore perverted by them, and to make henceforth that use of the distinctions of time which prepares for the abolition of them, and furnishes the earnest and the foretaste to all classes, of dwelling together in a Father's house of many mansions.

The relation of master and servant, as subsisting in public works, will be treated of in a future Number.

THE DEATH-BED OF JOHN KNOX.

THE following intensely affecting narrative of the last days of our great Reformer, is extracted from Dr M'Crie's "Life of Knox." We are aware that, to very many of our readers, it will not be "new;" but we are also afraid, from what has come under our own observation, that unfortunately it will be so to not a few of them. Although the price of the *genuine* edition of the "Life of Knox" has been reduced to less than a third of its original cost, still it is such as to keep the work from the hands of many who would gladly purchase it if within the reach of their restricted means. A "cheap" or "People's Edition" of this noble volume would, we doubt not, be received as a great boon by "masses" of our countrymen, and might prove specially useful at the present time, when Popery is putting forth all her efforts to regain her lost ascendancy in our land, and, in so doing, is encouraged and fostered by a professedly Protestant Government.

On Sabbath, the 9th of November 1572 Knox presided at the installation of Lawson as his colleague and successor. The sermon was preached by him in the Tolbooth Church; after which he removed, with the audience, to the large church, where he went through the accustomed form of admission, by proposing the questions to the minister and people, addressing an exhortation to both, and praying for the divine blessing upon their connection. On no former occasion did he give more satisfaction to those who were able to hear him. After declaring the respective duties of pastor and people, he protested, in the presence of Him to whom he expected soon to give an account, that he had walked among them with a good conscience, preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ in all sincerity, not studying to please men, nor to gratify his own affections; he praised God that he had been pleased to give them a pastor in his room, when he was now unable to teach; he fervently prayed that any gifts which had been conferred on himself might be augmented a thousandfold in his successor; and, in a most serious and impressive manner, he exhorted and charged the whole assembly to adhere stedfastly to the faith which they had professed. Having finished the service, and pronounced the blessing with a cheerful but exhausted voice, he descended from the pulpit, and leaning upon his staff and the arm of an attendant, crept down the street, which was lined with the audience, who, as if anxious to take the last sight of their beloved pastor, followed him until he entered his house, from which he never again came out alive.

On Tuesday following, the 11th of November, he was seized with a severe cough, which greatly affected his breathing. When his friends, anxious to prolong his life, proposed to call in the assistance of physicians, he readily acquiesced, saying that he would not neglect the ordinary means of health, although he was persuaded that death would soon put an end to all his sorrows. It had been his ordinary practice to read every day some chapters of the Old and New Testament; to which he added a certain number of the Psalms of David—the whole of which he perused regularly once a-month. On Thursday the 13th, he sickened, and was obliged to desist from his course of reading; but he gave directions to his wife and his secretary, Richard Bannatyne, that one of them should every day read to him, with a distinct voice, the 17th chapter of the Gospel according to John, the 53d of Isaiah, and a chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians. This was punctually complied with during the whole time of his sickness; and scarcely an hour passed in which some part of Scripture was not read in his hearing. Besides the above passages, he at different times fixed on certain Psalms, and some of Calvin's French sermons on the Ephesians. Thinking him at times to be asleep, when they were engaged in reading, they inquired if he heard them, to which he answered, "I hear and praise God, and understand far better;" words which he uttered for the last time, within four hours of his death.

On Friday the 14th, he rose from bed at an earlier hour than usual; and thinking that it was Sabbath, said that he meant to go to church, and preach on the resurrection of Christ, upon which he had been meditating through the night. This was the subject on which he should have preached in his ordinary course. But he was so weak, that he needed to be

supported from his bed-side by two men, and it was with great difficulty that he could sit on a chair.

He was very anxious to meet once more with the session of his church, to leave them his dying charge, and bid them a last farewell. In compliance with this wish, his colleague, the elders, and deacons, with David Lindsay, one of the ministers of Leith, assembled in his room on Monday, the 17th, when he addressed them in the following words, which made a deep and lasting impression on the minds of all:—"The day approaches, and is now before the door, for which I have frequently and vehemently thirsted, when I shall be released from my great labours and innumerable sorrows, and shall be with Christ. And now, God is my witness, whom I have served in the spirit in the Gospel of his Son, that I have taught nothing but the true and solid doctrine of the Gospel of the Son of God, and have had it for my only object to instruct the ignorant, to confirm the faithful, to comfort the weak, the fearful, and the distressed, by the promises of grace, and to fight against the proud and rebellious by the divine threatenings. I know that many have frequently complained, and do still loudly complain, of my too great severity; but God knows that my mind was always void of hatred to the persons of those against whom I thundered the severest judgments. I cannot deny that I felt the greatest abhorrence at the sins in which they indulged; but still I kept this one thing in view, that, if possible, I might gain them to the Lord. What influenced me to utter whatever the Lord put into my mouth so boldly, and without respect of persons, was a reverential fear of my God, who called, and of his grace appointed, me to be a steward of divine mysteries; and a belief that he will demand an account of the manner in which I have discharged the trust committed to me, when I shall stand at last before his tribunal. I profess, therefore, before God, and before his holy angels, that I never made merchandise of the sacred Word of God, never studied to please men, never indulged my own private passions or those of others; but faithfully distributed the talents intrusted to me for the edification of the Church over which I watched. Whatever obloquy wicked men may cast on me respecting this point, I rejoice in the testimony of a good conscience. In the meantime, my dear brethren, do you persevere in the eternal truth of the Gospel: wait diligently on the flock over which the Lord hath set you, and which he redeemed with the blood of his only begotten Son. And thou, my dearest brother Lawson, fight the good fight, and do the work of the Lord joyfully and resolutely. The Lord from on high bless you, and the whole Church of Edinburgh, against whom, as long as they persevere in the word of truth which they have heard of me, the gates of hell shall not prevail." Those who were present were filled both with joy and grief by this affecting address. After reminding him of the warfare which he had endured, and the triumph which awaited him, and joining in prayer, they took their leave of him drowned in tears.

After his interview with the session he became much worse; his difficulty of breathing increased, and he could not speak without great and obvious pain. Yet he continued still to receive persons of every rank, who came in great numbers to visit him, and suffered none to go away without advices; which he uttered with such variety and suitableness as astonished those who waited upon him.

A religious lady of his acquaintance desired him to praise God for what good he had done, and was beginning to speak in his commendation, when he interrupted her: "Tongue! tongue! lady; flesh of itself is over-proud, and needs no means to esteem itself." He put her in mind of what had been said to her long ago: "Lady, lady, the black one has never trampit on your fute;" and exhorted her to lay aside pride, and be clothed with humility. He then protested as to himself, as he had often done before, that he relied wholly on the free mercy of God, manifested to mankind through his dear Son Jesus Christ, whom alone he embraced for wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.

On Friday the 21st, he desired Richard Bannatyne to order his coffin to be made. During that day he was much engaged in meditation and prayer. These words dropped from his lips at intervals: "Come, Lord Jesus.—Sweet Jesus, into thy hand I commend my spirit.—Be merciful, Lord, to thy Church, which thou hast redeemed.—Give peace to this afflicted commonwealth.—Raise up faithful pastors who will take the charge of thy Church.—Grant us, Lord, the perfect hatred of sin, both by the evidences of thy wrath and mercy." In the midst of his meditations, he often addressed those who stood by, in such sentences as these: "O serve the Lord in fear, and death shall not be terrible to you. Nay, blessed shall death be to those who have felt the power of the death of the only begotten Son of God."

On Sabbath the 23d (which was the first day of the national fast), during the afternoon sermon, after lying a considerable time quiet, he suddenly exclaimed: "If any be present, let them come and see the work of God." Thinking that his death was at hand, Bannatyne sent to the Church for Johnston of Elphingston. When he came to the bed-side, Knox burst out in these rapturous expressions: "I have been these two last nights in meditation on the troubled state of the Church of God, the spouse of Jesus Christ—despised of the world, but precious in the sight of God. I have called to God for her, and have committed her to her head, Jesus Christ. I have fought against spiritual wickedness in heavenly things, and have prevailed. I have been in heaven, and have possession. I have tasted of the heavenly joys where presently I am." He then repeated the Lord's Prayer and the Creed, interjecting devout aspirations between the articles of the latter.

After sermon, many came to visit him. Perceiving that he breathed with great difficulty, some of them asked if he felt much pain. He answered, that he was willing to lie there for years, if God so pleased, and if he continued to shine upon his soul through Jesus Christ. He slept very little; but was employed almost incessantly either in meditation, in prayer, or in exhortation: "Live in Christ. Live in Christ, and then flesh need not fear death.—Lord, grant true pastors to thy Church, that purity of doctrine may be retained.—Restore peace again to this commonwealth, with godly rulers and magistrates.—Once, Lord, make an end of my trouble." Then, stretching his hands towards heaven, he said: "Lord, I commend my spirit, soul, and body, and all, into thy hands. Thou knowest, O Lord, my troubles: I do not murmur against thee." His pious ejaculations were so numerous, that those who waited on him could recollect only a small portion of what he uttered; for seldom was he silent, when they were not employed in reading or in prayer.

Monday, the 24th of November, was the last day that he spent on earth. That morning he could not be persuaded to lie in bed, but, though unable to stand alone, rose between nine and ten o'clock, and put on his stockings and doublet. Being conducted to a chair, he sat about half-an-hour; and then was put to bed again. In the progress of the day, it appeared evident that his end drew near. Besides his wife and Bannatyne, Campbell of Kinyeancleugh, Johnston of Elphingston, and Dr Preston, three of his most intimate acquaintance, sat by turns at his bed-side. Kinyeancleuch asked him if he had any pain: "It is no painful pain, but such a pain as shall

soon, I trust, put end to the battle. I must leave the care of my wife and children to you," continued he, "to whom you must be a husband in my room." About three o'clock in the afternoon, one of his eyes failed, and his speech was considerably affected. He desired his wife to read the 15th chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians. "Is not that a comfortable chapter?" said he, when it was finished; "O what sweet and salutary consolation the Lord has afforded me from that chapter!" A little after he said: "Now, for the last time, I commend my soul, spirit, and body (touching three of his fingers) into thy hand, O Lord." About five o'clock, he said to his wife: "Go, read where I cast my first anchor;" upon which she read the 17th chapter of John's Gospel, and afterwards a part of Calvin's sermons on the Ephesians.

After this he appeared to fall into a slumber, interrupted by heavy moans, during which the attendants looked every moment for his dissolution. But at length he awaked, as if from sleep, and being asked the cause of his sighing so deeply, replied: "I have formerly, during my frail life, sustained many contests, and many assaults of Satan; but at present he hath assailed me most fearfully, and put forth all his strength to devour and make an end of me at once. Often before has he placed my sins before my eyes—often tempted me to despair—often endeavoured to ensnare me by the allurements of the world; but these weapons were broken by the sword of the Spirit, the Word of God, and the enemy failed. Now he has attacked me in another way: the cunning serpent has laboured to persuade me that I have merited heaven and eternal blessedness by the faithful discharge of my ministry. But blessed be God, who has enabled me to beat down and quench this fiery dart, by suggesting to me such passages of Scripture as these: 'What hast thou that thou hast not received?—By the grace of God I am what I am: —Not I, but the grace of God in me.' Upon this, as one vanquished, he left me. Wherefore I give thanks to my God through Jesus Christ, who has been pleased to give me the victory; and I am persuaded that the tempter shall not again attack me, but, within a short time, I shall, without any great pain of body or anguish of mind, exchange this mortal and miserable life for a blessed immortality, through Jesus Christ."

He then lay quiet for some hours, except that now and then he desired them to wet his mouth with a little weak ale. At ten o'clock they read the evening prayer, which they had delayed beyond the usual hour, from an apprehension that he was asleep. After this exercise was concluded, Dr Preston asked him if he had heard the prayers. "Would to God," said he, "that you and all men had heard them as I have heard them; I praise God for that heavenly sound." The doctor rose up, and Kinyeancleugh sat down before his bed. About eleven o'clock, he gave a deep sigh, and said: "Now it is come." Bannatyne immediately drew near, and desired him to think upon those comfortable promises of our Saviour Jesus Christ, which he had so often declared to others; and, perceiving that he was speechless, requested him to give them a sign that he heard them, and die in peace. Upon this he lifted up one of his hands, and, sighing twice, expired without a struggle.

THE CHRISTIAN'S GRAVE.

When by a good man's grave I muse alone,
Methinks an angel sits upon the stone,
Like those of old, on that thrice hallowed night,
Who sate and watched in raiment heavenly bright;
And, with a voice inspiring joy, not fear,
Says, pointing upward, that he is not here,
That he is risen. ROGERS.

EXTRACTS FROM A TRAVELLER'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY THE REV. W. K. TWEEDIE, EDINBURGH.

THE PASSES OF THE ALPS.

The Splugen Trap—The Great St Bernard—Mont Blanc—The Semplon—Mont Cenis.

Como, at the lower extremity of the lake which bears its name, is the starting point for the ascent of the Splugen Alp; and that city, not often visited, but exquisitely lovely in its site, seemed, as a first impression, to realize all our anticipations from Italy. In its neighbourhood we found the fig tree, the almond, the peach, the citron, the orange, all uniting to pour their abundance into the lap of man; and, for the first time, the vine appeared in the anticipated luxuriance, clustering round every cottage, or trained to every tree, insomuch that one ceased to wonder that, in a land like this, sensual men should have made Bacchus a god.—The marble cathedral of Como is at least vast enough to be imposing; and while we walked within its gloomy precincts, and beheld the worshippers come and go, we felt more assured than ever that these children of much ignorance, and of as strong emotion, were incapable of drawing the subtle distinction by which Romanists seek to defend the worship of creatures—their δουλεια and λατρεια—their inferior and superior adoration. No one that knows the heart of man, as dissected in the Bible, can doubt that vast multitudes stop short at the image—the thing that is seen—instead of rising, as is pretended, through it, to the Being that is spiritual and divine. Nothing but conversion can save men from that delusion; and when a man is converted, he will need no such auxiliaries to worship as a painting or a statue. His communion will be with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ; and his adoration will be what God desires—"in spirit and in truth."

The sail along the Lake of Como—the Larian Lake of the Romans—is another of those enjoyments which bring out, in strong relief, the transient nature of all earthly things. Here are ruined castles, grey with the antiquity of half a thousand years. There is the Villa Pliniana, the very spot where a learned Roman had his home, and perhaps recorded the thoughts on which we still love to dwell; but now—*stat nominis umbra*. On the slope of a neighbouring eminence is the Villa D'Este, the abode of one who claims close kindred with the Royal Family of Britain, now said to be poor and in decay, and dependant on the bounty of others. On every side, in short, all is rich or magnificent, but man. As we approach the upper end of the lake, the mountains become more decidedly Alpine; and after passing the entrance to valleys once the scenes of perfidious massacres, and likely to be so again, did any openly dare to avouch the Christian's God and the Christian's *Book* as theirs, we landed at the base of a mountain, shooting upwards to a height of nine thousand feet above the level of the lake. Looking back from the Riva on the scene traversed, the gulfs, and bays, and islands of the lake, all made distinct and apparently near, by the transparency of the Italian atmosphere, the thought arises in the

mind without effort—If such beauty still belong to a world where sin has wrought such havoc, how surpassing had its loveliness been had it never become polluted!

But enough is forthwith seen to check such thoughts. From the Riva where we landed, we hastened to Chiavenna, at the base of the Alp which we intended to climb; and as we traversed the valley, often devastated by torrents from the neighbouring mountains, we saw that, along the borders of the streams, chapels had been reared by superstition, in the hope that the Virgin, or the saint thus honoured, would prevent the floods from spreading their devastations over the fields. Though these structures were wisely reared just by the extreme edge of the more ordinary inundations, the wide-spread debris made it all too plain that the temples were not respected by the waters—such talismans had no more power than the word of Canute over the flowing tide. If superstition were devotion, this valley were an Eden; but its people are poor and goitrous; so that the decrepitude of man contrasts strangely here with the luxuriance of nature. Even the richness that fringes the Lake of Como cannot in reality counteract, to the extent of a sand-grain, the misery of which man, as a sinner, is the heir. The remedy for that is thus prescribed: "In ME is thy help found."

The repose of the Sabbath was refreshing both to the body and the soul, after the constant excitements of the week. We found, however, that Popery was the sole religion known to exist in the commune of Chiavenna. The versatile Paul Verger, and others, at the time of the Reformation, became the pastors of that town and district; and for a season the truth found a welcome there. But schisms, wars, and persecutions again drove it thence; and it must return, ere the town rise from its present state of mental bondage and civil vassalage, under the rule of Austria and the spiritual despotism of the Pope. It is true now, as of old—"I beheld, and there was no man; . . . . there was no counsellor that, when I asked, could answer a word. Behold, they are all vanity; their works are nothing; their molten images wind and confusion."

The ascent of the Splugen Trap is now an easy task, in consequence of the route constructed over the mountain in 1818–1822. The highest level of the pass is six thousand five hundred and thirteen feet above that of the sea; but from Chiavenna to the village of Splugen, in the Grisons, the distance is about twenty-four miles, so numerous are the windings of the path. The highest peak of the mountain is nine thousand eight hundred and forty-five feet, and there winter is perpetual; but only on a small portion of the road is the traveller impeded by snow. At certain seasons of the year avalanches and landslips occasion danger; but at others, all the grandeur of that sterile region may be explored without even inconvenience. From the southern ascent, we saw, as at our feet, the scene of one of those catastrophes not uncommon in this wild land. The village of Piuri, containing two thousand four hundred and thirty people, stood on the southern declivity, or rather on one of the spurs of the mountain. A landslip, that is, an avalanche of rock and earth, detached from the overhanging mountain of Conto by the percolation of water rending the rock, descended, and in an instant literally buried Piuri out of sight. On the 4th of September 1618, between two and three thousand people dwelt securely there; on the night between that and the 5th, they were overwhelmed in the twinkling of an eye—only three of the inhabitants escaped! A forest of chestnut trees now grows where that fated village stood; and the masses of rock, themselves a little mountain, forbade every attempt at excavation. At Rossberg, between Zug and Schweitz, we had seen a similar scene; but there the crackling on the mountain gave warning for weeks before of what was to come. Men flocked, however, to witness the descent when it should take place; among others, a wedding party were there when the land-slip occurred. Four hundred and fifty-seven souls, in spite of all their warnings, were crowded to their last account; and of the married couple, one was taken and the other left.

The water-fall of Pianazzo, in the Valley of S. Jiacomo, near the summit of this pass, is estimated at eight hundred feet, and is therefore next to the Staubach—among the loftiest in Europe; but it is one of the scenes which description has exaggerated. At no great distance, a portion of the French army of reserve, which passed the Splugen when Bonaparte crossed the St Bernard, suffered much from avalanches and whirlwinds, and found only a grave among the glaciers, while they were seeking glory in the butchery of their fellow-men. One man pants for military fame, and ten thousand die to purchase it; and mad as all this is, the great of earth will have it so.

The descent of the mountain on the north offers nothing peculiar, except the wild grandeur of the district; and, before the sun went down, we were again in Switzerland. We had been at this time only about one hundred and seventy hours in the Lombardo-Venetian territory of the Emperor of Austria; yet in that brief period our passports were thrice examined—our names, ages, professions, and designs in travelling twice reported to the police—our baggage searched again and again, and our books regarded with an eye of special suspicion. We had to wait thrice on the custom-house officers, to explain our objects and answer questions; and were once threatened to be sent out of the territory by the route by which we entered it, because some functionary had neglected to attach his name to our passports. This lynx-eyed surveillance is rigidly kept up at station after station; and more than once those with whom we conversed declined communication with us, lest their conduct should be watched and reported. In a civil point of view, this is abundantly harassing; but a Christian does not deplore it merely on that account. The countries which are thus, in effect, under military government, and all but martial law, are hermetically sealed against the entrance of the truth—any voice lifted up to proclaim the believer's liberty without compromise would be instantly silenced; and though the Over-ruler will work, and none can hinder, yet, looking at the continental, and especially the Italian states, the period seems indefinitely distant when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of the Lord and of his Christ. And yet the very route which we have traversed is helping

on that result, by facilitating intercourse; and the feeling of dissatisfaction will increase the force of the reaction when the set time has come. There are men there, even now, to whom the Bible is precious; while multitudes are hungering and thirsting for they know not what. We have no doubt that the introduction of the Scriptures among them would ignite the dry materials, and perhaps cause a tremendous explosion. But when will the Scriptures, in any adequate quantity, be introduced? Shall we hazard prediction in reply? *In the train of the next war.* We see no other *human* means equal to the task of unlocking Italy.

Arrived in Switzerland again, the Rheinwald became the scene of our wanderings for a little. The "Epic River" takes its rise in that region, and a pilgrimage to its fountains is an adventure which none should visit those mountains without making. It is not fed from springs like the Nile, so that no ecstasy could be ours, like that of Bruce when he stood by the source of the riches of Egypt. Glaciers, and snows that never wholly melt, give rise to the Rhine; and far up, towards its source, there are many places where we could leap across the stream. The region is one of perfect sterility and "thick-ribbed ice;" for the sides of the mountains are covered with glaciers which stretch from the summit well-nigh to the base. No more appropriate fountain-head could be found for so majestic a stream, and no solitude more deep or unbroken—the bleat of the timid chamois, or the cry of the scared marmot, is the only sound that disturbs the silence, when the tempest is at rest.

We followed the course downward, and gradually descended to the country where legend blends its fictions with the truths of history, to give interest to the canton. The dismantled towers of brigand chiefs, perched on the summit of every eminence along the river, tell that in other lands besides the East, every man's hand may be against his brother; and carry back one's thoughts to the times when this whole country was under the control of men scarcely less wild than the chamois, the lynxes, and the wolves, which are still the tenants of those mountains and forests. In the canton of the Grisons alone, which we were now traversing, one hundred and eighty castles in ruins have been counted. The language of the district is multiform; for German, Italian, and Romansch are spoken. The last-mentioned is a dialect peculiar, it is said, to this province, and has been preserved, we are told, for twenty-four centuries, for the most part unprinted, yet unaltered, among the primitive people who inhabit the uplands. Their religion is not more simple than their speech; for the Popish and the Protestant are strangely blent; and while the churches of the one are daubed or consecrated by the figure of the Virgin, or some other household god, those of the other are rudely inscribed with Scriptural devices. At Coire, where the Reformation secured, and still maintains, a footing, though checked by the anomalous dialects of the country, it has rectified in some degree the grossness of Popery; for we noticed near it the following inscription, monkish at once in its religion and Latinity, though more orthodox than many in higher quarters:—

Effigiem Christi, quum transis, semper honora;
Non effigiem, sed quem signat, semper adora.

Were it our object to trace the course of the river, the baths of Pfeffers, Ragatz, Sargans, the Lake of Wallenstadt (an inexpressibly magnificent scene), Glarus, and other places, might all detain us long. We must, however, hasten on only stopping to comment on the strange aspect which religion wears in the cantons of St Gall and Glarus, where Popery and Protestantism are equally the religion of the State. Much has been said regarding the harmony with which the two systems are there found to coalesce. But the truth is, as far as our observations and inquiries reached, the adherents of neither system appear seriously to regard their nominal tenets. Popery and Protestantism are so completely opposed, that it is not possible for the two to combine, except at the sacrifice of all that is vital in the latter. At Glarus, in particular, were these convictions forced upon our mind. A compromise has here been struck between the systems; the acid and the alkali have met, and all that is pure and spiritual seems to have been thoroughly neutralized. In the principal church of that little capital, we saw the most preposterous efforts made to harmonize the worship of Jehovah with that of images. The Protestants and Romanists use the same temple at different hours. The crucifix, which is unusually large, employed by the latter, is raised to the ceiling, and thus placed nearly out of sight, while the former are assembled for worship; but its appearance, thus suspended in the air, is grotesquely ludicrous. The whole aspect of religion here reminds one of the men in the East who are said to attend mosque on Friday and church on Sunday, expecting to be acknowledged by the *true* prophet at the last, as they cannot, in the meantime, determine between the claims of God our Saviour and the impostor of Mecca. But death makes men decided and earnest, and however the Protestants and Romanists may unite in life, they are carefully separated when they die. Their dust does not commingle, for they bury in separate compartments of the cemetery around the common church. The "bland amalgamation of the grave" is not known at Glarus—an emblem this of the eternal separation of truth from error.

REASONS FOR BELIEF.

What am I? and from whence? I nothing know
But that I am; and since I am, conclude
Something eternal. Had there e'er been nought,
Nought still had been: eternal there must be.
But what eternal? Why not human race,
And Adam's ancestors without an end?
That's hard to be conceived; since every link
Of that long chained succession is so frail;
Can every part depend and not the whole?
Yet grant it true; new difficulties rise;
Whence earth and these bright orbs?—Eternal too?
Grant matter was eternal; still these orbs
Would want some other father: much design
Is seen in all their motions, all their makes;
Design implies intelligence and art;
That can't be from themselves, or man: that art
Man scarce can comprehend, could man bestow?
And nothing greater yet allowed than man.
Who motion, foreign to the smallest grain,

Shot through vast masses of enormous weight?
Who bade brute matter's restive lump assume
Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?
Has matter innate motion? Then each atom,
Asserting its indisputable right
To dance, would form an universe of dust.
Has matter none? Then whence these glorious forms
And boundless lights from shapeless and reposed?
Has matter more than motion? Has it thought,
Judgment, and genius? Is it deeply learned
In mathematics? Has it framed such laws
Which but to guess a Newton made immortal?
If so, how each sage alone laughs at me,
Who thinks a clod inferior to a man!
If art to form and counsel to conduct,
And that with greater far than human skill,
Resides not in each block—a Godhead reigns.
Grant then invisible, eternal Mind;
That granted, all is solved. But granting that,
Draw I not o'er me still a darker cloud?
Grant I not that which I can ne'er conceive?—
A Being without origin or end!
Hail, human liberty!—there is no God.
Yet why? on either scheme the knot subsists:
Subsist it must in God, or human race.
If in the last, how many knots besides,
Indissoluble all? Why choose it there,
Where, chosen, still subsist ten thousand more?
Reject it; where that chosen, all the rest
Dispersed, leaves reason's whole horizon clear?
What vast preponderance is here! Can reason
With louder voice exclaim, Believe a God?
What things impossible must man think true,
On any other system! and how strange
To disbelieve through mere credulity.

YOUNG.

THE JOURNEY TO EMMAUS.

BY THE REV. JONATHAN WATSON, EDINBURGH.

CALAMITIES frequently cloud the brightest day of the seven, and render that a season of weeping which had else proved an occasion of purest joy. Who has not known tribulation come in with the week, which has augmented as it rolled on, every new day deepening the gloom, and each night exasperating the affliction—the sufferer's eyes refusing to be closed, till death at length shut them in everlasting repose? And then has come the Sabbath-day to the bereaved survivors—dark, silent, ever memorable day—spent, not in the courts of Zion, but in the chamber of grief and bitter mourning. To the disciples of Christ what a week was this! The farewell discourse had been pronounced—the betrayal, the agony, the seizure, the mock trial, the crucifixion, the death and burial of their Master, had all been pressed into this one eventful period of time. And what a Sabbath was that which succeeded! Their Lord lay dead in Joseph's tomb, and with him were buried all their hopes, their confidence, and their joy. It proved no day of rest to them, but one of restlessness, anxiety, and despondency.

But misfortunes usually draw closer to each other the children of grief. In the softening of the heart, its bursting griefs seek relief in association with kindred spirits. The disconsolate widow seeks not to the gay and the prosperous in her day of calamity; but to a sister who has passed, or is passing, through deep waters like herself. So the two disciples get together, that they might debate the matter of their Master's fortunes—that they might mourn and weep in company—that they might have the luxury of fellowship in sorrow, such as they only can know who have drunk of the waters of Marah. And now they go from Jerusalem, the accursed city, where the spotless victim had been cruelly put to death. A temporary absence from the scene of never-to-be-forgotten barbarity and nameless crime, might appear to offer a particle of relief to their wounded hearts. They selected Emmaus, probably because a convenient distance of seven to eight miles off, and also, that they might relate to deeply sympathizing spirits in the country the heart-harrowing tale which had transpired in the city; or that they might indulge grief amid the stillness and solitude of rural scenery.

Our blessed Lord, who was accessory to their plans, alive to their pitiable ignorance and their overwhelming griefs, resolved to embrace this as a fitting opportunity for revealing himself, and putting a period to their acute sufferings. And, truly, he is wont to reserve his richest consolations to the hour of our deepest distress. Does he intend good to the widow of Nain?—he waits till the mourners were actually bearing her dead son to the silent grave. Does he sympathize in the sorrows of the family at Bethany?—but he delays his visit till Lazarus has been dead three days. Or does he design to rescue Paul and his company from impending destruction?—he brings out his gracious purpose "when all hope that we should be saved was taken away." So here, Cleopas and his brother walked forward to Emmaus, and were "sad," too sad for aught on earth to upraise or to draw off their drooping spirits from the one object of intense interest on which their concentrated affections loved to settle—the death of their Master! In such circumstances, like water to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country. Light to newly-opened eyes, or healing to the diseased, and health to the hopelessly incurable, could not be more welcome than the discovery which was now to burst upon these wo-begone travellers.

But we must attend to the *manner* of his manifesting himself. The Lord joins them in the way, in the form of a fellow-traveller. Having first stole upon them unperceived, and listened to their tale, he enters familiarly into conversation, as one who heretofore had been a perfect stranger to the tragic events that had taken place in Jerusalem. He makes himself strange to them. Whom do you speak of?—who is Jesus of Nazareth?—what things have taken place with respect to him? Who does not see in all this the art of Joseph, his once lively and beautiful type? "Have you a father?—is he alive, the old man of whom ye spake?—have you another brother?" Thus did the governor of the land of Egypt prepare his brethren for the disclosure of the mysterious riddle of his own life and labours; and just as Joseph's bowels yearned over his brothers, did Jesus' heart yearn over the sorrowing brotherhood, while he made haste to divulge the secret in the manner most effectually to impress and convince, and best calculated to drown them in rapturous joy. He discourses on the Scripture account of Messiah; *he* is the text—*himself* the man; and, charmed with the unfolding of the sacred page, and with the new and wonderful

light which the Unknown threw around the subject, at once the most interesting and incomprehensible to them, they beg that he would turn in with them to the cottage now before them, and pass the night in an exercise which had already beguiled the way, and gone far to irradiate the darkness in which they groped. He is easily persuaded; for they only anticipate his own design. Food is spread on the table, and the God of providence must be acknowledged; but who shall be the mouth of the company—Cleopas, his brother, or the mysterious stranger? *He* waits not for invitation, but pours forth his soul in a strain of devotion, so elevated as to thrill their hearts and dissolve the charm—"they knew him, and he vanished!" the resurrection-body being endowed with mysterious power of visibility or invisibility at pleasure, and of a celerity in locomotion, like that of the living creatures seen by Ezekiel, who "went and came like a flash of lightning."

And now may we not remark, that the effects which remain leave intuitive evidence of the character of the Visitor? "Did not our hearts burn within us when he talked with us by the way, and when he opened to us the Scriptures?" He called us "fools;" and fools indeed were we, not to have discovered the character of our fellow-traveller; for who but our blessed Master himself could have thus broken the seal of prophecy, and set our hearts on fire with the glad tidings of great joy, that "Christ *must needs* have suffered these things, and entered into his glory."

The Lord Jesus leaves, where he visits, hearts burning with the love of sacred truth. Its disclosures—the wisdom, the wondrous adaptation with which it is framed to meet man's moral necessities—the divine beauty, the transcendent glory which beams on the plan of mercy—ravishes the soul with ecstatic delight, imparting a "joy unspeakable and full of glory." Where he is the teacher, the flames of holy desire arise, to penetrate yet deeper and deeper into the mind of God, and to explore the hidden riches of boundless grace which have their abode there. Other descriptions of knowledge may bless the *intellect*, but the excellent knowledge of Christ blesses the *heart*. Philosophy leaves it cold and cheerless, if it does not introduce its disciple into regions of scepticism. "He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow," inasmuch as it creates an insatiable appetite, which it is unable to gratify; but where Christ comes he breathes full upon the soul, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost;" and forthwith, blest satisfaction steals through all the powers of the inner man; it is found to be "life eternal to know the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom he has sent." Burning zeal is enkindled there also. It is evident that Cleopas and his companion meant to remain at Emmaus over the night; but it was found impossible to fulfil their design. Night had spread her mantle over a slumbering world, laying to sleep both man and beast; but the fire which had been kindled in the breasts of the disciples could neither be extinguished nor repressed—they "arose the same hour and returned to Jerusalem," to bear the welcome tidings to their brethren that the Lord was risen.

Neither will it be possible for a genuine Christian now to remain silent and motionless. The spirit which has been called into a new and happy existence, through the revelation of Christ in his true character, must diffuse the swelling joy. He cannot contain it; there is felt to be enough for himself—enough for all—in the person and work of his blessed Saviour, and to spread the tidings becomes his high ambition. Jesus of Nazareth is the Son of God—his death is an atonement for the whole world—his resurrection establishes the truth—doubt is at an end—eternal life abides the reception of the message. "Look unto me all ye ends of the earth and be saved; for I am God, and there is none else." Thus all genuine Christian feeling must spring from a spiritual discernment of the meaning of the Scriptures; and all religious zeal of a right stamp must originate in the same source. True Christianity is active, lively, vigorous, diffusive. It rejoices in its own spiritual opulence; but it dares not monopolize its wealth, which seems to augment by being distributed.

It cannot be too deeply impressed, that true religion is a thing of the *heart*—that it creates and keeps up a burning of the affections. Heads may be full of notional Christianity; there, in the higher regions, the sickly moonbeams of a barren sentimentalism may play to the amusement of the subject, and of many others beside; but where the Spirit of the Lord dwells, the *heart*, the vitals of the man, become the seat of a divine, yet a rational enthusiasm, which neither the remaining depravity within can overlay, nor the chilling influence without quench. Happy soul whom Jesus has thus kindly met by the way—to whom he has revealed his secret and incommunicable name!—he has warmed thy heart with the song which no man can learn save the hundred and forty-four thousand who have been redeemed from the earth. Bless him, evermore bless him; but, seek opportunities, in the journey of life, to introduce him to the acquaintance of thy fellow-sinners, that they, too, may become his admirers and partakers of thy joy. Amen.

A COMMUNION SABBATH IN A COLOURED CONGREGATION.

(*From Lewis's Impressions of America.*)

WE expected to be in Mobile early on Sabbath morning, or late on Saturday night, but were again detained by the darkness of the night and low state of the river. There is little distinction on board to mark the Sabbath. The mate has got on his best coat, and there is no one playing at cards. *One* passenger has his Bible in his hand. No opportunity offers for a public religious service, as we expect to be in Mobile soon after breakfast.

The population of Mobile is between sixteen thousand and twenty thousand souls, and was originally a Spanish settlement. It has only started into importance within the last ten years. As we landed on the wharfs, I was pleased to observe most of the stores closed. Those that were open, I was told, were the stores of Frenchmen, Spaniards, or Jews. I proceeded immediately to the church of Dr Hamilton, and found the morning service almost concluded.

There being no service in the afternoon in his own church, Dr Hamilton, at my desire, took me to the African Methodist Church, where it happened to be the communion. There were not fewer than a thou-

sand blacks present. The officiating minister was a white man, who, two years before, had been their pastor, and was now only on a visit. His sermon was sensible and affectionate. The Negroes echoed every sentiment that pleased them by an audible "Amen!" or "Glory be to thy name!" or "Truth, Lord!" When he alluded, towards the close of the discourse, to his former labours amongst them, the females, who sat on one side of the church by themselves, began to weep; when he warned them against backsliding, and alluded to some of whose evil courses he had learned, to his great sorrow, and from whom he had hoped better things, the weeping waxed louder and louder.

The communion was then celebrated; the communicants coming up to the rails enclosing the table, or, as they call it, *altar*. The females knelt on one side of the railing, and the men on the other—thirty coming up at a time to receive the sacrament. The minister stood within the rail, before the communion table. The black deacons of the church stood around, ready to assist the pastor in distributing the elements. We were requested to act for the time as deacons; and being told by the pastor that this would be expected, we cheerfully complied; and the black deacons attended to the marshalling of the communicants as they came up and retired. All received the elements kneeling, with much solemnity, and few without tears in their eyes, or running down their dark cheeks. The interval between each service was occupied by singing hymns, as in Scotland, by the congregation; and the singing was so full of heart, and so sweet, that the melody, and the sight of their earnestness of soul, melted me into tears. I sat down with them to celebrate the love of Him whose love knows no colour—before whom all are black and need washing in the same blood. Dr Hamilton was asked to close the service as it had begun, with prayer, when we all knelt. In a few touching words he gave thanks for the unspeakable gift of Christ, which drew forth a universal echo from the congregation. When he gave thanks that in Christ Jesus there was neither black nor white, bond nor free, master nor servant, that all were one in him, the whole congregation burst forth in a voice of mournful joy: "God be praised! Glory be to thy name!"

The sacrament of the supper was followed by the baptism of about thirty children and adults. The pastor made an exhortation, and put some questions, to which the parties bowed or curtsied assent. The adults then knelt down, and water was poured on their heads, with the usual words. The parents and relatives then brought the children, whom the minister took, one after another, in his arms, after the manner of the Church of England; and without any sign of the cross, or any other ceremony than the words of the institution, poured water upon each child. I saw a young man that looked as white as a European, and whose features were also European, come up with his wife and child. I thought at first that he was an American, until on inquiry I learned that both he and his wife were slaves, and that the little one they brought to dedicate to Christ was the property of their master, as much as their own flesh, blood, and bones.

The deacons in the African Church act as our Scotch elders, not only waiting on the members at the communion, but holding prayer-meetings.

A FAMILY OF SCOTCH EMIGRANTS.

Here I have met an interesting Scotch family from the neighbourhood of Glasgow, consisting of the worthy parents, now turning down the hill, and a family of four sons and a daughter. The history of their migrations afforded me much interest. They landed, with their infant children, at New York, and there made their first essay in the New World. After beginning to take root, they were torn up by misfortunes. They then packed up all the family and all their goods in a waggon, and proceeded southward, all the world before them, not knowing whither they were going. In Virginia they settled a while, and made their early Scottish school education available in teaching the children of the planters, from whom they experienced much kindness, and were entreated to settle amongst them. But again they betook themselves to their waggon, possessed by that wandering spirit which, once indulged by a Scotchman, though the most difficult of all men to uproot from his native soil, makes him roll on in search of adventures, and of a happiness which, like the horizon, flies from him as he approaches. At length this worthy pair, with their waggon and family, reached Mobile, settled, and were beginning to take root, when the fire of 1839 burned the house they had built, and consumed all the earnings of several years' industry. Nothing dismayed, instead of "folding their hands, and eating their own flesh" like the fool, they put their trust in Him who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. Amidst the plague which then desolated Mobile, they set about repairing their misfortunes, and have been enabled, through industry and economy, to save a few thousand dollars, with which they have purchased a dwelling-house and workshop, and with their family around them, promise again, by the blessing of God, to thrive and take root in this southern region. I was gratified to find the old man had assembled his children, after the Scottish fashion, "to worship God." Both parents could enumerate Scottish martyrs among their ancestors in Lanarkshire, and rejoiced to speak of their memory, and of the spirit of the martyrs that seemed to animate the Free Church of Scotland. I felt quite at home at their table, and in their society; and was pleased to learn from an American lady, that the mother of this promising family, while a notable woman at home, took her part zealously and heartily in every good work in the Church, and was never to be missed at the meetings and conferences of the Church for prayer. This family is one of the best specimens of our Scottish emigrants that I have met with. They emigrated before they lost all—when their fortunes were falling rather than fallen—before adversity had impaired their spirit and courage, soured their tempers, or reduced them to despair. With spirits unbroken—with the best principles, and the best training of the sons and daughters of Scotland—they entered the New World, and, amidst all their ups and downs, they never lost their first love and early principles. Their misfortunes have only softened their hearts, and made them more feelingly alive to the goodness of God and the misfortunes of others. A colony of such families, so taught and trained, and so disciplined by misfortune, would make a noble nation.

HOW TO SPEAK TO THE HEART.

A Presbyterian minister of the United States, an American by birth, but of Scottish parentage, happening to be in the city of New Orleans, was requested to visit an old Scottish soldier who had wandered thither, and having been attacked by the yellow fever, was conveyed to the hospital in a dying state. On announcing his errand, the sick soldier told him in a surly tone that he desired none of his visits—that he knew how to die without a priest. The minister replied that he was no priest, but a Presbyterian clergyman come to read to him the Word of God, and to speak of that eternity to which he seemed drawing near. The Scot doggedly refused all conversation, and after lingering a few minutes, the minister was reluctantly compelled to take his leave. Next day, however, he called again, thinking the reflections of the man on his own rude-

ness might secure a better reception on a second visit. But the soldier's tone and manner were equally rude and repulsive. He turned himself in bed, with his face to the wall, as if determined to hear nothing and relent nothing. As a last effort to gain attention, he bethought himself of the hymn, well known in Scotland, the composition, it is supposed, of David Dickson of Irvine, one of the worthies of Scotland: —

O mother dear, Jerusalem!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?—
Thy joys when shall I see?

This hymn his Scottish mother had taught him to sing, when a child, to the tune of "Dundee." He began to hum his mother's hymn to his mother's tune. The soldier listened for a few moments in silence, but gradually turning himself round, his countenance relaxed, and the tear in his eye, he inquired, "Wha learned you that?" "My mother," said the minister; "And so did mine," replied the now softened and relenting soldier, whose heart was melted by the recollections of infancy, and who was now prepared to give a willing ear to the man that had found the key to his Scottish heart.

SPRING.

THE glad birds are singing,
The gay flowerets springing
O'er meadow and mountain, and down in the vale;
The green leaves are bursting,
My spirit is thirsting
To bask in the sunbeams, and breathe the fresh gale.

Sweet season! appealing
To fancy and feeling,
Be thy advent the emblem of all I would crave—
Of light more than vernal,
That day-spring eternal
Which shall dawn on the dark wintry night of the grave!

BARTON.

SUPPRESSION OF A PRAYER-MEETING AT ROME.

FROM a tract lately published, entitled "The Romanism of Italy," by Sir Culling Eardley Smith, we extract the statement which follows, and which will speak for itself:—

During the last winter, weekly meetings of English Protestants were held in my lodgings in the Via Gregoriana, for reading the Epistle to the Romans and for worship.

A dignitary of the Church of England presided, and members and ministers of many denominations, British, Swiss, and German, were occasionally present. One meeting, rather more numerous than the rest, was held on the 24th March last, at which a collection was made for the Church and London Missionary Societies. On the 6th of April, my landlord, Signor Giuseppe Dies, was summoned before the police, when a precept (so called) was given to him *viva voce*.

This was afterwards reduced to writing, and he was required to sign it, in acknowledgment of having received the intimation. No copy was furnished him, and I am therefore dependant on his memory for its contents. As, however, I saw him very shortly after his return from the police, and took down the words from his own lips, I have no doubt that his version is substantially correct. The document, as far as he could recollect it, ran as follows:—

TRANSLATION.

"Joseph Dies, son of the late Ignazio, a Roman, was summoned before the High Police by me, Buglioni; and it was given to him as a precept, that he was not at liberty to let his lodging-house to persons of any nation that may be Methodists; with the prohibition, moreover, of the use of his kitchen (esercizio della cucina). If he does not observe the aforesaid percept, Signor Dies will be subjected to the closing of his lodging-house (inabilitazione della locanda).

"Two Witnesses. JOSEPH DIES."

I should mention that Signor Dies's lodging-house is one of the largest in Rome, and is let out in floors, or suites of rooms, to several families. The kitchen is a separate enterprise, and supplies not only the families in the house, but any others who may wish to use it. Signor Dies was given to understand that he would be at liberty, under this order, to continue to supply families actually residing at that time under his roof, until they should leave Rome; but, with this exception, the order would take full effect.

Signor Dies informed me of this proceeding, and consulted me how he should act. He asked me in particular how he was to distinguish a Methodist family. I told him that, as far as I was aware, there were no members of the Methodist denomination of Protestants at that time in Rome, and that, therefore, the word could only be used in the sense of *serious Protestants*, of whom there were great numbers of various denominations. I added, that it seemed to me a very serious step on the part of the Government, to compel him to inquire into the private and personal religion of foreigners, and that I thought English families who might be disposed to engage rooms in his house, would be justly offended if he asked them questions about their religious opinions before accepting them as tenants. It appeared, in fact, to be an extension of the Inquisition to the Protestant residents in Rome.

The subject, however, of practical and immediate moment to Signor Dies, was the closing of his kitchen.

By the advice of his friends he made a strong representation to the Government, of the ruin which would be thus brought upon himself and his family, and requested the removal of the *precept*. He received for answer (as he informed me), that the injunction respecting the kitchen would be immediately taken off, *provided the meetings in my rooms were discontinued*.

On learning this, my friends and myself of course resolved to hold no more meetings. We made the change known to all persons who were in the habit of attending, and whose addresses we knew; and for the information of those friends of whose residence we were ignorant, the following notice was put up at the entrance of the house, on the morning of the next intended meeting:—

"The meetings in Sir Culling Smith's rooms are stopped by order of the police. The landlord has received a *precetto*, not to let his apartments any more to METHODISTS, with a prohibition to have a public kitchen in his house.

"The latter prohibition has been suspended, on condition that there are no more meetings.

"Under these circumstances, it has been thought best not to hold the meeting to-day.

"*April* 13*th*, 1844.

The prohibition to let apartments to Methodists, I understand to be still in force.

Daily Bread.

FRIDAY.

"Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth."—Rom. x. 4.

When free grace awoke me, by light from on high,
When legal fears shook me, I trembled to die;
No refuge, no safety, in self could I see—
Jehovah-Tsidkēnu my Saviour must be.

God showed me I was lost, if I had not Christ, because I had been a sinner; I saw that I wanted a perfect righteousness to present me without fault before God, and this righteousness was nowhere to be found but in the person of Jesus Christ.—*Bunyan.*

SATURDAY.

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind."—Matt. xxii. 37.

O Lord, we cast our care on thee—
We triumph and adore;
Henceforth our great concern shall be,
To love and please thee more.

The love of God, that supremely glorious and supremely gracious Being, is, of all other tempers, the most delightful and divine; a sacred flower which, in its early bud, is happiness, and in its full bloom, is heaven. To plant this noble principle in the breast—to cultivate its growth, and bring it to maturity—is the grand end of all religion, and the genuine fruit of faith unfeigned.—*Hervey.*

SABBATH.

"All things work together for good to them that love God."—Rom. viii. 28.

O happy he whose hopes depend
Upon the Lord alone;
The soul that trusts in such a friend
Can ne'er be overthrown.

Though gourds should wither, cisterns break,
And creature-comforts die,
No change his solid hope can shake,
Or stop his sure supply.

The work is on the wheel, and every movement of the wheel is for your benefit. All the events that take place in the world carry on the same work—the glory of the Father and the salvation of his children. Every illness and infirmity that may seize you, every loss you may meet with, every reproach you may endure, every shame that may colour your faces, every sorrow in your hearts, your every agony and pain, every aching in your bones, are for your *good*; every change in your condition—your fair weather and your rough weather, your sunny and your cloudy weather, your ebbing and your flowing, your liberty and your imprisonment—all turn out for your *good*. The Lord is at work; all creation is at work; men and angels, friends and foes—all are busy, working together for good to you.—*Rowlands.*

MONDAY.

'We would see Jesus."—John xii. 21.

O come, this wondrous one behold—
The promised Saviour; this is he,
Whom ancient prophecies foretold,
Born from our guilt to set us free.

Oh! did we but know ourselves and our Saviour! We are poor, but he is rich; we are dead, but he is life; we are sin, but he is righteousness; we are guiltiness, but he is grace; we are misery, but he is mercy; we are lost, but he is salvation. If we are willing, he never was otherwise. He ever lives, ever loves, ever pities, ever pleads. He loves and saves to the uttermost all that come unto him.—*Mason.*

TUESDAY.

"Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world?" 1 Cor. i. 20.

Men this world's wisdom seek and gain—
That wisdom which God calleth vain;
But, oh! are strangers still;
To that which makes our spirits wise,
And sets before our waiting eyes
What is our Saviour's will.

Some may be ready to envy the death of the scholar. His name is announced in the journals with all his honours. Some masterly pen is immediately engaged to publish his life and his works. The marble perpetuates his name, and his bones are entombed by the side of poets and philosophers. But the soul—where is this? Alas! he was great everywhere but in the sight of the Lord. He could speak every language but the language of Canaan. He knew everything but the one thing needful. But see that cottager, on yonder pallet of straw. He is dying fameless and unknown; but he knows Christ Jesus the Lord, and knows that in him he has righteousness and strength. And the excellency of this knowledge raises him above the fear of death, refreshes his fainting spirit, opens a heaven in his heart, and brings angels near. Let me go and die with him!—*Jay*

WEDNESDAY.

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."—Matt. vi. 33

Poor, weak, and worthless though I am,
I have a rich almighty Friend—
Jesus, the Saviour, is his name;
He freely loves, and to the end.

Get Christ, and get all; want him, and want all. A man that catches at the shadow, loses the substance; but get the substance, and you get the shadow with it. So long as you look after other things beside Christ, you lose him; but if you get him, you get the shadow of all—you get life, and peace, and comfort, and all that your hearts can desire. Be content to lose all to get him who is so precious, and who, when you have got, you shall be sure never to lose.—*Nalton.*

THURSDAY.

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."—1 Cor. ii. 9.

High in yonder realms of light,
Far above these lower skies,
Fair and exquisitely bright,
Heaven's unfading mansions rise.

Heaven is a place where all joy is enjoyed—mirth without sadness, light without darkness, sweetness without bitterness, life without death, rest without labour, plenty without poverty. O what joy entereth into a believer, when he enters into the glory of his Master! Who would not look for glory with the greatest patience? O what glories are there in glory! Thrones of glory, crowns of glory, vessels of glory; a weight of glory, a kingdom of glory. Here Christ puts grace upon his spouse; but there he puts his glory upon his spouse. In heaven the crown is made for them, and in heaven the crown shall be worn by them.—*Dyer.*

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THE REFORMATION VIEWED AS THE RESURRECTION OF SCRIPTURAL TRUTHS.

BY THE REV. THOMAS M'CRIE, EDINBURGH.

The history of man, as well as of nations, has its seasons of rise and fall—of death and resurrection. There have been periods in the world's history, when the attainments of early ages appear to have been entirely lost sight of; and mankind, reduced to a second childhood, required to be sent back to school to learn the elements of sciences once familiar to them, but now forgotten. The discoveries made in astronomy in the seventeenth century, by Copernicus, Galileo, and Newton, were but the revival of old truths, formerly discovered. The real motions of the heavenly bodies were known as early as the age of Pythagoras, who lived nearly six hundred years before Christ, and who, in his turn, had gleaned his information from the priests of Egypt and the Magi of the East. The revival of learning, in the century preceding the Reformation, was occasioned mainly by the republication of the classical writings of antiquity; it was only the re-awakening in other lands of the genius of ancient Greece and Rome. Thus human knowledge, like the ocean, has had its neap tides and its spring tides, its fluxes and its refluxes; and thus it was with religion at the period of the Reformation. It was not a modern religion invented, but an old revived—it was not a birth, but a resurrection.

To the common taunt of the Papists, "Where was your religion before Luther?" we might reply, It was buried—buried under the rubbish of Popery—but it was *buried alive*. For all the blessed purposes which it was designed by its Author to serve, in regard to the world at large, it may be said to have been buried; but the religion itself existed, and was never wholly extinct. It lived in the Bible, "the Word of God which liveth and abideth for ever"—it lived in the hearts of the pious few who, in the midst of surrounding death and darkness, had caught a glimpse of its saving light through the institutions which had survived the general wreck of Christianity—it lived in the valleys of the Alps, among the primitive Waldenses—it lived even in depth of the cloister, where occasionally the solitary monk found that its "stolen waters were sweet," and its "bread eaten in secret was pleasant;" and where, ultimately, the vital spark lighted upon the heart of the heroic Luther. Thenceforth the mighty heart of Germany was moved, and its pulsations were felt in the remotest regions of Europe.

It was by the prayerful and persevering study of the Holy Scriptures, a copy of which he found in his convent, that Luther first acquired those views of divine truth which, gradually expanding and unfolding as he advanced into the full-formed Gospel of Christ, made him a new man, and ushered him into a new world. And it is with feelings of no common interest that the reader of his life traces the course of this truly great man, from the moment that the truth dawned upon his mind, through the varied incidents of his progress. We dwell with delight on the heroic resistance he made, at the outset of his career, to the profligate sale of indulgences—his triumphant encounter with Tetzel and the Romish doctors. We hang with breathless suspense over his journey to the city of Worms, there to confront the emperor, surrounded by a multitude of princes, nobles, archbishops, bishops, and representatives from almost every kingdom in Europe, such as never, perhaps, convened before—to confront them alone, single-handed and unprotected, except by a safe-conduct which he knew had formerly been basely violated in the case of Huss. We hear him, with undaunted courage, replying to the entreaties of his friends not to enter the city: "Go and tell your master, that though there were as many devils in Worms as there are tiles on the roofs, I would enter it;" and when they said, "They will burn you to ashes, as they did John Huss," replying, with equal firmness, "Though they should make a fire reaching from Worms to Wittemberg, and rising to the sky, I would pass through it in the name of the Lord—I would appear before them—I would enter into the mouth of that Behemoth, and confess the Lord Jesus Christ!" Finally, we rejoice to see him terminating his days in peace, after having been the instrument of imparting to unnumbered thousands the blessings of an opened Bible, a recovered Gospel, and a purified Church. But the pious reader of this wondrous history will be at no loss to discover the real secret of his success. Nothing will be more deeply impressed on his mind than the conviction, that Luther would never have become a Reformer had he not first become a Christian; that the Reformation owed its success to the operation on the hearts of men of those same truths which first convinced Luther that he was a sinner, and laid him, a trembling but hopeful penitent, at the foot of the cross.

We have said that Luther found his religion in the Bible; and it was not long before he discovered that, in every vital point, it was at variance with the system of Popery. One by one the abominations of that "mystery of ini-

quity" rose into view, until it glared on him in all its monstrous proportions—the Antichrist of Scripture, the Man of Sin, and Son of Perdition. On the other hand, in direct contrast, "the Mystery of Godliness" evolved itself, and the Temple of Truth was seen standing, as the rubbish was removed from it, fresh and fair, in all its beautiful proportions, as it was at the beginning. The discovery filled him with mingled feelings of amazement and delight—similar to what, we may suppose, would be experienced by the late discovery of the ancient cities of Herculaneum, which, built in the palmy days of Rome, but buried for ages under the burning lava of Vesuvius, immediately upon removing the rubbish, presented themselves standing entire — streets and houses, pillars and porticoes — as they stood at the fatal hour when first entombed in their fiery sepulchre.

The Reformation, therefore, was truly what we have represented it—the resurrection of Scripture truths. If we are asked, *What* Scripture truths were then revived? we might answer with perfect propriety, that the *whole* of revealed truth, viewed as *Scripture truth*, was then revived; for the whole may be considered as having been buried with the Scriptures. When once the Pope had succeeded in his blasphemous attempt to substitute his authority in place of that of Holy Scripture, and had withdrawn the Word of God from the sight of men, "exalting himself above all that is called God and that is worshipped," it mattered little, in one respect, what truths materially scriptural were retained under the Papacy. The true foundation of faith was thus moved away; and thenceforth the faith which might be accorded to any scriptural truth rested not on "the power of God," but on "the wisdom of man." The truth might be believed, but it was believed not on the testimony of God, but of man; and of man, too, "sitting in the temple of God," and assuming his prerogatives.

Some Protestants have gone so far, in the excess of their charity, as to maintain that, with all her corruptions, the Church of Rome retained all the cardinal truths of Christianity—such as the inspiration of Scripture, the Trinity, the divinity of the Saviour, and even the atonement of the cross; and that Popery erred rather in excess than in defect, in requiring men to believe *too much*—not only to believe in what was revealed, but in more than was revealed. We might well ask, in reply to such representations, Can the blind, implicit faith of the Papist be compared with the enlightened faith of the Protestant?—can faith in the Church be put into the same category with faith in the Word of the living God? But it ought to be remembered, that the truths acknowledged by the Romish Church were all neutralized and nullified by the opposite errors with which they were associated. Of what avail was it to confess the divine authority of Scripture, while the same honour was paid to human traditions? Of what avail to acknowledge the Trinity and the divinity of the Saviour, while angels and a whole host of saints were exalted to divine honours, and the Virgin Mary extolled much higher than the Son of God? And of what avail to profess the atonement of Christ, when the merit of salvation was shared by him in common with a multiplicity of earthly and heavenly mediators, and ascribed with an equal or not higher degree of confidence to the good works of the sinner himself? Did our Lord speak the more leniently of the errors of the Scribes and Pharisees in his day, because they still professed some regard to Moses and the prophets, or retained some of the institutions of divine worship? No; he denounced the practised corruption as subversive of the professed truth: "Woe unto you, for ye have made void the law of God by your traditions." "In vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men." It has been the policy of Popery to retain a substratum, or rather a sprinkling, of truth, in order to give currency to its errors, and a colour to its impostures. It is to the perversion of the Gospel of Christ, indeed, that it owes its success. And well do its interested supporters know how much they have been indebted to it. "How much," said one of the Popes, after receiving a vast sum for indulgences transmitted to Rome from foreign countries, "How much are we indebted to *that Galilean!*"

If we look more closely to those doctrines which directly concern salvation, and which have been called the doctrines of grace, how miserably were they all corrupted under Popery. What a deplorable picture is that drawn by Myconius, a man who was long a monk himself, and subsequently an associate of Luther:—"The sufferings and satisfaction of Christ were treated as a vain fable, somewhat like the Odyssey of Homer. On the subject of faith, that grace by which the righteousness of the Saviour is apprehended, and through it the inheritance of life obtained, a profound silence was observed. Jesus Christ was represented as a cruel judge, ready to condemn all who did not avail themselves of the intercessions of the saints, and the indulgences of the Pope. In his place they substituted, in the first place, the Virgin Mary, like the Diana of Paganism, and after her a crowd of saints, the list of whom was daily swelled with new creations by the Popes. To obtain the favour of these deities certain services were exacted—not the duties of the decalogue, but works of merit invented by the priests—acts of the most debasing kind; but such as to bring as much money as possible into their coffers. The people flocked to the convents—those receptacles of debauchery and licentiousness—laden with money and jewels, fowls, eggs, butter, and cheese; and then there might be heard the chanting of prayers and the chiming of bells, strangely mingled with

the chinking of glasses and the kitchen preparations for revelry; the whole being concluded by the solemn celebration of mass." *

In opposition to all this perversion and corruption, the Reformers re-asserted the great saving truths of the Gospel of Christ. But the first point which they set themselves to establish, was the sole infallible authority of the Word of God. This was the primary and fundamental principle of the Reformation. All the subsequent reforms in the doctrine, as well as in the government, ritual, and morals of the Church, may be traced back to the successful establishment and application of this first principle. It is hardly possible, in the present day, to conceive the effect which must have been produced by this elementary truth, so obvious, and yet so long overlooked and borne down. Before this sacred ark of the testament the image of Dagon fell down, and was broken in pieces. Thenceforth the writings of the fathers, the decrees of councils, the bulls and decretals of the Pope, ceased to be regarded as any part of the rule of faith, and every doctrine was brought to the test of "the law and the testimony." In connection with this, was the right of the Christian people to enjoy the Scriptures in their own language, and to peruse and search them in the free exercise of their private judgment. This invaluable privilege, so long denied them, was speedily obtained. Through the labours of Luther and Melancthon, the Scriptures were translated into German, and the pages of that book which is able to make wise unto salvation were thrown open to the inspection of all. Nor was this all. The preaching of the Gospel —that ordinance of life which had been so long prostituted or laid aside—was revived in all its primitive purity, and attended with almost all its primitive power. The writings of Luther, in which the doctrines of Scripture were simply explained, and the opposite errors boldly condemned, spread with unexampled rapidity; and such was the power of the Word of God, with the energetic principles of which they were impregnated, and to which they owed all their success, that in the course of three years the gigantic system of Popery, the growth of upwards of a thousand years, and raised by pontifical decrees, scholastic subtleties, monkish fables, and regal violence, to the highest pinnacle of power and splendour, began to totter, and in a short time fell into disgrace. As the truth dawned upon the minds of men, they began to see that Popery was neither more nor less than the great Antichrist of Scripture; and that he who sat on the Papal throne was the Man of Sin. This discovery, which Luther himself was slow to make, but which, once made, he was not slow to avow, proved the death-blow of Popery. Faith in the Divine Word, supplanted that which till now had been conceded to the Church alone; and the power of the Pope, long the object of the people's adoration, now became that of its horror and detestation.

A statement of those peculiar doctrines of Scripture, which were revived at the Reformation, must be deferred to another paper.

* Seckendorff, Hist. Luth., lib. i., p. 4.

BRIEF NOTICE OF JONATHAN EDWARDS.

BY REV. JOHN FAIRBAIRN, ALLANTON.

JONATHAN EDWARDS was born at East Windsor, U.S., in the year 1703, and was entered a student in Yale College in 1716. Until he entered college his education was conducted under the paternal roof. His father, who was a learned and godly man, devoted a portion of his time and much of his attention to the education of his family, and whilst no branch of useful study taught at the time and place was neglected, very great pains were bestowed by Mr Edwards on their religious training. His example, diligence, and prayers, seem to have been abundantly blessed and answered, not only in respect to Jonathan, but also as concerned his other children; from which, and many other like instances, parents should take encouragement to persevere diligently in that most important and responsible branch of their duty—the bringing up of their children in the fear of God.

The industry with which young Edwards entered upon and prosecuted his studies at Yale College, shows that his home education had been of a judicious and solid kind. Nothing could exceed the ardour with which he engaged in the various branches of learning to which his attention was directed. But whilst he made progress in all these, the strength of his mind towards abstract and metaphysical pursuits soon discovered itself. It has often been remarked, that where there is a strong bias of mind to any particular pursuit, it will not be long till it manifest itself. The history of many eminent men, in the earlier parts of it, illustrates this and is the record of their struggles, in which they have overcome obstacle after obstacle lying between them and the object of their early and unquenchable aspirations. Many have been surrounded with innumerable difficulties, and overcome them. It was otherwise with Edwards. The circumstances in which he was placed, from his earliest years, were favourable to the nourishment and growth of the most marked peculiarities of his mind. His father's house was the resort of several eminent ministers, where, in their conversations, they gave their views on the most vital and interesting points in theology. At the age of fifteen, he is studying "Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding" with most exact care, and digesting it with a vigorous stomach. It is a rich mine for him. He has more intense pleasure in it than the miser in his money-bags.

Having gone through the course of study prescribed at Yale College, he was licensed to preach the Gospel in the year 1722. He in the same year accepted of an invitation to New York, where he laboured, with much acceptance, for eight months.

Some account should be given of his state of mind regarding spiritual concerns up till this period in his history. He was brought, at a very early period,

under strong religious convictions, which, in the end, resulted in his conversion to godliness. His own account of the progress of divine grace in his mind is the best source from which to draw.

"I had a variety," says he, "of concerns and exercises about my soul from my childhood; but I had two more remarkable seasons of awakening before I met with that change by which I was brought to those new dispositions and that new sense of things that I have since had. The first time was when I was a boy, some years before I went to college, at a time of remarkable awakening in my father's congregation. I was then very much affected for many months, and concerned about the things of religion and my soul's salvation, and was abundant in religious duties. I used to pray five times a-day in secret, and to spend much time in religious conversations with other boys, and used to meet with them to pray together. I experienced I know not what kind of delight in religion. My affections seemed to be lively and easily moved, and I seemed to be in my element when engaged in religious duties. And I am ready to think, many are deceived with such affections and such kind of delight as I then had in religion, and mistake it for grace."

Further on in the same record from which the above is extracted, we find the following observations:—"From my childhood up, my mind had been full of objections against the doctrine of God's sovereignty in choosing whom he would to eternal life, and rejecting whom he pleased—leaving them eternally to perish, and be everlastingly tormented in hell. It used to appear a horrible doctrine to me. But I remember the time very well when I seemed to be convinced and fully satisfied as to this sovereignty of God, and his justice in thus eternally disposing of men according to his sovereign pleasure. But I never could give an account how or by what means I was thus convinced; not in the least imagining at the time, nor for a long time after, that there was any extraordinary influence of God's Spirit in it. However, my mind rested in it; and it put an end to all these cavils and objections. And there was a wonderful alteration in my mind, with respect to the doctrine of God's sovereignty from that day to this. Absolute sovereignty is what I love to ascribe to God; but my first conviction was not so. After this my sense of divine things gradually increased, and became more and more lively; and had more of inward sweetness. The appearance of everything was altered: there seemed to be a calm, sweet cast or appearance of divine glory in almost everything. God's excellency, his wisdom, his purity and love, seemed to appear in everything: in the sun, moon, and stars—in the clouds and blue sky—in the grass, flowers, trees—in the water, and all nature; which used greatly to fix my mind. I often used to sit and view the moon for a long time; and in the day spent much time in viewing the clouds and sky, to behold the sweet glory of God in these things; in the meantime singing forth, in a low voice, my contemplations of the Creator and Redeemer. And scarcely anything, among all the works of nature, was so sweet to me as thunder and lightning; formerly nothing had been so terrible to me. Prayer seemed to be natural to me, as the breath by which the inward burnings of my heart had vent. The delights which I now felt in the things of religion were of an exceeding different kind from those beforementioned that I had when a boy, and what then I had no more notion of than one born blind has of pleasant and beautiful colours. They were of a more inward, pure, soul-animating, and refreshing nature. Those former delights never reached the heart; and did not arise from any sight of the divine excellency of the things of God, or any taste of the soul-satisfying and life-giving good there is in them."

The eight months during which he remained at New York, was a precious season to his soul. He enjoyed almost uninterrupted peace of mind, and much intimate and sweet communion with God. He pursued at great length, and with abundant profit to his own soul, his favourite meditations on the excellence of the divine character. It was his habit to retire for hours into solitary places, and give himself up to such contemplations, carrying them often to great heights and depths, till his soul was humbled, and, at the sametime, filled with holy joy.

In the years 1722 and 1723 (the nineteenth and twentieth of his age), he drew out the seventy resolutions regarding his designs and intentions as to self-government, so far as God should give him grace to perform them; which are well known to all who have read his biography. Some of these resolutions are in many points of view remarkable, more especially as being formed and expressed by one so young. They manifest a great reach of thought, a deep insight into revealed truth, mature growth in grace, an entire dedication of himself to God, and an ardent desire after an increase in holiness. They show how clearly he perceived that conformity to God's will is the highest state of the creature, and how earnestly he longed after being made more and more conformable to it. Of these seventy resolutions, only one or two shall be quoted at present:—"Being sensible that I am unable to do anything without God's help, I do humbly entreat him, by his grace, to enable me to keep these resolutions, so far as they are agreeable to his will, for Christ's sake.—Resolved, that I will do whatsoever I think to be most to the glory of God and my own good, profit, and pleasure, in the whole of my duration; without any consideration of the time, whether now or ever so many myriads of ages hence. Resolved, to do whatever I think my duty, and most for the good and advantage of mankind in general. Resolved so to do, whatever difficulties I meet with, how many soever and how great soever. Resolved, never to do any manner of thing, whether in soul or body, less or more, but what tends to the glory of God; nor be, nor suffer it, if I can possibly avoid it. Resolved, never to lose one moment of time, but to improve it in the most profitable way I possibly can. I frequently hear people in old age say how they would live if they were to live their lives over again. Resolved, that I will live just so as I can think I shall wish I had done, supposing I live to old age."

* In 1727, Edwards received a call to Northampton, in which place he faithfully laboured in the Gospel during the period of twenty-four years. For the details of his life and labours at Northampton, reference

must be made to more copious biographies. Only one or two particulars can be mentioned here. He applied himself with great assiduity to his studies, engaging in them twelve or thirteen hours daily. Being of a weakly habit of body, such intense application was prevented from making fatal inroads upon his constitution only by the strictest attention to method in exercise, diet, &c. It has passed into a maxim, that nothing of worth can be accomplished without labour. The experience of every one confirms Scripture in this particular. His labours were greatly acknowledged and blessed by God, to the awakening and conversion of many in Northampton. Symptoms of a revival of religion for sometime manifested themselves, and in 1737 a great revival took place. It extended over the whole town. Every class of citizens was affected. Men talked of nothing but their spiritual concerns. The salvation of their souls became, in their estimation, the "one thing needful." The Gospel triumphed. The work of grace went forward with prosperity. Many were brought to the saving knowledge of the truth. It has been recorded, "that upwards of fifty persons above forty years of age—ten above ninety—nearly thirty between ten and fourteen, and one of four, became, in the view of Mr Edwards, the subjects of the renewing grace of God. More than three hundred persons appeared to become Christians in half a-year; about as many of them males as females." The Lord's arm is not shortened that it cannot save. For the details of this outpouring of the Holy Spirit, which are full of interest, reference must be had to Edwards' own account of it.

Nor can we enter on the statement of the circumstances which led to his retirement from Northampton in 1750; which was to him a very painful and severe trial—a dispensation of divine Providence very afflictive, but to which he resigned himself with truly Christian meekness. At Stockbridge, where he resided six years after his departure from Northampton, he engaged in his studies with his usual diligence and untiring delight, till he was chosen President of New-Jersey College. He had scarcely entered upon the duties of this new office, when he was carried off by death. He died on the 22d of March 1758, in the fifty-fifth year of his age—full of peace and humble resignation to the will of God, resting with assured confidence upon Christ his Saviour. Our space forbids us from saying anything of his works. Nor is it needful. Their excellence is well known. He is the most acute of metaphysicians; one of the most cogent of reasoners; and, at the sametime, one of the most thoroughly practical of all divines.

POPISH FANATICISM—ITS CRUELTY.

A STORY OF THE REFORMATION.

Juan Diaz, a native of Cuenca, after he had studied for several years at Paris, was converted to the Protestant religion by the private instructions of Jayme Enzinas. Being liberally educated, he had, previously to that event, conceived a disgust at the scholastic theology, and made himself master of the Hebrew language, that he might study the Bible in the original. With the view of enjoying the freedom of professing the faith which he had embraced, he left Paris in company with Matthew Budé and John Crespin, and went to Geneva, where he resided for some time in the house of his countryman, Pedro Gales. Having removed to Strasburg in the beginning of the year 1546, his talents and suavity of manners recommended him so strongly to the celebrated Bucer, that he prevailed on the Senate to join the Spanish stranger with himself in a deputation which they were about to send to a conference on the disputed points of religion, to be held at Ratisbon. On going thither, Diaz met with his countryman, Pedro Malvenda, whom he had known at Paris, and was now to confront as an antagonist at the conference. To the pride and religious prejudices of his countrymen, Malvenda added the rudeness of a doctor of the Sorbonne and the insolence of a minion of the court. When informed by Diaz of the change which had taken place in his sentiments, he expressed the utmost surprise and horror, saying, that the heretics would boast more of making a convert of a single Spaniard than of ten thousand Germans. Having laboured in vain, at different interviews, to reclaim him to the Catholic faith, he laid the matter before the emperor's confessor. It is not known what consultations they had; but a Spaniard named Marquina, who had transactions with them, repaired soon after to Rome, and communicated the facts to a brother of Diaz, Dr Alfonso, who had long held the office of advocate in the Sacred Rota. The pride and bigotry of Alfonso were inflamed to the highest degree by the intelligence of his brother's defection; and taking along with him a suspicious attendant, he set out instantly for Germany, determined, in one way or other, to wipe off the infamy which had fallen on the hitherto spotless honour of his family. In the meantime, alarmed at some expressions of Malvenda, and knowing the inveteracy with which the Spaniards hated such of their countrymen as had become Protestants, Bucer and the other friends of Juan Diaz had prevailed upon him to retire for a season to Neuburg, a small town in Bavaria situated on the Danube. On arriving at Ratisbon, Alfonso succeeded in discovering the place of his brother's retreat, and after consulting with Malvenda, repaired to Neuburg. By every art of persuasion, he sought during several days to bring back his brother to the Church of Rome. Disappointed in this, he altered his method —professed that the arguments which he had heard had shaken his confidence, and listened with apparent eagerness and satisfaction to his brother while he explained to him the Protestant doctrines, and the passages of Scripture on which they rested. Finding Juan delighted with this unexpected change, he proposed that he should accompany him to Italy, where there was a greater field of usefulness in disseminating the doctrines of the Gospel than in Germany, which was already provided with an abundance of labourers. The guileless Juan promised to think seriously on this proposal, which he submitted to the judgment of his Protestant friends. They were unanimously of opinion that he should reject it; and in particular Ochino, who had lately fled from Italy, and was then at Augsburg, pointed out the danger and hopeless nature of the project. Alfonso did not yet desist. He insisted that his brother should accompany him at least as far as Augsburg, promising to acquiesce in the decision which Ochino should pronounce, after they had conversed with him on the subject. His request appeared so reasonable that Juan agreed to it; but he was prevented from going by the arrival of Bucer and two other friends, who, having finished their business at Ratisbon, and fearing that Juan Diaz might be induced to act contrary to their late advice, had agreed to pay him a visit. Concealing the chagrin which he felt at this unex-

pected obstacle, Alfonso took an affectionate leave of his brother, after he had, in a private interview, forced a sum of money upon him, expressed warm gratitude for the spiritual benefit he had received from his conversation, and warned him to be on his guard against Malvenda. He proceeded to Augsburg, on the road to Italy; but next day, after using various precautions to conceal his route, he returned, along with the man whom he had brought from Rome, and spent the night in a village at a small distance from Neuburg. Early next morning, being the 27th of March 1546, they came to the house where his brother lodged. Alfonso stood at the gate, while his attendant, knocking at the door and announcing that he was the bearer of a letter to Juan Diaz from his brother, was shown up stairs to an apartment. On hearing of a letter from his brother, Juan sprang from his bed, hastened to the apartment in an undress, took the letter from the hand of the bearer, and as it was still dark, went to the window to read it, when the ruffian, stepping softly behind him, despatched his unsuspecting victim with one stroke of an axe which he had concealed under his cloak. He then joined the more guilty murderer, who now stood at the stair-foot to prevent interruption, and ready, if necessary, to give assistance to the assassin whom he had hired to execute his purpose.

Alarmed by the noise which the assassin's spurs made on the steps as he descended, the person who slept with Juan Diaz rose hastily, and going into the adjoining apartment beheld, with unutterable feelings, his friend stretched on the floor and weltering in his blood, with his hands clasped, and the instrument of death fixed in his head. The murderers were fled, and had provided a relay of horses to convey them quickly out of Germany; but the pursuit after them, which commenced as soon as the alarm could be given, was so hot that they were overtaken at Inspruck, and secured in prison. Otho Henry, Count Palatine of the Rhine and Duke of Bavaria, within whose territories the crime was perpetrated, lost no time in taking the necessary measures for having it judicially tried. Lawyers were sent from Neuburg with the night-cap of the deceased, the bloody axe, the letter of Alfonso, and other documents; but though the prisoners were arraigned before the criminal court at Inspruck, the trial was suspended, through the influence of the cardinals of Trent and Augsburg, to whom the fratricide obtained liberty to write at the beginning of his imprisonment. When his plea for the benefit of clergy was set aside as contrary to the laws of Germany, various legal quirks were resorted to; and at last the judges produced an order from the emperor, prohibiting them from proceeding with the trial, and reserving the cause for the judgment of his brother Ferdinand, king of the Romans. When the Protestant princes, at the subsequent diet of Ratisbon, demanded, first of the emperor and afterwards of his brother, that the murderers should be punished, their requests were evaded; and, in the issue, the murderers were allowed to escape untried and with impunity, to the outraging of humanity and justice, and the disgrace of the Church of Rome, whose authorities were bound to see that the most rigorous scrutiny was made into the horrid deed, under the pain of being held responsible for it to Heaven and to posterity. The liberated fratricide appeared openly at Trent, along with his bloody accomplice, without exciting a shudder in the breasts of the holy fathers met in council; he was welcomed back to Rome; and finally returned to his native country, where he was admitted to the society of men of rank and education, who listened to him while he coolly related the circumstances of his sanctified crime. Different persons published accounts, agreeing in every material point, of a murder which, all circumstances considered, has scarcely a parallel in the annals of blood since the time of the first fratricide, and affords a striking proof of the degree in which fanatical zeal will stifle the tenderest affections of the human breast, and stimulate to the perpetration of crimes the most atrocious and unnatural.—*From M'Crie's History of the Reformation in Spain.*

PRAYER.

THERE is an eye that never sleeps,
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.

There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That ear is filled with angels' songs;
That arm upholds the world on high
That love is thrown beyond the sky.

But there's a power that man can wield
When mortal aid is vain;—
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.

That power is prayer, which soars on high,
And feeds on bliss beyond the sky!

MANNA GATHERED FROM THE GROUND.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM ARNOT, GLASGOW.

ROOTS OF BITTERNESS.

"Looking diligently lest any man fail of the grace of God; lest any root of bitterness springing up trouble you, and thereby many be defiled."—HEB. xii. 15.

SIN, whether *in* men or *among* them—whether viewed as inherent in the individual, or spread through the community—sin may well be compared to a *root*. This analogy does much to point out the *nature*, and the *origin*, and the *consequences*, and the *cure*, of that one evil which offends God and afflicts men.

The analogy of a root serves to illustrate the *nature* of the evil. Forewarned, forearmed. An accurate knowledge of the danger goes far to constitute a defence. The figure directs our thoughts at once to the heart as the seat of the affections. "Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts," and words, and actions. It is not enough that we mark the character of the actions. The deeds that appear to others are the fruits; but any one, or any number of these, would be comparatively a small matter. It is the root that secures continuity, and imparts power. It is not any fruit, however evil, that is so much to be dreaded, but the hidden, living, spreading root below, that secures a continued supply. Our care must not be exclusively directed to the deeds—the fruit above ground—we must seek to reach that hidden root which grows in the soul unseen, generating actual transgression in the life of men.

There are many points in which the analogy holds

good between a root and the sinful disposition of soul which gives birth to unrighteous action. 1. The root is below ground—unseen. The surface of the field, when you pass by, may be naked, and clean, and smooth—not a green blade to be seen, far less an opening flower, or ripening fruit; yet there may be in that field a multitude of thriving, vigorous roots, that will soon cover and possess its surface with thorns and thistles. So in a church, or a family, or a single member of it: though for the time all that meets the eye be fair, there may be in the soul within a germ of evil already swelling, and ready to burst out into open wickedness. Reader, remember the danger lies in a heart deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. "What I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch!" 2. The root not only *is*, but *grows*. It has a vital self-increasing principle. By its own inherent energy it extends itself. It never remains stationary. While it lives it grows. There is no way of preventing it from growing larger, but by taking away its life. Unless you kill it, you cannot keep it down. So with the sinful disposition in the heart. It is not the existence of the thing merely that we have to dread, but its vitality. It is a thing of life. The Scripture (Eph. ii. 2, 3) speaks of men being *dead* in sins, and yet *walking* according to the course of this world. In like manner, though the guilty state of the soul be called death, yet it is a death that lives and *grows*. It not only bears fruit upward, but strikes root downward; and the more vigorously it shoots its fibres down into the soil, the heavier a harvest of wickedness it bears. It is not enough to say, that after one sinful deed is over, there is a root below which will produce another. There is a growing root below, which will produce a worse. Begin in time. All experience echos the Scripture injunction: "Train up a *child* in the way that he should go." There is a peculiar wisdom in the resolution, "Lord, thee my God, I'll *early* seek." Most of the roots that are killed, are killed when young, and comparatively tender. What is it that makes young sinners so fond of putting off their repentance? Why are you not willing to repent *now*? Is it not just because you find your sinful desires too strong to be thwarted? Ah! fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the Scripture—all that experience hath said! Will these desires be weaker after you have given them another year to grow? Now is the time to crucify the flesh. 3. Though you may be able to destroy the fruit, and cut down the branches, the root may be beyond your reach. Though the branches be lopped off, and the stem cut down close by the ground, yet the root left in the soil will keep its hold, and send up another stem, and spread out other branches. It is an easy thing for the husbandman to destroy all of a noxious plant that meets his eye, while it may be beyond his power to reach and remove the root. So with this sin. Much may be done to check its outward exhibition. Many agencies may be brought to bear upon it, which will not only prevent the ripening of the fruit, but will blight the opening blossom, and maim the spreading branches. Many schemes may be tried, and tried successfully, to stop the *committing of sins*, while the *disposition to sin* lives as vigorous, and grows as rank as ever in the soul. A parent, by a frown, may prevent his child from beating a companion; but he has not thereby torn up the root of malice that grows in that child's breast. In a Christian land, and in a civilized society, there are appliances of sufficient power to prevent you from doing some of the more characteristic deeds of the old man; but these appliances have no power to make you *put off the old man* with his deeds. Oh! wretched man that I am, *who* shall deliver me? Help, Lord; for vain is the help of man! Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right *spirit within me!*

In the text prefixed to this chapter, the root is significantly called a root of *bitterness*. The analogy of a root suggests the existence, and the life, and the growth, and the power of a principle, without determining whether it be good or bad; but the distinguishing characteristic of the root spoken of is "bitterness." Everything depends on the nature of the root that is bedded in the soil. Earth, and air, and sun, and rain, nourish every plant that grows upon the surface of the globe. Trees that bear nutritious food, and trees that bear deadly poison, grow together on the same ground. There is a plant called the Nightshade, which is in some respects like a vine. Like the vine, its branches are slender, and unless supported, they trail upon the ground. Its bunches of fruit, too, are very similar, both in form and colour, to clusters of grapes. Its fruit is a poison. From its nature, it gets the name of the Deadly Nightshade. Now, this plant may grow beside a vine—may cling to the branches of a vine, and intermingle its clusters of fruit, so that you could scarcely distinguish the one from the other. Nay, more; in such a case, the roots of the two plants will shoot down into the same soil—they will cross and intertwine with each other in the earth—they will drink up the same sap at the same place. It would require a very close examination to distinguish the fibres that belong to each; yet this root converts the sap into delicious food—that into deadly poison. The result does not depend on air and sun, and moisture and earth—these were all the same in this case. The fruit takes its character from the root. If it be a root of bitterness, it turns everything into poison.

Such is the distinguishing characteristic of a sinful affection. Our living souls are the seat of many thoughts and emotions—they constitute the soil which nourishes many roots. Some roots grow there bearing sweet fruit to the glory of God and the good of men; but they are "the *planting* of the Lord." It is the root of bitterness that springs first, and spreads farthest. There are the shattered remnants of much good in the human soul. There are in it many materials which may be turned to good account, when a new heart has been given—a new spirit created. But in all at first, and in many still, a strong one has possession. A bitter root occupies and sucks the soil, wasting its strength in bringing forth death. Pride, envy, worldliness, ungodliness—these, and other roots, pervade the ground, and drain off all its fatness. The natural powers and emotions of the soul—the sap which these roots feed upon—would nourish trees of righteousness, if they were but planted there. There are many precious

qualities of mind, efficient for good or for evil, just as they are employed. You have known a man possessed of many good qualities—such qualities as attract and bind to their possessor a wide circle of friends. He is, in the common sense of the term, a good-hearted man. He is generous, and kind, and honest. He will not maliciously resent an injury—he gives liberally of his goods to feed the poor—he renders to every man his due; but he is a drunkard. A bitter root has fastened in that generous soil, and drinks up all its riches. Oh! it is sad to see that strong one keeping possession of a wealthy place. It is sad to see so promising a field exhausted in bearing the filthiest fruit. Avarice is another root of equal bitterness. When it has fairly got possession of the ground, and maintained its place long, and reached maturity of growth, how it wrings the man, and squeezes out the last dregs of each generous emotion, leaving his soul a dry, useless, sapless, pithless thing, like a bit of rotten wood! There is no more pitiable creature on earth than a man whose heart's warm affections have been sucked out by the lust of gold. The power of understanding and judging—of liking and disliking—of hoping and fearing—all these, as natural capabilities of the human soul, are wielded by the presiding will either on the side of righteousness, or the side of sin. The same learning and ardour which Saul of Tarsus employed to waste the Church, Paul, an apostle of Jesus Christ, plied as the instruments of extending and establishing it. Paul had met the Lord in the way, and received into his heart the seed of a new life. This is the one needful thing. These understandings and memories, and all these natural powers that are now wasted on sin—the same instruments will do for serving God, when the quickening Spirit has implanted the new life within. "With you do I make this covenant, ... lest there should be among you man, or woman, or family, or tribe, whose *heart* turneth away from the Lord our God, ... lest there should be among you a root that beareth gall and wormwood."—Deut. xxix. 14–18. The root that beareth gall and wormwood, is a heart that turneth away from God; and to that spring of evil must the cure be applied. Although it be "a root out of a dry ground," all will be well, if it be not a "root of bitterness." If the root be holy, so also will the branches be.

EXTRACTS FROM A TRAVELLER'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY THE REV. W. K. TWEEDIE, EDINBURGH.

THE GREAT ST BERNARD.

With two guides, and the best equipments we could find for such an expedition, we started at an early hour to ascend the Great St Bernard, travelling by the route over which Napoleon conducted the French army previous to the battle of Marengo. But his devastations, tremendous as they were, are not the only judgments which have visited this province. Our path lay for some time up the Valley of Bagnes, watered by the Drance. For five years previous to 1818, the debris which descended from the mountain and glacier of Getroz, at the head of that valley, had raised a bridge or dyke across the course of the river, whose waters, thus dammed up, gradually formed a lake behind the barrier, the length of which was at last about twelve thousand feet, while at some places it was seven hundred feet deep. Terrified by this accumulated mass, and anticipating the hour when it would sweep away the barrier, and devastate the valley, the inhabitants made an outlet for the water, and thereby lowered the lake to the extent of fifteen yards in depth, diminishing the whole volume of water by about two hundred and thirty millions of cubic feet. But in spite of every effort or expedient, the pressing mass at last forced away the barrier, and rushed down the valley with resistless fury. In one hour, the torrent had reached Martigny, eighteen miles distant from the gorge of the lake. Fifty houses were swept away at the hamlet of Hampsee—a forest was completely rooted up along the course of the Drance—the valley was in a few hours turned into a desert; and the whole damage was estimated, according to official returns made to the Swiss Cantons by the Pays de Vauds, at 1,664,640 francs.

Even amid the grandeur of this morning's journey, we could not help feeling the truth and the beauty of what Corinne (Madame de Stael) has recorded regarding wayfarers like us. To traverse a country which you do not know, to hear a language which you can scarcely understand, and look on human countenances which have no connection with your past or your future, is solitude without repose, and insulation without dignity. That haste to arrive where no one expects you—that ceaseless agitation of which curiosity is the only source, adds nothing to your self-respect; it is only by perpetuating the agitation that you render it supportable. We perpetuated it, however, throughout this weary day. The ascent occupied upwards of ten hours; and, though scarcely more than one of these was spent within the region of snow, it was enough to convince us of the misery of those whom a tempest overtakes in those wild regions. About half a league from the convent, we passed a hut called the Hospital, where wine and bread are deposited by the monks for the relief of those who are too much exhausted to reach the summit without help. All around was intensely wintry; and this "frosty Caucasus" contrasted strongly with the summer we had left a few hours before in the Valley of the Rhone. The ascent, though very toilsome, is at no place very steep, till we approach the Convent; and the ever-varying vistas up the valleys, terminated by mountains of unsullied whiteness, exhilarate for a time, and carry one so buoyantly forward, as in some measure to account for the lassitude and tendency to sleep which crept over us as we drew near to the summit. At one place, we leant for a little against a mass of snow, to gather strength for what remained of the climb where it grew steepest, and it was with difficulty that we could keep ourselves, for the few moments, awake. But the remembrance of Sir Joseph Banks, and the fate of some of his fellow-travellers in Patagonia, stirred us on—one other struggle of less than half-an-hour, and the summit was gained.

There are moments in one's life whose remembrance never can be effaced. It may be that some very simple incident is connected with them; but however simple, they cannot be forgotten; and one of these was the moment when we knocked at the Convent gate of the Great St Bernard. By the time we reached it, our party was numerous; for group after group had joined us, or we them—and our characters were not all above suspicion. Among the rest at the Convent there was a truculent bandit, who had been guilty of murder—whose sin had found him out, and who was then being conducted by gens-d'armes to the scene of his crime, where he was to meet his doom. But men are the same in every locality—"enmity against God;" and what marvel if enmity to man? We could not speak the brigand's language, and could convey no hint as to the Friend of sinners.

The Convent is a plain unornamented structure, and occupies a spot as dreary as any that man could select for his dwelling-place. The rocks on either side leave scarcely room for the foundations; and the overhanging peak of Mount Velan, the loftiest of the St Bernard range, covered with ice and glaciers, consummates the wild gloominess of the scene. A little lake of dark, deep water, at a short distance from the Convent, and not frozen at the time, gave additional stillness to the aspect of the desolate abode; and the whole is such—so peculiar and unique—as to impress itself at once and indelibly on the mind. Looking abroad, you see only Alp towering above Alp in grandeur which no hyperbole can overstate, while immediately around you, all that is sterile and wintry reigns, unvaried by a single speck of green.

It is, however, in the interior of the Convent that we find the strongest attractions after sun-down on the mountain. The fatigue of the ascent had prepared us to be pleased even with an unkind reception; but the courteous attentions of the *padre forestiero*—the stranger's father—needed not that to recommend them. The Convent supper was past ere we arrived; but refreshments were speedily prepared for us. It was a meagre day, and our fair was regulated accordingly; that is, everything was purely vegetable, but the omelette and cheese, though the variety in some degree compensated for the meagreness. We were surprised, at supper, to find the father so intelligent regarding the state of matters in our native land. The Emancipation Act, the effects of the Reform Bill, and, above all, the condition of convulsed, unhappy Ireland, were objects of interest, and even of familiarity to him.* He knew its history and its towns, especially in the south and west, better than we did.

After a shivering night, we breakfasted at seven, and were then shown over the Convent by the father on duty; for it is taken in rotation. The refectory, to our surprise, contained a print of Theodore Beza, and some antiquities found in "the Plain of Jupiter"—a level rock not far from the Convent, where a temple to that divinity once stood. The library contained a tolerable collection of books, some objects of natural history, and a telescope—the unused gift of General Macauley. From the library we passed to the chapel, which contains the tomb of Dessaix, one of Bonaparte's generals, who fell at Marengo. The inscription is simple: "A Dessaix, mort a la bataile de Marengo." His body is here, his heart is in another tomb which we saw in Alsace, his native country—where will the immortal spirit be, when the secrets of all hearts are made bare? More impressive far than the mummery of the Roman ritual—its matins, its vespers, or its perpetual sacrifice, the mass, as opposed to the one sacrifice (see Heb. x. 12, compared with 14), is the spectacle of such a termination to such a career. For fame or glory Dessaix and myriads fought and died—they got it; and what is it, especially what is it NOW, to them?

At a short distance from the Convent stands the *Maison des Morts*, where the dead found on the mountain are deposited. They are placed erect against the wall, till their friends identify and claim them, or till the corpses fall into decay, here rendered tardy by the coldness of the region. We have beheld few sights more humbling to proud humanity than this charnel-house. The ghastly skeletons, ranged in hideous order along the wall—some comparatively fresh, and others crumbling to fragments—some with the struggles of their snowy death-bed still depicted on their visage, others black, as if malignant typhus had been their death—carry one back at once to the era of the primal curse, and remind us, in a way that cannot be soon forgotten, of the disorganization and death introduced by sin. And yet, there is a resurrection! Them that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him, even from this disgusting dead-house.

The dogs of St Bernard are known through the world; but the celebrity which they enjoy is not enhanced by a close inspection of their character. The marvels which are told of them are often fabulous or romantic. That they do aid in the discovery of travellers overtaken by storms is certain; but not to the extent which many say. They never leave the Convent without an attendant monk, who threads his way along the roads to the Convent, during the prevalence of a tempest, while the dogs range from side to side, just as other dogs seek game; and, in fact, their instinct, or education, teaches them to find men, just as the instinct of other animals teaches them to find inferior quarry. Nay, we were told by the father who escorted us, that the dogs of St Bernard have been known to prey on the dying whom they had discovered. It is the monk, the good Samaritan of the mountain, that saves the wayfarer—the dog only scents him out, when exhausted, and ready to perish. It is a pity to dash so much romance as adheres to these fabled dogs; but our authority was the stranger's father.

Our entertainment was, of course, gratuitous at the convent; but we took care to deposit in the alms' box, an equivalent for the hospitality enjoyed. The funds of the Convent have been augmented by various Sovereigns; but a yearly collection is made in Savoy and the Vallois to recruit its insufficient treasury.

It were needless to rehearse the details of Bonaparte's passage of this mountain; but the toils of the

* This was not a solitary instance. We know from observation, that for many years past, Romanists have looked to Ireland as their key to Britain; and recent events are showing the far-sightedness of their policy.

achievement appeared to us, on the spot, to be exaggerated. The *numbers* were surprising, but not the mere act of passing; for the difficulties were such as could be surmounted by industry and perseverance. Had it been at the season of snow, the attempt had been vain; but commencing, as it did, on the 15th of May (1800) the wonder is diminished. In seven days, thirty thousand men, with twenty pieces of cannon, passed the mountain. At various periods, from the time of Augustus, similar efforts were made at the bidding of ambition or revenge; and during the revolutionary wars, it is calculated that, in four years, one hundred and fifty thousand men traversed the mountain. When Napoleon passed, his army partook of refreshments dealt out to every soldier of the thirty thousand, at the Convent gate!

The origin of this Institution is variously described. Some state that Charlemagne was its founder, who bestowed on it the name of his uncle, St Bernard—thus superseding the ancient title, Mons Jovis. At present there are thirty monks of the Augustinian order attached to it—fifteen of whom were resident when we passed. The prior resides at Martigny.

In looking back on our brief sojourn on the Great St Bernard, and the unwonted scenes we witnessed, one would be glad could he cherish the hope that it is Christian principle, the only principle that will be recognised by the Judge, that has induced those thirty men to abandon the milder climate of their birth, to dwell in the most elevated abode in Europe, and undertake a perilous task, which must spread over four or five months of every year, in a region where vegetation is just not extinct, and few days of sunshine are enjoyed. We know how much more readily man will make sacrifices at the bidding of self-righteousness, than in compliance with the humbling doctrines of the Gospel. Give me the prospect of purchasing heaven, or of establishing a claim to its blessedness in my own right, and there is no sacrifice which I will not make. I will rival the Hindu in self-inflicted torture, or Simon Stylites himself in austerity and penance. But bid me *believe* for heaven, and not work for it; bid me receive and rest upon Jesus Christ alone for salvation, instead of upon self, or self and Christ united—and you thereby paralyze my efforts: unless the Spirit of God carry home your message to my heart, it will be rejected as foolishness or falsehood. Now, on which of these two sets of motives do the monks of St Bernard act? The self-righteous, or the believing?—the human, or the Christian? They stand or fall to their own Master. The day that reveals all secrets will decide.

Immediately after leaving the Convent, we entered the Sardinian territory, and began the descent of the mountain. The side next Italy is yet more magnificent than that toward the north; but, with ordinary care, the traveller encounters nothing on the descent that can be dignified with the name of adventure. Hitherto, our guides had enjoyed a tolerable sinecure, as they continued to do till we commenced the ascent of Mont Blanc. At St Remy, on the southern slope of the St Bernard, and the frontier town of Savoy, we were strictly searched, mainly, we were told, lest we should import tobacco or books; of the former we had none—of the latter few, and these were reckoned harmless, because they were English. After a few hours' rapid descent, we found ourselves in the Valley of Aoste, where, for the present, we must rest, and reserve what remains regarding the Passes of the Alps, for some future Extracts.

WEEP NOT FOR ME.

When the spark of life is waning,
Weep not for me;
When the languid eye is straining,
Weep not for me:
When the feeble pulse is ceasing,
Start not at its swift decreasing;
'Tis the fettered soul's releasing;
Weep not for me.

When the pangs of death assail me,
Weep not for me;
Christ is mine—he cannot fail me;
Weep not for me;
Yes, though sin and doubt endeavour
From his love my soul to sever,
Jesus is my strength for ever—
Weep not for me.

DALE.

Anecdote.

THE REV. MR BERRIDGE.

RELATED BY HIMSELF.

Soon after I began to preach the Gospel of Christ at Everton, the church was filled from the villages around us, and the neighbouring clergy felt themselves hurt at their churches being deserted. The squire of my own parish, too, was much offended. He did not like to see so many strangers, and be so incommoded. Between them both it was resolved, if possible, to turn me out of my living. For this purpose they complained of me to the bishop of the diocese, that I had preached out of my own parish. I was soon after sent for by the bishop; I did not much like my errand, but I went. When I arrived, the bishop accosted me in a very abrupt manner:—"Well, Berridge, they tell me you go about preaching out of your own parish. Did I institute you to the livings of A——y, or E——n, or P——n?" "No, my lord," said I, "neither do I claim any of these livings; the clergymen enjoy them undisturbed by me." "Well, but you go and preach there, which you have no right to do." "It is true, my lord, I was one day at E——n, and there were a few poor people assembled together, and I admonished them to repent of their sins, and to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, for the salvation of their souls; and I remember seeing five or six clergymen that day, my lord, all out of their own parishes upon E——n bowling-green." "Poh!" said the bishop, "I tell you, you have no right to preach out of your own parish; and, if you do not desist from it, you will very likely be sent to Huntingdon jail." "As to that, my lord," said I, "I have no greater liking to Huntingdon jail than other people; but I had rather go thither with a good conscience, than live at my liberty without one." Here the bishop looked very hard at me, and very gravely assured me, "that I was beside myself, and that in a few months' time I should either be better or worse." "Then," said I, "my lord, you may make yourself quite happy in this business; for if I should be better, you suppose I shall desist from this practice of my own accord; and if worse, you need not send me to Huntingdon jail, as I shall be provided with an accommodation in Bedlam."

His lordship now changed his mode of attack. Instead of threatening, he began to entreat: "Berridge," said he, "you know I have been your friend, and I wish to be so still; I am constantly teazed with the complaints of the clergymen around you. Only assure me that you will keep to your own parish; you may do as you please there. I have but little time to live; do not bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave." At this instant two gentlemen were announced, who desired to speak with the bishop. "Berridge," said he, "go to your inn, and come again at such an hour, and dine with me." I went, and on entering a private room, fell immediately upon my knees. I could bear threatening, but knew not how to withstand entreaty, especially the entreaty of a respectable old man. At the appointed time I returned. At dinner, I was treated with great respect. The two gentlemen also dined with us. I found they had been informed who I was, as they sometimes cast their eyes towards me, in some such manner as one would glance at a monster. After dinner, the bishop took me into the garden. "Well, Berridge," said he, "have you considered of my request?" "I have, my lord," said I, "and have been upon my knees concerning it." "Well, and will you promise me that you will preach no more out of your own parish?" "It would afford me great pleasure," said I, "to comply with your lordship's request, if I could do it with a good conscience. I am satisfied the Lord has blessed my labours of this kind, and I dare not desist." "A good conscience!" said the bishop, "do you not know that it is contrary to the canons of the Church?" "There is one canon, my lord," I replied, "which saith, 'Go, preach the Gospel to every creature.'" "But why should you wish to interfere with the charge of other men? One man cannot preach the Gospel to all men." "If they would preach the Gospel themselves," said I, "there would be no need for my preaching it to their people; but as they do not, I cannot desist." The bishop then parted with me in some displeasure. I returned home, not knowing what would befall me; but thankful to God that I had preserved a conscience void of offence. I took no measures for my own preservation, but Divine Providence wrought for me in a way that I never expected. When I was at Clare Hall, I was particularly acquainted with a fellow of that college; and we were both upon terms of intimacy with Mr Pitt, the late Lord Chatham, who was at that time also at the university. This fellow of Clare Hall, when I began to preach the Gospel, became my enemy, and did me some injury in some ecclesiastical privileges, which before-time I had enjoyed. At length, however, when he heard that I was likely to come into trouble, and to be turned out of my living at Everton, his heart relented. He began to think, it seems, within himself, We shall ruin this poor fellow among us. This was just about the time that I was sent for by the bishop. Of his own accord he writes a letter to Mr Pitt, saying nothing about my Methodism, but to this effect: "Our old friend Berridge has got a living in Bedfordshire, and, I am informed, he has a squire in his parish that gives him a deal of trouble—has accused him to the bishop of the diocese, and, it is said, will turn him out of the living. I wish you could contrive to put a stop to these proceedings." Mr Pitt was at that time a young man, and not choosing to apply to the bishop himself, spoke to a certain nobleman, to whom the bishop was indebted for his promotion. This nobleman within a few days made it his business to see the bishop, who was then in London. "My lord," said he, "I am informed you have a very honest fellow, one Berridge, in your diocese, and that he has been ill-treated by a litigious squire who lives in his parish. He has accused him, I am told, to your lordship, and wishes to turn him out of his living. You would oblige me, if you would take no notice of that squire, and not suffer the honest man to be interrupted in his living." The bishop was astonished, and could not imagine in what manner things could have thus got round. It would not do, however, to object; he was obliged to bow compliance, and so I continued ever after uninterrupted in my sphere of action.

TRUE SELF-DEVOTEDNESS.

THE most striking instance of self-devotedness in the cause of Christ of which I ever heard in these days of deadness, I was told of last week by an English minister. It has never been printed, and therefore I will relate it to you just as I heard it, to stir up our cold hearts that we may give ourselves to the Lord. The awful disease of leprosy still exists in Africa. Whether it be the same leprosy as that mentioned in the Bible I do not know, but it is regarded as perfectly *incurable*, and so infectious that no one dares to come near the leper. In the south of Africa there is a lazar-house for lepers. It is an immense space, enclosed by a very high wall, and containing fields which the lepers cultivate. There is only one entrance, which is strictly guarded. Whenever any one is found with the marks of leprosy upon him, he is brought to this gate and obliged to enter in, never to return. No one who enters in by that awful gate is allowed to come out again! Within this abode of misery there are multitudes of lepers in all stages of disease. Dr Halbeck, a missionary of the Church of England, from the top of a neighbouring hill, saw them at work. He noticed two particularly, sowing peas in the field. The one had no hands, the other had no feet—these members being wasted away by the disease. The one who wanted the hands was carrying the other who wanted the feet upon his back, and he again carried in his hands the bag of seed, and dropped a pea every now and then, which the other pressed into the ground with his foot; and so they managed the work of one man between the two. Ah! how little we know of the misery that is in the world. Such is this prison-house of disease. But you will ask, Who cares for the souls of the hapless inmates? Who will venture in at this dreadful gate, never to return again? Who will forsake father and mother, houses and lands, to carry the message of a Saviour to these poor lepers? Two Moravian missionaries, impelled by a divine love for souls, have chosen the lazar-house as their field of labour. They entered it, never to come out again; and I am told that as soon as these die, other Moravians are quite ready to fill their place. Ah! my dear friends, may we not blush and be ashamed before God, that we, redeemed with the same blood, and taught by the same Spirit, should yet be so unlike these men, in vehement, heart-consuming love to Jesus and the souls of men.—*M'Cheyne.*

Miscellaneous.

Real independence consists in being altogether dependant upon God, and thereby virtually independent of all else.

ANGER.—Wise anger is like fire from the flint; there is a great ado to bring it out; and when it does come, it is out again immediately.—*Matthew Henry.*

"I would reprove thee," said a wise Heathen, "if I were not angry." And shall not Christians say as much?

Daily Bread.

FRIDAY.

"Rejoice in the Lord alway."—PHIL. iv. 4.

Rejoice, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause his own;
The hope that's built upon his Word
Can ne'er be overthrown.

The true comforter in all distress is only God, through his Son Jesus Christ; and whosoever hath him, hath company enough, although he were in a wilderness all alone; and he that hath twenty thousand in his company, if God be absent, is in a miserable wilderness and desolation. In him is all comfort, and without him is none.—*Cranmer.*

SATURDAY.

"Rejoice with trembling."—Ps. ii. 11.

Though much exalted in the Lord,
My strength is not my own;
Then let me tremble at his word,
And none shall cast me down.

There is a fear without diffidence, and a trembling that may consist with joy. Trembling is an effect of fear; but this fear, which we must affect, is reverential, not slavish, not distrustful. Indeed, when we look upon ourselves, and consider our own frailties and corruptions, and God's infinite justice, we have too just cause of doubt and dejection, yea, were it not for better helps, of utter despair; but, when we cast up our eyes to the power of him that hath undertaken for us, and the faithfulness of him that hath promised, and the sure mercies of him that hath begun his good work in us, we can fear with confidence, and rejoice in our trembling. For what are our sins to his mercies—our unworthiness to his infinite merits—our weaknesses to his omnipotence?—*Hall.*

SABBATH.

"Call the Sabbath a delight."—ISA. lviii. 13.

Thanks to thy name, O Lord, that we
One glorious Sabbath more behold;
Our Shepherd, let us meet with thee
Among thy sheep, within thy fold.

Philip Henry would often say, at the close of his Sabbath devotions—Well: if this be not heaven, it must be the way to it. Yes; it is then Christians often feel themselves, like Jacob in his vision, at the gate. They have earnests and foretastes of the glory to be revealed. Perhaps they are never so willing as then to go. Many of them have wished to be released on this day; and many have been gratified. But if they do not leave on the earthly Sabbath, they enter on the heavenly one. For there remaineth a rest to the people of God.—*Jay.*

MONDAY.

"Thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead."—REV. iii. 1.

To walk as children of the day,
To mark the precept's holy light;
To wage the warfare, watch, and pray,
Show who are pleasing in his sight.

Not words alone it cost the Lord,
To purchase pardon for his own;
Nor will a soul by grace restored,
Return the Saviour words alone.

An empty name of religion is but a poor and pitiful business. What though men and women have the largest testimonial drawn up, in the most ample form, and subscribed by the hands of all the most eminent, godly, and discerning ministers, and private Christians of the city or country side wherein they live—what will it signify or avail if Christ's hand be not at it, or if he shall subscribe after all their subscriptions, a plain contradiction to, and a downright denial of, what they affirm. O! when shall we once look more seriously and concernedly after real religion and godliness, and be less concerned, and more holily indifferent, as to the name?—*Durham.*

TUESDAY.

"Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee."—Ps. l. 15.

In every trouble, sharp and strong,
To God my spirit flies;
My anchor-hold is firm in him,
When swelling billows rise.

This is the only effectual path out of sorrow. And this is effectual to deliver us from every sorrow—the deepest and the worst. If we catch at worldly things for help, we shall find them but as straws, that mock our grasp. If we cling to men around us, they can hold us up but for a moment; nay, perhaps drag us with themselves into a deeper sorrow. If we depend upon ourselves, our strength is momently diminishing. But if we turn to God, in penitence, in faith, with all the earnestness of drowning agony, he can, he will, he does, deliver us from the lowest deep. The Lord is a refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.—*Griffith.*

WEDNESDAY.

"Adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things."—TITUS ii. 10.

O Lord, I would be thine alone—
Come take possession of thine own;
For thou hast set me free.
Released from Satan's hard command,
See all my powers waiting stand
To be employed by thee.

Consider for your encouragement, that if you adorn the doctrine of Christ, it will for ever adorn you; and as you have made it glorious in the world, it will make you for ever glorious in heaven. This is the reward which it promiseth. It will put a wreath of beams, a diadem of stars, a crown of glory upon your heads. "Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father."—*Hopkins.*

THURSDAY.

"A better country, that is, an heavenly."—HEB. xi. 16.

Sorrow and pain, and every care,
And discord there shall cease;
And perfect joy and love sincere,
Adorn the realms of peace.

The heavenly Canaan, Immanuel's land, a country better than the best of this world, where nothing is wanting to complete the happiness of the inhabitants—that land enjoys an everlasting day; "for there is no night there." An eternal sunshine beautifies this better country; but there is no scorching heat there. No clouds shall be seen there for ever; yet it is not a land of drought. The trees of the Lord's planting are set by the rivers of water, and shall never want moisture; for they will have an eternal supply of the Spirit, by Jesus Christ, from his Father.—*Boston.*

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THE SPECIAL POWER OF GOD IN CONVERTING SINNERS.

BY THE REV. JAMES BEGG, EDINBURGH.

It is difficult to understand how any one not blinded by prejudice can read the divine Word without being convinced that, in every instance of a sinner's conversion, there is a special manifestation of the omnipotent power of the Spirit of God. The statements made in regard to human depravity imply this. Fallen man is declared not only to be covered with sin as with a leprosy, so that from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot there is no spiritual soundness in him; but his understanding is said to be darkened—his heart deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked—his conscience defiled—his will bent towards evil, like an iron sinew. He is wise to do evil, whilst to do good he has no understanding. He is without strength—in a sleep—dead even whilst he lives; and as soon may the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots, as he, being accustomed to do evil, may learn to do well. The mighty change which is declared to take place in conversion, illustrates this still more clearly. The understanding is then said to be enlightened by Him "who commanded the light to shine out of darkness." A new heart is *given*, and a right spirit put within the believer; the hard and stony heart is taken away, and a heart of flesh is given; the sinner is born again—created anew in Christ Jesus. This is done by the exercise of a power great as that which God wrought in Christ when he raised him from the dead; so that whilst means are used in the conversion of sinners, these means are in themselves as unable to accomplish the end in view as was the serpent of brass to cure the death-wounds of the bitten Israelites. The Word of God is only the sword of the Spirit. The breath of dying men in preaching cannot awaken the dead. The treasure is in earthen vessels; but the excellency and power thereof is of God, and not of men. He that planteth is nothing; he that watereth is nothing; but God, that giveth the increase.

The special cases of conversion recorded in Scripture all tend to illustrate this general principle; and especially those cases, and they are many, in which God is found of them that seek him not. Zaccheus is a chief among the publicans, and he is rich. There is reason to think that some portion of his wealth has been gained by fraud. He is impelled by mere curiosity to desire a sight of Jesus; and being little of stature, he runs on, and climbs a sycamore tree. When Jesus comes to the place, he looks up, and fixes his eyes on the ungodly publican. "Zaccheus, make haste and come down; for to-day I must abide at thy house." The look and the words are accompanied by almighty power. Zaccheus is converted to God; and the tree into which he climbed becomes, without any previous purpose on the part of man, the birth-place of an immortal soul. A thief, for his crimes, is nailed to an accursed tree. Even on the cross he is still unconverted, and he, in the first instance, joins his companion in railing upon Jesus.—Matt. xxvii. 44. But God has determined to save him, and to pass by his companion. "Lord, remember me," cries the awakened man, "when thou comest to thy kingdom;" and Jesus says: "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." The cross of shame becomes unexpectedly a ladder into heaven. The conversion of Manasseh (2 Chron. xxxiii.), of Paul, and of many others, whose histories are recorded in Scripture, illustrate very clearly this special power of God in converting sinners. And the subsequent history of the Church of God demonstrates the same sovereignty of divine grace in calling sinners when, and where, and how God pleases—by means, without means, and sometimes in opposition to means—that no flesh may glory in his presence, but that he that glorieth may glory in the Lord.

The only difficulty in the way of the reception of this doctrine is the unwillingness of men by nature to submit their understandings to the dictates of divine truth. The pride of carnal reason fills us with a desire fully to explain all the mysteries of the divine procedure; and yet a very little consideration might be sufficient to teach us, not only that we are surrounded with difficulties in the book of nature, as well as in that of revelation; but that the only way to avoid difficulties is to repose on the infinite wisdom of Him who is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working, and who giveth to none an account of his matters. This is the plan pointed out in Scripture. For example, men are ready to say: Why preach the Gospel, if sinners have not, either by nature or in consequence of an universal agency of the Spirit of God, the power of receiving it? If men are spiritually dead, why preach to them?—can the dead hear? Now, it is remarkable that, whatever human wisdom may think of it, this is the very plan of God. The message of the Gospel is: "Awake thou that sleepest, and *arise from the dead*, and Christ shall give thee light."—Eph. v. 14. It is also striking, that Moses, in speaking of the children of Israel, who were a stiff-necked people amidst all the wonders which God did on their behalf, whilst he earnestly condemns

their guilt, says: "Yet the Lord *hath not given you* an heart to perceive, and eyes to see, and ears to hear, unto this day." When Isaiah speaks of the want of success of his own ministry, he not only asks: "Who hath believed our report?" but, as connected with this, and explanatory of this, he asks: "To whom is the *arm of the Lord revealed?*" Our blessed Lord, in upbraiding the cities wherein most of his mighty works were done, and declaring that Capernaum, exalted to heaven by her privileges, should be thrust down to hell for her neglect of them, goes on to say: "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father; for *so it seemed good in thy sight.*" It would be well were the "disputers of this world" prepared to imitate this exalted example, in discussing the deep things of God, instead of adopting the mad and hopeless expedient of squaring the truth of the divine Word down to the level of their own corrupt and shallow reason. The inspired Apostle Paul follows the example of his Lord in endeavouring to convince the gainsayers of Rome: "Thou wilt say, then, unto me, Why doth he yet find fault? for who hath resisted his will? Nay, but, O man, who art thou that repliest against God? Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour?"—Rom. ix. 19-21. No doubt, the "day shall fully declare" the harmony and rectitude of all the Almighty's proceedings; but meantime we are called upon to "be still, and know that he is God," "doing according to his will in the army of heaven and amongst the inhabitants of the earth, none being able to stay his hand, or to say unto him, What doest thou?" It ought to be enough for us as poor condemned sinners to know, not only that all God's ways are perfect, but that Jesus is able to save unto the uttermost all that come unto God by him—that God has no pleasure in the death of him that dieth—that the Spirit and the Bride say, "Come;" that whosoever cometh Christ will in no wise cast out—and that if we are not saved, it will be found at the last to be because we loved darkness rather than the light, our deeds being evil.

Meantime we see many scriptural illustrations of the supposed difficulty to which we have referred. The Prophet Ezekiel is carried down "into a valley of dry bones." He is caused to "pass by them round about; and behold they are very many in the open valley, and very dry." And God says to him, "Prophesy upon these bones, and say unto them, O ye *dry bones, hear the word of the Lord.*" "What a vain and unmeaning sermon!" says the disputer of this world. "How can dry bones hear, understand, and obey?" The case is precisely parallel to that of dead sinners addressed in the preaching of the Gospel. But observe what follows. "The Spirit comes from the four winds, and breathes upon them, and they live and stand up upon their feet, an exceeding great army."—Ezek. xxxvii. And so in a day of God's power, his people are made willing, and the Gospel comes, "not in word only, but in power, and with the Holy Ghost, and with much assurance." Again, Jesus goes into the synagogue during the days of his flesh; and, behold, there is a man there having his hand withered; and Jesus says unto him: "Stretch forth thine hand." Now here is the same difficulty; for it might have been asked, How could a man stretch forth a *withered, powerless* hand? "Where is the wise now? where is the scribe?" But the word of Christ is accompanied with power, and he does stretch forth his hand, and "it is restored whole as the other." The same thing may be said of the sick man whom Jesus commanded to take up his bed and go to his house, and who, by divine power accompanying the word, was enabled to do so. And the truth is still more strikingly illustrated in the case of Lazarus. He has been dead four days already; but Jesus stands on the uppermost step of his sepulchre, and cries: "Lazarus, come forth." Now here is the very case. How can a dead man hear such a command, and obey it? "With man it is impossible; but with God all things are possible." The sermon of Jesus is accompanied with divine power; the soul of the dead man in the far world of spirits hears the cry—Lazarus comes forth, and Jesus says: "Loose him, and let him go." And here is the comfort of Christ's ministers in preaching the Gospel, that whereas of themselves they are no more able to convert sinners than to raise the dead, the same omnipotent Jesus is still with them, according to his promise: "Lo! I am with you alway, even to the end of the world." The power of the Spirit of Jesus is still present to heal. Therefore the weapons of their warfare are mighty, *through God*, to the pulling down of strongholds; signs and wonders are still done in the name of the holy child Jesus; and as many as are ordained unto eternal life believe.

On the one hand, therefore, we are to use all the means of grace, because God has expressly appointed them, and promised to make them effectual; but, on the other, we are to use them only in faith and with earnest prayer, and not to rest in means; for this great work of saving sinners is entirely of God, and he will not give his glory to another. It is only when a stronger than Satan comes, that the prison doors are set open, and the lawful captives delivered. The Shepherd must himself go forth, and bring back his lost sheep to the fold on his shoulder. God alone still gives unto the Gentiles, not only life, but repentance unto life; and no man can come unto Christ, except the Father which sent him draw him. Thy people shall be willing in a day of thy power.

MAYNOOTH COLLEGE.

THE history of this College is well known. It was founded fifty years ago—in the year 1795—by the government of Mr Pitt, for the purpose of securing "the better education of persons professing the Popish or Roman Catholic religion." Previous to that time, it being illegal to endow any college which had for its object the education of Roman Catholics alone, the priests had been educated at the various Popish universities of France and Germany. But when the French Revolution broke out, it was found that the Infidelity which then rolled over the Continent like a flood, penetrated the colleges, and was seizing possession of the young men then studying for the priesthood. Popery is no enemy to Infidelity, nay, is perhaps chargeable with three-fourths of the present Infidelity of Christendom; but at such a time it was not convenient—not for the interest of the Church—that her priests in Protestant countries should be known as imbued with sceptical principles. And, accordingly, it was resolved that an effort should be made to get a college established in Ireland, where the students, free, in a great measure, from Continental temptations to scepticism, might be as well, if not better, trained in Popish policy and doctrine. As without the sanction of the Legislature, such a project was impracticable, the first step taken by the Irish bishops was to present a memorial on the subject to Government. And with that Jesuitical craft which is one of the leading characteristics of their system, and indeed its strength, instead of honestly stating, as the reason of their anxiety, what was the fact—that their students were becoming Infidels, and that if they remained on the Continent their Church had no prospect before her but that of being over-run with a Deistical priesthood; instead of doing this, and suiting their plea to the men with whom they had to deal, they urged upon Government the danger of allowing the priests to study on the Continent, lest, imbibing the *republican principles* which were there so rife, they should, on coming to Ireland, spread these principles among the people, and thus endanger the British connection. This was precisely the kind of plea which, at the time, was likely to be most successful. The King and the Government, warned by what had occurred in France, and afraid of the progress of republican and revolutionary views, were not slow to avail themselves of any means within their reach, by which so threatening an evil might be averted. And as Ireland was the chief source of their anxiety—knowing, as they did, that masses of her people were disaffected to the British sway, and that before then their disaffection had broken out into open and formidable rebellion—they fell into the trap laid for them by the Romish bishops, and, with the view of securing the loyalty of the priests, and thereby the peace of the country, consented to a bill for the establishment of Maynooth College! Will it be believed that, at the very time when the bishops were thus negotiating with Government, and also issuing addresses to the Irish people, recommending allegiance to England, two of their number were active members of a committee which sat at Dublin, the secret object of which was, in the language of their documents, afterwards published, to "subvert the tyranny of England, to establish the independence of Ireland, and form a free republic?" It was by this committee that the rebellion of 1798 was originated, and a treasonable correspondence was also carried on by them with France. Of these things, however, the British Government was not, at the time, aware; and, as we have stated, believing the advices of the bishops to be both honest and wise, they agreed to sanction the institution of the College, and voted a grant of £8000 towards its establishment. In subsequent years, sums of £7000 and £8000 were given to assist in its building and maintenance; and thereafter the grant became an annual one; no bill, however, being passed to render it perpetual.

It does not require much, either in the way of statement or of reasoning, to show that this College of Maynooth has altogether and signally failed in accomplishing the object which the Legislature had thus in view in its institution and endowment. These were, as we have seen, the "better education" of the priests, and the securing of their loyalty. As to the "better education," we may quote the opinion of one of the most accurate and intelligent of our modern travellers (Inglis), in whose "Tour through Ireland" the following striking passage occurs:—

"In the journey which I subsequently took, I had ample opportunity of forming comparisons between the priest of the olden times and the priest of Maynooth; and, with every disposition to deal fairly by both, I did return to Dublin with a perfect conviction of the justice of the opinion which I had heard expressed. I found the old foreign educated priest, a gentleman; a man of frank, easy deportment, and good general information; but by no means, in general, so good a Catholic as his brother of Maynooth: he, I found either a *coarse, vulgar-minded man*, or a *stiff, close, and very conceited man;* but in every instance *Popish to the backbone*—learned, I dare say, in theology, but *profoundly ignorant of all that liberalizes the mind*—a *hot zealot in religion*, and fully impressed with, or professing to be impressed with, a sense of his consequence and influence.

"I entertain no doubt, that the disorders which originate in hatred of Protestantism have been encreased by the Maynooth education of the Catholic priesthood. *It is the Maynooth priest who is the agitating priest;* and if the foreign educated parish priest chance to be a more liberal-minded man—less a zealot, and less a hater of Protestantism than is consistent with the present spirit of Catholicism in Ireland—straightway an assistant, red-hot from Maynooth, is appointed to the parish; and, in fact, the old priest is virtually displaced. In no country in Europe—no, not even in Spain—is the spirit of Popery so intensely Anti-Protestant as in Ireland. In no country is there more bigotry and superstition among the lower orders, or more blind obedience to the priesthood; in no country is there so much zeal and intolerance among the ministers of religion. I do believe, that at this moment Catholic Ireland is more ripe for the re-establishment of the Inquisition than any other country in Europe."

And as to the other object—of securing the loyalty of the priests, and making them friends of the British connection—the agitations which have recently embroiled that unhappy country tell emphatically that

that has not been accomplished. Indeed, in both points of view, the College has done a world of harm. The priests are decidedly worse educated than before, if education be regarded as not merely the giving of theological knowledge, but the whole training and accomplishment of the intellect, and the expanding and direction of the affections; and they are more than ever looked up to by the people as leaders in political agitation.

One would think that, when such is so undeniably the case, Government would, even from merely political considerations, at once withdraw the grant. It has failed to accomplish the object originally intended—nay, it has produced results altogether the reverse of those which were wished for and expected. Why, then, should it be continued? Yet, strange to say, the present Government, so far from withdrawing, as our readers doubtless are aware, are about largely to increase the grant! Viewed as a piece of policy, we cannot but regard such a proceeding as signally foolish and infatuated—as marked by a total disregard of all the lessons of experience, and calculated to increase tenfold the evils which it is professedly intended to avert. But, viewed in other and more serious aspects, as a public recognition and encouragement of Antichrist, the Man of Sin—as showing the influence which he exerts over the legislative councils of this Protestant land, and as connected with the prospects of Protestant Christianity throughout the world; viewed in these aspects, the proposed measure is one which cannot but excite the deepest anxiety and alarm among the friends of Christ.

I. Viewed, *first*, as a public recognition and encouragement of Antichrist, how monstrous does the proposed measure appear! In the eloquent words of the Rev. Baptist Noel,

"Protestant senators know full well that the sacrifice of the mass is taught by the Roman Church, which impairs the glory and darkens the efficacy of the only one great sacrifice which the Lord Jesus has made for sinners; and yet they would pay men for learning the doctrine first, and promulgating it to their fellow-men afterwards. They know full well that the Roman Catholic Church will teach men to bow down to statues and pictures of saints. Protestant senators know full well, that the Roman Catholic Church teaches the necessity of priestly absolution, a doctrine calculated to interfere with that great truth, that the penitent sinner is pardoned fully, freely, and for ever, by the exercise of faith in the atoning sacrifice of Christ. Protestant senators know full well, that the Roman Catholic Church teaches the doctrine, that a man must confess his sins to his priest; and this resigns the laity of Christendom into the hands of those who may institute a universal *espionage*, which at this moment is exercising a most fearful influence in Italy, as well as in other countries. Protestant senators know well, that where the Roman Catholic religion remains unchecked, there may be seen the majestic figure of Mary bearing a crown upon her head, and the Saviour as a little baby in her arms; both manifesting the place, as I cannot but fear, each of those persons has in the Roman Catholic system—the one the majestic queen of the universal Church, and the other the baby which she fondles in her arms. Protestant senators know well, that Roman Catholics will teach the adherents whom they instruct, that after this life there is a purgatorial fire in which sins may be yet refined—a doctrine of which Protestants know well the effect; I do not say the intended effect, but what, alas! is, in fact, the effect which follows from this doctrine—that men can live and die more quietly in their unpardoned sins. For if there is another state of probation, another state in which yet the defective spirit may provide for final bliss, why should men be anxious to be converted now, or now to follow the will of God? Protestant senators know full well, that to confirm all these superstitions in the minds of her adherents, the Roman Catholic Church forbids the use of the Scriptures by the laity in the vulgar tongue, without the sanction of the priest. Protestant senators know well, that the Roman Catholic Church teaches that there is ordinarily no salvation out of the Holy Catholic Church, and that the Holy Catholic Church is the Church of Rome; and it has in past times delivered such as were out of its pale over to the secular arm. These dogmas are unrepealed; they have never been recalled by that Church; and this makes that Church—and I think I do not libel it when I say so—the greatest body of sectarianism in the world. It excommunicates a great body of Christ's Church on earth, a large company of those whom he recognises. If this indeed be the amount of error, and if these are the dogmas encouraged and avowed by the Church, which none but very ignorant persons will attempt to deny, how is it that Protestant senators can with a good conscience vote away the public money for the promulgation and continuance of those tenets in our land?"

This is the grand feature of the measure which makes us recoil from it. It involves the sanction, by a Protestant Legislature, of the Popish system—the expenditure of the national money for the propagation of soul-destroying errors. And in this there is committed a high sin against God—the sin of boldly and influentially patronising a system which he has declared he will yet "consume with the breath of his mouth, and destroy with the brightness of his coming"—a sin fitted to call down upon our land his righteous displeasure and indignation.

Even the catalogue of errors given by Mr Noel, as taught at Maynooth—long and black as it is—is incomplete. And we solicit the special attention of our readers, while we lay before them, a few extracts from the authorized class-books of the College, containing, we believe, doctrines more revolting than many of them conceive even Rome to be capable of inculcating.

Nothing is more fashionable with Papists now-a-days than to deny that their Church approves of religious persecution; and even when one points to Madeira, where persons are actually sentenced to death for daring to become Protestants, the answer is ready—that for that the Church is not responsible. But what can be said to the following? One of the books which every student at Maynooth is obliged to study, is the Commentary of Menochius, and in the exposition which it gives of that part of the parable of the wheat and the tares in which directions are given not to root up the tares, the following sentence occurs:—

"In this place Christ does not forbid heretics (or Protestants) to be *taken away and put to death;* on which point, Maldonatus on this place is to be consulted." * * * *

And in referring to Maldonatus, we find him writing thus:—

"There are some who *abuse this place, by trying to prove that heretics are not to be punished or put to death*, which they who do seem to be anxious about themselves. First, indeed, it does not refer only to heretics, but to men who are *children of the devil*, as opposed to the children of the kingdom, *among whom heretics are the chief species*, but not the only kind. Therefore, *they who deny that heretics are to be put to death, ought much rather to deny that thieves, much rather that murderers, ought to be put to death*; for heretics are so much the more pernicious than thieves and murderers, as it is a greater crime to steal and slay the souls of men than their bodies."

Again, in the works of Cardinal Bellarmine, who is well known as one of their standard and most esteemed authors, the following *very plain* passage occurs. Speaking of *putting heretics to death*, he states:—

"Experience teaches us that there is *no other remedy;* for the Church has advanced by degrees, and tried every remedy. At first she *only excommunicated*, then she *added fines* in money, then *exile*—at last she was compelled to have *recourse to death*. For heretics despise excommunication, and say that it is a *brutum fulmen*. If you threaten them with pecuniary fines, they neither fear God nor regard man; well knowing that fools will not be wanting who will believe them, and by whom they will be supported. If you throw them into prison, or send them into exile, they corrupt their neighbours by their language, and those who are at a distance by their books; therefore the *only* remedy is, *to send them speedily to their proper place*."

And he goes on to say:—

"It is *an act of kindness* to obstinate heretics to take them out of this life; for the longer they live the more errors they invent, the more men do they pervert, and *the greater damnation do they acquire unto themselves*."

And nowhere, perhaps, is the diabolical *policy* of Rome, on this point, more plainly and truthfully stated than in a passage by the same Cardinal Bellarmine:—

"If, indeed," says he, "*it can be done*, HERETICS ARE UNDOUBTEDLY TO BE EXTIRPATED; but if they cannot, either because they are not sufficiently known, and there is danger lest the innocent should suffer for the guilty, *or if they are stronger than we are*, and there is danger, if we attack them in war, that *more of us would fall than of them, then we are to keep quiet*."

And again:—

"HERETICS, WHEN STRONG, ARE TO BE COMMITTED TO GOD; WHEN WEAK, TO THE EXECUTIONER."

"Here for once," in the words of a cotemporary,* "we see Popery without her mask. When heretics are strong (like the Protestants of England), they are not to be attacked; when they are weak (like MARIA JOAQUINA and her fellow-Christians in Madeira), they are to be exterminated. And this is the system which the British Government now propose to patronize by including a seminary for the training of its teachers amongst the established institutions of the nation!"

* London Watchman of March 19.

Again, it is a well-known doctrine of the Romish Church, that no priest is at liberty to divulge, *in any case*, the secrets of the confessional, even should it be to *save a man's life*, or to *prevent a revolution*. So well understood is this, that a converted Popish priest (the Rev. L. J. Nolan), stated some years ago that, through the confessional, he had been frequently apprised of intended assassinations and most diabolical conspiracies; but had been prevented, by what is called "the seal of confession," from giving the slightest intimation to the marked-out victims of slaughter—although in one instance he met in the public streets a man whom he knew it was intended to murder!

But that our readers may have some idea of the lengths to which Romish doctrine and practice go in this matter, we solicit their attention to the following passage from "Dens' Theology," one of the Maynooth class-books, also used in many of the Roman Catholic colleges:—

"What ought a confessor to answer, being interrogated concerning truth, which he has known through sacramental confession alone?—He ought to answer THAT HE DOES NOT KNOW IT; AND, IF NECESSARY, CONFIRM THE SAME BY AN OATH.

"It is objected—It is in no case lawful to tell a falsehood; but the confessor would tell a falsehood, because he knows the truth; therefore, &c.

"Answer.—I deny the minor, that is, that the confessor would lie, because such confessor is interrogated as a man, and replies as a man; but now he does not know *that* truth as a man, though HE KNOWS IT AS GOD, and that sense is naturally inherent in the reply, for when he is interrogated or replies out of confession, he is considered as a man.

"What if it be directly inquired of the confessor, whether he knows a particular thing by sacramental confession?—It is replied, In this case he ought to answer nothing; so think Steyaert and Sylvius. But the interrogation is to be rejected as impious; or he can say absolutely, not in relation to the question, 'I KNOW NOTHING,' because the word 'I' restricts to knowledge acquired by him as a man."

We might go over several other doctrines taught to the students at Maynooth, and afterwards, of course, taught by them as priests to the Irish people, but our limits forbid; and enough has been stated to show how extreme—how fearfully blasphemous and intolerant a thing that Maynooth Popery is, which our Government is so ready to patronize.

II. Viewed as a proof of the influence which the Vatican exercises over the legislative councils of our land, the proposed measure may well fill us with alarm; for we cannot doubt that Rome herself is at the bottom of the whole matter. She has her agents everywhere—all at work, if not above ground, under it—and all directed by the consummate craft of Jesuitism. And so well have her plans been laid, and so vigorously have they been followed out, that at this moment she may be said to *govern* most of the Governments of Europe. France is at her feet—the royal family there being among the most active of her servants. Not long ago Spain, while Espartero was regent, was at war with Rome, and confiscated a large proportion of the immense property held by her ecclesiastics. Now, however, Espartero being driven from the kingdom—(may it not have been by

Popish intrigue?)—the property is restored, and she has resumed her sway. In Portugal, her influence is sufficient to get laws passed declaring it death for a Portuguese to turn Protestant. And with most of the Governments of the Continent her will is law; as a recent proof of which it may be mentioned, that in Austria and Bavaria it has been declared illegal for any one to join the German Catholic Church which has sprung from the movement of John Ronge. These are facts sad and startling enough. But what shall we say when we find that even this is not all; but that, worse than all, Rome is also so influential with the Government of our own Protestant land, as to procure from it a large sum annually for the education of priests, whom she may disperse over the whole country with the view of seducing the people from their Protestantism, and again bringing in her own dark and despotic reign? We need scarcely further remark that,

III. The proposed measure is alarming and discouraging, when viewed in connection with the prospects of Protestantism. These are at present anything but promising. Popery has not only the majority of the Governments of Europe on her side, and is not only working through them, she is availing herself of every means within her power which may assist her in the attainment of her object. Swarms of priests are at work—the Jesuits are at work—her missionaries are at work—the press is at work, tracts being distributed in hundreds of thousands—and all is under the direction of a master-hand. Enormous sums are annually raised to carry on the warfare, so that her coffers are never empty. And what is Protestantism doing all the while? What plans are devised—what steps are taken wherewith to meet the enemy, and baffle him? Why, the first thing that now stares us in the face, as an answer to such question, is the fact, that the chief Protestant Government of the world is doing what?—is *actually helping Rome with influence and money to secure that ascendency after which she is straining!* And what are the Protestant Churches doing? In our own land, the Church of England has more than enough to do with a mass of Papists among her own clergy, all actively engaged in spreading Popish principles within her borders, under the guise of Protestant truths. And the other Churches, it may be said, are doing nothing, at least nothing aggressive. They have their missionaries to the heathen, and it is well—they should double them; but when they see Rome making such rapid strides to supremacy, that the world is "wondering after the Beast," what are they doing to withstand her? when they see whole kingdoms already under her withering sway, and others likely soon to be in the same position, what are they doing to save them? when the enemy is coming in like a flood, where is the standard which they ought to lift against him?—where are their missionaries to Popish countries? Is it said these are shut against them? It is not so with them all. France is open; and how miserably inadequate are the means adopted for leading the many millions of her people to the truth as it is in Jesus! Several of the kingdoms of the Continent are open, and what is done for them? If we do not avail ourselves of the openings which are before us, how can we expect the Lord to open up other fields which are now inaccessible? In France, on the Continent, and in Ireland, little has been done; and on that little such a blessing has been vouchsafed as may well fill our hearts with hope that if greater efforts were made—efforts more commensurate with the necessity—the windows of heaven would be opened, and the lands which are now iron-bound and barren under the blight of Rome, would receive such a shower of the Spirit's blessing as might convert them into gardens of the Lord. When will the Churches be awakened to a sense of their duty in this matter? and when will they perform it? When, casting aside the quarrels which subsist among themselves, will they, as one man, go forth to put to flight the armies of the aliens? Much is said in our day about Christian union; but not too much, if more were felt. The strength of Rome is in her union. *In action*, she is not divided, but brings a united strength to bear upon the accomplishment of all her objects, and therefore she succeeds. Protestantism "is divided against herself," and how can she expect to stand? Her weakness is in her divisions—her strength would return were these but healed.

"The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice." This is the comfort of all the true people of God in the midst of trouble, or in the prospect of it. And it ought to be our comfort now, as it shows us where lies our strength. But let us not look for results without using means. Let us be much in prayer to him that he would arise and plead his own cause—that he would show his servants what they ought to do, and give them grace and strength to do it. "The Lord reigneth; let the earth tremble." These are words which seal the doom of Rome. The time is coming when she shall be made to drink "the wine of astonishment," and shall fall before the judgments with which the Lord shall visit her. But let not such a consideration make us lukewarm in the work. How many immortal souls is she now keeping in darkness and in bondage!

SUDDEN DEATH.

[THE remarkable circumstance this Poem records happened while a party of friends were debating which might be the most happy death.]

Which is the happiest death to die?
"Oh!" said one, "if I might choose,
Long at the gate of bliss would I lie,
And feast my spirit ere I fly
With bright celestial views.
Mine were a lingering death without pain—
A death which all might love to see,
And mark how bright and sweet would be
The victory I should gain.

"Fain would I catch a hymn of love
From the angel-harps that ring above
And sing it as my parting breath
Quivered and expired in death;

So that those on earth may hear
The harp-notes of another sphere,
And mark, when nature faints and dies,
What springs of heavenly light arise."

"No," said another, "no not I;
Sudden as thought is the death I would die;
I would suddenly throw my shackles by,
Nor bear a single pang at parting,
Nor see the tear of sorrow starting,
Nor hear the quivering lips that bless me,
Nor feel the hands of love that press me,
Nor the frame with mortal terror shaking,
Nor the heart where love's soft bands are breaking;
So would I die!
All bliss without a pang to cloud it!
All joy without a pain to shroud it!
Not slain, but caught up, as it were,
To meet my Saviour in the air!
So would I die!
Oh! how bright
Were the realms of light,
Bursting at once upon the sight!
Even so,
I long to go—
These parting hours how sad and slow!"

His voice grew faint, and fixed was his eye,
As if gazing on visions of ecstasy;
The hue of his cheeks and lips decayed—
Around his mouth a sweet smile played;
They looked—he was dead!
His spirit had fled
Painless and swift as his own desire;
The soul undrest,
From her mortal vest,
Had stepped in her car of heavenly fire,
And proved how bright
Were the realms of light,
Bursting at once upon the sight!

ANON.

ON THE MUTUAL DUTIES OF MASTERS AND SERVANTS IN RELATION TO THE SABBATH.

BY THE REV. DAVID KING, LL.D., GLASGOW.

HAVING, in a former paper, considered the duties of masters and servants in private families, I now proceed to speak of the relationship as exemplified in public works.

Under this phraseology I include those who are employed in shops and offices, as well as in mills, warehouses, and various kinds of large manufacturing establishments.

We cannot be explicit in saying how much employers have here in their power. It would be easy to say to them: "Give moderate work and plenty of wages, and you will thus promote the moral improvement, as well as the temporal comfort of your workmen, and put them into a position exceedingly favourable to Sabbath-day observance." This is easily said, but not so easily done. The master's system is moulded to a vast extent by influences external to himself, and over which he has but secondary control. Traffic has its place in the appointed constitution of the world, and by the excellence of that constitution, has much of self-correcting tendency, if left to its native, and, I may say, its divine operation. But if a blinded policy has opposed itself to a beneficent Providence, no master can annul national impediments by his solitary fiat, or act in the face of them, as if they had no existence. I make these remarks merely to draw a line of demarcation, and show what may be reasonably asked of masters *individually*. No doubt, federal grievances should be redressed, and such legislation adopted as would place commerce on an enlightened footing, and thus facilitate the keeping of all God's commandments. But, on the duty of the State, or the subjects in relation to the State, I do not here enter—*first*, Because it would take me too far away from the immediate subject which I proposed to consider; *second*, Because the discussion would assume too much of a political aspect for a religious publication; and, *third*, Because I would be in danger of relinquishing the common ground of fraternal co-operation; for, while all will admit that the powers of masters and servants to fulfil adequately the duties of their stations must be greatly affected by the shape and complexion which law has given to trade, all are not agreed what the law should be, and how it may be amended. Conceding, then, that masters and servants cannot, as such, put everything to right which affects the Sabbath injuriously, and leaving the best legislative means of making the relationship happy and profitable, to the distinctive province of the political economist, I shall content myself with offering some suggestions, strictly religious in their character, and such as all whom they concern may carry into practice.

1. Beginning in this case, as in the former, with *Masters*, there is cause for congratulation in seeing so general a cessation from business on the Sabbath, throughout this country. We may still know the day by its indications, and read in a prevalent tranquillity, that it is a day of rest. But there are exceptions to this admission. One of a gloomy character has been lately added to the number. A great national undertaking has been made the occasion of shocking the sacred impressions of religious society, and coercing the servants of a powerful company into unwarrantable and desecrating labours. I am aware how all opposition to railway travelling on Sabbath is jeered at by numbers, and especially by interested parties, who maintain the innovation, as they introduced it with a high hand, and with uncompromising contempt of wounded conviction. But we are not to be deterred, in this manner, from speaking honestly on an important question. If the matter were "settled," as some say, there might be little good in fruitless attempts to disturb its settlement. But the evil lamented is only

in its first stage. When railway communications shall have been opened with England, the trains on all the Scotch lines will run on Sabbath; coaches and steam-boats will be equally in action, for the one accommodation would be imperfect without the other; and thus our whole country will be traversed "by lovers of pleasure" from its shores to its centre, from its crowded cities to its secluded lakes, on that sacred day, when the quiet of nature was wont to reflect the peace-speaking efficacy of a gracious revelation. O that the calamity may still be arrested! The originators of it have gained a victory; let them acquire the higher honour of beneficent concession. There has been enough of heat and temper. Let a spirit of Christian conciliation be now cherished, and let that spirit appear in "remembering the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy."

The rest of the Sabbath is entrenched upon in other cases; and its causeless violation is always, even on the smallest scale, to be unfeignedly lamented. If a servant or clerk be simply sent for letters on the Lord's-day, *no special reason impelling to the action*, the affair may seem trivial; but it concerns and impugns a great principle, and nothing is unimportant which militates against the whole claim of the Sabbath, and unsettles, in a single mind, the impression of its sacredness.

Where the Sabbath itself is not directly encroached upon, an equal amount of mischief is done, in many cases, by the misimprovement of adjacent time, and especially by prolonging business to unseasonable hours on Saturday night. If young men and women are made to toil all the day preceding the Sabbath, and, instead of being released sooner than usual from their labours, to bring the mind into harmony with the season and solemnities before them, are detained and toiled through the evening till the eleventh hour is struck, or the very midnight has been reached—how is such preparation compatible with a becoming entrance on the Sabbath, or spirited fulfilment of its functions? It may be difficult at once, and in every case, to change this system entirely; but, at all events, a reform should be tried. What can be done should be done, and no effort should be spared to undo the rigour of such cruel bondage. The evil of late business-hours, especially on the Saturday night, is happily receiving an augmented attention; and all classes should combine in promoting the improvement in this province which has already commenced. Let the sufferers from the abuse plead for redress respectfully, but unceasingly; let families beware of deferring purchases to unseasonable hours which can be made early; and let a preference be given to those generous employers who listen to the calls of humanity, and peril their profits, or make an undoubted sacrifice in acting kindly by their labourers. Is the cry raised against exclusive dealing?—Let them show some conscience who appeal to its dictates, and exemplify that mercy of which they solicit the benefit.

Apart altogether from the prolongation of service, much evil has resulted from the timing of its remuneration. The payment of wages on Saturday afternoon has not only produced much dissipation throughout the evening of that day, but has extended, as might have been anticipated, its ruinous influence to the day following, and caused the Sabbath, and its institutions to be trampled under foot. But other arrangements are now extensively adopted, and we may hope that, ere long, they will obtain universally. To my own knowledge, the change has been accompanied, in various cases, with the happiest results. Masters should not deem it enough, however, to make good external arrangements. It is of great importance that they should look into the moral condition of their establishments, and endeavour to find out and repress every demoralizing abuse. If any servants have it for their effort and their glory to corrupt their fellow-servants, and more especially to snare the young and inexperienced; if this practice be carried on constantly, systematically, and unblushingly, surely these are cases calling for intervention. An individual who always inebriated himself, would be dismissed from the works; but he who misleads others—he who diffuses pestilence in his every breath—who imprints curse with his every step—surely a seducer like this is infinitely more guilty, and infinitely more dangerous!

Nor should masters be careful only to discourage immorality—they should do what in them lies to induce and further good conduct. Might they not institute Sabbath schools for the children of workmen? Might they not facilitate attendance on day-schools for general education? Might they not evince sympathy with their labourers, by giving special help where it is specially needed? And where the hand of Death breaks the staff of life, might they not visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction? Above all, might they not set a pattern of Sabbath propriety and general well-doing, in their own behaviour, before the eyes of their servants? Without this, all other expedients will go for little; and this stimulus, even when alone, has a mighty influence. There is no preaching of righteousness like the practising of righteousness; and if superior station and godly demeanour, from being united in fact, were to become associated in the public mind, it would be impossible to estimate the consequent benefit. Would that overseers put the averment to the test! You are intent on gain; but nothing would be more lucrative than such a career. It secures the blessing that makes rich, and adds no sorrow. It belongs to that godliness which has the promise of the life that now is, and that which is to come. Your present elevation will cease; your enterprises will go down, or be carried on by others; all your coffers, empty or replenished, you shall soon

leave behind you; and what you call your own will swell the account of another's wealth. But if you do good, real, moral, and religious good, it will not prove so perishable. If the tens, or twenties, or hundreds of labourers intrusted to you are benefited by the relationship—are rendered more sober, more thoughtful, more blameless, more devotional—this is a return which will cross the grave with you, and still remain when heaven and earth shall pass away. Your five talents, instead of being lost, will bring ten, and elicit for you the joyous salutation: "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things."

2. I should now speak to those who are servants in public works. But as the remarks already made have greatly exceeded the limits I had proposed for them, I must be brief on this topic.—It is the duty of all who are employed in the manner supposed, to support masters in adopting such measures as I have recommended. Welcome the scrutiny from which evil-doers shrink, and which is to save you from their contagion. Comply with regulations, and submit to restrictions which may be severe in their aspect, but are salutary in their design. Allow your children the entire benefit of the instructions accessible to them; occupy the spare time which may be extended to you in cultivating personal improvement, or in doing good to others; and should any malign these constituents of righteous superintendence, be ever ready to defend them with the energy of courage and the fervour of gratitude. In thus speaking, I have taken for granted what will hardly be denied—that if you have something to fear from masters, you have also not a little to apprehend from one another. You mingle with destroyers; and the equality of footing which they occupy with you, aids all their attacks. Already committed themselves, they sing from the fowler's cage, to allure you to its wires, promising you liberty, while they themselves are the servants of corruption; for of whom a man is overcome, of the same is he brought in bondage. They strive to render you the victims of *bad principles* and *bad practices*. I have not room to discuss either of these in its details, and descant on the characteristic features of its ensnaring insidiousness; but I may remark on their alliance, and point to the lesson which it teaches us. A conjunction like this is more than suspicious. If they who urge you to discredit Scripture, and contemn the Sabbath, and hold all piety in derision, be the same persons who tempt you to waste time, and revel in the gin-shop, and practise lewdness, and pass, by successive stages, into every species and excess of wickedness—have you not cause to consider opinions false of which the operation is so flagitious? No truths are better substantiated than these two—*first*, That there is a God, an all-perfect God, in whom we live, and move, and have our being; and, *secondly*, That if there be such a God, he ought to be supremely honoured. Is it not reasonable that he who gave us memory, should be remembered—that he who gave us belief, should be trusted—that he who made us think, should be thought of—that he who implanted love, should have the first place in our affections? The positions have an almost axiomate certainty; and you may be, therefore, well assured that tenets which withdraw you from God withdraw you from truth; and that theories, be they ever so plausible, which involve you in iniquity, must be themselves founded in error. On the other hand, you have a strong presumptive proof that the Scriptures come *from God*, if they lead you *to him*, and that a system must have truth for its pathway, which has holiness for its end. On these subjects, however, I cannot now expatiate.

Read the Word of God for yourselves, and that will supply all omissions. It is a good character of which the admiration grows upon you with acquaintance; and that is the character of the Scriptures. The more you ponder them and prove them, the more will you be disposed to say: "Thy testimonies have I taken as an heritage for ever; for they are the rejoicing of my heart." Think it not enough to read or to learn the Scriptures—*live* them. Are others active and bold against God?—much more show your activity and courage on his side. Meet for intellectual improvement—meet for religious exercises. Betake yourselves to Christ, and become, if you are not already, members of his Church. Whatever be the section of it to which you attach yourselves, stir up zeal among its members. Join its senior classes for your own edification, and if it be in your power form junior classes, and superintend them. To do the utmost possible good—to fill life with as much beneficence as its limits will allow—be this the aim of your honourable ambition. Such a career is the best antidote to Atheism and profligacy, as it is the best vindication of Christian doctrine: "For so is the will of God, that with well-doing ye put to silence the ignorance of foolish men."

COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

THE following incident in the life of this truly Christian lady, will be read with interest:—

At one time Lady Huntingdon engaged in an affair which had excited much of the public attention, and ultimately drew forth the censures of royalty. Dr Cornwallis, Archbishop of Canterbury, during the preceding winter, had given several large balls and convivial routs at his palace. Mrs Cornwallis was also recognised, in all the journals of the day, as a leading personage in the fashionable world, who eclipsed everybody by the splendour and magnificence of her equipages and entertainments. These outrages on all decency attracted the notice of every friend to propriety, and even drew forth many satirical observations from some of the gay personages who were most frequently at the palace. Although

Lady Huntingdon did not feel herself called upon to be a regulator of public morals, she nevertheless felt that such gross violations of established order and decency required some check. With the Archbishop her Ladyship was unacquainted; but, through the medium of a family connection, she was resolved on making some attempt, in a private way, to put a stop to what was so loudly complained of on all sides. George, first Marquis of Townshend, had married her Ladyship's cousin, Lady Charlotte Compton, only surviving child of the Earl of Northampton, who inherited, in his own right, the baronies of Compton and ferrars of Chartley. The Marquis was nephew, by marriage, to Charles Earl of Cornwallis, brother to the archbishop; and by this means Lady Huntingdon obtained an audience with his Grace of Canterbury, having been introduced by the Marquis of Townshend, who attended her to the palace, and seconded her Ladyship's remonstrances.

Although this matter was conducted with the utmost privacy and delicacy on the part of Lady Huntingdon and the Marquis of Townshend, his Grace was violently offended; and Mrs Cornwallis scrupled not to reprobate and ridicule Lady Huntingdon in all the fashionable circles. But this, instead of having the effect she so much desired, only drew additional odium on the archbishop, whose popularity sustained a severe shock by a line of proceeding so utterly inconsistent with the gravity and decorum of the sacred character of a prelate.

Lady Huntingdon, having failed in this attempt, next applied to Mr Madan, whose brother, Dr Spencer Madan, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough, had married Lady Charlotte Cornwallis, niece to the archbishop. But his Grace, still disregarding every remonstrance, and becoming more violent in his abuses of those whom he was pleased to brand as Methodists and hypocrites, Lady Huntingdon made application for a private audience with the king (George III.), which was most graciously granted.

On the day appointed, her Ladyship, accompanied by the Duchess of Ancaster and Lord Dartmouth, went to the king's palace at Kew, where she was received in the most gracious manner by both their majesties. The king listened to everything she said with great dignity and marked earnestness, but with evident emotion. "Madam," said he, "the feelings you have discovered, and the conduct you have adopted on this occasion, are highly creditable to you. The archbishop's behaviour has been slightly hinted to me already; but now that I have a certainty of his proceedings, and his ungracious conduct towards your Ladyship, after your trouble in remonstrating with him, I shall interpose my authority, and see what that will do towards reforming such indecent practices."

Lady Huntingdon had the honour of conversing with their Majesties for upwards of an hour, on a great variety of topics.

The king, and also the queen, complimented her Ladyship, in the highest terms, on the many benevolent actions which had been reported to them, and her great and commendable zeal in the cause of religion.

His Majesty then told Lady Huntingdon that he was no stranger to her proceedings; but added, that he often found it difficult to obtain an unprejudiced account of what she said and did. "I have been told so many odd stories of your Ladyship," said the king "that I am free to confess I felt a great degree of curiosity to see if you were at all like other women; and I am happy in having an opportunity of assuring your Ladyship of the very good opinion I have of you, and how very highly I estimate your character, your zeal, and abilities, which cannot be consecrated to a more noble purpose."

His Majesty then spoke of the talents of some of her Ladyship's preachers, whom he understood were very eloquent men. "The bishops," said he, "are very jealous of such men;" and he went on to mention a conversation he had lately had with a dignitary whom he would not name. The prelate had complained of the conduct of some of Lady Huntingdon's students and ministers, who had made a great disturbance in his diocese. "Make bishops of them—make bishops of them," said the king. "That might be done," replied the bishop; "but, please your Majesty, we cannot make a bishop of Lady Huntingdon." "Well, well," said the king, "see if you cannot imitate the zeal of these men." The queen added, "You cannot make a bishop of her, 'tis true: it would be a lucky circumstance if you could, for she puts you all to shame." His Lordship made some reply, which did not please the king; and his Majesty, with more than usual warmth, remarked, "I wish there was a Lady Huntingdon in every diocese in the kingdom." It is remarkable, that this bishop never after made his appearance at court.

"We discussed a great many topics," says Lady Huntingdon; "for the conversation lasted upwards of an hour, without intermission. The queen spoke a good deal, asked many questions, and, before I retired, insisted on my taking some refreshment."

A few days after this interview, the good monarch addressed the following admonitory letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury:—

"My good Lord Primate,—I could not delay giving you the notification of the grief and concern with which my breast was affected, at receiving authentic information that routs have made their way into your palace. At the same time, I must signify to you my sentiments on this subject, which hold these levities and vain dissipations as utterly inexpedient, if not unlawful, to pass in a residence for many centuries devoted to divine studies, religious retirement, and the extensive exercise of charity and benevolence—I add, in a place where so many of your predecessors have led their lives in such sanctity as has thrown lustre on the pure religion they professed and adorned.

"From the dissatisfaction with which you must perceive I behold these improprieties—not to speak in harsher terms—and on still more pious principles, I trust you will suppress them immediately; so that I may not have occasion to show any further marks of my displeasure, or to interpose in a different manner. May God take your Grace into his almighty protection!

"I remain, My Lord Primate, your gracious friend,
G. R."

The first time their Majesties saw Lord Dartmouth, after the interview with Lady Huntingdon, the king told him he thought her Ladyship one of the best of women—a sentiment in which the queen heartily concurred. "I was much taken with her appearance and manner," said his Majesty: "there is something so noble, so commanding, and withal so engaging about her, that I am quite captivated with her Ladyship. She appears to possess talents of a very superior order; is clever, well informed, and has all the ease and politeness belonging to a woman of rank. With all the enthusiasm ascribed to her, she is an honour to her sex and the nation."

The Duchess of Ancaster was for some years a constant attendant at Lady Huntingdon's house, and always professed a great respect for religious persons, with whom she frequently associated. For Lord Dartmouth she had a very high esteem, and always lived in habits of great intimacy with him and Lady Dartmouth. This union was strengthened by a near family connection, the Duke of Ancaster having had,

for his first wife, Lady Nicholl, the mother of Lady Dartmouth. One day, at court, Lady Huntingdon became the subject of conversation; when a lady of rank observed, she thought her "so great an enthusiast, that she certainly must be deranged in her intellect." The king, who had been listening most attentively, replied, with great quickness: "Deranged, Madam, did you say?" "Yes, please your Majesty," said her Ladyship; "for no one could act as she does that was not insane:" and then related the circumstance of Lady Huntingdon having called on the Archbishop of Canterbury to "preach to his Grace for presuming to see company; which impertinence," she said, "Mrs Cornwallis resented with a becoming spirit." Their Majesties and the Duchess of Ancaster exchanged looks, and the king laughed heartily.

The Duchess of Hamilton, who was present, fearing the unfortunate marchioness would get deeper into the scrape, made a motion to her to be silent; which the king perceiving, immediately demanded of her Ladyship what Mrs Cornwallis had said of Lady Huntingdon, and if the archbishop had not given her his blessing. "His blessing!" repeated the marchioness, with much surprise; "no, indeed, please your Majesty; I am sure she had no right to expect any such favour. I really don't know what I might have said, had she intruded herself upon me in a similar manner." Observing the Duchess of Ancaster smile, the marchioness added: "If your Majesty wishes to be further informed of Lady Huntingdon's practices, I dare say the Duchess of Ancaster can give you every information, as she is a very great friend of her Ladyship's." "I am proud of the friendship of such a woman," replied the duchess; "and know of nothing to condemn, but much to commend in the Countess of Huntingdon." The queen, perceiving the temper of the marchioness a little ruffled, observed that she had lately derived much pleasure in the society of Lady Huntingdon, whom she considered a very sensible, a very clever, and a very good woman. The unfortunate marchioness was all astonishment and confusion; and would have withdrawn immediately, had not the king in the kindest manner taken her by the hand, and assured her she was "quite mistaken in the opinion she had formed of Lady Huntingdon." "Pray, Madam," said his Majesty, "are you acquainted with her?" The marchioness replied in the negative. "Have you ever been in company with her?" inquired the king. "Never!" replied the astonished marchioness. "Then," said the monarch, "never form your opinion of any one from the ill-natured remarks and censures of others. Judge for yourself; and you have my leave to tell every body how highly I think of Lady Huntingdon." —*Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon.*

AFFLICTION.

METHINKS if ye would know
How visitations of calamity
Affect the pious soul, 'tis shown you here.
Look yonder at that cloud, which, through the sky
Sailing along, doth cross in her career
The rolling moon. I watched it as it came,
And deemed the deep opaque would blot her beams;
But melting like a wreath of snow, it hangs
In folds of wavy silver round, and clothes
The orb with richer beauties than her own;
Then, passing, leaves her in her light serene.

SOUTHEY.

Anecdotes.

THE late Rev. Mr Young (United Secession), Jedburgh, was once visiting the death-bed of an aged member of his congregation, who was hourly looking for his last change. "Well, my friend," said the minister, "how do you feel yourself to-day?" "Very weel, Sir," was the answer, "very weel, *but just a wee confused wi' the flittin'.*"

One stormy winter day he was visiting another of his people, an old man, who lived in great poverty in a lonely cottage a few miles from Jedburgh. He found him sitting with the Bible open on his knees, but in outward circumstances of great discomfort—the snow drifting through the roof, and under the door, and scarce any fire on the hearth. "What are you about to-day, John?" was Mr Young's question on entering. "Ah! Sir," said the happy saint, "*I'm sittin' under His shadow wi' great delight!*"

Miscellaneous.

LOVE TO CHRIST.—Dear brethren, get love to the Lord Jesus, and you have everything. Union to Jesus is salvation. Love to Jesus is religion. Love to the Lord Jesus is essential and vital Christianity. It is the main-spring of the life of God in the soul of man. It is the all-inclusive germ, which involves within it every other grace. It is the pervasive spirit, without which the most correct demeanour is but dead works, and the seemliest exertions are an elegant futility. Love to Christ is the best incentive to action—the best antidote to idolatry. It adorns the labours which it animates, and hallows the friendships which it overshadows. It is the smell of the ivory wardrobe—the precious perfume of the believer's character—the fragrant mystery which only lingers round those souls which have been to a better clime. Its operation is most marvellous; for when there is enough of it, it makes the timid bold, and the slothful diligent. It puts eloquence into the stammering tongue, and energy into the withered arm, and ingenuity into the dull, lethargic brain. It takes possession of the soul, and a joyous lustre beams in languid eyes, and wings of new obedience sprout from lazy, leaden feet. Love to Christ is the soul's true heroism, which courts gigantic feats, which selects the heaviest loads and the hardest toils, which glories in tribulations, and hugs reproaches, and smiles at death till the King of Terrors smiles again. It is the aliment which feeds assurance—the opiate which lulls suspicions—the oblivious draught which scatters misery and remembers poverty no more. Love to Jesus is the beauty of the believing soul; it is the elasticity of the willing steps, and the brightness of the glowing countenance. If you would be a happy, a holy, and an useful Christian, you must be an eminently Christ-loving disciple. If you have no love to Jesus at all, then you are none of his. But if you have a little love—ever so little—a little drop, almost frozen in the coldness of your icy heart—oh! seek more. Look to Jesus, and cry for the Spirit till you find your love increasing; till you find it drowning besetting sins; till you find it drowning guilty fears—rising, till it touch that index, and open your closed lips—rising, till every nook and cranny of the soul is filled with it, and all the actions of life and relations of earth are pervaded by it—rising, till it swell up to the brim, and, like the apostle's love, rush over in a full assurance: "Yes, I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." —*Hamilton's Life in Earnest.*

Daily Bread.

FRIDAY.

"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—MATT. xi. 28.

Does the Gospel word proclaim
Rest for those who weary be?
Then, my soul, put in thy claim—
Sure that promise speaks to thee:
Marks of grace I cannot show,
All polluted is my best;
Yet I weary am, I know,
And the weary long for rest.

Resolve to take no rest till you be in the element and place of soul-rest, where solid rest indeed is. Rest not till you be with Christ. Though all the world should offer their best, turn them by with disdain; if they will not be turned by throw them down, and go over them and trample upon them. Say, You have no rest to give me, nor will I take any at your hands, nor from any creature. There is no rest for me till I be under His shadow, who endured so much trouble to purchase my rest, and whom having found, I may sit down quiet and satisfied; and when the men of the world may boast of the highest content, I will outvie all with this one word: "My beloved is mine, and I am his."—*Leighton.*

SATURDAY.

"And other (seed) fell on good ground, and did yield fruit."—MARK iv. 8.

But where the Lord of grace and power
Has bless'd the happy field,
How plenteous is the golden store
The deep-wrought furrows yield!

The good ground is the good heart. No one is good but through the grace of God. It was a mercy of thee, O Lord, to purchase, at so dear a rate, such barren and accursed ground, full of thorns and briers, and fit only to be burned, that thou mightest make it a rich and blessed soil, fruitful in every kind of good fruit! Blind and miserable must that man be who attributes this work to himself, and gives not thee the glory of it, O my Saviour!—*Quesnel.*

SABBATH.

"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."—HEB. xiii. 8.

This God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend,
Whose love is as great as his power,
And knows neither measure nor end.

'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

Oh! how cheering to know that Christ is now the same in heaven as he was when on earth; that the glory of heaven has not changed him; that, when he died, he did not throw aside our nature, but resumed it at his resurrection, and still retains it in personal union with the divine; that, amidst the joys of heaven, he has not forgotten any one of his "little flock," for whom he suffered in the garden and on the cross; that he who was "bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh," is now made "head over all things," yet, that he still regards us with a brother's eye; that, having borne our grief, he still sympathizes with our sorrows —"a great High Priest passed into the heavens," yet, "touched with a feeling of our infirmities!" While awed by the majesty of his Godhead, how cheering to think of the tenderness of his humanity; and, when almost afraid to lift up our eyes to the place where his honour dwelleth, how affecting the thought, that there is a human heart on the throne. —*Buchanan.*

MONDAY.

"I have seen all the works that are done under the sun; and, behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit."—ECCLES. i. 14.

Sin has spread a curse aro und
Poison'd all things here below;
On this base polluted ground
Peace and joy can never grow.

Think how little the world can do for you, and what it doth, how deceitfully—what stings there are with its honey—what a farewell succeeds its welcome! When this Jael brings you milk in the one hand, know she hath a nail in the other.—*Bishop Hall.*

TUESDAY.

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—GAL. vi. 14.

When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

The glory of the cross of Christ which we are chiefly to esteem, is the glory of God's infinite perfections displayed in the work of redemption. God's love to his people is from everlasting to everlasting; but from everlasting to everlasting there is no manifestation of it known, or conceivable by us, that can be compared to this. The light of the sun is always the same, but it shines brightest to us at noon; the cross of Christ was the noon-tide of everlasting love —the meridian splendour of eternal mercy. There were many bright manifestations of the same love before, but they were like the light of the morning, that shines more and more unto the perfect day; and that perfect day was when Christ was on the cross, when darkness covered all the land.—*M'Laurin.*

WEDNESDAY.

"Be ye holy."—1 PET. i. 16.

True faith unites to Christ the root,
By him producing holy fruit;
And they who no such fruit can show,
Still on the stock of nature grow.

I wish for no other heaven on this side of the last sea I must cross, than this service of Christ—to make my blackness beauty, and my deadness life. I long much for that day when I shall be altogether holy. O what spots are yet unwashed!—*Rutherford.*

THURSDAY.

"Seek ye the Lord while yet he may be found."—ISA. lv. 6.

He will not let me seek in vain;
For all who trust his word
Shall everlasting life obtain,
And favour from the Lord.

Know the Lord and seek Christ. You have a soul that cannot die; seek for a lodging for your poor soul; for that clay-house will fall! Set your thoughts often upon death and judgment. Fear not men, but let God be your fear, and make the seeking of Christ your daily task.—*Ibid.*

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PRACTICAL REMARKS FOUNDED ON JOHN XVII. 1–5.

BY JOHN ROBSON, D.D., GLASGOW.

"These words spake Jesus, and lifted up his eyes to heaven, and said, Father, the hour is come; glorify thy Son, that thy Son also may glorify thee: as thou hast given him power over all flesh, that he should give eternal life to as many as thou hast given him. And this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent. I have glorified thee on the earth: I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do. And now, O Father, glorify thou me with thine own self with the glory which I had with thee before the world was."

To give a full exposition of this passage would require more space than can be afforded in a journal such as this. It is a passage familiar to every Christian mind, and the general import of which cannot be mistaken. Taking into view the circumstances in which the prayer of the Saviour was uttered, as well as the substance of the prayer itself, various reflections seem naturally enough suggested by it, with a brief illustration of which this paper will be occupied.

1*st*, The first we mention is, that prayer is a proper conclusion to religious exercises.—Jesus had been employed in instituting the sacrament of the supper, and communicating instruction to his disciples, and he concludes the whole with fervent supplication. In this he has "left us an example, that we should walk in his steps." We believe that if the public ministrations of the Word, and the private instructions of the family, were more frequently followed up by earnest prayer at the throne of grace, both by ministers and people, we should receive more enlarged communications of spiritual influence, and should see brought forth in richer abundance those fruits of holiness which are to the praise of God's glory. It is ours to plant and to water; it is God's to give the increase. He has connected the bestowment of blessing with our asking it; and it is because the outpouring of the heart before God is restrained, that so little apparent good results from the administration of public ordinances, or from the more private means of religious improvement. Were this duty more faithfully discharged, who can tell what might be the blessed consequences? Might we not expect to see more earnest thirsting after spiritual knowledge—more ardent longings after the courts of God's house—more deep, and lasting, and saving impressions produced—less rejoicing in iniquity, and more rejoicing in the truth—greater delight in heavenly communion, and higher degrees of holiness? Might we not expect to behold the spirit of deadness and insensibility, which prevails to so lamentable an extent, giving way before the all-powerful agency of prayer? Let us, then, acknowledge God in every exercise in which we engage. Let us implore his blessing, which maketh rich, and addeth no sorrow; and thus shall we not only benefit our own souls, but become honourably instrumental in advancing Zion's prosperity, in spreading the Redeemer's glory, and in hastening the time when it shall extend to earth's remotest bound.

2*d*, A second reflection suggested by the passage is, that prayer forms the best preparative for trials.—This prayer was presented by the Saviour immediately before the last scenes of suffering which awaited him. He says: "The hour is come;" and, in the prospect of that hour, he commits himself and his followers to his Father in the solemn supplications which this chapter contains. No Christian need expect altogether to escape trials; and, generally speaking, at one period or another of his life, trials of some kind will come in close succession. The standing law of Christ's kingdom is: "In the world ye shall have tribulation." The best preparation for these trials, whether they be expected or come upon us unawares, is that which I have specified. Prayer has a direct tendency to induce that habit of mind which is the surest safeguard in the hour of temptation and of trouble. It leads us to put our trust in all-powerful protection. It conducts us to a fortress and a hiding-place, where we may stand unmoved amid the assaults of enemies, and amid all the storms which may assail us, however dark and tempestuous they be. The man of prayer is doubly armed. Although weak in himself, he is "strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might;" and is thus enabled to sustain the sharpest and severest afflictions which may be mingled in his lot: and not only so, but be possesses, so to speak, a talisman which converts these apparently great and oppressive evils into rich and inestimable blessings. Prayer brings him out from the furnace brighter and more resplendent than ever. It lifts his head above the deep waters which had well-nigh overwhelmed him, and bears him to the Rock of Ages, where he may ever stand secure. It raises him to a spiritual elevation, from which he looks down on all the clouds and darkness in which his worldly prospects are enveloped, while all within him and above him is tranquil and serene. Would you, O Christian! be fortified against those trials which are awaiting you, or sustained under those which may even now be pressing heavily upon you? Then "watch unto prayer"—abound in prayer! and, as an angel from heaven was commissioned to strengthen our Saviour amid the agonies of the garden, so will heavenly aid be imparted to your soul, and you will thus be enabled to "glory even in tribulations."

3*d*, A third reflection is, that the glory of God should be the great end of all our actions.—

Christ constantly kept this great end in view; and when he said anything or did anything, it was that his Father might be glorified. "Glorify thy Son, that thy Son also may glorify thee." The great design which God had in view, in the creation of man, was the manifestation of his glory; and by keeping this object before us we are only fulfilling the law of our creation. But fallen and degraded man has burst asunder this golden chain which bound him to the throne of the Eternal, and, in the pride of his heart, has substituted his own honour and his selfish interests as the rule of his conduct. He longs and labours for whatever may contribute to his own aggrandizement, or secure for him the congratulations and applause of the world; and all the while he obstinately shuts his eyes to the frowns of that God whose authority he contemns, and whose power he virtually defies. He gives up the substance for the shadow. He forsakes "the fountain of living waters" for broken and empty "cisterns." This conduct not merely implies the deepest guilt, but the most consummate folly. Let our readers see that their conduct be regulated by higher wisdom. Keep in mind this general law: "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks unto God, even the Father, through him." Remember that God has connected, by an inseparable link and in infinite goodness, the advancement of his glory with your own eternal welfare, and that by aiming continually at the former, you are taking the direct path to the attainment of the latter. As you reverence, then, the authority of God—as you value your immortal souls—as you would have the lost dignity and glory of your nature restored—let this be your earnest and habitual prayer: "Hallowed be thy name, and enable us to hallow it."

4th, A fourth subject of reflection is, the security of the people of God.—Christ is invested with all power, that he may give eternal life to as many as the Father hath given him. Having all power, and exercising that power for the benefit of his people, it is impossible that anything should prevent the accomplishment of his gracious designs. Earth and hell may combine against them—the world may bring all its terrors and all its allurements to bear upon their minds—apostate spirits may muster in strong and in terrible array, and assail them with all their fiery darts; but still, amid all that tends to seduce, and all that tends to appal them, their song for evermore shall be: "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us. For we are persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

5th, We would only further remark, that the passage suggests evidence in support of the divinity of Christ.—It is impossible that "all power" should be communicated to the highest created intelligence, or that it should be skilfully exerted by him. None but Deity could sustain or wield the power with which our Saviour is invested. He on whose shoulder the government is laid must be "Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, and the Prince of Peace." Besides, Christ claims eternal pre-existence as his prerogative; and this can be affirmed only of God. He speaks of a glory which he had with the Father "before the world was;" which last expression is just a formula equivalent to *eternity*. He who was before all things, and by whom all things consist—he who is possessed of eternal, underived existence—he who was from everlasting "the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person," now "in the likeness of sinful flesh," utters the prayer to which our thoughts have been directed.

What think you, then, O Christians, of your High Priest? Is he not worthy of your admiration and love? Can you contemplate his unparalleled generosity in giving himself up for your sakes to the awful and mysterious agonies of that "hour" to which he so emphatically alludes; can you view him in the act of offering up supplications to his Father, and in these supplications identifying your interests with his own, and identifying both with the glory of his God—proclaiming himself ready to bear all the unutterable sorrow which was necessary to this result, that you might reap all the unutterable joy—without having your affections awakened, and your very hearts melted within you? This prayer was uttered on earth, but he has carried the substance of it, in so far as you are concerned, within the veil, where he is exalted above all the dark and threatening clouds which lowered around his path while here; and in him who sits on his Father's right hand, clothed with your nature, and in whom you see concentrated so bright an assemblage of glories, your behold your High Priest on his throne, still watching over your interests—still pleading your cause. The love which led him to the garden and the cross on your account, has not dissipated like "the morning cloud and the early dew." It still glows in his bosom as strongly as ever. And shall your love to him grow cold—shall your gratitude and admiration be diminished? Will you give your affections to that world, from the evil of which he is even now praying you may be delivered? Will you not much rather give yourselves up entirely to him who has done so much to draw you to himself? Will you not devote yourselves to his service? Will you not glory in avowing your connection with him, and your allegiance to him, and put forth all

your energies to extend the glories of his cross and the triumphs of his Gospel? Oh! who can tell the blessedness of those who are enabled thus to act? When their "hour" is come in which they must be "no more in the world," they will be able to say with something of Christ's Spirit, and with something of his triumphant exultation: "We have glorified thee, O God, however imperfectly, on the earth; we have finished the work which thou gavest us to do." To their departing spirits the portals of immortality will be thrown wide open, and, having overcome, they will "take their seats with Jesus on his throne, even as he also overcame, and is set down with the Father on his throne."

Impenitent sinners should remember, that as this glory cannot be theirs if they remain as they are, God will be glorified in their eternal destruction. Think of the awful, the alarming alternative, and while yet your day of grace continues, and while the offers of mercy are still held out to your acceptance, "kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in him."

THE MOVEMENT IN GERMANY.

JOHN RONGE AND THE GERMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

In a former Number of the *Treasury*, we gave some account of the remarkable movement which has recently taken place on the Continent, under the leadership of John Ronge, a Romish priest, who, fired with indignation at the imposition practised on his countrymen, by the exhibition of the pretended Holy Tunic at Treves, addressed a letter to his bishop, boldly denouncing the whole affair; and for doing so, was deposed and excommunicated.

An extremely interesting and intelligent narrative of the whole proceedings having just been published,* we are enabled by it, and by information which we have received from other sources, to lay before our readers some further particulars in connection with the movement.

The excitement it occasioned is still very great, or rather apparently every day increasing. In a large number of the principal towns, congregations have been formed, and in many other places the people are but waiting for the sanction of Government to abandon the Romish communion, and form congregations also. The uncertainty which prevails as to the course to be adopted by the State, in reference to the new Church, seems to act as a considerable hindrance; but hopes are entertained that free toleration will be granted. The King of Saxony has already declared that his subjects may follow the dictates of their own consciences in the matter, and join the new Church without fear, if they think it right to do so. The bishop and clergy of Leipsic waited upon him, and in the true spirit of Romish intolerance, attempted to enforce upon him the duty of putting down the new sect by the strong hand of power. The reply he made to them was as follows:—

"I wonder much at the demand you have made; and all the more, as you know that nineteen-twentieths of my subjects are Protestants, whose conduct of late to my Catholic fellow-citizens has greatly rejoiced my heart. You know, moreover, that I am king of a *constitutional State*, and, as such, have promised and sworn to secure full religious freedom to my subjects, of whatever faith. I shall, then, place no obstruction in the way of what has taken place, but give events their free course, because *I will not, and dare not*, make any one swerve from that faith and worship from which alone he expects salvation. This is my firmly-settled resolution."

It is expected, that in Prussia a similar course will be followed. But it is otherwise in Austria, where, as we stated in our last, Popery has been sufficiently powerful to prevail upon the Government to issue proclamations declaring the formation of German-Catholic congregations contrary to, and punishable by, law.

The movement is very evidently, in any view, one of immense importance.

A breach in the ranks of Rome—wide already, and every day widening—thousands in all parts of the Continent, including many of her priests, abjuring her communion, and a spirit of inquiry excited even among those who still adhere to her—these are circumstances full of promise, and from which we do not wonder that much is expected. At the same time, everything depends on the direction which is given to the movement. If, while the people's minds—delivered from the shackles of superstition—are thus excited and stirred, the free and full Gospel of Christ were proclaimed everywhere, how blessed would be the results! The Continent might be won for Jesus. But if it be otherwise—if the Gospel, not understood by the leaders, be not proclaimed to the people, and if both settle down without a knowledge or a thought of the alone way of salvation—then how miserable will be the end!—how dark the day after such a morning of promise! A heavy responsibility lies upon the Evangelical Churches of Britain in this eventful matter; for we are not without our fears that Ronge himself is, as yet, a stranger to the truth as it is in Jesus. We have read his vindication—his letter to the inferior clergy—his confession of faith, and extracts from the sermon which he preached after his induction at Breslau, and cannot conceal from ourselves the fact, that in them all the Gospel of Christ is not to be found. Nor will this be wondered at, if we consider that he has lived all his days in a locality where the principal sway is divided between Popery on the one hand, and Rationalism on the other. But how awful will be the blunder—how great the sin—if the Churches of Britain stand idly by, instead of doing what in them lies to give the movement an Evangelical direction! "A German Presbyterian" has addressed to us a letter, which will appear in our next Number, and in which he proposes that a deputation should be sent to Germany from the Churches here, who might declare to Ronge and his brethren the whole truth, and urge them to take their stand, as Luther did, on a pure Gospel basis. Most assuredly, some such step

* John Ronge, the Holy Coat of Treves, and the New German Catholic Church.—Edinburgh: 1845.

ought instantly to be taken; and, if taken, who knows how abundantly the Lord might bless it? Every week's delay will but make the task more difficult. It would be well if Protestants were, in this matter, to take a lesson from the enemy. While Protestantism speaks, Popery acts; and while words are as nothing, deeds prove to be everything. Let, then, every influence be brought to bear on this signally important movement, while it is so fitted to receive the truth's impression. Popery has not yet recovered from its astonishment; but it will soon be on the field with all its resources, directed by all its craft, towards the recovery of the ground it has lost. And if she has the field to herself, unopposed by an army with the Gospel banner, it is not difficult to foretell the issue.

The following extracts from the pamphlets above referred to, will be read with interest:—

THE HOLY COAT.

"The relic itself was placed near the altar in a gold frame, with a glass front at a considerable distance from it; its shape resembling a French blouse —the colour somewhat brown—though the poor peasantry were taught to believe that to every eye it presented a combination of colours entirely distinct. An opening was made on each side of the frame, to allow the hand to come in contact with the relic; and whatever did touch it, was believed to acquire a peculiar sanctity. A deep basin was placed in front, to receive the offerings of the pilgrims, which were to be given to the cathedrals at Treves and Cologne, and to a Catholic seminary in the former city."

PRETENDED MIRACLES.

"We now proceed to notice the inseparable adjuncts of such proceedings—the *miracles* which are said to have been effected. To a Protestant, who has not spent some time in a Catholic country, it must seem in the highest degree strange to hear of solemn statements, by opposite newspapers in support of, or in opposition to, certain pretended miracles; nay, not only so, but to have counter-medical certificates pitted against each other on the issue. Yet all this has lately been done. It would be worse than useless to recite the floating stories which one hears in the neighbourhood, about Protestant clergymen dying suddenly in the full possession of health, for having denounced the whole thing as a piece of imposture to a body of passing pilgrims, or of the many miraculous cures of sight, lameness, and the like. Yet, that all this is fact, any intelligent and inquiring tourist of the Rhine can testify. One case, in particular, created great interest—that of the Countess Droste-Vischering, a relation of the Archbishop of Cologne, who has been for many years unable to walk without the use of crutches, but who, after beholding the Holy Coat, was enabled, to the wonderment of all, to walk home unassisted! The plain truth comes out from her medical adviser—that she had been long suffering from a diseased knee-joint, that she resolved at all hazards to go to Treves, and that, while in a fit of ecstasy before the relic, she had excited a degree of energy, in stretching or bending the diseased limb, which had given the temporary relief, by relaxing the long rigid muscles. Since this period she has had relapses, and is, we believe, now using the crutches, which had been too hastily hung up in the cathedral as a thank-offering for her marvellous restoration. Yet this simple story is paraded about and magnified into a miracle, to give still greater *eclát* to the Holy Coat and the Church ceremonies connected with it. It would be useless to enter into other details, when all are equally barefaced. The above case may be selected as a rather better than average specimen of the Popish miracles of the Continent."

THE TWENTY OTHER HOLY COATS.

"In addition to the discussions which have appeared in the public prints, a vast mass of pamphlets has been issued on both sides. The most remarkable of these is one issued by two professors in Bonn, Gildermeister and Sybel (the latter a Catholic), entering into a grave and learned historical inquiry as to the genuineness of the relic, exposing in the most triumphant manner the various defences which have appeared on the Catholic side, and all characterized by the most severe sarcasm, in holding up the trumpery of the system of relic-worship to contempt. The title of the book is, "The Holy Coat of Treves, and the Twenty other Holy Coats." A second edition was soon called for, in which four other such relics were stated as discovered. It is generally known, that among these numerous claimants for genuineness, the great body of the French clergy have bid hard to prove that the coat of Argenteuil is the genuine one; and this view has been warmly defended by one of the Catholic clergy of Einsiedeln in Switzerland—notoriously one of the most celebrated places of pilgrimage in the world. More than this, writings have appeared stating the events connected with the other relics of the same name, and treasured with equal sanctity in numerous cathedrals; also giving an account of the separate and independent series of miracles wrought by each as the true coat of the Lord. It would be tedious to detain the reader with more of such details. We desire merely to notice the various workings of the movement in and out of the Catholic Church. It may accordingly suffice to state, in addition, that poetry as well as prose has been called into requisition, and that satirical ballads and lyrics have been numerously circulated, and eagerly read by all parties. Many of them are filled with the most stinging remarks on the general position and moral character of the clergy."

WHAT THE PAPISTS ARE DOING.

"Since the events that have taken place, Bishop Arnoldi has been honoured with torch processions in Cologne and Bonn and Coblentz, and has been burned in effigy by the students in Jena. So far from wishing to undo what has been done, he has instituted an annual Church festival, to be called the Festival of the Holy Coat, the Nails, and the Lance, and to be held on the Wednesday in the third week after Easter. Nay, not only so, but it has been actually reported that he has resolved to establish another pilgrimage in honour of the HOLY NAIL, which Prince Metternich has, after solemn conference and negotiation, promised to the Cathedral of Treves. The bishop has lately given a proof of his tyranny as well as his superstition, in suspending one of the clergy of his diocese, by name Licht, who had dared to doubt, and to express his doubts to his people. He had been promised to be reinstated on retracting his obnoxious opinions about the Coat, but has preferred degradation to dishonour. Our clergy, says one account, appear to lose in prudence exactly as the Separatists increase. Thus, so far from the more extreme section of them expressing themselves with greater caution than formerly, some of them are declared to have taught openly since the event, that not only was this the *bona fide* coat of our Lord, but that it was the *only coat which he ever wore*, and that it grew with the growth of his body from the cradle to the cross! To counteract the influence of the

movement now in progress, Bishop Arnoldi, in conjunction with the Bishop of Cologne, has instituted a new Catholic society for the Rhine provinces, the object of which is—by a monthly journal, by the circulation of sermons and tracts, by the publication of standard Catholic works at a cheap rate, by the founding of a new Catholic library and the like—to diffuse a spirit of stronger Catholicity through this section of the Church. A member of the Theological Seminary is already named as its president, and collections are ordered to be made on a general scale in all the parishes, and specially by calls made at each individual house. In addition, five new journals of the same stamp have been established."

SABBATHS.

BRIGHT shadows of true rest! some shoots of bliss!
Heaven once a-week;
The next world's gladness prepossessed in this;
A day to seek
Eternity in time; the steps by which
We climb above all ages; lamps that light
Man through his heap of dark days; and the rich
And full redemption of the whole week's flight.
The pulleys unto headlong man; time's bower;
The narrow way;
Transplanted paradise; God's walking hour;
The cool o' the day;
The creature's jubilee; God's parle with dust;
Heaven here; man on those hills of myrrh, of flowers;
Angels descending; the returns of trust;
A gleam of glory after six days' showers;
The Church's love-feasts; time's prerogative
And interest
Deducted from the whole; the combs and hive,
And home of rest;
The milky-way chalked out with suns; a clue
That guides through erring hours, and in full story;
A taste of heaven on earth; the pledge and cue
Of a full feast, and the out-courts of glory.

VAUGHAN (1635).

THE REFORMATION
VIEWED AS THE
RESURRECTION OF SCRIPTURAL TRUTHS.

BY THE REV. THOMAS M'CRIE.

THE first doctrine revived by the Reformation, was that which occupies the first place in Scripture—the doctrine of *salvation by grace*. This doctrine had become grievously corrupted both by the theology of the schools and by the superstitions of the priesthood. "What knowledge other persons may have derived from the scholastic divinity of the times," says Luther, "it is for them to consider. In regard to myself, I am sure I learned from it nothing of the real nature of sin, of righteousness, of baptism, or of the whole Christian life; nor anything of the excellency of God or his works, his grace, his justice. Faith, hope, charity, were to me words without meaning. In short, I not only learned nothing right, but I had to UNLEARN everything which I had acquired in that way. In the schools I lost Jesus Christ. I have now found him in Paul." The manner in which the Reformer discovered the great leading truth of the Gospel is so well described by himself, and throws so much light on the whole subject, that we may give it in his own words: —"However blameless a life I might lead as a monk, I experienced a most unquiet conscience; I perceived myself a sinner before God. I saw that I could do nothing to appease him; and I hated the idea of a just God that punishes sinners. I was well versed in all Paul's writings; and in particular, I had a most wonderful desire to understand the Epistle to the Romans. But I was puzzled with the expression, '*Therein* is the righteousness of God revealed.' My heart rose almost against God with a silent sort of blasphemy. At least in secret I said, with great murmur and indignation, Was it not enough that wretched man, already eternally ruined by the curse of original depravity, should be oppressed with every misery through the condemning power of the *law*, but that even through the *Gospel* God should threaten us with his wrath and righteousness, and thereby add to our affliction? Thus I raged with a troubled conscience. At length, when I was meditating day and night on the words, and their connection with what immediately follows, viz., 'The just shall live by faith,' it pleased God to have pity on me, to open mine eyes, and show me that the *righteousness* of God, which is here said in the Gospel to be *revealed* from faith to faith, relates to the method by which God, in his mercy, justifies a sinner through faith, agreeably to what is written, 'The just shall live by faith.' Thenceforth I felt myself a new man, and all the Scriptures appeared to have a new face. The expression '*righteousness* of God' now became as sweet to my mind as it had been hateful before; and this very passage of Paul proved to me the entrance into paradise."*

Here, then, was the revival of the primitive doctrine of Christianity—the essence of the whole Gospel—which was comprised in the answer given to the Philippian jailer, when he asked the apostles, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." The answer was short, and the doctrine simple; but both as preached by the apostles and as revived by Luther, it implied much. It implied that man is by nature a condemned criminal; that he can do nothing of himself to effect his deliverance; that Christ, by his death, rendered a full satisfaction to divine justice, and obtained eternal redemption for all them that obey him; that faith is the only means of being interested in that redemption; that all are invited and warranted to believe on Christ for salvation; and that whosoever shall believe is justified, has peace with God, has access into grace, and rejoices in hope of glory. All this, and much more, is necessarily involved in the doctrine of free justification by faith; and all this must

* Milner, iv. 397, 398.

have been taught by the Reformers when they taught that doctrine.

There are two remarks here, however, which we would submit to consideration, as showing the advantages of Luther's position. In the *first* place, though the doctrine of the Gospel he preached, viewed in all its bearings and relations, is a most extensive one, yet it is at the sametime distinguished by great simplicity and point. All the doctrines connected with it converge, as it were, to a single point, and bear upon that, so as to enforce and give it effect—like the two-edged sword, to which it is compared, the firm and compact body of which is tapered and tempered to a single point, with which it does all its execution. In this respect Luther had an immeasurable advantage over his opponents. The doctrines of Popery are just the reverse. They are complicated and contradictory. Popery cannot return a simple answer, such as that of Paul to the Philippian jailer. With so many mediators, works of merit, and penances and absolutions, the mind is distracted amidst a multiplicity of objects; whereas all the doctrines of the Gospel meet in one centre—look and lead to one point—and that is Christ. "I determined," says an apostle, "to know nothing among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified." This simple view of the matter was unfolded in the writings, and enforced in the sermons, of the Reformation. "How is one to become pious?" asked Luther. "A cordeliar friar will answer, Put on a grey cowl, and gird yourself with a cord like mine; a Roman monk will reply, Hear mass and fast; but a Christian will say, Faith in Jesus Christ alone justifies and saves. Before we can have works, we must first have eternal life; and when we are born anew, and made children of God by the Word of grace, then come the good works."

In the next place, in the writings of Paul the Reformers found weapons ready made, and admirably fitted for supporting this cardinal truth. The arguments and errors of Popish writers bore a striking resemblance to those of the Judaizing teachers in the days of Paul, which he answers so triumphantly in his Epistles to the Romans and Galatians. Luther, therefore, had no difficulty in refuting his adversaries. He found himself opposed to the same heresies, under a different name, which Paul had already refuted; and he had only to discharge the artillery which that valiant soldier of Christ had prepared to his hand. Hence the delight which he took in these Epistles, particularly in that to the Galatians, on which he published an excellent commentary, and of which he was heard to say, shortly after his marriage, in the naive and nervous language which he used in his moments of enthusiasm: "The Epistle to the Galatians is *my* Epistle; I have married it; it is my Catherine de Borra!"

Having once inserted the wedge of this heavenly doctrine, Luther's success was certain. "The Church had fallen," says one who should be read by all, "because the doctrine of faith in the Saviour had been taken away from it. That it should rise again, it was necessary that this doctrine should be restored to it."* In fact, after the establishment of this primary truth, it was not necessary, to the demolition of the Papal superstitions, that they should be formally assaulted in detail. For example, to overturn the idolatrous worship of images and saints in that Church, it was not necessary to enter into argument with them as to the sinfulness of idolatry, or to meet the subtle distinctions made by the Romish doctors as to their worship of *douleia*, and worship of *latreia*, by which they attempted to justify the practice. The simple doctrine, "There is one God, and one Mediator between God and man," cut at the root of all such reasonings; for as worship was given to the saints only on the supposition that their merits and intercessions availed us, the discovery that there is only one sacrifice which can take away sin, and the all-sufficiency of that sacrifice, showed at once the absurdity of all other mediators and sacrifices. Men threw their idols to the moles and the bats, saying, What have we any more to do with them?

Even in point of argument this was enough; but let it be remembered, that this was not merely the result of cold reasoning with those who had cordially embraced the leading doctrine of the Reformation. It was matter of living faith and solid experience. They had felt in their hearts the peace that flows from faith in the cross of Christ; and in the strength of it they were prepared to break through a whole troop of scholastic subtleties and monkish superstitions, and to overleap every wall that stood in their way. This was more especially remarkable in the case of those who suffered martyrdom for their faith. Among these were some distinguished neither for learning nor information—mere babes in point of common knowledge; but possessing the simple knowledge of saving truth. Their persecutors, provoked at what they termed their obstinacy, often attempted to confute and confound them, by entering into controversy with them. But the martyrologies of various countries bear witness to the complete success with which these sufferers maintained their point, and turned the tables on their accusers. As an illustration, we may select an example or two from the confessors and martyrs of our own country. Catherine Hamilton, an amiable lady of rank, was the sister of Patrick Hamilton, the first Protestant martyr in Scotland. After his death, Catherine was also accused of heresy, and summoned to appear before the king and his bishops. Being questioned upon good works, she boldly replied, that, according to Scripture, no man could be saved by his works. "But," said one of the friars, "there are different kinds of works;

* History of the Reformation, by Merle d'Aubigné.

there are works *de congruo*, and works *de condigno;*" and he was beginning to explain the distinction, when Catherine interrupted him with great spirit: "Work here, work there—what kind of working is all this? No works can save me but Christ's." The king was so amused with the spirited answer of the young lady, and the blank look of her accuser, that he could not refrain from laughter, and afterwards contrived to convey her away secretly out of their hands. Walter Mill, an aged man, who had once been a priest, is well known as the last martyr that suffered under Popery in Scotland. Being asked if there were not seven sacraments, he answered: "Let me have two, and take the rest to yourselves." He was questioned about the mass. "Christ," said he, "hath put an end to all carnal sacrifices by offering, once for all, his body upon the cross." They desired him to recant. "No," said he, "I am corn, not chaff. I will neither be blown with the wind nor bruised by the flail, but I will abide both; I will not recant the truth." They tied him to the stake; and while the fire was kindling, he said: "I am a great sinner; yet it is for God's truth contained in his Word that I suffer. Dear friends," he cried out of the flames, "as you would escape eternal death, be no more seduced with lies of priests, monks, and friars, and the rest of the Antichristian crew; but trust only in God." Nor can we omit the testimony of an English martyr, John Lambert, who, after having withstood the taunts and temptations of his persecutors, was at length adjudged to the stake. The manner of his death is almost too horrible to relate, were it not for the glorious testimony with which it concluded. "For," says honest Foxe, "after his legs were consumed and burned up to the stumps, then he, lifting up such hands as he had, and his finger ends flaming with fire, cried to the people in these words: 'None but Christ!—none but Christ!' and so fell into the fire, and there ended his life."

The Reformers themselves were fully aware of what constituted the main strength of their position, and the secret of their success—the simple preaching of Gospel truth. And even their enemies were not altogether blind to it. Cardinal Wolsey, on reading the Augsburg Confession, remarked that "the Protestant divines were stronger in the confirmation of their doctrine regarding the righteousness of faith than in the confutation of the contrary opinion." Melancthon acknowledges the truth of this remark, observing that, "while in questions of natural science, it is easier to demolish a false theory than to establish a true one, it is the reverse in questions of morals and metaphysics; there it is easier to establish the true theory than to answer all the arguments which may be advanced in support of the false one." It would have been well had this truth been more attended to in our controversies with Papists. The books which have been written against Popery are perfectly innumerable. Long before Luther appeared in Germany, Wickliffe, the English Reformer, is said to have composed no fewer than two hundred volumes or tracts against the Pope. But as all this controversy availed little, until Luther preached the plain Gospel of Christ; so after all we have done, or may do, in opposing the errors of Popery (and controversy may be still highly necessary), the most effective mode of repressing the progress and thwarting the designs of the Antichristian system, is the faithful preaching of "the truth as it is in Jesus."

A BRAND PLUCKED OUT OF THE FIRE.

The following touching narrative is translated from the German of a sermon, preached by the Rev. Mr Kuntzé, one of the most devoted and useful evangelical ministers of Berlin, after the execution of a criminal for murder; and contains an account of the way in which the Lord was pleased, in infinite mercy, to visit his soul with awakening and salvation. It is to be apprehended that, in too many instances, the deep anxiety and concern manifested by criminals in a similar situation may be traced to the mere workings of natural and unsanctified fear; but, at the sametime, we think that no one who reads the narrative of poor Döring, as given below, will be disposed to say that such was the case with him. It is well not to abuse the grace of God; but it is also well not to limit it. The Lord *is* found of those who seek him not, and even publicans and sinners have been joyfully received into the "kingdom."

"As soon as he had finished the fearful deed he resolved, in order to save his life, to deceive, by dissimulation, his judges, when it pleased God to awaken him in a wonderful manner. He dreamed one night that the doors of his prison were opened, and that he was led out on a wide plain, where he beheld the judgment-seat of God. Full of fear he approached it. All his sins were here held before him; and the terror of his soul was such that he awoke, and rejoiced when he perceived that it had been but a dream. By singing light songs, he tried to get rid of the deep impression the dream had made; but God called him a second time by a similar dream. But even this had not the power to awaken his spiritual concern. When, however, on the third night he saw the same again, the sweat of anguish broke forth on his whole body in the contemplation of it, and, for the first time in his life, he prostrated himself, crying humbly for mercy. He now put all dissimulation aside, confessed his guilt before the judges, and a new spiritual life appeared to begin in his soul. But, alas! his old sins, pride and hypocrisy, broke forth anew, and marred the work of the Lord in his heart. It seemed as if all the gracious drawings which he had experienced in the year and a-half of the visits of his pastor, would have been in vain; and his minister almost despaired of the salvation of this grey-headed malefactor. The day now came when his sentence of execution was to be announced to him. On the previous evening his minister visited him, read the 90th Psalm, and dwelt especially on the words: "Teach us so to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom;" but this also was apparently not accompanied by any effect. When, however, entering next day into the

presence of his judges, he read, in the seriousness of those present, the appointment of his last hour in this world, he at once listened quietly to his sentence, then sunk upon his knees, and thanked God for the mildness of it (a simple capital punishment by the sword). They asked whether he would like to petition the king for a reprieve, but he answered, "No! I desire nothing but the grace of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." With this moment, which fixed to a few hours the end of his existence, a perfect change seemed to have come upon poor Döring. He asked pardon for all the past from the judges, governor of the prison, and his pastor, and made once more an humble confession of his crimes, in order (as he said) to unburden his loaded conscience. When returned to his prison, the first thing he did was to call upon the Lord to grant him grace and pardon, and to bless abundantly the short time he had still to live as a preparation for eternity. The forenoon, and the first hours of the afternoon, were spent in the consideration of the Word of God and of some hymns. At four o'clock, he partook of the Lord's supper together with some of his relations. The feast of Jesus was felt to be solemn, and was much blessed to Döring's soul. Soon afterwards, Döring, deeply affected, took leave of some of his friends; and the hours of the evening, till ten o'clock, were spent in Christian conversation, when he was earnestly admonished to examine his heart's state, lest he robbed himself of the short space still granted him. It was represented to him, that though he could deceive men with a form of godliness, he could not do so before the eternal Judge, in whose presence he had to appear in a few hours. The pastor left Döring at a late hour, to give him time to order his affairs, with which he occupied himself till one o'clock, and then went to bed, but could not find much time for rest. At six o'clock in the morning the minister again entered his cell, and held morning worship with him. The day was spent in religious contemplations, when he enjoyed the peace of a pardoned sinner. At nine o'clock in the evening his judge visited him again; and when he felt some disquietude, he asked his dear pastor to tell him when the hour of his leaving his present place approached, and then to engage with him again in prayer. He remembered now, with deep emotion, him whom he had sent, two years before, so unprepared into eternity; and he seemed shaken by the thought of meeting soon this soul before God's judgment-seat. The last prayer in his *present* prison was now offered up, and his chains were brought; and when a bystander expressed his sorrow that he was still to be burdened with chains, he answered: "Do put chains on me O! I have deserved far more!" He then took leave of the superintendents of the prison, and at ten o'clock he entered a carriage, with his minister and some other persons, to be conveyed to Spandow, a fortress near Berlin, where he was to be executed next morning. Having arrived there, and being freed from his chains, he was told that in a few minutes his last day would begin, which being unable to enter upon otherwise than in prayer, he fell upon his knees and was commended to the Lord and his grace. He had marked a passage in his Bible (1 Tim. i. 13-17), which he asked his minister to contemplate with him; which being done, he felt both humbled and refreshed. Luke xxiii. was read to him, and especially verses 42 and 43, which made a deep impression on his soul. Tears streamed from his eyes, and he besought the pastor to engage with him in prayer, that the Lord would speak to him also these gracious words: "Verily, I say unto thee, *To-day* thou shalt be with me in paradise." He himself cried again and again for it, and was graciously answered. It was now two o'clock, and Döring being bodily and mentally greatly worn out, he was admonished to take a little rest to gain strength for his last difficult day. He obeyed, and slept some hours. When risen again, morning worship was held with him, wherein he poured out his soul in prayer before the Lord, asked again for pardon and salvation, and prayed for the king, his judges, and his children. In the meantime came the chaplain of the prison, of whom Döring asked liberty to see his stepson, a delinquent in the same jail. His request was complied with; and while they were telling him how sad his son's spiritual state was, the young man himself entered the cell, and here were confronted the father who was so soon to be executed, and the son an inmate of the same prison. The father said: "I cannot blame thee for the whole guilt of thy crimes. I myself bear part of it; for thou never sawest anything good from me or thy mother." He now admonished him, in the most touching terms, to leave his wicked ways. Both criminals knelt then together, and the dying father prayed for his unhappy son, that God might have mercy upon him. He then called on his son to promise him, in the sight of God, before whom he himself was soon to appear, that the last day of his father would become the day of his true penitence, and turning to the Lord; which the son did with many tears. From this time Döring desired nothing else but to be prayed with. During the time that he was conveyed to the place of execution, he prayed earnestly for himself; and when arrived there, some words of comfort and strengthening were addressed to him. In his outward appearance, he was already like a dying man—his feet could not carry him any farther, and his eyes were failing. When conveyed to the place where he was to hear once more his sentence read, the minister directed his attention in these, the last moments of his life, again to Jesus, his Lord and Saviour. He repeated with audible voice, then a part of a hymn—knelt before his judge—listened quietly to the sentence, and when again asked whether he desired to petition, perhaps once more, the king, he answered, "No." The faithful pastor then approaching, called upon him to hold his last prayer on earth. He could but utter, with streaming eyes and a stammering voice, single words, —"Lord, Saviour, have mercy," when he was interrupted by the minister going on:—"Lord Jesus, to thee this poor sinner comes now; have mercy upon him; sprinkle him with thy holy and precious blood; wash him from all his sins; stretch forth to him thy merciful hand, and lead him, thou thyself, through the dark vale of death into thy glory!" In a few moments his head fell under the sword of the executioner. For "The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

Welcome! all wonders in one sight,
Eternity shut in a span;
Summer in winter, day in night,
Heaven in earth, and God in man.
Great little One, whose all-embracing birth
Lifts earth to heaven, stoops heaven to earth.

Crashaw.

Conscience.—When a man stands condemned at the bar of his own conscience, it is of small importance to his happiness to be thought innocent by all the rest of the world.—*Dr Moore.*

It is always one step towards amendment to be convinced that we want it.—*Miss Burney.*

MISSIONARY SPEECHES OF NATIVE CONVERTS.

Our readers must have attended many interesting missionary meetings, and have heard many eloquent speeches delivered at them; but we question whether any such meetings were ever more interesting, or any speeches delivered at them more eloquent and effective than those of which we subjoin specimens. The meetings we refer to were held in the South Sea Islands, and the speakers were converted natives. Soon after their conversion, they instituted missionary societies to aid in carrying to others the glorious Light which had dispelled their own darkness; and every year a May meeting was held, in connection with each of the associations, at which suitable addresses were delivered. And the heartiness which they exhibited in the cause, and the liberality with which they gave to its support, were such as might well put to shame the coldness and niggardliness of many in our Christian Churches at home. As one instance, we may state, in connection with the association at Raiatea, the funds contributed amounted the first year to £500, and the next to no less than £1800.

At the first meeting of this association, the following, among other speeches, were delivered:—

Tamatoa, the king, who occupied the chair, said:—

"Remember what you used to do for your lying gods. You used to give them all your time, your strength, your property, and even your lives. Then you had nothing of your own; it was all the evil spirits'. If you had a canoe, or mats, or pigs, or cloth, or food—it all belonged to them. What a great work had you then to do in building marais; your property was all consumed in the worship of the gods. But *now*, all our property is our own, and here are our teachers in the midst of us. God sent them. He is of great compassion. And they left their own land to come here. Now our eyes are open, and we see it is all false, all *paraupoke*—word and work which end in death. Let us do what we learn. Let us take pity upon other lands. Let us give property willingly, with our whole heart, to send them missionaries. It is but a little work for the true God."

As soon as Tamatoa had resumed his seat, Puna, a native of a very consistent character, rose to nominate a secretary for one of the districts, and then said:—

"Friends, I have a little question. In your thoughts, what is it that makes the heavy ships sail? I think it is the wind. If there were no wind the ships would stay in one place; but while there is wind, we know the ships can sail. Now, I think the money of the great Missionary Society is like the wind. If there had been none, no ship would have come here with missionaries. If there is no property, how can missionaries be sent to other countries—how can the ships sail? Let us then give what we can."

Tuahine, one of the deacons of the church, then stood up, and spoke thus:—

"Kings, chiefs, friends, and all of you; we have heard much speech to-day; do not be tired; I also have a little to say. Whence come the great waters? Is it not from the small streams that flow into them. I have been thinking that the Missionary Society in Britain is like the great water, and that such little societies as ours are like the little streams. Let there be many little streams. Let not ours be dry. Let missionaries be sent to every land."

The last native who spoke, observed:—

"Friends, there are some amongst us who have been pierced with balls. Now, let our guns be rotten with rust; and, if we are pierced, let it be with the Word of God. Let us have no more cannon balls; but *let the Word of God be the ball we shoot to other lands.*"

And it is delightful to see how the meeting was improved to their own spiritual good. While remembering others, they did not forget themselves. Tamatoa concluded his address by saying:—

"Let us not assist in sending the Gospel to other lands, and then, by our wickedness, drive it away from our own. Remember, there were many drowned who helped to build the ark. Take care, lest after sending the Gospel to others, you die in your own sins. Let us not be like the scaffolding, which is useful in building the house, but is afterwards thrown into the fire."

And another said:—

"We are now become a Missionary Society, and we are to give our property, that the Word of God may be carried to all lands; but let us ask, Is it in our hearts? has it taken root there? If not, how can we pity others?"

At the next meeting of the Society, Pahi, the secretary, after reading the report, said:—

"My heart was rejoiced while I was reading the report. A thousand bamboos from one district! Fourteen hundred from another! Well done, my friends! Let us not be weary or lazy, but let us double our diligence. We are constantly praying, 'Let thy Word grow;' but if we do not use the means, how *can* the Word grow? What would you think of a man whose canoe was fast on the beach, and who kneeled down, and prayed to God that his canoe might reach the sea? Would you not call him a foolish man, and desire him to stand up and drag his canoe? And shall not we act as foolish a part, if we pray, and do not use the means for making the Word of God to grow. Prayer and the means must go together, and then we may expect that all will know the Word of God."

Fenuapeho, the president of the Tahaa Society, said:—

"You have given your property. Perhaps some of you gave it from custom, and some of you grudgingly; and if so, God will not be pleased; but if you gave it with your hearts, you may pray with propriety that God would not take away your teachers, and that he will send his Word to every land."

To this another added that:—

"A *little* property given, *with the heart*, becomes *big* property in the sight of God."

Tairo said:—

"Let us now hold fast the Word of God, and die with it in our hands."

"My friends," added another, "let us all rejoice together. We have become one great family this day. Hitherto we have lived as strangers, and with evil dispositions towards each other, and we are reduced to a very few by regarding Satan's *parau* (word or customs); but now we are *men*. God saw the great crookedness of this land, and sent his Word to make it straight. He saw the great ruggedness of this land, and sent his Word to make it smooth. Oh! those who have died cannot now partake of our joys. Let us rejoice, and be diligent."

A chief, named Padu, began his address by saying, that formerly the place on which they stood was sacred, and not a person dared to venture upon it; but that now those foolish customs had fallen, and they were all assembled there to serve Jehovah, adding:—

"When evil grows in any place (alluding to a district in which some persons had been disposed to war), let us not take the spear and the gun, but let us quench the evil with the light of God's Word."

"Angels," said Uaeva, "are rejoicing at our meeting to-day; and the ministers in England, with the good people there, will rejoice when they hear of our meeting this day. But let us not think that giving our property will save our souls. There is but one way of salvation, and but one Saviour—Christ Jesus."

At a meeting held in Tahaa, another island, the following addresses were delivered:—

Fenuapeho.—"We have not hitherto collected much property, but let us add our prayers to that which we have given. The Gospel cannot be conveyed to distant lands without means. This is the way; pray with the heart and give with the hands. To pray without giving, is a lying prayer. Do not put down your names without meaning to give. Let not your hearts go back. There are few inhabitants now on this land to what there were formerly. We only of all our families are left—brands plucked out of the burning."

Vahineumi.—"That we collect property to increase the funds of the parent Society is good. We are all collected together this day to promote the work of God. Let us be diligent. Beware lest any of us become like Ananias and Sapphira, keeping back that which belongs to God."

Meduarea.—"The great tree has grown; the shade has stretched to numerous lands; it has not grown by the sword, but by the prayers of those in Great Britain, who sent us this Word. Recollect what we have heard preached to us this morning. We have sent a few of our number to adjacent islands, and they have been blessed by Jesus. Let us continue to pray for the extension of this kingdom; let us not withhold. There are numerous nations still in darkness, who are murdering their children and destroying each other."

Raahoe.—"Let us not begin at the top of the tree—let us begin at the root. Let our hearts be found in this work. Look at the little ants; we are less wise than they. Let us be active, and give our property in this good cause. Let the Church members give, that those who are still in heathen darkness may become members of the Church of Christ. Let the baptized give, that those who are still worshipping idols may cast them away, and be baptized in the name of the Father, Son, and Spirit."

DREAD OF POPERY.

[From "Warning against Popery," an admirable Discourse, just published, from the pen of Dr James Buchanan.]

On this, as on every other subject, there are two extremes, one on the right hand and the other on the left, into which men are apt to fall. Some make *light of the danger*, and regard those as mere alarmists who profess to be apprehensive of the return of Popery; they may even think it possible to hold dalliance with it, and, by a dexterous stroke of policy, to disarm it. They tell us that the Church of Rome, although theoretically infallible, and of course unchangeable, is actually subject to the humanizing influences of modern civilization; that its spirit, if not its creed, is changed; and that by mild, conciliatory treatment, it may be made a useful ally, instead of a dreaded foe. Such men have no dread of Popery, because, in fact, they have no great dislike to it; and could it only be tamed, so as to be a docile and quiet tool in the hands of statesmen—could it be detached from the side of political agitation, and enlisted on that of order and obedience to the law, it might become as useful an engine of government as any other, and a great deal more powerful than some, by reason of its better organization, and more accommodating principles. But the very extent to which this opinion prevails in society, and especially among those whose influence governs the country, is itself a proof that our fears on this subject are far from being groundless or imaginary; for when we look abroad over the world, and wherever our eye rests—in Europe, in America, or the British colonies—we see the Church of Rome imbued with fresh zeal, animated with eager hope, and putting forth all its strength, in one mighty and simultaneous effort, for the recovery of its former ascendency, and the extension of its cause:—when we consider the talent and wealth that are embarked in the enterprize—the high aspirations and historical recollections by which it is sustained—the union, the discipline, and the organization which concentrate the whole power of the body on every given point of attack—and the support on which it may confidently reckon from most of the kingdoms of Europe—the connivance which it may expect from all;—when we consider these things, and then, turning our eyes homewards, discover indifference, or a disposition to compromise and conciliate, existing in the very land which was once deemed the bulwark of Protestantism, the citadel of civil and religious freedom; when we witness there the sad decay of pristine zeal and stedfast faith, the miserable struggle of mere political parties, and, saddest of all, the divisions of the Protestant Church; when we see these things, let no man accuse us of yielding to groundless alarms, if we discern, in the signs of the times, the dark omens of trials and tribulation to the witnessing remnant of the Church of Christ.

But we must equally guard against the opposite extreme—of yielding to unbelieving distrust or heartless despondency, in regard to the cause of Christ. Some are apt to become faint-hearted, and, from very fear, to give up the struggle as unavailing, when the powers of the enemy are seen marshalling the host, and appear in a formidable aspect. But be not afraid: "Greater is He that is with you than all that can be against you." A season of trial you may have, and such a season as shall winnow the chaff from the wheat, and thoroughly purge the floor; and it is not unlikely that the *last* may be the greatest and deadliest effort of the Man of Sin—his rage may be hottest just before his fall. But the Beast is already wounded; and that wound is mortal—he has been wounded by "the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God;" and although he still survives, and is only exasperated by what he has suffered, he will never regain his former strength, but, sooner or later, must fall before Him who was ordained of old "to bruise his head." There may be much uncertainty as to the precise mode in which the prophetic word will be fulfilled; but as to the fact that Antichrist shall be destroyed, and that a fixed, determinate time is appointed for his destruction, no doubt is left in Scripture. The duration of his kingdom is limited, and is expressed in three different forms—by forty-two months—or one thousand two hundred and sixty days—or a time, times, and half a time (corresponding to three years and a half, which

make forty-two months and one thousand two hundred and sixty days); in other words, it is to last one thousand two hundred and sixty years from its commencement, and could we be as sure of the precise time from which this term began, as we are of the length of its duration, we could fix on the very year when "the Lord will destroy him with the brightness of his coming." Many kings and kingdoms may confederate their forces, and unite in supporting his cause; but they cannot avert nor long protract his doom. Nay, the very union of worldly powers in his defence will be the forerunner and pledge of his swift destruction; for no mortal hand shall smite that fated power; on the contrary, multitudes will throw around it the shield of their protection, and "shall give their power and strength to the Beast; they shall make war with the Lamb, and the LAMB SHALL OVERCOME THEM, for he is Lord of lords and King of kings."—Rev. xvii. 13, 14. And then from heaven and earth shall arise that sublime "Alleluia; salvation, and glory, and honour, and power, unto the Lord our God: for true and righteous are his judgments: for he hath judged the great whore which did corrupt the earth with her fornication, and hath avenged the blood of his servants at her hand. Alleluia; for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!"—Rev. xix. 1, 2, 6.

Let no believer, then, be faint-hearted in the hour of conflict. Antichrist may prevail for a time, but he shall ultimately be destroyed. "Her plagues shall come in one day, and she shall be utterly burned with fire; for strong is the Lord God who judgeth her." This is predicted in Scripture (Rev. xviii. 8), and held forth as the object of our faith and hope; for in HIS defeat Christ's victory is insured. We may not fix the time, nor is it needful that we should; but *there is a time* fixed in the counsels of God when Babylon shall fall, and when all the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of our God and of his Christ. There may be many trials awaiting us before that time arrives; but although our *persons* may suffer, *the cause* shall be victorious; and, meanwhile, there must be no COMPROMISE, no ALLIANCE, no ENCOURAGEMENT—nothing that would connect us, in any degree, with the power of Antichrist: "Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her plagues."—Rev. xviii. 4.

ONE OF THE MANY HINDRANCES TO PRAYER.

ANGER is a perfect alienation of the mind from prayer; and therefore is contrary to that attention which presents our prayers in a right line to God. For so have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant—descending more at every breath of the tempest than it could recover by the libration and frequent weighing of his wings, till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over; and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing as if it had learned music and motion from an angel, as he passed some time through the air about his ministries here below. So is it with the prayer of a good man; when his affairs have required business, and his business was matter of discipline, and his discipline was to pass upon a sinning person, or had a design of charity, his duty met with the infirmities of a man, and anger was its instrument; and the instrument became stronger than the prime agent, and raised a tempest and overruled the man; and then his prayer was broken, and his thoughts were troubled, and his words went up towards a cloud, and his thoughts pulled them back again, and made them without intention; and the good man sighs for his infirmity, but must be content to lose that prayer; and then he must recover it, when his anger is removed and his spirit is becalmed—made even as the brow of Jesus—and then it ascends to heaven upon the wings of the holy Dove, and dwells with God, till it returns like the useful bee, laden with a blessing and the dew of heaven!—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Basket of Fragments.

THE USE OF MEANS.—God never promised to save by miracles those that would not save themselves by means.—*Henry.*

MEMORY TOO RETENTIVE OF EVIL.—Our memories, as corrupted by the fall, are like those ponds where the frogs live, but the fish die.—*Cripplegate Lectures.*

INFERIOR MINDS.—There are minds, as well as lands, of so harsh and crabbed a disposition, that little can be made of them.—*Bishop Horne.*

NO MAN CAN SERVE TWO MASTERS.—He who thinks to save anything by his religion, besides his soul, will be a loser in the end.—*Bishop Barlow.*

HUMILITY COURTING OBSERVATION.—That humility which courts notice is not FIRST-RATE. It may be sincere, but it is sullied. Do not sound a trumpet, nor say: "Come and see how humble I am."—*Cecil.*

OPINION OF OTHERS.—If any slight thee, be neither dejected nor provoked; and do not value men according to their esteem of thee, but according to their true worth.—*Adam.*

PAROCHIAL VISITING.—A house-going minister makes a church-going people.—*Dr Chalmers.*

RAILING.—There is no kind of revenge so poor and pitiful as railing; for every dog can bark: and he that rails, makes another noise indeed, but not a better.—*Dr South.*

A DAY OF RECKONING.—Men may cheer themselves in the morning, and they may pass on tolerably well, perhaps, without God at noon; but the cool of the day is coming, when God will come down to talk with them.—*Cecil.*

"BOAST NOT THYSELF OF TO-MORROW."—At a Christmas party one observed, that if they should ever meet again, something was to be done. Another exclaimed: "*If* we shall meet!—we *will* meet;" but he was the only one who died in the interval!

POPERY REFUTED BY COMMON SENSE.—Some of the Irish are so far enlightened by Sunday schools and Bible societies, that they can exercise their reason in resisting the abominations of Popery. One of them being lately asked by his priest, a curate, why he did not come to confession, said to him, "Please your reverence do *you* ever confess?" "Yes, I do, to the rector."—"And do you pay?" "Yes."—"And to whom does the rector confess?" "To the bishop."—"And does he pay him?" "Yes."—"And to whom does the bishop confess?" "To the vicar-general."—"And pays him?" "Yes."—"And to whom does he confess?" "To the Pope."—"And pays?" "Yes."—"And to whom does the Pope confess?" "To Jesus Christ."—"And does he pay anything?" "No." "Then please your reverence," said the man, "as I am very poor, I think I shall go to Christ at once."

Daily Bread.

FRIDAY.

"Prepare to meet thy God."—Amos iv. 12.

Lord, prepare us by thy grace!
Soon we must resign our breath,
And our souls be call'd to pass
Through the iron gate of Death:

Let us now our day improve,
Listen to the Gospel voice;
Seek the things that are above,
Scorn the world's pretended joys.

Let not salvation be your by-work, or your holiday's task only, or a work by the way; for men think that this may be done in three days' space on a feather-bed, when Death and they are fallen in hands together, and that with a word or two they shall make their soul-matters right. O when will men learn to be that heavenly wise as to divorce from, and free their souls of, all idol lovers, and make Christ the only, only One, and trim and make ready their lamps while they have time and day! How soon will some few years pass away, and then, when the day is ended, and this life's lease expired, what have men of this world's glory but dreams and thoughts! O happy for evermore that soul who can rightly compare this life with that long lasting life to come, and can balance the weighty glory of the one with the light-golden vanity of the other!—*Rutherford.*

SATURDAY.

"Take up your cross, and follow me."—Matt. xvi. 23.

Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down:
To patient faith the prize is sure;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

"I know," says one, "no man hath a velvet cross, but the cross is made of what God will have it; yet I dare not say, Oh, that I had liberty to sell Christ's cross! lest therewith also I should sell joy, comfort, sense of love, patience, and the kind visits of a Bridegroom. I have but small experience of sufferings for Christ; but I find a young heaven, and a little paradise of glorious comforts, and soul-delighting visits of Christ, in suffering for him and his truth. My prison is my palace—my sorrow is full of joy—my losses are rich losses—my pain easy pain—my heavy days are holy days and happy days. I may tell a new tale of Christ to my friends. Grace tried is better than grace, and more than grace. It is glory in its infancy. Who knows the truth of grace without a trial? And how soon would faith freeze without a cross! Bear your cross, therefore, with joy."—*Flavel.*

SABBATH.

"Blessed is the man that keepeth the Sabbath."—Isa. lvi. 2.

Great God, this hallowed day of thine
Demands our souls' collected powers;
May we employ in works divine
These solemn and devoted hours;
O may our souls adoring, own
The grace which calls us to thy throne!

In breaking the Sabbath, we sin not only against God, but we do injury to man; for God not only hallowed the Sabbath-day, but he blessed it. It was made for man, and in vain shall we expect to see a world or a nation of happy Sabbath-breakers.

MONDAY.

"They, going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God."—Rom. x. 3.

Man's wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone;
And even an angel would be weak
Who trusted in his own.

We shall soon be in a world of spirits: not hearing of eternity, but in it; not thinking of a judgment-seat, but trembling before it; not saying, Is there a God? but seeing him; not musing about heaven or hell, but standing on their borders, within a step of their pains or joys, with only a moment between us and an everlasting home. No self-righteous hope can stand in such an hour as this. It may have rooted itself very deeply in the mind; we may have carried it about with us all our life long; it may have stood firm against many a sermon, many a providence; it may have triumphed over the plainest declarations of the Bible, and borne unmoved the shock of death; but take it into eternity—bring it among the realities of that unseen world—say where is it? It is gone—one moment has turned it into immovable despair. —*Bradley.*

TUESDAY.

"Keep thy heart with all diligence."—Prov. iv. 24.

In spite of unbelief and pride,
And self, and Satan's art,
The gates of brass fly open wide,
And Jesus wins the heart.

The rebel soul that once withstood
The Saviour's kindest call,
Rejoices now, by grace subdued,
To serve him with her all.

The heart of man is his worst part before it be regenerated, and the best afterwards; it is the seat of principles, and the fountain of actions. The eye of God is, and the eye of the Christian ought to be, principally fixed upon it.—*Flavel.*

WEDNESDAY.

"Commit thy way unto the Lord."—Ps. xxxvii. 5.

Then let us trust the Lord alone,
And creature-confidence disown:
Nor if man threaten need we fear,
They cannot hurt if he be near.

What an oppressive burden is taken off a Christian's shoulders, by his privilege of leaving all consequences, while in the path of duty, to God! He has done with "How shall I bear with this trouble!"—"How shall I remove this difficulty!"—"How shall I get through this deep water!"—but leaves himself in the hands of God.—*Cecil.*

THURSDAY.

"We are members of his body."—Eph. v. 30.

Fill me with all the life of love;
In mystic union join
Me to thyself, and let me prove
The fellowship divine.
Open the intercourse between
My longing soul and thee,
Never to be broke off again
To all eternity.

O labour for this union; when the soul is once united to Him, then it hath communion with him—in his life, in his death, in his resurrection, in his intercession, in his graces, and comforts, and all.—*Nalton.*

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JACOB WRESTLING WITH THE ANGEL.

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER BEITH, STIRLING.

Jacob had been absent from his country and his father's house for twenty years. Consciousness of having injured his brother, and a knowledge of Esau's resolution to avenge himself, had banished him. He was now on his return by the command of God, but he had no reason to believe that any change had taken place in his brother's sentiments towards him. When he heard, therefore, that Esau was coming to meet him "with four hundred men," he was "greatly afraid and distressed." It was an exigency which demanded prompt measures—at least he felt so in an extreme degree. Every preparation and arrangement, accordingly, which wisdom and his natural sagacity could suggest was made, to appease his brother's wrath and to disarm his hostility, the safety of his family and flocks being provided for as he best could in the circumstances. A munificent present of cattle was prepared for Esau, divided into many droves, and words expressive of deep submission to him were put into the mouths of the respective servants to whose charge they were committed. The people and the flocks, which then constituted his all, were divided into two bands, and separated from each other; his calculation being, that if Esau met with and destroyed the one, the other should escape. His wives and children were placed in shelter, apart from them, to await the issue.

Having done all this, "Jacob was left alone." No doubt he sought retirement in his emergency, to renew the supplications to the God of his fathers, in which he had already been engaged; for whatever the wisdom of the dispositions which he had made for the safety of his family, his property, and his life, he knew that in God only his hope of deliverance rested. It was in these circumstances that the striking occurrence took place to which the title of this paper refers. "Jacob was left alone, and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day."

By this the patriarch was taught important truth, without the conviction of which he was not to be permitted to return to his home. This was done in a way not unusual under the dispensation with which he was connected. As the Ninevites were taught, by the miraculous events in the history of the prophet sent to them, truth which the words of Jonah did not express—for in these events he was a sign to them of the forbearance and mercy of God, whilst his message was one purely of denunciation; or, as the inhabitants of Jerusalem were instructed in solemn truth, which otherwise they would not hear, by Ezekiel's cutting off his hair, and disposing of it in the various ways commanded him of God—this being a sign to them, as Jonah was to the Ninevites; so was Jacob in the case before us instructed of the Lord. The wrestling of this man with him, and the circumstances attending it, were a sign to him of God's dealings hitherto, in exposing him to such adverse dispensations as had attended his lot since he left his father's house; and of the opportunity which, nevertheless, God gave him, through pleading with himself, to prevail over these, to be delivered from deserved evil, and to receive the blessing. In Jacob's case the instruction certainly was not cast away. He was taught successfully; for we read that he "wept and made supplications unto the angel," and thus, "as a prince, he had power with God and prevailed." "I will not let thee go," he said, "except thou bless me;" and he was blessed.

Two things are to be observed of the patriarch on this occasion—*first*, His evident persuasion that the deliverance and blessing which he sought might be obtained; and, *secondly*, His perseverance until he secured it.

1. In reflecting on the believing confidence of Jacob in his present circumstances of trial, we naturally inquire on what it could be founded. It certainly could not be on anything in his prospects. These were sufficiently dark. His brother's character, his hatred of him, his power, his reported approach with a body of armed followers, his own utterly defenceless condition, cumbered with women and children and all his worldly property, made his hope of safety or escape, to the eye of sense, small indeed. No wonder that, in this view of the matter, he was "greatly afraid and distressed." Yet he did hope—he did cherish a persuasion that out of his trouble God should deliver him; of which the proof is his earnest wrestling with him. Whereon, then, did this rest?

It cannot be difficult to answer the question, if we consider the nature of his previous supplication and pleading. There we find distinct allusion to the *covenant*, in which he knew he himself was included, and also to the *promise* which God had given him. "O God of my father Abraham," said he, "and God of my father Isaac, the Lord which saidst unto me, Return unto thy country, and to thy kindred, and I will deal well with thee.—And thou saidst, I will surely do thee good, and make thy seed as the sand of the sea, which cannot be numbered for multitude." Looking to his position, as the son of Abraham and Isaac, in whose seed, as in theirs, "all the families of the earth were to be blessed;" and resting, at the same-

time, on the assurance of security and blessing specially given to him, he pled for deliverance —wept and made supplication—and thus enjoyed, through faith, a blessed persuasion that the cloud now resting on his prospects should pass, the danger that threatened be averted, and his brother prevented from doing him evil. His faith might be weak, and in that proportion his trouble must have been great. Like Peter walking on the sea, his eye might be attracted by the brooding tempest, and be so hindered from looking steadily to the end; and thus his distress and alarm must have been magnified. But faith, nevertheless, did exist; and whilst he contemplated both the *purpose* and *promise* of God, it upheld him in the time of his sore conflict.

God's purposes of grace and mercy are declared to us by his promises. They are known in no other way. But, being thus revealed, both purpose and promise constitute together a sure ground of holy confidence and comfort. If the promises be the leafy shadow in the garden of the Lord, under which his people sit with great delight, his purposes are the roots from which that shadow grows. If the promises be the lights by which we travel through this dark world, the purposes are the oil by which the lamps are supplied, so that they never can go out in darkness. If the promises be the anchor by which our hopes hang in troublous times, the purposes are the soil in which that anchor is securely fixed. If the promises be the river which makes glad the city of our God, the purposes are the inexhaustible fountain which supplies and swells that blessed stream! On the purpose and promise of God Jacob reposed. Therefore he held the angel fast, and would not let him go, hoping against hope, and earnestly waiting for deliverance from the hand of Esau.

Why should there not be humble confidence in pleading with God? Why should we not come boldly to his throne of grace? Surely he hath himself made every provision and preparation for this. He that can be just, and at the sametime the justifier of sinners, can also be just, and lend his ear to their cry. Is there not encouragement, in the whole revelation of mercy through Christ, to lay hold on his strength and to wrestle with him? In that have we not assurance that such an exercise shall not be in vain? Where sin abounded, grace hath much more abounded. The fire-charged clouds, which gleamed in terror on the world when sin entered, and no Saviour was yet declared, are rolled back —driven far off; their ominous volume reduced to the minutest fleece, as they float in the distant horizon; and a way is thus opened for the God of salvation to come down, to gather from the world many sons and daughters into glory. Those clouds are, indeed, again to return; but it will be to destroy them only who refuse to know God, and to obey the Gospel of his Son. Meantime there is a day of salvation—a promise of entering into his rest—an accepted time —opportunity to make our calling and election sure—to work out our salvation—in one word, to wrestle with the Angel of the Covenant, and to obtain the blessing of Jacob.

That it is no hopeless thing to wrestle with God we are assured, not only on the ground of the redemption provided in Christ, but also from the character in which God manifests himself to us. It is in that of a tender parent. A "father" he is to his people; and how many hallowed and encouraging associations are there connected with that name! But he is more even than a father. "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb?—Yea, they may forget"—instances unnatural and horrifying there have been of such a kind, under temptations that appeared irresistible—"yet will I not forget thee." The love of a "father" it is, nay, of a mother—of the tenderest mother. And to which of her offspring? Not to those whom time and age have made independent of her—who now no longer need her watchful care or toilsome industry; but to the most helpless—the babe which perhaps disease or misfortune has made more helpless than even its infancy—to that one of all her family over which her heart yearns; for it clings to her as its life! Ah! yes, that is the bond which attracts her, and entwines all her heart's strings around it. We cannot but cherish those who confide in us—the helpless that make us their stay. Even the dumb animal that flees to you for protection, that lays its head at your feet, and looks to you for kindness, you cannot spurn from you! And can it be hopeless to cast your burden on God? No, verily. They that trust in him he will deliver!

To how many facts can we appeal in proof of this? It was no hopeless thing to pray even for Sodom. In that case, it has often been observed, Abraham ceased to ask ere God ceased to grant; and though the Cities of the Plain were destroyed, the kinsman of the patriarch was saved. It was no hopeless thing to cry to God from the very depths of the sea, even when "the earth with her bars were round about" him that presented his supplication. It was no hopeless thing to ask the sun to "stand still," and the "moon to be stayed" in midst of the heavens, until the people of Israel had executed God's vengeance on his enemies. It was no hopeless thing to ask that the grave should give up its captives—that the noisomeness of death should be changed into the beauty of life—that they who had begun to prove that corruption was their father, the worm their mother and sister, should be restored to their place in the family circle, and enjoy its peace and its hospitalities! And what can it be hopeless to ask, if it be but consistent with the will of God? Is anything too hard for him? If you have the *promise*, you are sure it is connected with the *purpose*. "Ask and ye shall receive"—not perhaps as you expect

and desire, but in a way better than you can ask or think. How precious to be permitted to wrestle with God!

2. But let us mark Jacob's perseverance until he obtained what he sought. This forms a striking feature in his present conduct and position with respect to God. He sought the blessing that he might be safe from Esau; for his brother was, at this time, his trial; and, confiding in the promise of the covenant, it was evidently his resolution not to lose the opportunity vouchsafed him—not to let the angel go until he had secured that on which his heart was set. God, we have seen, taught the patriarch what that opportunity was, by appearing to him in the form of a man that wrestled with him during the whole night. Jacob well knew, that for a wrestler to remit his exertion, even for a moment, might lose him the advantage of all his previous struggle; therefore he maintained his ground. He knew, moreover, that even though cast, if he still held his antagonist, though rolling under him in the dust, he was not vanquished—that even when injured and enfeebled, if he but held fast, his antagonist could not be declared the conqueror; therefore he persisted in the conflict. It lasted long—a whole night; yet Jacob held fast. The man that wrestled with him, "when he saw that he prevailed not against him, touched the hollow of his thigh; and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was out of joint as he wrestled with him;" yet he held him fast. "Let me go," he at length exclaimed, "for the day breaketh;" as if he had said: "All well this during the darkness of the night; while under shelter of that shadow, thy flocks, and herds, and family, were secure from the eye of thy brother; but now comes the day, bringing back its cares and its dangers. Time for thee it is to bethink thee of those cares—of those dangers. To wrestle longer is inconsistent with thy duty — is to expose thyself, and all that is thine, to the loss that thou dreadest; let me go, for the day breaketh." "I will not let thee go," said the exhausted, and lamed, but believing object of his address, "except thou bless me." "Come what will of flocks, and herds, and family—let the day not only break, but its full light shine, God has taught what opportunity he gives me; of his strength I have hold, and that is all my salvation and all my desire."

How precious is the truth, that it is God's will we should "pray always, and not faint!" and that what he means by this is set forth in a parable which all may understand. Things will occur, we learn there, in the experience of every one whom he admits to the privilege of communion with him, calculated and intended to try their resolution, the strength of their desire for what they plead, and the stability of their purpose to secure it. God often seems to delay his coming when we cry for him—to refuse our petitions when we present them—to oppose and resist our will in what our hearts are set on—nay, he often seems to answer by "fearful works;" and when we expect blessing, he makes us to "drink of the wine of astonishment." How strange, apparently, the answer to Job's daily prayers for his family!—to Daniel's faithfulness in this exercise when men would have wickedly forbidden it!—to Mary and Martha's simple dependence on Christ, and the message which they sent him!—to the first deeply earnest pleadings of the woman of Canaan! Had he any pleasure in the pain experienced in all these instances? No, verily. But he delighted to see the exercise of the grace that he had himself implanted, and which, in the case of Jacob, found expression in the words: "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me;" and he knew how precious the blessing is made through the previous struggle, when it is at last received.

But behold the end of Jacob's conflict. "What is thy name?" asked he that wrestled with him. "Jacob," was the simple answer—the supplanter—he that deceived his father and defrauded his brother — he whom God had therefore much resisted because of this, and upon whose mind there now rested a heavy load of anxiety and dread, through the conduct that earned him that name. "Thy name," was the reply, "shall be called no more Jacob, but *Israel*." Thou hast sought a blessing, even deliverance from thy brother. "As a prince, thou hast had power with God and with men," in pleading for it, "and hast prevailed." In the character of supplanter thou art known no more, and the danger feared and deserved has passed away.

Jacob soon met his brother. "And Esau ran to meet him, and embraced him, and fell on his neck, and kissed him; and they wept." Such was the fruit of his wrestling with the angel. How easily can God disperse the darkest cloud!

REMINISCENCES OF WHITEFIELD.

THE name of Whitefield is known and honoured in all the Churches—his labours in the cause of Christ having been perhaps more extraordinary, and more blessed, than those of any Gospel minister since the apostolic times. The following reminiscences of his preaching are given in the letters of Cornelius Winter, who for some years acted as his private secretary:—

Usually for an hour or two before he entered the pulpit, he claimed retirement; and on a Sabbath-day morning more particularly, he was accustomed to have Clarke's Bible, Matthew Henry's Commentary, and Cruden's Concordance within his reach. His frame at that time was more than ordinarily devotional; I say more than ordinarily, because, though there was a vast vein of pleasantry usually in him, the intervals of conversation evidently appeared to be filled up with private ejaculation connected with praise. His rest was much interrupted, and his thoughts were much engaged with God in the night. He has often said at the close of his very warm address: "This sermon I got when most of you who

now hear me were fast asleep." He made very minute observations, and was much disposed to be conversant with life, from the lowest mechanic to the first characters in the land. He let nothing escape him, but turned all into gold that admitted of improvement; and, in one way or another, the occurrences of the week or the day furnished him with matter for the pulpit. Take a specimen: When an extraordinary trial was going forwards, he would be present; and on observing the formality of the judge putting on his black cap to pronounce sentence, I have known him avail himself of it in the close of a sermon; with his eyes full of tears, and his heart almost too big to admit of speech, dropping into a momentary pause, "I am going now to put on my condemning cap—sinner, I must do it; I must pronounce sentence upon you"—and then, in a tremendous strain of eloquence, recite our Lord's words, "Go, ye cursed," not without a very powerful description of the nature of the curse. It would be only by hearing him, and by beholding his attitude and his tears, that a person could well conceive of the effect; for it was impossible but that solemnity must surround him who, under God, became the means of making all solemn.

He had a most peculiar art of speaking personally to you, in a congregation of four thousand people, when no one would suspect his object. If I instance it in an effect upon the servant of the house, I presume it is not unsuitable. She had been remiss in her duty in the morning of the day. In the evening, before the family retired to rest, I found her under great dejection, the reason of which I did not apprehend; for it did not strike me that, in exemplifying a conduct inconsistent with the Christian's professed fidelity to his blessed Redeemer, he was drawing it from remissness of duty in a living character; but she felt it so sensibly as to be greatly distressed by it, until he relieved her mind by his usually amiable deportment. The next day, being about to leave town, when I shut the coach-door upon him, he said, "Be sure to remember me to Betty; tell her the account is settled, and that I have nothing more against her."

The famous comedian, Shuter, who had a great partiality for Mr Whitefield, showed him friendship, and often attended his ministry. At one period of his popularity he was acting in a drama under the character of Ramble. During the run of the performance he attended service on Sabbath morning at Tottenham Court Chapel, and was seated in the pew exactly opposite to the pulpit; and while Mr Whitefield was giving full sally to his soul, and, in his energetic address, was inviting sinners to the Saviour, he fixed himself full against Shuter, with his eye upon him, adding to what he had previously said: "And thou, poor Ramble, who hast long rambled from him, come you also. O end your rambling by coming to Jesus!" Shuter was exceedingly struck, and coming in to Mr Whitefield, said: "I thought I should have fainted; how could you serve me so?"—It was truly impressive to see him ascend the pulpit. My intimate knowledge of him admits of my acquitting him of the charge of affectation. He always appeared to enter the pulpit with a significance of countenance that indicated he had something of importance which he wanted to divulge, and was anxious for the effect of the communication. His gravity on his descent was the same. He was averse to much singing after preaching, supposing it diverted the savour of the subject. Nothing awkward, nothing careless, appeared about him in the pulpit, nor do I ever recollect his stumbling upon a word. To his ordinary as well as to his public appearance, this observation applies; whether he frowned or smiled, whether he looked grave or placid, it was nature acting in him.

I hardly ever knew him to go through a sermon without weeping, more or less; and his tears were the tears of sincerity. His voice was often interrupted by his affection; and I have heard him say in the pulpit: "You blame me for weeping, but how can I help it, when you will not weep for yourselves, though your immortal souls are upon the verge of destruction, and, for aught you know, you are hearing your last sermon, and may never more have an opportunity to have Christ offered to you?" His freedom in the use of his passions often put my pride to the trial. I could hardly bear such unreserved use of tears, and the scope he gave to his feelings; for sometimes he exceedingly wept, stamped loudly and passionately, and was frequently so overcome, that for a few seconds, you would suspect he never could recover; and when he did, nature required some little time to compose herself.

You may be sure, from what has been said, that when he treated upon the sufferings of our Saviour, it was not without great pathos. He was very ready at that kind of painting, which frequently answered the end of real scenery. As though Gethsemane were within sight, he would say, stretching out his hand: "Look yonder! what is that I see?—it is my agonizing Lord!" And, as though it were no difficult matter to catch the sound of the Saviour praying, he would exclaim: "Hark! hark! do not you hear?" You may suppose that as this occurred frequently, the efficacy of it was destroyed; but no; though we often knew what was coming, it was as new to us as though we had never heard it before.

That beautiful apostrophe used by the Prophet Jeremiah: "O earth, earth, earth, hear the Word of the Lord," was very subservient to him, and never used impertinently.

He abounded with anecdotes, which, though not always recited verbatim, were very just as to the matter of them. One, for instance, I remember, tending to illustrate the efficacy of prayer, though I have not been able to meet with it in the English history—it was the case of the London apprentices before Henry VIII., pleading his pardon of their insurrection. The monarch, moved by their sight and their plea—"Mercy! mercy!"—cried: "Take them away, I cannot bear it." The application you may suppose was, that if an earthly monarch of Henry's description could be so moved, how forcible is the sinner's plea in the ears of Jesus Christ! The case of two Scotchmen, in the convulsion of the State at the time of Charles II., subserved his design; who, unavoidably obliged to pass some of the troops, were conceiving of their danger, and meditating what method was to be adopted to come off safe: one proposed the wearing of a skull-cap; the other, supposing that would imply distrust of the providence of God, was determined to proceed bare-headed. The latter, being first laid hold of, and being interrogated, "Are you for the covenant?" replied, "Yes;" and being further asked, "What covenant?" answered, "The covenant of grace;" by which reply, eluding further inquiry, he was let pass. The other, not answering satisfactorily, received a blow with the sabre, which, penetrating through the cap, struck him dead. In the application, Mr Whitefield, warning against vain confidence, cried: "Beware of your skull-caps." But here likewise the description upon paper, wanting the reality as exemplified by him with voice and motion, conveys but a very faint idea.

As though he heard the voice of God ever sounding in his ears the important admonition, "Work while it is called to-day," this was his work in London at one period of his life:—After administering the Lord's supper to several hundred communicants, at half an hour after six in the morning; reading the first and second service in the desk, which he did

with the greatest propriety; and preaching full an hour; he read prayers and preached in the afternoon, previous to the evening service, at half-an-hour after five; and afterwards addressed a large society in public.

Perhaps Mr Whitefield never preached greater sermons than at six in the morning; for at that hour he did preach winter and summer, on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. At these times his congregations were of the select description, and young men received admonitions similar with what were given in the society; and were cautioned, while they neglected the duty required from them under the bond of an indenture, not to anticipate the pleasures and advantages of future life. "Beware of being golden apprentices, silver journeymen, and copper masters," was one of the cautions I remember upon those occasions.

His style was now colloquial, with little use of motion; pertinent expositions, with suitable remarks; and all comprehended within the hour. Christian experience principally made the subject of Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday evening lectures; when, frequently having funeral sermons to preach, the character and experience of the dead helped to elucidate the subject, led to press diligence in the Christian course, to reflect upon the blessing of faith on earth, and glory in heaven. Mr Whitefield adopted the custom of the inhabitants of New England in their best days, of beginning the Sabbath at six o'clock on Saturday evening. The custom could not be observed by many, but it was convenient to a few—a few compared with the multitude, but, abstractedly considered, a large and respectable company. Now ministers of every description found a peculiar pleasure in relaxing their minds from the fatigues of study, and were highly delighted by his peculiarly excellent subjects, which were so suitable to the auditory, that I believe it was seldom disappointed. It was an opportunity peculiarly suited to apprentices and journeymen in some businesses which allowed of their leaving work sooner than on other days, and availing themselves at least of the sermon; from which I also occasionally obtained my blessings. The peculiar talents he possessed, subservient to great usefulness, can be but faintly guessed from his sermons in print; though, as formerly God has made the reading of them useful, I have no doubt but in future they will have their use. The eighteen taken in short-hand, and faithfully transcribed by Mr Gurney, have been supposed to do discredit to his memory, and therefore they were suppressed. But they who have been accustomed to hear him, may collect from them much of his genuine preaching. They were far from being the best specimens that might have been produced. He preached many of them when, in fact, he was almost incapable of preaching at all. His constitution, long before they were taken, had received its material shock, and they were all, except the two last, the production of a Wednesday evening; when, by the current business of the day, he was fatigued and worn out. The "Good Shepherd" was sent him on board the ship. He was much disgusted with it, and expressed himself to me as in the 1440th letter of the third volume of his works: "It is not verbatim as I delivered it. In some places it makes me speak false concord, and even nonsense; in others the sense and connection are destroyed by the injudicious disjointed paragraphs, and the whole is entirely unfit for the public review." His manuscript journal, as quoted by Dr Gillies, notes "September 15. This morning came a surreptitious copy of my Tabernacle farewell sermon, taken, as the short-hand writer professes, verbatim as I spoke it; but surely he is mistaken. The whole is so injudiciously paragraphed, and so wretchedly unconnected, that I owe no thanks to the misguided, though it may be well-meant, zeal of the writer and publisher, be they whom they will. But such conduct is an unavoidable tax upon popularity."

WORDS FOR A COMMUNION SEASON.

SELF-EXAMINATION.

To examine ourselves is to put serious questions to ourselves, and to our own hearts; and to prosecute them till a full and true answer be given to them. These five questions, among others, it is good for each of us to put to ourselves in our preparation to the Lord's supper, both at our first admission, and in our after-approaches to it:—What am I? What have I done? What progress do I make? What do I want? And what shall I resolve to do?

1. What am I? Am I in the favour of God, or under his wrath and curse? Am I a servant of God, or a slave to the world and the flesh? Look forwards, and ask, Whither am I going?—to heaven or hell? If I should die this night (and I am not sure to live till to-morrow), whither would death bring me? where would death lodge me?—in endless light, or in utter darkness?

2. What have I done? How have I employed my thoughts? How have I governed my passions? How have I used my tongue? How have I spent my time? How have I managed my worldly calling? How have I done the duty of particular relations? How have I performed my secret worship? How have I laid out what God has given me in the world? How have I improved the Lord's-day, and the other helps I have had for my soul? How have I borne my afflictions?

3. What progress do I make? Do I find my practical judgment more settled and confirmed in its choice of holiness and heaven? Do I find my corrupt appetites and passions more manageable? Do I find the duties of religion more easy and pleasant to me? Do I find my heart more weaned from this present life, and more willing to exchange it for a better?

4. What do I want? What grace do I most want? What comfort do I most want? What is the burden that lies most heavy?

5. What shall I resolve to do? It is good to be particular in our pious resolutions, as well as in our penitent reflections; and for assistance herein, let us inquire: Wherein have I been most exposed by my own weakness, and most assaulted by the subtlety of the tempter? What is the sin that has most easily beset me? What the duty that I have most neglected? And what can I do in my place for the service of God's honour and the interest of his kingdom among men?

COMFORT FOR WEAK BELIEVERS.

1. Judge not amiss concerning yourselves. As it is a damning mistake common among the children of men, to think their spiritual state and condition to be good, when it is very bad—for "there is that maketh himself rich, and yet hath nothing;" so it is a disquieting mistake, common among the children of God, to think their spiritual state and condition to be bad, when it is very good—for there is that

"maketh himself poor, and yet hath great riches."—Prov. xiii. 7.

You think you have no grace, because you are not yet perfect; but why should you look for that on earth which is to be had in heaven only? A child will at length be a man, though as yet he "think as a child, and speak as a child." Blessed Paul himself had not yet attained, nor was already perfect. Gold in the ore is truly valuable, though it be not yet refined from its dross. "Despise not the day of small things," for God doth not.—Zech. iv. 10. Deny not that power and grace which have brought you out of the land of Egypt, though you be not yet come to Canaan.

You think you have no grace, because you have not that sensible joy and comfort which you would have; but those are spiritually enlightened who see their own deformity, as well as those who see Christ's beauty. The child that cries, is as sure alive as the child that laughs. Complaints of spiritual burthens are the language of the new nature, as well as praises for spiritual blessings.

You say you are unworthy to come. So were all that ever came—not worthy to be called children, nor to eat of the children's bread. In yourselves there is no worthiness; but is there none in Christ? Is not he worthy? And is not he yours? Have you not chosen him? Let faith in his mediation silence all your fears, and dismiss their clamours with that: "But do thou answer, Lord, for me."

You say you dare not come, lest you should eat and drink judgment to yourselves; but ordinarily, those that most fear that, are least in danger of it. That dreadful declaration was not intended to drive men from the sacrament, but to drive them from their sins. Can you not say, that through grace you hate sin, you strive against it, you earnestly desire to be delivered from it? then certainly your league with it is broken; though the Canaanites be in the land, you do not make marriages with them. Come, then, and seal the covenant with God, and you shall be so far from eating and drinking judgment to yourselves, that you shall eat and drink life and comfort to yourselves.

"OPEN THY MOUTH WIDE, AND I WILL FILL IT."

Come, my soul, what dost thou look for at the table of the Lord? The maker of the feast is God himself, who does nothing little, nothing mean, but is "able to do exceeding abundantly above what we are able to ask or think." When he gives, he gives like himself, gives like a king, gives like a God, all things richly to enjoy; considering not what it becomes such ungrateful wretches as we are to receive, but what it becomes such a bountiful benefactor as he is to give. A lively faith may expect that which is rich and great from him who is possessor of heaven and earth, and all the wealth of both: and that which is kind and gracious from him who is the "Father of mercies, and the God of all consolation." A lively faith may expect all that is purchased by the blood of Christ, from a God who is righteous in all his ways; and all that is promised in the new covenant, from a God who cannot lie nor deceive.—*Matthew Henry.*

WHERE IS THY TREASURE?

THE merchant sends his heart to sea,
And there, together with his ship, 'tis tost:
If this by chance miscarry, that is lost—
His confidence is cast away;
He hangs the head,
As he were dead.

The ploughman furrows up his land,
And sows his heart together with his seed,
Which both, alike earth-born, on earth do feed,
And prosper or are at a stand;
He and his field
Like fruit do yield.

The broker and the scrivener have
The usurer's heart in keeping, with his bands;
His soul's dear sustenance lies in their hands,
And if they break, their shop's his grave;
His interest is
His only bliss.

The money-hoarder in his bags
Binds up his heart, and locks it in his chest;
The same key serves to that and to his breast,
Which of no other heaven brags,
Nor can conceit
A joy so great.

Poor wretched muck-worms, wipe your eyes—
Uncase those trifles that beset you so;
Your rich-appearing wealth is real woe,
Your death in your desires lies;
Your hearts are where
You love and fear.

Oh! think not, then, the world deserves
Either to be beloved or fear'd by you;
Give heaven these affections as its due,
Which always what it hath preserves
In perfect bliss,
That endless is.

HARVEY, 1647.

Anecdote.

PASTORAL PLAINNESS.

THE Moravian Church at Berlin, a short time before the death of the King of Prussia, presented a petition, of which the following is an extract:—

"Your Majesty knows that we have ever been faithful and loyal subjects, and that we contribute to the prosperity of the country, by the establishment of divers manufactures.

"We have not the presumption to ascribe to ourselves the success that has attended our endeavours. We know that it belongs exclusively to Jesus Christ.

"Having heard that your Majesty's health is in a dangerous state, our consciences oblige us to give you the most wholesome advice for the salvation of your soul. It is, that you will employ the few days you may have to live in the knowledge of Jesus Christ and his merits; to make your peace in the blood of the Lamb; and to enlist under his banner."

The king read this advice with great attention; and having asked his secretary by whom it had been presented, he was told that the Moravians in a body had delivered it to him. "You must thank them," said Frederick, very politely; "for they speak to me with an honest bluntness."

A SACRAMENTAL SABBATH IN THE "BURN OF FERRINTOSH."

FEW are familiar with the lovely scenery on the shores of the Cromarty Frith. The rugged grandeur of the Highlands combines with the softer beauty of the South to produce an almost unrivalled degree of the admiration always effected by strong and striking contrast in nature; while the splendid sheet of water, in which our whole British navy might ride securely during the wildest gale, forms, from the choiceness of its position and the peculiarity of its shape, perhaps the chief element in the beauty of the scene. Guarded at the entrance by two immense rocks, spaciously wooded atop, bay after bay disclosing itself in endless succession, skirted in one place by fields of corn, fringed in another by woods of varied green, and bounded in yet another by a line of sand-hills or moorland; at one time discovering a village or burgh-town; and at another disclosing, amid the foliage, the mansion-house of some Highland proprietor, or the scarcely less lovely, though more humble, front of some Ross-shire manse; and fenced well-nigh all around by towering mountains, like gigantic sentries keeping watch over the loveliness within—the Frith of Cromarty leaves an impression on the mind of a spectator which is not soon to be forgotten, and creates in the traveller who has just left its scenery an almost irrepressible desire to return to it again.

At the uppermost extremity of this inland sea lies the well known Ferrintosh. Though itself not distinguished by great external beauty, in comparison of the parishes across the water, it is, nevertheless, the scene of an annual assemblage more interesting to me by far than the rarest combination of natural objects —the sacramental gathering in the "Burn of Ferrintosh."

A Highland sacrament is always a most solemn and interesting sight; but I question whether a spectator is at any time so much impressed with the scene, as when it is presided over by Dr Macdonald in his own parish. The numbers are there swelled to an incredible amount by strangers from the neighbouring parishes and counties—the shires of Ross, Cromarty, Inverness, and even Sutherland, pouring forth their companies to join the worshippers. It was but once that I was privileged to behold the sight—on the last public sacrament before the Disruption. As there was no service in our church on that particular Sabbath, I rode over to Ferrintosh, hoping, should the opportunity occur, to behold for myself a sight of which so many glowing descriptions had been given me. I overtook upon the way numbers of gigs and carts with their comfortable-looking occupants, "blue-bonnet farmers" on their ponies, and hundreds of pedestrians of both sexes travelling in groups of three or four; these last occupied almost invariably in conversing upon some Scripture text or giving notes of the various sermons they had heard—some weighty word being not unfrequently recalled at a distance of many years. Did a minister happen to pass the travellers, every bonnet was doffed, and many an ejaculatory prayer was whispered that the presence of the Lord might go with his servant, and that a blessing might rest on the preachers of the day.

I had intended to put up my horse at the manse stable, but found that not only were the stalls filled, —three horses being often in one division—but that in the sheds and square every available inch was occupied. I was soon, however, relieved from my difficulty by a boy offering to take charge of the animal, and see it well fed; and, knowing that in no possible circumstances, could a Highland groom be an expensive one, I had little hesitation inaccepting his offer.

At each Highland sacrament there are two congregations—the one composed of the English hearers, who worship in the church; the other, of the Gaelic population, who conduct their services in the open air. Owing to the fervour and expressiveness of the Gaelic tongue, and to the great "liberty" enjoyed by the preacher who employs it, the out-door services are always attended by a far larger number than when English is spoken; and, indeed, it would be almost impossible to accommodate within any Presbyterian church an average Gaelic congregation on a communion Sabbath. But at Ferrintosh the number is immense—being seldom below six thousand, frequently amounting to ten, and on one occasion reaching, as I was told, the enormous total of *fifteen thousand souls*. It reminds one of those glorious days when the cities of Germany poured forth their thousands to hear the Gospel at the lips of Luther; and I question whether, even in that land of deep feeling and those times of thrilling excitement, there was ever witnessed a scene more solemn and impressive than the gathering at Ferrintosh.

The place of meeting seems cut out for the express purpose, by the immediate hand of Him who is at once the God of nature and of grace, and who, as if in anticipation of the scenes of holy interest to be presented by that locality, would appear to have included the very dip of the land, and the course of a brook among the "all things" which "work together for the good of them that love him." At a convenient distance from the church, the "Burn of Ferrintosh," often almost dry in summer, descends a deep hollow, that forms a large oblong slightly rounded at the upper end, the sides of which slope towards each other, leaving a space of flat green sward between; and under this, if I remember aright, the waters of the Burn are carried by a drain. The sides of the declivity are deeply furrowed all around, like the parallel roads of Glenroy, on a small scale, as if the waters of the Burn had collected in the space, and forced an outlet at different intervals, though much is doubtless owing to manual labour. These furrows are the seats on which the people rest; line rising above line, in close succession, something like the pews of what was once Free St George's, and now the Free Gaelic Church of Edinburgh. The appearance of the people, as they sat upon these Highland benches, was both interesting and uncommon. Hats were pretty numerous among the males; but rarely was a bonnet seen upon a female head—that of the maiden being generally bare, and the matron wearing a "mutch" (cap), while the elderly

women had grey or blue cloaks, with the hoods wrapped round their heads. The snow-white caps of the females contrasted pleasingly with the coarse blue bonnets of the men; and as my eye first caught the congregation, it dwelt with a more delighted gaze upon their homely appearance than even when, after the lapse of a few months, I looked round, at the time of the Disruption, on the vast concourse of gentility at Canonmills. A solemn interest sat on every countenance, the men in particular appearing to drink in with avidity every word that was said; and as the heart-searching address of the minister fell meaningless on my ear, I could have wept at my inability to share their strong emotions. The tent, or temporary pulpit, is placed at the lower end of the open space, which rises slightly towards the upper extremity of the area; in front of the tent stretched one long communion-table—at which, by the way, a Highlander never seats himself till it is "fenced."

After the conclusion of the "action sermon" and the "fencing" of the tables, a large number of verses was sung in the wild music of the Gaelic psalmody. The precentor who officiated on the occasion was a venerable-looking old man, whose voice was heard but indistinctly by the most distant part of the congregation; as he was joined, however, by those near him, the sound gradually waxed louder and louder, till the whole eight thousand voices swelled the sacred song, and formed one vast chorus which, in power, if not in harmony, in fervour, if not in skill, has, since the days of Gustavus Adolphus,* been almost wholly unsurpassed. Still, I confess, I was a little disappointed in the expectations I had formed of the singing; for though I have never heard so powerful a chorus, yet I had entertained a higher idea of the compass of so many voices than was actually realized. But a Highland congregation never sings loudly; their melody is rather deep than strong; and the greater the solemnity of the occasion, the lower is the tone in which the psalm is sung. During the singing, the elders—"the men" of Ferrintosh—assisted by a few of their brethren from neighbouring parishes, placed on the table the elements of bread and wine, the communicants coming slowly forward to take their seats. The tardiness of the Highlanders in this matter is very striking—each seeming to feel that he is going *to meet the Lord*, and to tremble lest he should be found eating and drinking judgment to himself; and the officiating minister has to encourage, exhort, and not unfrequently to rebuke, the timid believer, ere he will venture to commemorate his Saviour's dying love. I do not deny that this hesitation is often carried to an unwarrantable extent, the Highland communicant often thinking that his present frame of mind, rather than his personal interest in Christ, is to be the test of his worthiness. But still, hesitation is infinitely preferable to haste, affording, as it does, a pretty sure indication of the stricter compliance with the injunction: "But let a man examine himself." At the table, the solemnity was most marked; not an eye was open —each head was hung down; and, save when the elements passed, and the communicants partook of the bread and wine, scarce a motion was visible along the whole line. It being the fourth or fifth table that I witnessed, Dr Macdonald did not officiate. He was leaning over the front of the "tent," watching his beloved flock with a pastor's eye, and seeming to view with that delight which none but a pastor knows, the refreshment of his people's souls at the streams of living water. Blessed old man! Twenty years had elapsed since he sprinkled the water of baptism upon my face, and prayed that I might be spared for usefulness in the cause of Him from whom a scarcely living mother had received me; and as I now stood above him on the alder-skirted bank of the "Burn," my heart glowed more strongly than ever with an affection which I shall always cherish; and right sure am I, that when I return his prayer into his own bosom—that *he* now may be spared for many a useful year—my supplication will be re-echoed from the breast of every child of God that has known the person of John Macdonald, or heard his honoured name. I did not stay long, and about an hour after my departure the congregation dispersed.

Suitably rewarding my little groom, I returned slowly to my home never to forget the scene which I had witnessed in the "Burn of Ferrintosh."

* During the wars of Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, the whole army, consisting of ten thousand men, used, on the eve of a battle, to sing Luther's hymn: "God is our refuge," &c.—Ps. xlvi.

LITTLE CHILDREN BROUGHT TO JESUS.

"Suffer that little children come to me;
Forbid them not." Emboldened by his words,
The mothers onward press; but finding vain
Th' attempt to reach the Lord, they trust their babes
To strangers' hands. The innocents, alarmed
Amid the throng of faces all unknown,
Shrink trembling, till their wandering eyes discern
The countenance of Jesus beaming love
And pity; eager then they stretch their arms,
And, cowering, lay their heads upon his breast.

GRAHAM.

JOHN RONGE AND CONTINENTAL POPERY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN TREASURY.

DEAR SIR,—It is with great attention and anxiety that I have watched till now the proceedings of my countryman, John Ronge; and knowing, as I do, all the relations of Germany and its Romanism, I am disposed to view what has happened there of late in a light somewhat different from the usual one. And I think it my duty now to state freely my opinion on Ronge, and the motives which probably actuate him, especially as I find that only one, and always the favourable view of his principles, has been presented to the public here; a thing which, even taking in its excuse (of making else the movement lose the interest taken in it in this country), is not only, in my opinion, very wrong, but, in fact, does nothing but harm. For the people of God are, I fear, somewhat misled; and not knowing all the circumstances accurately, are not instant enough in prayer that the fortress built against Rome may not be inhabited by Satan's garrison, instead of Immanuel's. I observe that a Romanizing tendency of the new Church is generally the only thing apprehended; and even their defect in

the doctrine of justification, is ascribed to that only. This is an opinion which I suspect to be a mistaken one. I much fear that it rather arises from Neologian tendencies. True it is, Romanism and Neology agree on this point, at least as to the main principle; and so it might, at first sight, appear difficult to discover by which of these two Ronge is moved. If I am told that Luther was at first also defective in his views on this point, I would answer, that Luther began in quite another manner his work of reformation—grounding it on, and prompted to it by, a belief in Bible truths. But in all I have read from and on Ronge, I find little of that basis. He tells us, indeed, that Christ left his Spirit, and not his coat, to the Church; but, alas! has Ronge himself been led by it into all truth? His *Church* seems to mean, "all mankind, and mankind here on earth" (p. 36 of Ronge's Justification, in the pamphlet lately published); and for the "Holy Spirit" he finds (p. 93) a very analogous interpretation.

This doubt becomes more and more grounded, if we consider the present state of the Romish communion. Its principles and tendencies, indeed, are known here, but little or nothing of its *present* actual bearing; for the fact is, that one must have lived, as I have done, the greater part of life in a Popish country, and have made, in travelling, close observations as to its different outgoings, to be able to sum up the incredible superstition of its lower people, and the Infidelity, and gross immorality of its clergy, and all ranks of society. I speak here of *Popish countries*—not of such where most of the population are Protestants; for Romanism is a kind of bed of Procrustes, suiting either all to itself, or differing only in that it suits itself to all. In Berlin, for example, I observed that they exchanged, in their churches, the little and larger pictures for beautiful statues; probably to attract the æsthetic sense of this modern Athens; and so on in other countries. From the idolatrous worship of images which one finds in a *Popish country*, under every green tree and on every hill and crossway, to the most ludicrous and pitiful processions, all is done to blind and mislead the people; on whom the lowering effect of Romish principles is so great, that, strange as it may appear, when I wandered, in company of a friend, through a partly Popish, partly Protestant country, we were, when entering a village, by its dirt, disorder, and rudeness of manner in young and old, without any words, told which of the villages was Popish; and, indeed, so marked a difference exists between places separated by one or two hours' distance, that we felt, on entering a Protestant one, as if at once in another country. The kneeling before, and praying to images, is a thing to be witnessed at every corner. Sometimes these are the most fearful blasphemies imaginable; as, for example, one which I saw of the Holy Trinity, in which, (would you believe it?) God the Father was depicted with the red cloak and hat of the Pope—covering with the former the Son and the Holy Spirit—the latter under the shape of a dove. From the procession, priest and people go to drink, and spend the remainder of their sacred days in scenes of vice and beastly vulgarity, such as would have put even Bacchanals to shame. Playing of cards is the usual daily business of the parson, who is generally the worst man in the parish, as he is often the most grossly ignorant. We know, from our own personal observation, how crimes which make one's blood turn cold are coolly perpetrated by those who dare call themselves ministers of Christ; yea, the more learned, the worse have we generally found them. The good, stupid class of them read their prayers, pray their paternosters, and spend, regularly, the other part of the day in eating, drinking, playing of cards, and in a kind of moderate profligacy. But the more learned are deeply plunged in Infidelity. And how could it well be otherwise? Some worldly reason leads them to the Church. Generally they know just as much of the Bible as they have been obliged to learn by heart in Latin—are kept back from all free inquiries; while their morals are blinked over, and then they are at once ushered into parishes, and made actors in those religious comedies or tragedies called Popish worship.

Let, for example, a man consider the mummery which is practised every year on Good Friday in G—, in W——, through which I had last year occasion to pass, and which was described to me by a pious Protestant, who lives there, and has witnessed it often. The procession is opened by a man dressed in sheepskin, with false hair and beard, carrying a tree, on which are placed a gilded apple and a serpent, to represent old Adam. He is accompanied by a priest, who reads the prayers. After him comes a little boy, dressed as simply as possible, and led on with twelve strings by persons in the apparel of shepherds; the whole representing Joseph of Egypt. Now, the query would arise, how to procure him the necessary coat of many colours. For this the priests have found an ingenious remedy. They declare it to be of great profit, for the remission of sins, to pin little images of saints on poor Joseph's coat. Consequently, all devotees rush upon the poor boy, and in a few moments he is covered with little pictures of X, Y, Z, patrons of men, horses, cattle, oxen, sheep, &c., and all the patronesses whom the yearly calendar has preserved to posterity, along with the interesting changes of the seasons, the weather, &c. I almost shrink from speaking of the third person of this procession, but truth prompts me to do so. A person with a mask, in order that he may not be recognised, with false hair and beard, dressed in red merino, barefooted, and bearing a real cross, is made to represent our Saviour! The person acting this is generally the greatest sinner in the communion, whose sins can by no other penance be forgiven. The bearing of the heavy cross (more or less heavy by a load of stones, according to his sins) up a hill called Calvary—on the way to which he is commanded to fall down as often as our Saviour is said to have fallen under the weight on his way to the crucifixion—together with the actor's religious excitement and his light dress in a generally very severe season, often terminates in the death of the unhappy individual. Another person goes behind him to help, in imitation of Simon. Both are surrounded by a party of men who are intended to represent Roman soldiers; but the necessary costume being awanting, they are put into the uniform of Frederick the Great, with two-cornered hats and long halberds. This ridiculous company of soldiers is followed by a priest, who feigns to say, with all devotion, his prayers. The whole way is lined with tents where liquor is sold.

In general, no man can imagine how much vice is perpetrated in pilgrimages to images or little pictures of the Virgin. While I write this letter, it seems to me almost as if I heard the monotone melody of one of these processions which, just returned from a visit they have paid to the Virgin, are singing to the crowds which come forth to meet them: "A kind compliment to you from our holy Virgin;"—all the bells ringing, and the clergy and schools going to meet them with crosses and banners. I might also tell of the tongue of Nepomuck, a priest, who would not betray the confession of the Queen of Bohemia, and whose tongue was consequently cut out, and is still said to be preserved untouched, and is shown every year to the people; or of the right hand of St Stephen, the Hungarian, who lived in the tenth century, and which is still said to exist; or I might speak of the ceremonies of Good Friday, when a coffin, surrounded by twelve burning candles, and guarded by soldiers, is put into the church, in order afterwards to play a

comedy in representation of our Lord's resurrection! But it would be tiring, though I could fill books with it, were I to give you a description of some of the other processions, relics, &c., or of the blasphemous and sacrilegious *baptizing of the fields*, in order to render the crops abundant; all which I know from *personal observation*. By what we have said, however, it will be easily understood how the populace will with pleasure take hold on a religion which, countenancing all the depraved human tendencies towards superstition, gives them, at the sametime, a shield for all their vices; and this, indeed, is quite necessary, for *better* things could else be minded—perhaps questions about salvation might be raised, which would prove dangerous to Rome. But by taking away their Bibles, so that the Word of God is, in fact (as I know), a police-forbidden book, and by keeping them farther unmolested in, yea, by fostering sensuality and ignorance, and finally, by suppressing, either by violence (as lately was sometimes the case) any religious awakening which could still threaten, or, more frequently, by rooting it out in their will-worship and Carnival mummeries, Rome keeps its people in subjection.

It would seem astonishing, at first aspect, how the more cultivated of the people, who are in general Deists, can remain within the pale of Rome. But our astonishment must cease, when we consider the difficulties with which the leaving of Popery is generally beset, and the much private, if not public, persecution to which Protestants are exposed. Rome, on the contrary, affords them, by its work and self-righteousness, every facility to remain; and their general excuse for her mummeries is, that they are altogether necessary for the uncultivated people, who would not otherwise understand anything about God, neither remember him, but are attracted by a worship exciting their imagination. This holds also true of a great number of the priests, making allowance for the comparatively few devotees, and the still fewer who, amidst much darkness, have got a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. Some of the latter are known to me, and I had once, when travelling on the Rhine, the unspeakable delight of a day's conversation with such a person, whose name I have been disappointed not to find yet in the ranks of tne German Catholic Church. It is partly from these premises that I think I may be allowed to deduce my suspicion lest the most of Ronge's people, having once thrown aside all fear, wish more to contend against Rome, under the banner of Rationalism than under that of the Gospel of the Son of God. True it is, that letters from Protestant friends express a hope to the contrary; but one might easily conceive how far they could be misled by their joy in seeing the Anti-Romanistic tendency of the new movement.

We doubt not, however, that a good number of the adherents to the new Church are evangelical; as, for example, the Rev. Mr Czerski, to whom we understand twenty priests have given in their adherence, besides those who joined him before, though we must confess that Articles I., III., IV. (p. 105 of the pamphlet), seem to us scarcely orthodox; as also the Rev. Christopher Licht, of the Elberfield congregation, whose letter breathes a Christian spirit, and where, we have no doubt, the beneficial influence of orthodox, living, Protestantism may be seen; and further, all those connected with the late evangelical movement in the Romish communion, occasioned by Säiler, Hug, Hermes, &c.—among the rest, Professor Dr Regenbrecht. In *any* case we still hail the movement, as having brought them out of the pale of Rome, in which we are firmly assured that it is absolutely impossible that an evangelical tendency can prosper; for Rome must needs be destroyed—it cannot be reformed; and wishing that our fears may be disappointed, we cannot but say that in the new Church, in any case, a way for free inquiry is opened up, which all Christians cannot but desiderate, and of which we ought to take all the advantage possible.

As to Ronge himself, whose very recent pamphlets, not known in this country, we have perused, and which breathe all the same *naturally* noble spirit, our fears were rather augmented by reading an account of his introduction as minister of the new Church in Breslau. This was done on the 9th of March A.C., in the presence of the twelve hundred members constituting the congregation there. Dr Steiner began the ceremony by addressing the congregation, and holding before them the importance of the day, and calling upon them to exercise once more their so long withheld right to choose their own pastor without the interference of others. The congregation then called unanimously, and in the presence of God, the Rev. John Ronge to be their minister. Dr Steiner informed them that the Rev. Mr Czerski, of the new congregation in Schneidemühle, had arrived, to be present on the occasion. No less joy was felt when it was declared that the Rev. Mr Kerbler, till then chaplain of Lindenau, near Münstenberg, had joined the new Church, and was soon to appear in the midst of them. The minister was now solemnly introduced, twelve girls in white, with garlands, opening the procession; then came Ronge, accompanied by Czerski, and Kerbler, and the kirk-session of the new congregation; who, by the way, are also chosen by popular election, and have a right to vote in Church courts, as an account of the elections for the late general council of the new Church sufficiently shows. Dr Steiner then addressed the new minister, holding before him his important duties. Ronge replied, and promised the congregation not to leave them, either in joy or grief, through good or bad report. After the singing of a hymn, Ronge entered the pulpit and preached a sermon, the extracts of which, as given in the Hamburg papers, are (as we fear) rather Rationalistic. After the reading of the ordinary Church prayers, a letter from the new congregation at Dresden was read. Then followed a recital of the Apostles' Creed, to which the whole congregation responded. After the reading of Scripture passages referring to the Lord's supper, a solemn hymn of thanksgiving was beautifully executed, and the congregation dismissed. The Rev. Mr Kerbler has been unanimously chosen collegiate minister to Mr Ronge. In the meantime new congregations are daily forming, and mostly opened by Ronge and Czerski, who itinerate for this purpose from place to place, and which are for the present mostly accommodated in the Protestant places of worship.

I must, before I close, take the opportunity of expressing my great disappointment at the conduct of some of the German orthodox Protestants. I am fully aware that, in the difficult circumstances in which they are placed, they cannot, as a body, rise to help Ronge against Rome; they must act more as private individuals, and in helping others who help again directly those who attack Rome; but I must express my astonishment, when I saw some of these good men declaring themselves publicly against Ronge, as a Rationalist, in such a manner as, instead of instructing him in meekness and love, but tended to cast him off at once and altogether. By this means they will not only force them to go for assistance to the Rationalistic Protestants—the danger of which every one will see—but help also Rome, who will gladly avail herself of the arms thus lent her by their enemies. Prussia, however, is understood to give toleration to the new Church, and Saxony will doubtless follow its example, though the alleged answer of the king of this latter country to the Popish depu-

tation (p. 104 of the pamphlet), has been stoutly and flatly contradicted by some of the German newspapers. What the Popish German States will do remains to be seen. The Archbishop of Mayence, the only prelate who had not approved of the exhibition of Treves, was for a time supposed to be willing to take the lead in the movement; but his answer to the congregation of Offenbach, which applied to him for advice, wherein he counsels them to join rather at once the Protestant Church, shows that our hopes of him have been disappointed. We have no doubt that Rome's policy will be to proclaim them Infidels, and to try to make them really Socinians; for they know that Socinianism will not do for any length of time, and will drive the people, by-and-by, back to the superstitions of Rome (this is always their policy against Continental Protestants), or bring them to join the Lutheran Church; which, in fact, would be, at the *present* stage, very dangerous, desirable as it may be for a future period, when the new Church has gained more strength. In the meantime, Popish priests are not ashamed to add to the exhibition of Treves new fables, as that the holy coat was worn by Jesus all his life, and had grown with him in length and breadth. Yea, an ultra-montane publication from Bavaria, has impudence enough to assure such a gross fabrication as an article of faith.

Having thus stated our doubts and fears about Ronge and his movement, we would conclude by proposing that the Christian Churches of Britain, who have been called upon in the concluding sentences of Ronge's Justification (p. 82) to unite with him, should jointly write him a letter, both to encourage his heart and to strengthen his hands, and to demand, at the sametime, of him a clear testimony of his belief in the Bible and the Son of God, as set forth therein. How profitable such a step could be, both in animating him and in drawing his attention more closely to *the one thing needful*, appears to me self-evident; how requisite, on the other hand, it is for Britain to act once more as a united *Protestant country*, I leave every British Christian to judge for himself. Let us Protestants take, finally, an example from the efforts of idolatrous Rome to circulate her soul-destructive heresies; and let us, in the name of Jesus, lift up and wave heavenwards a banner for Christ's crown and glory; let us carry it over seas and countries, and plant it on *every* hill, and on *every* mountain, till, like the festival trumpet-sound of old, the name of Christ is proclaimed by every lip, and adored in every heart, to the glory of God the Father, through the Eternal Spirit.—I am, &c.

A GERMAN PRESBYTERIAN.

Basket of Fragments.

POVERTY RECONCILED.—Poverty only *looks* well in poetry, and only *is* well in religion.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—He who has the ear of God has the hand of God.

BE NOT HIGH-MINDED, BUT FEAR.—A story is told of a young minister, who ascended the pulpit full of self-possession and vanity; but, having been left to his own strength, quitted it humbled and hanging down his head; upon which an old woman whispered to him: "Ah! Sir, if you had gone up into the pulpit as you came down, you might have come down as you went up."

PRIDE is the common forerunner of a fall. It was the devil's sin, and the devil's ruin; and has been, ever since, the devil's stratagem, who, like an expert wrestler, usually gives a man a lift before he gives him a throw.—*Dr South.*

CONCEIT A PROOF OF OUR DEPRAVITY.—We are as vain as if we were in full possession of our original perfection; and our being vain is a certain proof that we are not.—*Adam.*

ROME THE ENEMY OF ENLIGHTENMENT.—Rowland Philip, the vicar of Croydon, preaching at St Paul's against the art of printing, then lately brought into England, uttered this sentence in the course of his sermon:—"We [meaning the Romanists] must root out printing, or printing will root out us.—*Fox.*

THE IMPORTANCE OF EXAMPLE.—The world looks at ministers out of the pulpit, to know what they mean when in it.—*Cecil.*

PROSPERITY too often has the same effect on a Christian that a calm at sea has on a Dutch mariner, who frequently, it is said, in those circumstances, ties up the rudder, gets drunk, and goes to sleep.—*Bishop Horne.*

DEEDS, NOT WORDS.—It is not enough for us to stand gazing upon the wickedness of the times, unless we endeavour to redress it.—*Bishop Hall.*

THE CONSTRAINING POWER OF THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

LOVE to Christ is a motive equal to all emergencies. There is a ruling passion in every mind; and when every other consideration has lost its power, this ruling passion retains its influence. When they were probing among his shattered ribs for the fatal bullet, the French veteran exclaimed: "A little deeper, and you will find the emperor." The deepest affection in a believing soul is the love of its Saviour. Deeper than the love of home, deeper than the love of kindred, deeper than the love of rest and recreation, deeper than the love of life, is the love of Jesus. And so, when other spells have lost their magic, when no name of old endearment, no voice of onwaiting tenderness, can disperse the lethargy of dissolution, the name that is above every name, pronounced by one who knows it, will kindle its last animation in the eye of death. And when other persuasives have lost their power—when other loves no longer constrain the Christian—when the love of country no longer constrains his patriotism, nor the love of his brethren his philanthropy, nor the love of home his fatherly affection—the love of Christ will still constrain his loyalty. There is a love to Jesus which nothing can destroy. There is a leal-heartedness which refuses to let a much-loved Saviour go, even when the palsied arm of affection is no longer conscious of the benignant form it embraces. There is a love which, amidst the old and weary "feel" of waning years, renews its youth, and amidst outward misery and inward desolation preserves its immortal root—which, even when the glassy eye of hunger has forgot to sparkle, and the joy at the heart can no longer mantle on the withered cheek, still holds on, faithful to Jesus, though the flesh be faint. This was the love which made Paul and Silas, fatigued and famished as they were, and sleepless with pain, sing praise so loud that their fellow-prisoners heard and wondered. This was the love which burned in the apostle's breast, even when buffeting the Adriatic's wintry brine, and made the work which at Rome awaited him beam like a star of hope through the drowning darkness of that dismal night. This was the love which thawed his pen, when the moan of wintry winds made him miss the cloak he left at Troas, and impelled him to write to Timothy a testamentary entreaty to "hold fast" the truths which were hastening himself to martyrdom. Devotedness to Christ is a principle which never dies, and neither does the diligence which springs from it.—*Hamilton's Life in Earnest.*

Daily Bread.

FRIDAY.

"Cease to do evil; learn to do well."—Isa. i. 16, 17.

Meekness, humility, and love,
Through all his conduct shine;
O may my whole deportment prove
A copy, Lord, of thine!

Christianity does not end in negatives;—no man cleans his garden but with the view of planting of flowers or useful herbs. God calleth upon us to dispossess ourselves of our corruptions, but it is for the reception of new inhabitants. It is not enough that our hearts be swept, unless they be also garnished; that we lay aside our pride, our luxury, and our covetousness, unless humility, temperance, and liberality, shine in their places.—*South.*

SATURDAY.

"To-morrow is the rest of the holy Sabbath unto the Lord."—Exod. xvi. 23.

Safely through another week
God hath brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek
On the approaching Sabbath-day;
Day of all the week the best—
Emblem of eternal rest.

Study to have a deep sense of your wants upon your spirits, that you may get suitable supplies for them upon the Sabbath. If you were going to a great market next day, you would be thinking the night before what you wanted or needed thereat: The Sabbath is the great market day for your souls, when you may hear Christ crying, as Rev. iii. 18: "I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed."—*Willison.*

SABBATH.

"The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."—Eph. iii. 19.

What in thy love possess I not?
My star by night, my sun by day,
My spring of life when parch'd with drought,
My wine to cheer, my bread to stay,
My strength, my shield, my safe abode,
My robe before the throne of God.

No love like Christ's; yea, his love to us transcends his love to all other things. He loved us more than angels, for he would not put on their nature; he loved us more than heaven, for he left that to come and save us; he loved us more than riches and honour, for he chose poverty, and became of no reputation, to redeem us; he loved us more than the comforts of life, for he parted with these, and became a man of sorrows for our sake; he loved us more than his blood, for he willingly parted with that for us; he loved us more than his soul and body, for he gave both these to be an offering for our sins; he was more concerned for us than for himself; he rejoiced more in our welfare than in his own; he wept and prayed more for us than for himself; and in the time of his greatest strait, when heaven, earth, and hell were all at once rushing upon him, we have his prayer, John xvii., yet it is all spent for us, except one verse or two for himself.—*Willison.*

MONDAY.

"Enoch walked with God."—Gen. v. 24.

With God sweet converse I maintain,
Great as he is, I dare be free;
I tell him all my grief and pain,
And he reveals his love to me.

A devout man is he that ever sees the Invisible, and ever trembleth before that God he sees; that walks even here on earth with the God of heaven, and still adores that majesty with whom he converses; that confers hourly with the God of spirits in his own language, yet so as no familiarity can abate of his awe, nor fear abate aught of his love; to whom the gates of heaven are ever open, that he may go in at pleasure to the throne of grace, and none of the angelical spirits can offer to challenge him of too much boldness; whose eyes are well acquainted with those heavenly guardians, the presence of whom he doth as truly acknowledge as if they were his sensible companions. He is well known of the King of Glory, for a daily suitor in the court of heaven; and none so welcome there as he.—*Hall.*

TUESDAY.

"Giving no offence in anything."—2 Cor. vi. 3.

Beset with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand:
Saviour divine, diffuse thy light
To guide my doubtful footsteps right!

Beware of everything in your conduct that would prove a scandal. They who see can get over stumbling-blocks; but who would throw them in the way of the blind? "Make straight paths for your feet, lest that which is lame be turned out of the way; but let it rather be healed."—*Jay.*

WEDNESDAY.

"Pray without ceasing."—1 Thess. v. 17.

My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can he withhold?
Beyond thy utmost wants
His love and power can bless:
To those who ask he always grants
More than they can express.

Prayer is an all-efficient panoply, a treasure undiminished, a mine which never is exhausted, a sky unobscured by clouds, a haven unruffled by the storm; it is the root, the fountain, and the mother of a thousand, ten thousand blessings. I speak not of the prayer which is cold and feeble, and devoid of energy; I speak of that which is the child of a contrite spirit, the offspring of a soul converted, lost in a blaze of unutterable inspiration, and winged like lightning for the skies.—*St Chrysostom.*

THURSDAY.

"The end of that man is peace."—Ps. xxxvii. 37.

But O when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chain'd to earth no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies!

Soon shall I learn the exalted strains
Which echo through the heavenly plains,
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round the throne.

When God sends Death as his messenger for the regenerate man, he meets him half way to heaven; for his conversation and affection is there before him. Death is never strange nor fearful unto him. Not strange, because he died daily; not fearful, because whilst he lived, he was dead, and his life was hid with Christ in God. To die, therefore, is to him nothing else in effect, but to rest from his labour in this world, to go home to his Father's house.—*Bayly.*

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THE FAMILY OF BETHANY.

BY THE REV. JAMES ROBERTSON, PORTSBURGH, EDINBURGH.

THERE are some places so linked in our minds with interesting associations, that their names have become like so many charmed words. Of these some affect more especially the mind of the scholar, others the bosom of the patriot or lover of his country, while others, again, touch most powerfully the Christian heart. These last are as numerous as they are remarkable. Judea or Palestine, as a whole, stands unrivalled and alone in the estimation of every man of pious feeling; so that he does not regard even his native land with so deep and holy an affection. "What country," he exclaims, "is to be for a moment compared with that whose soil, after being trod by the feet of patriarchs and prophets, was at length hallowed by the presence and dyed by the blood of the incarnate Son of God?" And while this region, viewed as a whole, is contemplated with such emotions, each portion of it has its peculiar interest—its own individual set of associations. Thus, in regard to its mountains, we think of Carmel in connection with Elijah, and his victory over the priests of Baal—of Tabor, as the probable scene of the transfiguration—of Calvary, as the awful spot where the work of atonement was finished—of Olivet, as the mount whence, having "made an end of sin," he ascended to his Father and our Father, to his God and our God. In regard to its lakes and rivers, and even brooks, we have Kedron, the Jordan, and the Sea of Galilee; while, in regard to its towns and villages, time would fail were we to attempt to enumerate their names, or detail the incidents that have rendered them famous. We, however, select one of them, and request the attention of our readers to the circumstances that have imparted to it an imperishable interest.

Bethany was a small village about two miles east from Jerusalem, not far from Gethsemane, the scene of our Saviour's agony, and at the base of Mount Olivet, the scene of his ascension—a fitting spot for humble piety to dwell. Of the inhabitants of this village, almost the only names that have come down to us are the names of those mentioned in the 11th chapter of John's Gospel, who will be held in everlasting remembrance. They were but little known at the time—they achieved nothing worthy, as men esteem it, of being recorded in history or embalmed in song; yet they were amongst the few truly great ones of the earth, who, in the face of an unbelieving and persecuting world, embraced and honoured the lowly Jesus; and they have found a place, not only in the Volume of Inspiration, but in the Lamb's Book of Life. Their names were, Mary, Martha her sister, and their brother Lazarus. Which of the sisters was the elder, we cannot positively say; Mary, however, seems to have been the more advanced in grace. Both were believers; but she appears to have been the more spiritually-minded of the two, and the more devotedly attached to Jesus. The very first time she is introduced to our notice she fixes our admiration. We behold Martha acting the part of a good and hospitable landlady, but Mary that of an eager learner and devout disciple. "Martha was cumbered about much serving; but Mary sat at Jesus' feet, and heard his word." But it would be injustice to the Christian character of Martha not to take notice here of the noble testimony she bore, when, in answer to a question of our Lord concerning her faith in him as the resurrection and the life, she said unto him: "Yea, Lord, I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God, which should come into the world." The perfection of female character would seem to lie in the union of the characteristic excellences of these two women—in combining attention to household affairs and the offices of hospitality with the due improvement of means of grace and spiritual profit. Let married women especially attend to this, and so study arrangement and order, as to have time to receive visits of Jesus, and reap the benefit of his instructions. Wherever there is a willingness and preparation to receive and entertain him, he will vouchsafe his presence; and there ought to be such preparation, not only in prospect of the Sabbath, but, if possible, morning and evening, by securing leisure for the exercises of family devotion. Then should the world be forgotten, and Jesus employ all our thoughts, and engross all our affections.

Of Lazarus, the brother of Martha and Mary, we know nothing more than what is related in the chapter previously referred to, and the one which follows, where we learn that he was present at a supper given to the Saviour in Bethany shortly before his crucifixion. And this is enough; for, however pleasing it might be to have had some further particulars regarding him, it should be borne in mind, that the object of the inspired writers is to exalt the Redeemer; so that, instead of directing attention to other matters, however interesting, their habitual aim is to fix our minds on him, and to impress us with just ideas of his excellence and glory. We may, however, safely enough conclude, from the affection which the Saviour bore to him, that Lazarus was a partaker of like precious faith as his sisters, and that they thus formed a group bound and endeared to one another by ties still holier than those of mere consanguinity, and more indissoluble. And Oh! how unspeakable a mercy is it, when, in spite of constitutional differences in a family, grace

is seen paramount in all, purifying their hearts, sweetening their tempers, and uniting them in an affection which death will but enhance and refine. But, alas! how rare a thing is this! And why so rare? Partly, it may be, through the fault of those brought to the knowledge of the truth, not striving sufficiently, by prayer and in the use of means, for the spiritual wellbeing of the rest. We know not how it was at Bethany —whether one was made instrumental in converting another, or all were converted at once; but the former is the more usual way. Pious parents should give themselves, and they should give God, no rest till they behold a work of grace begun in their children—till they have good reason to believe that they have been born again; and where the parents are ungodly, or have been removed by death, but some one of the family is religious, it becomes that one to do everything in his power for the salvation of the whole. Such procedure, prayerfully adopted and persevered in, would be attended with the happiest results. True, such results might not follow in every case. Grace is rich, but it is also sovereign in its exercise. "He will have mercy on whom he will have mercy." Still, we should have the satisfaction of knowing that we had done our duty; and if at last we should behold a parent or child, a husband or wife, a brother or sister, on the left hand of the Judge, while we ourselves are on the right, freed from their blood, we will at once humbly adore, and cordially acquiesce in, the will of Him who doeth all things well.

Such was the family at Bethany—a family with whom Jesus had considerable intercourse, and to whom he was warmly attached. "Now Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus." The date of the commencement of the Saviour's intercourse with them we cannot confidently assign; perhaps it was the period spoken of by Luke (x. 38): "Now it came to pass, as they went, that he entered into a certain village: and a certain woman, named Martha, received them into her house." Ere this, Martha must have heard of him, nay, it was probably because her heart had been previously opened to receive him that she welcomed him within her threshold. Nor are we to think lightly of this mark of respect, recollecting the circumstances of the times, and the opposition everywhere manifested to Jesus. It discovered a strength of regard and a decision of mind to which perhaps some of us are strangers. Are none of us ashamed to receive and entertain Jesus in our houses, in the way of habitually acknowledging him in our families, deferring to his authority, and cultivating his worship? Many are the households in the land from which he is excluded. Has he found lodging in ours? and are we daily rejoicing in his presence and fellowship? Blessed is that house in which the Son of God is an inmate. Everything in it is blessed. There may be poverty, there may be sickness, but all is sanctified; and the Saviour, having for a time dwelt with its occupants upon earth, will at last take them to himself, that where he is, there they may be also.

"Now Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus;" he loved them because of their kindness to him, but chiefly because of the faith and Christian principle which they manifested. The grand occasion of the Saviour's affectionate regards was the piety of the family; and where this is awanting, no such regards can be entertained or expressed. How serious a train of thought does this suggest! Looking abroad over our country, how many homes are there in which we behold parental affection rejoicing over youthful promise! — how many hearths that are bright and joyous! but is religion there?—is piety there? If not, what are these with all their amiabilities and all their accomplishments, in the estimation of the Saviour? Oh! it matters not that the members of a family are beautiful, are amiable, are surpassingly accomplished, if they are not godly. It is not on such things that the eye of Jesus loves to rest, but on scenes where Christian faith, and love, and hope prevail. Where these are, there is his home and his dwelling-place, whether in the crowded city or quiet country— whether within the palace of the prince or the cabin of the peasant; and the more of a family there are who are pious, the more will that family be the object of the Saviour's complacent regards. Hence the family at Bethany was peculiarly endeared to him. Even when with the twelve, he was not wholly amongst friends—for one of them was a devil; but when in the house of Mary, and Martha, and Lazarus, he was amongst none but attached disciples—disciples who seem to have lived together in the bonds of the closest mutual affection.

But what we would chiefly impress upon the minds of our readers is, not so much the excellence of Lazarus and his sisters, as the amiable character of the Saviour himself. Think of him on earth, delighting to cultivate habits of intercourse and fellowship with the children of men —of doing this amid his manifold cares and sorrows, and even in the near prospect of the solemn, the awful hour of atonement! See him fatigued with labour in Jerusalem, repairing to Bethany, to partake of the hospitality of kind friends, and reciprocate their attachment; and mark him, at length, as he stands at the grave of one of them, and weeps! His was indeed a heart formed for love! nay, it was love itself! and it is still the same. "We have not a High Priest who cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but who was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." Christian! rejoice in this. He who loved Martha, and Mary, and Lazarus, loves all his people with a similar affection, and watches over them with an equal care. This is his language to them: "As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you; continue ye in my love." His love never alters. In all circum-

stances we may rely upon its existence and operation, and especially in times of extremity. "When father and mother both forsake me, the Lord will take me up." As no mention is made of their parents, Lazarus and his sisters were probably orphans; and if so, we have here a touching proof of the benevolence of our Lord, and a striking exemplification of the nature of that religion of which he is the author. How rich a source of consolation this to religious parents in prospect of their dissolution: "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me." "A Father of the fatherless, and a Judge of the widow, is God in his holy habitation."

Such was the family of Bethany—such their peaceful, holy, happy home. We feel, while contemplating its unobtrusive piety, as if gazing on some sweet lake whose purity no foreign admixtures conspire to sully, and the deep calm of whose heaven-reflecting waters nothing, as one is apt to think, can disturb. But of a sudden the sky lowers, and darkness gathers over the scene; thus reminding us that we have not yet reached "the better country, that is, an heavenly," where all is enduring, where the sun never sets, and the inhabitants never die. Lazarus grew sick. Christ's disciples are not exempted from the common ills of humanity. When these overtake them, they are not to be regarded as indicative of the absence or withdrawal of the Saviour's affection. The opposite conclusion rather should be drawn; for "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." Afflictions are sent that "the trial of their faith, which is more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, may be found unto praise, and honour, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ." The conduct of the sisters showed at once their love for their brother and their high estimation of Jesus. They forthwith transmitted to him intelligence of what had taken place, saying, "Behold, he whom thou lovest is sick." They had confidence equally in his love and in his power; nor was their confidence misplaced, although returned in a form very different from what they anticipated. And it were well if, in similar circumstances, we acted a similar part. Jesus is the friend that sticketh closer than a brother. To him we may at all times freely unbosom ourselves, under the conviction that he will cordially sympathize with us, and impart the grace we need. And how easy is he of access! We have not to send to a distance to apprize him of the state of our affairs. He knows them before we tell him of them; and he did so in the case of Lazarus. But it is at once our duty and our privilege to lay them before him at a throne of grace. Whenever, then, we are perplexed and troubled, let us go and tell Jesus, and let us ask his sympathy and aid, not only for ourselves, but for others also, especially for his afflicted people and his suffering Church. An answer will come, although it may not be immediately, nor in the form expected. So was it in the instance before us; for when Jesus heard that Lazarus was sick, instead of repairing instantly to Bethany, he abode two days still in the same place where he was. He remained there till the proper time arrived for the display of his glory. Had he been in Bethany during Lazarus' illness, or reached it while he was yet labouring under it, it would have seemed strange had he not wrought a cure, or it might have been insinuated that there was collusion in the matter. But he was personally absent from the scene, till it must have been put beyond all doubt that Lazarus was indeed departed. "Then said Jesus unto the disciples plainly, Lazarus is dead. And I am glad, for your sakes, that I was not there, to the intent that ye may believe; nevertheless let us go unto him." They set off on their journey; and Martha, as soon as she heard that Jesus was coming, went and met him. The meeting between them was most touching.

But we dwell not upon it, nor even upon the supernatural spectacle that soon after presented itself, when after the saying, "I am the resurrection and the life," the Saviour proceeded to furnish ocular demonstration of its truth. Suffice it to remark, that Jesus proved himself to be divine; and, at the sametime, showed what his people may expect at his hands—all that infinite love and almighty power can accomplish. The family whose happiness had been for a brief period disturbed, was rendered happier than ever. Jesus is the great RESTORER; and what he did on a small scale at Bethany he will realize in the experience of the whole family of which he is the elder brother—every one of whom he loves as tenderly as he did Martha, or Mary, or Lazarus. He does not prevent breaches being made amongst them; no, but he permits them, that he may be glorified thereby. A re-union will take place; and, in connection with it, a most overwhelming manifestation will be furnished of the divinity and mediatorial glory of the Son of Man. What honour will he then bring to himself! and what happiness confer on the objects of his love! They shall no longer be perplexed with cares, nor distressed by bereavements, nor mourn an absent Lord. "Neither can they die any more; for they are equal unto the angels." "Marvel not at this; for the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation." May we all find mercy on that day, when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven, with his mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ; who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power, when he shall come to be glorified

in his saints, and to be admired in all them that believe!

Biographical Sketch.

REV. DANIEL ROWLANDS OF LLANGEITHO, THE WHITEFIELD OF WALES.

PART I.

Daniel Rowlands was born at Llancwnlle, in the year 1713—his father being clergyman of the parish; but, it is said, very careless in the discharge of his duties in that capacity. Daniel, although possessing no idea whatever of the importance and responsibility of the sacred office of the ministry, was brought up for it by his parents as a *profession;* and having begun his studies early, was ordained when twenty years of age. His conduct when attending college was singularly inconsistent with his ultimate views; and was not at all altered even when he entered on the ministry. His biographer tells us,

> There was commonly in every parish some place where the vain, the foolish, and the dissolute assembled; and there among them Rowlands appeared the foremost, the liveliest, and the most active of the party, after having been in church reading, praying, and preaching in the morning! Drunkenness, no doubt, followed. Though it is not said that he was notorious for that habit, yet he fell into it occasionally.

The spiritual condition of Wales generally at the time was very deplorable. It had been favoured with many devoted men among its ministers; but persecution had long since silenced them in prisons, or driven them to seek refuge in other lands; while those who filled their places, instead of guiding the people in the paths of holiness and truth, actively joined in all the irreligion and frivolity which disgraced the period—

> The priest and the people were alike, both extremely ignorant of religion, and wholly given up to the vanity of their own minds. Though the Bible was known, or might be known, and divine service was regularly performed in the churches, yet ignorance and ungodliness prevailed through the whole country. Preaching, such as it was, was very scanty; in some places not more frequent than four times in the year. Prayers were thought sufficient; and those were only read, and not prayed; as if they possessed a sort of charm, which, being applied by mere reading, were to effect all the good intended by them. It was the bead-praying of the Papists.
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> The common people were more inclined to go to church on Sabbath-mornings than the gentry; but in the afternoons they greedily followed their amusements. There was hardly a Sabbath afternoon on which they had not, in some part of the country, some place for sports. Here the youths exhibited their strength, and a great number of the people of the neighbourhood came together to look at them. On Saturday nights, especially in summer, the young people, both males and females, kept what was called singing-nights, and amused themselves by singing with the harp, and dancing, till the dawn of the Sabbath. In this town (Bala) they were usually, on the Sabbath afternoons, singing and dancing in the public-houses, playing tennis under the hall, bobbing, &c. There was in every corner of the town some sport going on until night. The interludes in summer were played in the loft of the hall, on the afternoons of the Sabbath; and both the gentry and the common people thus amused themselves together, and profaned the Lord's-day.

Rowlands went along with the multitude in all these things, and for five years remained minister of Llangeitho, without once directing his people to Christ. But at the end of that period he was signally awakened—the Lord brought him to a knowledge of the truth, and his subsequent life formed one of the brightest instances of devotion to the cause of Christ which the records of Christian biography can furnish.

The circumstances which led to his conversion were as follows:—The Rev. Griffith Jones, an eminent itinerating preacher of the day, at one time visited the district; and it having been announced that he would preach at Llanddewibrevi, a place about four or five miles distant from Llangeitho, Rowlands was induced by curiosity to go and hear him. The same curiosity had attracted a large audience—for the fame of Jones, as a powerful and energetic preacher, had spread over the country—and, there being no room for them to sit down, the whole assemblage stood—Rowlands placing himself prominently in the centre, and expressing, by his countenance, no small measure of contempt. So indecorously did he conduct himself, that the attention of the preacher was repeatedly drawn towards him—till at last, looking stedfastly in his face, he paused, and suspending his discourse, offered up a very earnest prayer for Rowlands, beseeching the Lord to open his heart, and to make him even yet a mighty instrument in his hand for turning many from darkness unto light. "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." He who came to mock, remained to pray, and went home an altered man! "The proud gait had disappeared, and the vain talk was no longer heard. Walking with his face towards the ground he seemed very thoughtful;" and thereafter the work of grace was followed up. The Lord led him by degrees till he rejoiced in the full knowledge of the truth.

He seems first to have been awakened to a singularly vivid sense of his state by nature, as a sinner, condemned by the law, and under the curse; and not seeing clearly his own interest in Christ, not being able to say that *he* was redeemed from the curse, his spiritual experience for some time was of a distressing kind. Terrors overwhelmed him. And as he thought, so he preached. We are told that

> Awful and extremely terrific was his message; nothing but the consuming flashes and dreadful thunders of the Law, with hardly anything like the joyful sound of the Gospel. Endless condemnation, deserved by sinners, was what he set forth with unusual power and energy. His own spirit seemed to have been filled with great and awful terror. He appeared as if he wished to kindle the fire of hell around the transgressors of God's law, that he might

terrify them. He unfolded the indignation of Heaven against sin with amazing clearness, earnestness, and vigour. But there was no harshness in his voice nor sternness in his countenance; but, on the contrary, the most melting tenderness. He spoke as one overflowing with compassion, and under the deepest conviction of his own unworthiness.

The effects of his preaching were very wonderful. The people were roused from their apathy—thousands poured forth to hear the Word; and as, in the manner described, the preacher proclaimed the terrors of the law and the coming of the judgment, the immense assemblages were moved—tears streamed down the faces of multitudes—the most thoughtless groaned in agony of soul, as if they stood on the brink of perdition—while many fell, through overwhelming fear, as if dead, upon the ground. But, as in the case of Rowlands himself, although thus awakened, the people were not for some time brought to the peace of the gospel. "Deep convictions of sin, and hardly anything else, were produced." "Pricked in their hearts," they cried out, "What shall we do to be saved?" And even for years the work stopped there.

But in the Lord's good time a blessed change took place. The soul of Rowlands was visited with light from on high—abundant light; and straightway, speaking from the fulness of his heart, he proclaimed to the distressed and almost despairing multitudes the unsearchable riches of Christ. The Law he still preached, but he added the Gospel; and the effect was instantaneous. Those who had been broken and bowed down under the terror of the one, were made to leap for joy by the blessed tidings of the other; and in proportion to the depth of their convictions was now the fulness of their joy. So wonderful was the change, that the thousands who gathered to hear the Gospel from Rowlands' lips are said to have returned home singing and shouting for joy—those on foot and those on horseback, men and women—so much so, that "the country around, to a considerable distance, re-echoed with their joyful hallelujahs."

It was at this time that the practice of leaping while singing the praises of God in the field first commenced in Wales. Rowlands, not well knowing how to act in reference to the practice, neither encouraged nor discouraged it. Others were much against it; and a story is told of one friend in England who wrote to Rowlands, earnestly requesting him to put a stop to the practice. Rowlands had no wish to say anything respecting it; but his friend returning again and again to the subject, he at last answered him as follows: "You English blame us, the Welsh, and speak against us, and say, 'Jumpers, Jumpers.' But we, the Welsh, have something also to allege against you; and we most justly say of you, 'Sleepers, Sleepers.'" And whatever we may think of the practice itself, its commencement by the Welsh is not perhaps to be wondered at, if we consider the very sudden transition which they experienced from the depth of conviction to the fulness of assurance. At all events, Rowlands was right—"better leap than sleep."

Scripture Illustration

THE DOVE.

THE dove is universally admitted to be one of the most beautiful objects in nature. The brilliancy of her plumage, the splendour of her eye, the innocence of her look, the excellence of her dispositions, and the purity of her manners, have been the theme of admiration and praise in every age. To the snowy whiteness of her wings and the rich golden hues which adorn her neck the inspired Psalmist alludes in these elegant strains: "Though you have lien among the pots, yet ye shall be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold." These bold figures do not seldom occur in the classical poets of antiquity.

HER SIMPLICITY.

The surprising brightness of her eye and the simplicity and chastity of her look, which is directed only to her mate, are selected by the Spirit of God to express the purity and fidelity of a genuine believer: "Behold thou art fair, my love: behold thou art fair; thou hast doves' eyes"—a faithful index of the holiness which reigns within. They neither court the notice nor meet the glance of a strange lord; they are lifted up to heaven, and stedfastly fixed on the glorious realities of a better world. Sensible of the sin and danger of casting a wishful eye on forbidden objects, the true Christian earnestly prays: "Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity, and quicken thou me in thy way;" and, like Job, he makes a covenant with his eyes, that his mind may not be polluted with an unholy thought. He looks "not at the things which are seen, but at the things that are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."

The same beautiful figure is employed to represent the peerless excellences of the Redeemer, and particularly his infinite wisdom and knowledge, which are ever exercised for the good of his people—which are pure and holy, and in the estimation of every saint, as in their own nature, ineffably precious and lovely: "His eyes are as the eyes of doves by the rivers of waters, washed with milk and fitly set." The eyes of a dove, always brilliant and lovely, kindle with peculiar delight by the side of a crystal brook; for this is her favourite haunt—here she loves to wash and to quench her thirst. But the inspired writer seems to intimate, that, not satisfied with a single rivulet, she delights especially in those places which are watered with numerous streams, whose full flowing tide approaches the height of the banks, and offers her an easy and abundant supply. They seem as if they were washed with milk, from their shining whiteness; and fitly, rather fully set, like a gem set in gold; neither too prominent nor too depressed, but so formed as with nice adaptation to fill up the socket. So precious and admirably fitted to the work of mediating between God and man are the excellences of Jesus Christ. God and man in one person, he is at once invested with all the attributes of Deity, and all the perfections of which our nature is capable. As the eternal Son of God, he is wisdom and prudence itself; and as the Son of man, he is holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners: "He is white and ruddy, the chief among ten thousand: yea, he is altogether lovely."

HER VOICE.

The voice of the dove is peculiarly tender and plaintive, and bears a striking resemblance to the groan of a person in distress. Hezekiah, alluding to the sickness from which he had just recovered, pours out his gratitude to Jehovah in these emphatical terms: "Like a crane or a swallow, so did I chatter; I did mourn as a dove." And the men of Judah thus deplore the bitter consequences of their sin: "We mourn sore like doves; we look for judgment, but there is none; for salvation, but it is far off from us." In Hebrew—We groan with the groaning of a dove; that is, with a heavy and continual groaning. The Prophet Ezekiel, describing the grievous lamentations of his people in the day of their destruction, employs the same figure: "But they that escape of them shall escape, and shall be on the mountains like doves of the valleys, all of them mourning every one for his iniquity." The hoarse and mournful cooing of the dove gives a vivid idea of the low and murmuring complaints uttered by the dejected captives, dragged by their pitiless conqueror from the land of their fathers to a far distant and unfriendly region. To this circumstance Nahum alludes, when he predicts the desolations of Nineveh: "Huzzab shall be led away captive; she shall be brought up, and her maids shall lead her as with the voice of doves, tabering upon their breasts."

THE SWIFTNESS OF HER FLIGHT.

The sacred writers more than once allude to the flight of this bird, which they praise for its swiftness and ease. "Who are these," said Isaiah, "that fly as a cloud, and as doves to their windows?" In this passage, he beheld in vision the captive Israelites liberated by the decree and encouraged by the invitation of Cyrus, returning with the greatest alacrity to the land of their fathers; and exulting at the sight, he cries out, with surprise and pleasure: "Who are these that fly as doves to their windows?" The prophet apparently supposes that in his time buildings for the reception of doves were very common. And this is by no means improbable; for when Maundrell visited Palestine, dove-cots were numerous in some parts of the country. In the neighbourhood of Ispahan are many pigeon-houses, built for the sole purpose of collecting pigeons' dung for manure. The extraordinary flights of pigeons which alight upon one of those buildings, furnish a good illustration of the prophet's vision. Their great numbers, and the compactness of their mass, literally look like a cloud at a distance, and obscure the sun in their passage. In some parts of Egypt are numerous whitened dove-cots on the tops of the houses. The dove flies more swiftly when she returns to the windows of these cots than when she leaves them; because she hastens to revisit her young which she had left, and to distribute among them the food which she has collected. A similar passage occurs in Hosea: "They shall tremble as a bird out of Egypt, and as a dove out of the land of Assyria; and I will place them in their houses, saith the Lord." They shall fly with trepidation, or like a dove trembling for its young, or alarmed for its own safety, which puts forth its utmost speed.

In allusion to her extraordinary swiftness, the Psalmist says: "O that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest. Lo, then I would wander far off, and remain in the wilderness. I would hasten my escape from the windy storm and tempest." Kimchi gives it as the reason why the Psalmist prefers the dove to other birds, that while they become weary with flying, and alight upon a rock or a tree to recruit their strength, and are taken; the dove, when she is fatigued, alternately rests on one wing and flies with the other, and by this means escapes from the swiftest pursuers.

The Orientals knew well how to avail themselves of her impetuous wing on various occasions. It is a curious fact, that she was long employed in those countries as a courier, to carry tidings of importance between distant cities. The manner of sending advice by them was this: They took doves which had a very young and unfledged brood, and carried them on horseback to the place from whence they wished them to return, taking care to let them have a full view. When any advices were received, the correspondent tied a billet to the pigeon's foot, or under the wing, and let her loose. The bird, impatient to see her young, flew off with the utmost impetuosity, and soon arrived at the place of her destination. These pigeons have been known to travel from Alexandretta to Aleppo, a distance of seventy miles, in six hours, and in two days from Bagdad; and when taught, they never fail, unless it be very dark, in which case they usually send two, for fear of mistake.

HER DWELLING.

Her native and original dwelling is in the cave or holes of the rock. A beautiful allusion to this fact occurs in the Prophecies of Jeremiah, where he describes the flight of the Moabites to the rocky mountains from the sword of their enemies: "O ye that dwell in Moab, leave the cities, and dwell in the rock, and be like the dove that maketh her nest in the sides of the hole's mouth." Our Lord addresses the Church, in the Song of Solomon, in similar terms: "O my dove that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely." The phrase which we render "the secret places of the stairs," may with more propriety be translated, the secret crevices of the precipitous rocks; for the original term signifies a place so high and steep that it cannot be approached but by ladders. So closely pursued were the people of Israel, and so unable to resist the assault of their enemies, that, like the timid dove, they fled to the fastnesses of the mountains and the holes of the rocks. The miserable remains of the Jews that survived the destruction of their country by the arms of Nebuchadnezzar, are represented by the prophet as tame doves violently driven from the valleys which they had been accustomed to haunt, and wandering lonely and mournful upon the mountains, the proper abode of the wild pigeon: "But they that escape, shall escape, and shall be on the mountains like doves of the valleys; all of them mourning, every one for his iniquity." The truth and propriety of these allusions are confirmed by the writings of several modern travellers. In Asia Minor, according to Chandler, the dove lodges in the holes of the rock; and Dr Shaw mentions a city in Africa which derives its name from the great number of wild pigeons which breed in the adjoining cliffs. It is not uncommon for shepherds and fishermen to seek for shelter in the spacious caverns of that country, from the severity of the weather, and to kindle fires in them, to warm their shivering limbs, and dress their victuals; in consequence of which, the doves which happen to build their nests on their shelves must be frequently smutted, and their plumage soiled. Some have conjectured that the royal Psalmist may allude to this scene, in which he had perhaps acted a part while he tended his father's flocks, in that singular promise: "Though ye have lien among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove, covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold." The people of Israel, who had long bent their necks to the galling yoke of Egypt, and groaned under the

most cruel oppression, may not unfitly be compared to a dove in the fissure of a rock, which had been terrified by the intrusion of strangers, and polluted by the smoke of their fires, which ascended to the roof of the cavern, and penetrated into the most remote and secret corner; or by the smut of the pots which they had set over these fires for culinary purposes, among which she fluttered in her haste to escape.—*Paxton's Scriptural Illustrations.*

CHRISTIAN HOPE.

TRUE hope is Jacob's staff indeed;
True hope is no Egyptian reed;
That springs from mire, or else can feed
On dirt or mud.
By hope just men are sanctified;
In the same ocean safe at anchor ride,
Fearless of wreck by wind or tide,
By ebb or flood.

Hope's the top-window of that ark
Where all God's Noahs do embark;
Hope lets in sky-light, else how dark
Were such a season!
Wouldst thou not be engulf'd or drown'd
When storms and tempests gather round?
Ere thou cast anchor, try the ground;
Hope must have reason.

Hope hath a harvest in the spring;
In winter doth of summer sing;
Feeds on the fruits while blossoming,
Yet nips no bloom.
Hope brings me home when I'm abroad;
Soon as the first step homewards trod,
In hope, to thee, my God! my God!
I come, I come.

F. TEATE, 1669.

THE DOCTRINES OF MAYNOOTH.

As it is clear that the Protestants of the country have a struggle before them, in reference to the proposed national endowment of the Popish College of Maynooth, we have thought that it would be well, and might perhaps prove useful, were we to present our readers with one or two short papers, showing, from the authorities and text-books in use at the College, what the Popery there taught really is; for sure we are, that if the masses of our people but knew the extreme and awful doctrines which are instilled into the minds of the young men attending that College, and which, of course, as priests, they afterwards teach to the people, the spirit of opposition which has been roused against the proposed endowment would be increased tenfold.

I.—PERSECUTION.

In a former article we gave some extracts on this subject, from Cardinal Bellarmine and other Romish authorities, declaring that Protestants ought to be put to death, nay, that whole nations of them should be "exterminated," and "sent to their proper place." As we have reason to know that some of our readers were greatly startled by those extracts, not having been aware that even the Church of Rome, drunk as she is with the blood of the saints, had so openly and unblushingly avowed her intolerance, we give one or two additional extracts on the same subject, from standards received as authoritative throughout the whole Church, viz., the *decrees* of the general councils —to the truth of the whole of which every priest must of necessity subscribe; and the sentiments of which, therefore, every priest, if he be an honest man, *must hold.*

1. One of the councils acknowledged by all Papists as general and *infallible*, is the fourth or great Lateran. And the following is one of its decrees, breathing the darkest spirit of intolerance and murder, viz.:—

"That the secular powers should be admonished, and, if necessary, *compelled* by ecclesiastical censures, to swear that they will, to the utmost of their power, strive to EXTERMINATE FROM THEIR TERRITORIES ALL HERETICS, declared to be such by the Church. And further, that if any temporal lord, being required and admonished by the Church, shall *neglect* to purge his territory from all taint of heresy, he shall be *excommunicated* by the metropolitans and other provincial bishops; and if he contemptuously omit to give satisfaction within a year, it shall be signified to the holy Pontiff, in order that he may thenceforth *proclaim his vassals absolved from fealty to him*, and may expose to CATHOLICS his territory, to be occupied by them; who, having EXTERMINATED THE HERETICS, *may possess the same without contradiction.*"

Here it is declared, not only that heretics are to be "exterminated," but, moreover, that if kings do not *aid* in their extermination, they shall be immediately *dethroned* for their contumacy—*driven* from their kingdoms, and their territories made over to any good thorough-going Papists who may choose to take possession! And to the propriety of this decree *every Popish priest must swear!*

2. By the same council it was decreed, that every bishop should "go round his diocese annually, either by himself or by his archdeacon, and sedulously *investigate if any one infected with heretical contagion lay concealed in it;* and that any one who was slothful and negligent in *expurging* the diocese committed to him from this *heretical plague*, should be *deposed* from his office, as unworthy the pastoral ministry." This latter decree is cited by Dens in his "Theology," and given, too, in the edition used at Maynooth College, and published no farther back than the year 1832, under the sanction of Dr Murray, *present Popish Archbishop of Dublin.*

3. In the "Theology" of Dens, taught at Maynooth, we find the following (vol. viii. p. 218):—

"*Are heretics justly punished with death?*

"St Thomas answers, *Yes;* because *forgers of money*, and other disturbers of the State, are justly punished with death, *therefore also heretics*, who are forgers of the faith, and, as experience proves, grievously disturb the State.

"Also in the Bull '*Unigenitus*,' the 100th proposition is the following:—'It is a deplorable time, in which it is believed that God is honoured by persecuting the truth and its disciples.—In vain does any one flatter himself with the purity of his intentions, and his zeal for religion, if he is blinded by his own passions, or carried away by those of other men, because he does not wish to examine. We often think

we sacrifice an impious man to God, and yet we sacrifice a servant of God to the devil.' *This proposition is condemned*, along with the others, as false, impious,' &c., &c.; and the Bull concludes with A COMMAND to the 'Patriarchs, bishops, and other ordinaries, also the inquisitors of heretical pravity, that they should in every way COERCE and COMPEL its CONTRADICTORS, and rebels of every kind whatsoever, by censures, and punishments, and other remedies of law and fact; *calling in, if necessary, the aid of the secular arm.*"

There can be no doubt, that had the Church of Rome still the *power*, she has still the *will* to carry out measures, to the full as monstrous and extreme as those which have already made her infamous. For it is not true, as some ignorant or false Protestants would say, that "Popery is changed." Popery is *not* changed. In her *principles* she *cannot* change; and in her *policy*, if she can help it, she *will not*.

(1.) In her principles she *cannot* change. She declares herself to be infallible; and admitted change would to her be destruction, as it would involve fallibility. No Papist ever asserted that the principles of his Church had, on *any* point, changed. *Every* priest is bound to declare that he believes every decree of every general council *infallibly right*, and the above, revolting as they are, among the rest. And that Papist who, while he professes to believe in the infallibility of his Church, yet declares he does not believe that Protestants ought to be exterminated, is chargeable with either ignorance or dishonesty.

(2.) In her *policy* she will not change, if she can help it. Witness Madeira—Maria Joaquina condemned to death, and twenty-four others shut up in prison—for what? Because they lean to heresy; and, according to the directions of the council, "heretics must be *extirpated*." But Rome has not such power everywhere. In our own country she has not yet the prison and the gallows in her power. If she had, she would use them. Indeed, the only reason which any well-informed honest Papist could or would give, why the Protestants of this country are not exterminated, is just this: "We would, if we could, but we cannot;" or rather, perhaps, in the words of Bellarmine, "were we attempting it, '*more of us would be killed than of you;*'" therefore, instead of "handing you over to the executioner," we commit you to God. "*Intolerance is a dormant right which slumbers with the weakness, and awakens with the power, of Rome.*" *

II.—VIOLATION OF OATHS.

That the Church of Rome deliberately authorizes, and even encourages, the violation of promises and oaths on the part of her adherents, whenever these stand in the way of her own interests, is a position which admits of abundant and overwhelming proof. We are aware that the charge is a strong and a serious one, and not to be made lightly; but we are willing to leave the decision of its truth to any of our readers who will peruse the subjoined proofs—*all from authorities and text-books recognised at Maynooth.*

1. It is expressly laid down in the sacred canons, to which every priest is sworn, that "*All* promises are not to be kept;" that "sometimes it is not *expedient* to keep a solemn engagement;" that "the Pope's power absolves from an oath of fidelity;" and, that "they are not to be called oaths, but perjuries, which are attempted in opposition to the interests of the Church."

2. The third Lateran Council, universally received as infallible, solemnly decreed that any oath might be broken which was "contrary to ecclesiastical utility;" that is, contrary to the interests of the Church.

3. The Council of Constance decreed that *faith was not to be kept with heretics;* and, carrying out that principle, persuaded Sigismund, the emperor, to authorize the burning of John Huss, who had come to answer to the charge of heresy, on Sigismund's express and solemn promise that no injury should be done him. The following was the decree in reference to his case:—

"The holy Synod of Constance declares, concerning every safe-conduct granted by the emperor, kings, and other temporal princes, *to heretics*, or persons *accused of heresy*, in hopes of reclaiming them, that it *ought not to be of any prejudice* to the Catholic faith, or ecclesiastical jurisdiction, nor to hinder but that such persons may and ought to be *examined, judged*, and *punished*, according as justice shall require, if those heretics shall refuse to revoke their errors; *although they shall have come to the place of judgment relying on their safe-conduct, and without which they would not have come thither;* and the person who has promised them security *shall not, in this case, be obliged to keep his promise, by whatsoever tie he may have been engaged*, when he has done all that is in his power to do."

4. The Council of Trent directly sanctioned the same principle, when, in the safe-conduct offered to Protestants, they suspended, "for that occasion," "*pro hac vice*," the decree of the Council of Constance in favour of the lawfulness of breaking faith with heretics; thereby, of course, implying that the decree was in itself a perfectly righteous one, and that, "after this occasion," "*post hanc vicem*," it was to resume its sway.

5. Dens, in his "Theology," lays down that the obligation of a promise must be held as ceasing, when "such a change of state or of matters takes place *as that the promiser may not be thought to have wished to bind himself in such an event;*" adding—"*This is also true, though* the promise may have been *confirmed by an oath.*" And Bailly, another of the chosen authorities of Maynooth, states expressly, that there is "a power vested in the Church of granting dispensations in vows and oaths."

6. In reference even to the marriage vow, Dens says:—

"Take note, that if a Roman Catholic knowingly contract marriage with a heretic, he cannot, on that head, separate himself from her, because he has renounced the right of divorce; *except*, however, unless the heretic promised her conversion, and would not stand to her promise: in like manner, *if the Catholic knows that he is in imminent danger of losing the faith by cohabiting with a heretic.*"

So that if any unprincipled man is anxious to get quit of his wife, he needs only affirm that, by re-

* Townsend's Accusations of History against the Church of Rome, p. 176. New edition.

maining with her, he is in danger of *losing the faith;* and straightway the marriage is held null and void, and he goes free! Such is Maynooth morality!

We might easily extend these proofs by numerous quotations from eminent Romish writers; but, in present circumstances, we have preferred confining ourselves to the *recognised authorities* of Maynooth. Surely it is not too much to ask—Is it for the propagation of doctrines such as these that the Protestants of this country are to be, *by statute*, compelled to pay the sum of £27,000 a-year, with the ultimate prospect of a general endowment of the Popish clergy?

A WORD TO PARENTS ABOUT YOUNG MEN IN LARGE TOWNS.

So much has been written and spoken regarding Young Men, that we feel some hesitation in calling attention to a subject that may be regarded by some as well-nigh thread-bare; nevertheless, as our intention is not to theorize, but to point out a few practical considerations, which have either been partially touched on, or altogether overlooked by more formal writers, we trust that our brief hints will be honoured with the patient perusal of all who are interested in this important section of the community.

Our remarks must be understood as applying to young men sent by their parents in the country into large towns; in whose case the family relation established by God is entirely broken up. Of course, substitutes of some kind are put in place of this relation, and it shall be our duty to notice these in detail.

The *first* asylum in which a parent wishes to place his son, on sending him to a large town, is the house of a relation or tried friend; and provided the party so selected be possessed of proper firmness and principle, a more eligible arrangement could not be made. But it often happens that a variety of circumstances concur in rendering arrangements of this kind abortive. The parent may have known a friend in early life who was all that could be desired in point both of character and conduct; but it is one of the weaknesses of the human mind, although, no doubt, an amiable one, to be always regarding those whom we knew in the morning of existence, as remaining exactly the same sort of persons ever after—and this illusion remains unbroken until we come into actual contact with them. When Napoleon became the leader of the Italian army, two of his old Brienne schoolfellows visited him. The first threw himself into the arms of the general, who was surrounded by his brilliant staff. The embrace was coldly returned, and no more was heard of the enthusiastic friend. The second advanced with an air of respectful reserve. In private he was thanked by the great man, and afterwards became his private secretary, and ultimately his biographer in the person of Bourrienne. Nobody computes the day of the month by an old almanac, and no parent should confide his son to the care of a friend whom he may not have seen or heard of for a quarter of a century. The very compass itself requires to be tested by the more unerring standard of the sun; and human conduct should, in like manner, be corrected by frequent observations before important interests are confided to it. You ask your friend to take charge of your son; why, he has arrived at that period of life when it is most difficult for you to manage him; and only think for a moment in how many respects a stranger must be inferior to yourself in all that is likely to constitute him an effectual overseer! All the associations of childhood tend to cause your son to reverence your authority, but no such tie connects him to a stranger; and then, on the other hand, how can you expect that any other person can feel towards your child those yearnings of affection which alone can emanate from a parent's heart?

But, defective as relative superintendence may be, if you have a prudent God-fearing friend to whom you can intrust the most valuable of all your earthly deposits, the privilege is one of inestimable value, and should be prized as such. Where the choice has been rightly made, are likely the best results to follow; and if this arrangement can at all be entered into, it should take the precedence of all others. Where such friends are not known personally, application should be made to some minister, or other party of ascertained probity, who will make conscience of recommending nobody for whose proper qualifications he cannot personally vouch. And it is by no means impossible to find such persons; on the contrary, God has so constituted the world, that all the wants of his creatures can be reciprocally supplied. What science has developed as the economy of the physical world, experience has long since shown to be the economy of the moral world. The expressed breath and other things deleterious to animal life, have been found to be the only means of sustaining and animating the vitality of the vegetable kingdom; and so for every unprotected youth who enters a large town, and who, in the *solitude* of its crowded streets, sighs for his early home, there will always be found those who, although death or misfortune may have familiarized them with hardship, would conduct these youths to a pious fireside, and esteem the work higher than the wages. It is in such places that we love to find the "young man from home;" but, as in all cases of migration, one resting-place is never selected by the wanderers, we pass on to notice the other abodes of our young exiles.

The *second* place where they are to be found is in their masters' houses. We cannot say that we altogether approve of this method, neither can we indiscriminately condemn it. Where an employer has one or two young men, and has a well-ordered household, in the proper sense of the term, this arrangement, as experience has proved, may be gone into with much advantage; but where *large numbers* of young men are congregated, we should augur any but favourable results. If bad habits once break out, the facilities that exist for their propagation in such communities are fearful to contemplate. Sin may be rebuked by a mother or sister, where it would be encouraged by a promiscuous assembly of young men; and in the family circle the young disciple may venture on the "practice of piety," with the assurance that if he has no other sympathy, he may reckon somewhat on the forbearance of affec-

tion; whereas, strong in the brotherhood of licentiousness, the "smoking flax" of an awakened conscience might soon be "quenched" in an assembly of young men.

The *last* place in which we find young men is in the hired lodging-house. A good deal has been said about the class of people who keep these houses; but from experience we think we are justified in saying, that the number of bad lodging-keepers does not exceed the number of bad lodgers. We are not, therefore, disposed to make any tirade against a class of the community quite as much sinned against as sinning; but as it is possible that the system may be bad apart from the individuals who support it, we shall speak freely as to its real character. The great defect of the lodging-house system consists in its tendency to diminish that sense of reponsibility which operates so powerfully as a safe-guard of society. A young man arrives from the country, and receives an appointment in some given establishment. The duties, the hours of attendance, the length of engagement, and the salary, are all the matters which his future employer condescends to discuss with him; and having settled as to all these, the youth sallies forth in quest of his town *home*. He sees ticket after ticket, and ascends stair after stair, without finding a place whereon he may rest his weary foot. The good are too high, and the cheap are too cheerless. The approach of night, however, accelerates decision, and a domicile is fixed on. The employer cares not where his clerk lives, and the landlady cares not where her lodger has his place of business — the one looks for work, the other for pay. Dr Johnson long ago expatiated on the loneliness of city life, and none are doomed to know it more fully than young men who, unknown and unbefriended, come from the country to struggle for bread in large towns. They are at no age for misanthropy, and if good company cannot be had, we greatly fear that bad will not be unsought for, especially as in towns vice throws out its allurements in all forms, in all seasons, and at all hours. Bating his own conscience, what check exists on the young man? Granting that he is anxious to rise in the world, what an amount of secret depravity may be carried on in perfect compatibility with the cultivation of the mercantile virtues! Home check there is none. If the youth "pay his way," lodging-keepers have nothing to say; or if they have, it is their interest to say nothing. This is a sad amount of license at a time when

Pleasure is at the prow and Youth at the helm.

There is great probability that the sense of self-respect will be blunted or destroyed, and hence the importance of preserving the delicacy of this important element of character. Living under a friendly roof, a youth could not commit those extravagances which he might run into were he living in a house which he could leave at a week's notice with the most perfect impunity. But apart from the direct control of such a roof, collateral connections are established, which gradually draw the young man into salutary society, and so increase upon him the influence of public opinion and of local neighbourhood. At such a juncture the Church should lay hold upon him. There is not a vein in all our population which could be more largely or more effectively drawn on for the purpose of recruiting our forces of teachers, collectors, and deacons, than those young men. This want of time which is pleaded by people with families, cannot be urged by them—their time is their own—it often hangs heavy on their hands, and many is the sigh which they set up for want of suitable occupation. No doubt, long hours of business shorten the available space on week-days, and no effort should be spared to increase that; but the Sabbath is wholly theirs, and might be richly improved. Hitherto young men have forced themselves on the attention of ministers and other public men; let the process be now reversed, and let those who toil for the world's advancement, by the spread of the Gospel, act aggressively in employing an agency so eligible in numbers and activity. Let not country ministers be content with giving, nor town ministers with receiving, a communicant's printed certificate; but let the one brother write, and the other watch, regarding the walk and conversation of these local immigrants. They are the ranks from whence the next generation of the middle classes will be drawn; and thus, as the nursery of the men who constitute our nation's strength, they are worthy of attention.

We have now only one word to say to parents, in conclusion. Unless you pray with and for your child, for the bestowal on him of that grace which maketh wise unto salvation, all the human devices which you can fall upon may not protect from that city degradation which you dread with so much dismay; whilst, if instinct with a new nature, you may safely trust him "even in Sardis."

It is too much to be feared that the vast majority of parents do not sufficiently realize the solemn responsibility incurred in training children. Long after reason has dawned, they regard them very much as playthings, and too seldom speak to them as rational and immortal beings; but when the time for separation does come, the parent may then see, although often too late, that the sprinkling of religious instruction which has been communicated, is miserably inadequate to qualify them for embarking on the stormy ocean of life *alone*. Let parents, then, seriously ponder as to the variety of ways in which the opportunities of instruction may arise, and let this incite them to vigorous, sustained, and prayerful efforts towards inducing their children to betake themselves to the strait gate and narrow way that lead to everlasting life.

CALM, PEACE, AND LIGHT.

THERE is a Calm the poor in spirit know,
That softens sorrow and that sweetens woe;
There is a Peace that dwells within the breast
When all without is stormy and distress'd;
There is a Light that gilds the darkest hour,
When dangers thicken and when tempests lour.
That Calm to faith, and hope, and love is given—
That Peace remains when all beside is riven—
That Light shines down to man direct from heaven!

ANON.

NARRATIVES OF POPISH PERSECUTION.

In the year 1560, the Protestants who were still left at Venice, notwithstanding the persecution, sent for a minister to form them into a Church, and had the Lord's supper administered to them in a private house. But soon after this, information having been given of their meetings by one of those spies whom the court of Rome kept in its pay, all who failed in making their escape were committed to prison. Numbers fled to the province of Istria; and after concealing themselves there for some time, a party of them, amounting to twenty-three, purchased a vessel to carry them to a foreign country. When they were about to set sail, an avaricious foreigner, who had obtained a knowledge of their design, preferred a claim before the magistrates of the place against three of them for a debt which he alleged they owed him, and failing in his object of extorting the money, accused them as heretics who fled from justice; in consequence of which they were arrested, conveyed to Venice, and lodged in the same prisons with their brethren. Hitherto the senate had not visited the Protestants with capital punishment; though it would appear that, before this period, the inquisitors had, in some instances, prevailed on the local magistrates of the remoter provinces to gratify them to that extent. But now the senators yielded to those counsels which they had so long resisted; and acts of cruelty commenced, which continued for years to disgrace the criminal jurisdiction of the republic. Drowning was the mode of death to which they doomed the Protestants, either because it was less cruel and odious than committing them to the flames, or because it accorded with the customs of Venice. But if the *autos de fe* of the Queen of the Adriatic were less barbarous than those of Spain, the solitude and silence with which they were accompanied were calculated to excite the deepest horror. At the dead hour of midnight, the prisoner was taken from his cell, and put into a gondola or Venetian boat, attended only, beside the sailors, by a single priest, to act as confessor. He was rowed out into the sea, beyond the Two Castles, where another boat was in waiting. A plank was then laid across the two gondolas, upon which the prisoner, having his body chained, and a heavy stone affixed to his feet, was placed; and, on a signal given, the gondolas retiring from one another, he was precipitated into the deep.

Dr M'Crie gives the following account of a few who suffered by this mode of execution:—

The first person who appears to have suffered martyrdom at Venice, was Julio Guirlauda, a native of the Trevisano. When set on the plank, he cheerfully bade the captain farewell, and sank into the deep calling on the Lord Jesus. Antonio Ricetto, of Vicenza, was held in such respect, that, subsequently to his conviction, the senators offered to restore him not only to his liberty, but also to the whole of his property, part of which had been sold, and the rest promised away, provided he would conform to the Church of Rome. The firmness of Ricetto was put to a still severer test: his son, a boy of twelve years of age, having been admitted into the prison, fell at his feet, and supplicated him, in the most melting strains, to accept of the offers made him, and not leave his child an orphan. The keeper of the prison having told him one day, with the view of inducing him to recant, that one of his companions had yielded, he merely replied: "What is that to me?" And in the gondola, and on the plank, he retained his firmness; praying for those who ignorantly put him to death, and commending his soul to his Saviour. Francesco Sega, a native of Rovigo, composed several pious works during his confinement, for the comfort of his fellow-prisoners, part of which was preserved after his death. Francesco Spinula, a native of the Milanese, being a priest, was more severely questioned than his brethren. He was thrice brought before the judges, and on one of these occasions the Papal legate and a number of the chief clergy attended. In their presence, and when threatened with a fiery death, he professed openly the articles of the Protestant faith, and bore an explicit testimony against the usurpations of the Pope, the doctrine of purgatory, and the invocation of saints. During a fit of sickness, brought on by the length and rigour of his confinement, some concessions were extorted from him; but on his recovery he instantly retracted them, and being formally degraded from the priesthood, obtained the same watery grave with his brethren. But the most distinguished of those who suffered death at Venice, was the venerable Fra Baldo Lupetino. The following account of him by his nephew, in a book now become very rare, deserves to be preserved entire:—"The reverend Baldus Lupetinus, sprung from a noble and ancient family, was a learned monk, and provincial of the order to which he belonged. After having long preached the Word of God in both the vulgar languages (the Italian and Sclavonian) in many cities, and defended it by public disputation in several places of celebrity with great applause, he was at last thrown into a close prison at Venice, by the inquisitor and Papal legate. In this condition he continued, during nearly twenty years, to bear an undaunted testimony to the Gospel of Christ; so that his bonds and doctrine were made known, not only to that city, but to the whole of Italy, and even to Europe at large; by which means evangelical truth was more widely spread. Two things, among many others, may be mentioned as marks of the singular providence of God towards this person during his imprisonment. In the *first* place, The princes of Germany often interceded for his liberation, but without success; and, *secondly*, On the other hand, the Papal legate, the inquisitor, and even the Pope himself, laboured with all their might, and by repeated applications, to have him, from the very first, committed to the flames, as a noted heresiarch. This was refused by the doge and senate, who, when he was at last condemned, freed him from the punishment of the fire by an express decree. It was the will of God that he should bear his testimony to the truth for so long a time; and that, like a person affixed to a cross, he should, as from an eminence, proclaim to all the world the restoration of Christianity and the revelation of Antichrist. At last, this pious and excellent man, whom neither threatenings nor promises could move, sealed his doctrine by an undaunted martyrdom, and exchanged the filth and protracted tortures of a prison for a watery grave.—*M'Crie's Reformation in Italy.*

Miscellaneous.

The Proper End of Religion.—Let us never hope to make anything more than heaven by our religion, nor ever be content to take anything less.—*Matthew Henry.*

Prosperity Unfavourable to Religion.—They who lie soft and warm in a rich estate, seldom come to heat themselves at the altar.—*South.*

Ill-considered Opinions.—When men first take up an opinion, and then afterwards seek for reasons for it, they must be contented with such as the absurdity of it will afford.—*Ib.*

Providence.—He that will watch Providence shall never want a Providence to watch.—*Flavel.*

Daily Bread.

FRIDAY.

"It pleased the Father that in Christ should all fulness dwell."—Col. i. 19.

A fulness resides
In Jesus our head,
And ever abides
To answer our need.
The Father's good pleasure
Has laid up in store
A plentiful treasure
To give to the poor.

The sun has not the less light for filling the stars with light. A fountain has not the less for filling the lesser vessels. There is in Christ the fulness of a fountain. The everlasting fountain pours out water abundantly, and yet remains full. Why, the Lord Jesus is such an overflowing fountain, he fills all, and yet remains full. Christ has the greatest worth and wealth in him.—*Brookes.*

SATURDAY.

"The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts."—Rom. v. 5.

Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love, though all may frown,
And troubles great perplex my road;
Yea, when my flesh and heart decay,
Thee will I love in endless day.

The first and greatest duty that God demands of us, is supreme love to him; for where he is not loved above all, he is not loved at all; and nothing must be loved beside, but what is loved for him. Love is the sum of the Law and the Gospel; it is therefore the summary of all real religion; and to love God as ours, is to love him because he is ours. Where there is not this supreme affection, nothing good is done, or not done long.—*Matthew Henry.*

SABBATH.

"Hear the Word of the Lord."—2 Chron. xviii. 18.

Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly!
Where God resides appear no more;
Omniscient Lord, thy piercing eye
Doth every secret thought explore;
O may thy grace our thoughts refine,
And fix our hearts on things divine!

Give close attention to the Word. God looses you this day from the world, that you may "attend on the Lord without distraction"—1 Cor. vii. 35. Attend this day to what your Lord saith to you, as men who believe that every Sabbath and every sermon, that every prayer and exhortation, every call and offer of grace, bring you a step nearer heaven or nearer hell—nearer to the mansions with Christ, or to a dwelling with devils; and that endless eternity depends upon your attention to God's Word.—*Willison.*

MONDAY.

"It is good for me that I have been afflicted."—Ps. cxix. 71.

'Tis my happiness below
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying ev'ry loss.
Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

Afflictions are God's most effectual means to keep us from losing our way to our heavenly rest. Without this hedge of thorns on the right and left, we should hardly keep the way to heaven. If there be but one gap open, how ready are we to find it, and turn out at it! When we grow wanton, or worldly, or proud, how doth sickness or other affliction reduce us? Every Christian, as well as Luther, may call affliction one of his best schoolmasters, and with David may say: "Before I was afflicted I went astray; but now have I kept thy word." Many thousand recovered sinners may cry, O healthful sickness! O comfortable sorrows! O gainful hope! O enriching poverty! O blessed day that ever I was afflicted!—*Baxter.*

TUESDAY.

"Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, be put away from you."—Eph. iv. 31.

Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide;
All the depths of love express—
All the heights of holiness!

He that keeps anger long in his bosom, giveth place to the devil. And why should we make room for him who will crowd in too fast of himself? Heat of passion makes our souls to chap, and the devil creeps in at the crannies. Yea, a furious man in his fits may seem possessed with a devil, foams, tears himself, is deaf and dumb, in effect, to hear or speak reason; sometimes wallows, stares, stamps with fiery eyes and flaming cheeks. Were the greatest beauty to see his own face when he is angry, he could never fall in love with himself.—*Fuller.*

WEDNESDAY.

"Let evil-speaking be put away from you."—Eph. iv. 31.

Free us from envy, scorn, and pride—
Our wishes fix above;
May each his brother's failing hide,
And show a brother's love.

It is not good to speak evil of all whom we know bad; it is worse to judge evil of any who may prove good. To speak ill upon knowledge, shows a want of charity; to speak ill upon suspicion, shows a want of honesty. I will not speak so bad as I know of many; I will not speak worse than I know of any. To know evil by others, and not speak it, is sometimes discretion; to speak evil by others, and not know it, is always dishonesty. He may be evil himself who speaks good of others upon knowledge, but he can never be good himself who speaks evil of others upon suspicion.—*Warwick.*

THURSDAY.

"I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."—Phil. iv. 11.

Since at his feet my soul has sat
His gracious words to hear,
Contented with my present state,
I cast on him my care.
'Tis he appoints my daily lot,
And he does all things well;
I soon shall leave this wretched spot,
And rise with him to dwell.

Affect competency rather than eminency, and in all thy will ever have an eye to God's will, lest thy self-action turn to thine own destruction. Happy is the man who, in this life, is least known of the world, so that he doth truly know God and himself! Whatsoever cross, therefore, thou hast to discontent thee, remember that it is less than thy sins have deserved. Count, therefore, Christ thy chiefest joy, and sin thy greatest grief; esteem no want to the want of grace, nor any loss to the loss of God's favour; and then the discontentment for outward means shall the less perplex thine inward mind; and as often as Satan shall offer any motion of discontentment to thy mind, remember St Paul's admonition: "We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out."—*Bayly.*

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THE THIEF ON THE CROSS.

A Sermon.

BY J. H. MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ, PROFESSOR OF THEOLOGY, GENEVA.

(*Translated from the German for the* CHRISTIAN TREASURY.)

"And there were also two other malefactors, led with him to be put to death. And when they were come to the place, which is called Calvary, there they crucified him, and the malefactors, one on the right hand, and the other on the left. And one of the malefactors which were hanged railed on him, saying, If thou be Christ, save thyself and us. But the other answering rebuked him, saying, Dost not thou fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation?" &c. — LUKE xxiii. 32, 33, 39-43.

BRETHREN! the words which you have now heard introduce us into a temple, yea, the holiest sanctuary that ever stood on earth. Mount Moriah is its site; its covering is the vault of heaven; the pulpit is the cross; Christ himself is the preacher; and the two criminals condemned with him to death form the congregation. Never did or could any temple witness what this one on Golgotha witnessed—chosen and built, as it was, from eternity, "to finish transgression, to make an end of sins, and to make reconciliation for iniquity, and to bring in everlasting righteousness, and to seal up the vision and prophecy, and to anoint the Most Holy."—Dan. ix. 24. There has been fulfilled goodness and truth meeting each other—righteousness and peace kissing each other.

The great transaction itself can never be repeated through all eternity; for "*once* in the end of the world hath he appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself."—Heb. ix. 26. And yet, what took place in this temple is something which is substantially repeated in all Christian temples upon earth. Before the Lord appeared on Golgotha as priest and offering, he was there as the preacher of mercy. There he spoke as he who should open the gates of that heavenly paradise which no one shutteth. One of the two of his audience was converted and saved; the other remained in impenitence and condemnation. This was the result of that sermon from the cross; and as often as, for eighteen hundred years, the Word has been proclaimed, has the same result followed. It is only to the case of one of these criminals that we propose directing our attention—the case of *the thief who repented on the cross.* Holy and solemn is everything in this history of the crucifixion. Never did the redemption of Christ appear in more glorious reality! Everything here on Golgotha acquires a transcendent importance. There are, however, *three* great circumstances which the subject especially brings to notice: *First*, The *greatness of our sins; secondly*, The *greatness of the love of Christ;* and *thirdly*, The *greatness of our obligations.* Shall we not all find here something to learn? Will not every renewed Christian feel the necessity of making pass in review before him those circumstances by which the thief was led to his conversion? Ought not the justified soul ever to humble itself anew, as often as it views the greatness of its sins in the light of the Gospel? Ought it not to shout for thankfulness and joy as often as it contemplates the transcendent love of Christ? And ought it not ever to glow with new ardour when it thinks of the greatness of the obligations under which it has been laid? Spirit of the Father and of the Son! lead us into these great truths in this hour which we would spend at the cross!

I. The greatness of sin, and of the corruption of human nature, has been made known by the Gospel. The more a Church acknowledges this greatness of sin, the more does it rest upon the foundation of pure truth. Our Church views the sinfulness of man not as a mere *defect*—as the mere absence of the image of God, which was lost in the fall, according to the Romish creed—it declares that a *real principle of evil* exists in man—a new, sinful tendency of the heart, which has, since the fall, pervaded his whole nature, and, at the sametime, corrupted it. It does *not* hold that this corruption is one under which man may, notwithstanding, by free self-determination, incline himself to good, or make himself prepared for it. On the contrary, it declares that the first desire after redemption—the first step in the way to Christ—the first longing after participation in eternal life, is as much a work of divine grace as the complete enjoyment of the blessings of salvation.

And yet it is not enough that a Church declare the truth in its full purity, if, at the sametime, every member of it has not experienced this truth in himself. Have you, then, dear brethren, already felt the greatness of sin in your lives—in your wills—in your hearts? Is it not often the case that enlightened Christians themselves too easily forget the rock out of which they have been hewn, and seek to cover, as with a veil, the natural corruption of their hearts? Would that God oftener sounded in our ears that cry of anxiety which one of the truest servants of God gave vent to in his cell, with sighs and tears: "Oh, my sins! my sins! my sins!"*

Willingly do we admit that all men are not equally punishable with the thief—that before the eyes of the world perhaps no one of us is so great a transgressor as he; but we maintain,

* The reference here is to Luther in Erfurt.

notwithstanding, that sin in all of us is fearfully great—ay, great enough to exclude us for ever from all communion with God in heaven.

There were *three separate* ways in which the thief acknowledged the greatness of his sin; threefold is also the manner in which we ought to acknowledge the greatness of ours.

1. The thief finds it first *in his conscience.* Conscience is awakened—it speaks—it tells him of his sins, and cries: "We receive the due reward of our deeds." Learn, from this, to acknowledge your sins. Give, I pray you, an attentive ear to both voices which your conscience lets you hear—the one which tells you what you should have done, and the other which reminds you of what you have done: the one which speaks to you of righteousness, of truth, of love to God, of compassion, of meekness, of humility, of self-denial, of purity, of charity; and the other, which tells you of all that you have done. You have, in no particular, fulfilled God's holy commandment. Forgetfulness of God, unrighteousness, lying, hardness of heart, pride, impurity, anger, faithlessness in all your duties, deification of yourself—here see the inmost recesses of your nature, and the true image of your life. Oh! descend, were it only once, with the thief into the depths of your conscience, and that sin which seemed to you so small in the outward and superficial survey of your life, will then appear to you in its true greatness, filling you with shame, and with the consciousness that you are indeed worthy of condemnation.

2. All this the thief had read in his conscience; and then he lifted up his eyes to heaven, and felt fall upon himself from thence the judgment of God. "Dost thou not fear God?" were his words. Yes; it is upon the condemning sentence which God in his Word has pronounced against sin that we must look, to discover its greatness; for what is it that God testifies of the sin which is in us? He says: "Death is the wages of sin." "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." What, then, must sin appear in God's sight, if he finds it necessary, for the satisfaction of his righteousness, to punish it with eternal death? But you say, By such a standard I cannot be tried; as I am unable to conceive that sin begun in this short life shall really be punished through all eternity. This you cannot comprehend. And yet, brethren, if that which you conceive exaggerated and magnified be the clear verdict of the Word of God, will you dare to exalt yourself against God's justice, and against the sentence of his law, before you have explored all the mysterious depths of the divine nature, and all the secrets of his glorious kingdom? for how can one judge of things which, to us, are beyond our comprehension? Have you first sought for that wisdom which may enable you to understand the ways of Him whose ways are not as our ways—to know all the evil which lies concealed in sin, so that you can with assurance affirm that no evil would accrue to the whole creation, in the event of the Lord of the universe letting his holy commands be broken with impunity? Have you sought for this wisdom?—then judge, if you will, the divine justice—place your judgment against the judgment of the Almighty; then summon your Judge from this his judgment-seat, and place yourself in his room. "Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?" says the eternal God. "Ah, Lord! I know that I have spoken foolishly, what is too high for me, and what I do not understand."

3. But did it really need this looking into the heights of heaven above, or into the depths of the earth beneath? At his side the thief hears another voice sounding, which convinces him more clearly than all his sins. It does not appear that this thief ever felt any true repentance until he had been nailed to the cross. But since he has been hanging there, by the side of the crucified Saviour, and been made to witness his meekness and patience in the midst of all his sufferings, and heard his all-compassionate prayer to his Father for his murderers—since all this, what a new light has dawned upon his soul! He who is here elevated upon the cross at his side, and whom he heard testify of things unheard of before, can he really be the person to whom the prophets referred—of whom Isaiah said, that he should "be numbered with the transgressors?" Can he really be the Holy One of Israel? This thought made him tremble; for the innocence of Christ is an accusation against himself. Placed at the side of a Being so pure and holy, he feels himself all the more guilty and sinful; the consciousness of all his sins starts up in his soul afresh, and this humbles and condemns him. "This man," says he, "has done nothing amiss: and we indeed justly—for we receive the due reward of our deeds."

O you for whom God gave up his Son to die, and whom he has not yet fully brought to this knowledge! see that it is Christ's death, above all things, that teaches you to acknowledge the greatness of your sins. Measure the greatness of your guilt by the greatness of the sacrifice by which it is atoned. Must not that corruption into which our sin has sunk us be deep indeed, seeing that the Lord, the almighty God, has revealed such a wondrous plan to save us from it? Must not our sin and its punishment be alike infinite, inasmuch as an infinite Being took it upon himself to take it away? Come, then, you unconverted sinners, come to the cross on Golgotha! What has caused it to be erected on this accursed spot? Your sins! What has caused the divine countenance to be darkened? Your sins! What is it that carries the holy spirit of the Saviour into the bitter struggle of death? Even your sins! And this sin, which in this hour of darkness was so indiscribably great, can it ever again appear small in your eyes? or

rather, must you not ever anew be brought to confess the greatness of your sinfulness in the light of this cross?

II. But if a true conception of the greatness of our sins is so unutterably important for us, so also is a true knowledge of the greatness of the *love of Christ* not more indispensable. That doctrine which lessens sin, lessens also the mercy of Jesus Christ. If the evil be unimportant, so also is the salvation; but the greater the evil, the greater the work of him who saves us from it.

Those who hold that the natural powers of man have not been completely incapacitated by the fall from doing good, conceive that those powers can, and ought, to contribute something to the restoration of man to the favour of God. In that case, however, Jesus is no longer the Saviour—he is merely a helper; for a helper's duty is to support him who possesses power of his own, but a Saviour comes "to seek and to save that which was lost." Our Church recognises the fulness of the work, and the love of Christ. It expressly declares, that it is God alone from whom our justification comes; and it places the foundation of this solely on the merits of Christ, exclusive of any conjunction of merit on the part of man; so that, if God gives eternal life, he thereby presents to the sinner a free gift of his grace, instead of visiting him, as he deserves, with condemnation and death. This, brethren, the case of the saved thief should make manifest to you—revealing the entire greatness and power of the love of Christ, with which he blesses the souls which have been lost by reason of sin. The thief knows that there is nothing good in him; but he believes that Jesus, who here hangs and dies on the cross, goes to enter upon that kingdom which was promised to the Messiah. He does not beseech him to save him for this world, by restoring to him this transitory life with its deceitful joys; but he has complete confidence in him, that he will save him "from the wrath to come." He turns his head towards him—he directs the look of astonishment and faith at his cross, and cries: "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom!" and the answer is contained in that memorable saying of our Lord: "Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise."

Perhaps, brethren, you have often said, If my sins were so great, who could save me from them? The more their greatness has been made known to me, the more is my misery increased. It haunts me on all sides—it casts me down; and where is the power that can save me amid such distress? Brethren, the salvation which satisfied the thief is enough to fill your hearts with confidence in the power and grace of the Saviour. For, see how Christ saves the thief! It is *he alone* who saves him. There is none other standing by to help him. The two are elevated above the earth; they are alone—separated from men—forsaken and cast out by all. There is no priest bringing an offering for the thief—no confessional—no sacrament, to declare him purified; no sympathizing friends standing by, from whose support he might administer to himself the consolation of having his soul bought by alms; no other priest than Christ; no other sacrament than his body broken for us; no other mourning friend than the sin-laded sinner himself, desiring the mercy of the Lord. It is Christ alone who views his soul, and redeems it. Is this not a proof of the great power of him who accomplishes this? Can you still have any misgivings in casting yourself into the arms of him who displays such power to save? And not only is he able to save; for more than this, he saves only *where he is alone*. If man wishes to assist him, and to contribute anything to his salvation, Christ withdraws his presence. This, his peculiar work, *he will allow none to share*. If, then, you will go to him, you must renounce every other salvation. Do you hope to effect your justification by placing your repentance, your good resolutions, your upright desires, in union with the merits of Christ? It is true, one cannot be saved without repentance, without good resolutions; but you know not yet what repentance is, if you would make it a thing of merit! And, as relates to your good resolutions, Paul declares that we have no power of ourselves even to think a good thought. The Lord alone redeems. "I am the Lord, and besides me there is no Saviour." "I have trodden the wine-press alone, and of the people there was none with me." This, then, is the manner in which Jesus saves.

But, *when does Christ save?* In what a short moment does he redeem the soul of this criminal from condemnation and death! The Lord was sunk to the lowest degree of weakness; his agonies had attained the greatest height; the cup of his sufferings was full to overflowing. His enemies scornfully declared: "Himself he cannot save." Angels turned aside their faces, that they might not be made witnesses of the awful mystery of the scene! The words of the ancient prophecy were fulfilled: "I am a worm, and no man." And yet, behold, in this deepest depth of suffering the Lord reveals the fulness of his power. He saves a soul from eternal death, in the very moment in which he himself was sinking into death. He makes known his might and glory at the time when shame and ignominy have exhausted themselves against him. Already his lips quiver in death; and yet his words convert one human heart. His arms have been pierced through; and yet his power suffices to raise one soul from the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of light. From the accursed tree he proclaims the forgiveness of sins; in the very agonies of death he communicates life; from the place of condemnation he promises a kingdom. And why all this? As the Scripture says, for an example unto those who should believe on him unto

eternal life—to proclaim to all repentant sinners in all ages the conquering power of his compassion, the efficacy of his blood, the omnipotence of his strong arm. See, then, here, the power to which we, too, must apply, in order to be saved.

If Christ, then, has accomplished such great things in the days of his humiliation, what will he not accomplish in the days of his exaltation? Has he gained such triumphs in the day of his shame—what will he not be able for in the day of his glory? For, him who now hangs before our eyes on the cross has "God exalted at his right hand, to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance unto Israel, and the remission of sins."

And *whom does he save* in this hour of his humiliation and shame? In order that he might all the more gloriously reveal his power and mercy, *he saves a thief*—one who was not only a sinner before God, like all men, but also a breaker of the laws of man—a sinner whom other sinners condemn and cast out from them—a robber, perhaps, or a murderer. Jesus stretches to him the sceptre of his grace, and redeems him. Now, brethren, if Christ has the power to save such men, will he not also exert it on behalf of others? There is no sinner under heaven so hardened whom he must give up as beyond the reach of mercy—no firebrand so thoroughly wasted by the flame which he cannot draw out of the fire—no soul so darkened which he cannot, if it please him, light up in an instant—no heart so hard which he cannot soften down—no spirit so proud which he cannot humble—no imagination so polluted which he cannot at once purify. From what abyss of corruption, then, can the Saviour not save? The history of the scenes of the crucifixion is the security and proof to the sinner of all this. Who, then, would willingly remain far away from him, despairing of the greatness of his power, or the mercy of his compassion? O love of Jesus Christ, which passeth knowledge! O eternal salvation, that depends not on man's will and ways, but on God's tender mercy! The thief on the cross is the great proof of free grace. This should suffice to convince the hardened unbeliever that "God saves us not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9. This teaches that Jesus is the Alpha and Omega of the salvation of his people. "He is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us."—Eph. iii. 20. Christ is come into the world to save sinners, even the very chief of sinners.—1 Tim. i. 15.

III. Now, the greater this salvation is, the greater are the *obligations which lie upon us* in connection with it. That doctrine which ascribes salvation partly to man and partly to Christ, does not completely cast a man away from himself to unite him entirely and exclusively to Christ. Man remains still his own idol. According to these idle opinions, his obligations to God are but small. It is *for his own sake* that he is to perform good works—namely, in order to save himself, and not out of thankfulness to him who has redeemed him. But, according to the doctrine of the Gospel, sin is great, and salvation great—and, therefore, our obligations are great also.

Nevertheless, one may affirm, that in this last respect, at least, the case of the thief is inapplicable. He can fulfil no obligations—accomplish nothing more, for he has but a moment more to live—in this respect he is an exception; he may be an example of grace, but he can be no example of holiness. It is true, brethren, he has but a moment to live. He could not descend from his cross to prove his faith by good works in a new life upon earth. Only one short moment remains to him; but you who suppose that we have nothing more to learn from his case, consider *what he really was* in that last moment—what you perhaps have not been in the moments, hours, weeks, months, and years, which you have lived since your conversion. Come, you who appear so holy in your own eyes, and learn from the case of the thief, not merely what *grace*, but also what *holiness*, is.

See, then, *what fear of God* is shown by this criminal! He acknowledges his sins, he gives God the glory, he can no longer endure any single word which insults the majesty of the Most High, and is completely filled with the thought of so soon appearing before him. He cries out to his companion in crime: "Dost not thou fear God?" Now, where do you find in your hearts such a fear of God—such a holy alarm at offending him, or seeing him offended by others, by word or deed? Have you, like this criminal, a shrinking from the smallest sins?

See *what patience* in his sufferings! All the pains of crucifixion encompass him, but he lets no complaint escape his lips! He rather acknowledges that he has richly deserved all his sufferings. "I receive," said he, "the due reward of my deeds." Have you, Christians, with equal patience endured your sufferings, your trials, your painful sacrifices? Has not often a small suffering and a light affliction been severe enough for you; so that impatience has deprived you of the mastery over yourselves, and given you up to bitterness and complaint? Have you always kissed the hand that smote you? Have you not rather by your sorrows and sighs bitterly complained? Could you, like the criminal, amid the storm of sufferings, exclaim: "It is the Lord!" Learn, then, from the thief, the greatness of your obligations, and go and do likewise.

See *what a love to the Saviour*, and what zeal for his honour, he shows! When all are pouring contempt upon him, the thief alone undertakes his defence; when one of his disciples had

betrayed him, another had denied him, and all had forsaken him—while John himself, at the foot of the cross, could only weep—when the priests had condemned him to death, the heathen had elevated him upon the accursed tree, and Israel covered him with shame—this thief alone, in the whole world, acknowledges him to be the Son of God, the Prince of Life—the King of the Kingdom of Heaven. In him alone, at this moment, is centred the whole Church. He alone acknowledges him as God manifest in the flesh. Have you, brethren, ever heard of such a zeal for Christ's honour? Nothing could shut the mouth of this criminal; and yet to shut yours, a matter of little moment would suffice. Do you confess Christ, like him, before the world? Would you do so at a time when all forsook him and fled?

See *what brotherly love!* Filled with anxious concern for the soul of the other malefactor, he speaks sympathizingly to him, requests him to desist from his blasphemies, and tells him meekly of the fear of God. He had been the companion of his guilt—how ardently does he now desire that he should become the partaker of his holiness! Disciples of Christ! have you ever so loved a soul? Have you thought much of delivering from sin those who once were the associates of your worldly desires? Do you love those with Christ's love whom you had previously loved only after the flesh? Are you not commonly indifferent towards those who are hurrying on to destruction? In this respect do you not forget the members of your family and household? Have you, in reality, shown the heartfelt compassion of this malefactor?

Ere yet the sun had sunk, the soul of this converted sinner had been separated from the body, and had entered with Christ into paradise. When, brethren, shall the sun which has lighted your earthly career for the last time go down? The best answer which you can give is, that neither you nor I can tell; but on that very account I ask you earnestly, whether you have found the salvation of this thief? whether you feel assured that Jesus will think of you in his kingdom? or whether you have the hope that he will one day say to you, "Thou wilt be with me in paradise?"

Perhaps you reply, This will be my concern at the close of life, on my death-bed, when the sun really is shining for the last time. Then, do you really know whether to-morrow will not be the last day of your life? whether the couch on which you now stretch your body may not be your death-bed? and whether the sun which now shines may not really be shining for the last time? Then, let all be done *to-day;* for to-morrow may be, perhaps, no time for you. "To-day, if you will hear his voice, harden not your hearts."

Lord Jesus! who didst, as a token of thy victorious grace, take with thee into heaven the soul of a malefactor among the number of whom thou wert thyself reckoned, spread thy powerful arms over this assembly, and save some soul from death, and cover, by thy precious blood, the multitude of its sins! Amen!

Biographical Sketch.

REV. DANIEL ROWLANDS OF LLANGEITHO, THE WHITEFIELD OF WALES.

PART II.

It was a cutting sarcasm which George II. uttered, when asked by some one to put down George Whitefield, by issuing a royal order to prevent his preaching. "I believe," said the monarch, "the best way to silence him would be just to make him a bishop. There would be no fear of his preaching then." The keenness of the sarcasm lay in its truth; for there can be no doubt that these bishops, while they did nothing themselves for the cause of Christ, were the most bitter, and often the most unscrupulous, opponents of those who did—those who were instrumental in bringing about the remarkable religious revivals with which, during last century, England and Wales were blessed. The bishops were too easy to preach often, and too dignified to preach with earnestness; and if any of their clergymen distinguished themselves by preaching with faithfulness and zeal, the power of the bench was immediately directed to crush them. The palace of the Archbishop of Canterbury resounded nightly with the noise of revelry at balls and routs—they saw nothing wrong in that; but if a poor country vicar like John Berridge ventured to preach Christ beyond his own parish, and succeeded in rousing men to cry out "What shall we do to be saved?" there was something fearfully wrong in that—so wrong that, if repeated, nothing could sufficiently punish it but deposition or imprisonment. The Bishop of Exeter seldom preached at all; and when he preached, few came to hear him, and those who came seemed none the better; but if George Whitefield ventured within his diocese, and dared to proclaim the glad tidings of salvation to tens of thousands of thirsty souls, and if a blessing visibly followed his labours in the concern with which almost all were seized, and the saving change which multitudes experienced, the "spiritual thunders" were immediately discharged against him—pastoral letters were issued, warning the people against being "righteous overmuch," and the clergymen of the diocese were forbidden to receive him into their pulpits. The consequence, so far as these latter were concerned, was, that many of the most faithful ministers in the Establishment, preferring Christ to the Church, and the souls of the people to the favour of their diocesan, threw up their livings; and, freed from all legal or conventional restraints, "went everywhere preaching the Word."

And as it was in England, so was it also in

Wales. It was not long before Daniel Rowlands was compelled, because of his faithfulness, to leave the Church of England.

We have seen how remarkable was the change wrought upon him, and how abundantly his labours were blessed to the effecting of a change upon the people — how wondrously he preached, and how gladly they received, the word of salvation. It was not to have been expected—indeed, it could not have been—that Rowlands, so filled with the love of Christ, and so eager to proclaim the message of that love to poor perishing souls, could long look upon the parishes by which he was surrounded, and the inhabitants of which were sleeping the sleep of death under a ministry as careless and as soul-destroying as he knew his own had once been, without feeling inclined, or rather impelled, to do something by which they might be roused from their slumbers, and made to flee from the wrath to come. The chief obstacle he expected in the way of his doing so, was the opposition which he might receive from the various clergymen; and as he was anxious to go about the discharge of the duty as peacefully as possible, he thought it right, in the first place, to ask, or get others to ask, these clergymen's consent. This was in some instances obtained, and in others refused. Where it was obtained, he eagerly availed himself of the opportunities it afforded him; and, with unwearied energy, went about teaching and preaching in the name of Jesus. And the results were everywhere as remarkable as at Llangeitho. Multitudes assembled to hear him, and, seized first with deep convictions of sin, were very many of them brought to the knowledge of the truth. A change was wrought upon the whole appearance of parishes. Sabbath desecration was given up—the sinful amusements in which the people had formerly most pleasure were cast aside — the churches were filled, and numerous prayer-meetings were formed. Even the boldest in wickedness were overcome. The following is the story of one remarkable conversion:—

There was in the parish of Ystradffin a gentleman, who was, during the season, in the habit of amusing himself with hunting on the Sabbath mornings. He did so on one of the Sabbaths that Rowlands was to preach there. He went out to hunt on the mountains with his dogs, and some of his servants and of his tenants accompanied him. He had heard that a stranger was to preach in the church that day, and had also heard the common report, that he was one not quite right in his mind. As he returned from hunting, he came by the church; and he and his companions went in, more, it seems, for the purpose of a frolic than anything else. With the evident intention of perplexing and confounding the preacher, the gentleman stood up on a seat just opposite the pulpit, and put on a face of the utmost insolence and contempt. Rowlands saw him, and fully understood his object; but the effect produced on him, though then young, was the reverse of what the gentleman expected. Rowlands went on without seeming to notice him, and with great readiness of utterance. In a short time his words became very powerful; so penetrating and terrific, that his hearers stood fixed with amazement, and trembling with fear. The appearance of the gentleman soon changed. His countenance fell; his limbs quaked, and the tears streamed down his cheeks; and he could no longer stand up on the seat. He came down, and sat with his head towards the ground, shedding tears profusely.

In this humble posture the gentleman remained till the end of the service, and listened as silently to the sermon as his weeping would allow him. It was a singular sight to all present, and produced on them a very great impression. After the service was over, the gentleman went to meet Rowlands, in a very humble and trembling manner. He confessed his presumption in attempting to confound him, and his sin in profaning the Lord's-day. He asked his pardon, and invited him kindly to his house. Rowlands' conduct was, of course, such as became the occasion. He kindly received him—cheerfully and thankfully accepted his invitation. He went and dined at his house, and stayed there that night. This was the commencement of a friendship that continued through life. This gentleman, and several others from the same neighbourhood, were afterwards in the habit of coming regularly to Llangeitho to hear Rowlands. There are some now living who well remember this gentleman, and who had often seen him at Llangeitho. It was his practice to resort there, at least every month, while he lived; and his whole life bore a creditable testimony to the sincerity of his religion.

The ministers and gentry, however, soon took the alarm; and seeing such a change upon the people, and a change, as they deemed it, greatly for the worse, determined upon retrieving, if possible, the fortunes of ungodliness. With this view, the first thing attempted was to put a stop to the itinerating visits of Rowlands, which they expected would be done easily enough by the refusal, on the part of the ministers, of the use of the parish churches. In this calculation, however, they found themselves mistaken. The churches were shut, but the fields were open; and Rowlands came as before; and although not in the churches, yet by the way-side, or at the mountain base, or on the sea-shore, declared his message to the multitudes, now greatly increased, who flocked from all distances to hear him. The next step taken by his enemies was to get those "of the baser sort," of whom there are some in every parish, stirred up to abuse and maltreat him. But "none of these things moved him." "The servant is not greater than his Lord;" and knowing this, and comforted by it, he did not suffer any such personal annoyances to arrest him in a course on the pursuing of which he believed that the salvation of the souls of multitudes depended.

The last step taken by his enemies was to complain of him to the bishop; and here they, of course, succeeded. The bishop sent for Rowlands, and ordered him to desist from preaching in any parish but his own. Rowlands told him boldly, and at once, that he could not obey such an order; that the people were perishing for lack of knowledge; that those who ought to feed them were giving them stones, instead of bread; and that, knowing these things, he felt their blood would be upon his head, if he did not

seize upon the opportunities which God's providence offered, of carrying to them, and urging upon their acceptance, the Word of life. Such considerations, however, were as nothing to the bishop, who, when he found that Rowlands could not be moved to give up his evangelizing work, deprived him of his churches, and expelled him from the Episcopal communion.

This summary proceeding, however, neither affected his preaching nor interrupted the progress of the good work. He preached, as before, with that earnestness and unction which appear to have been peculiarly his own; and, as before, thousands poured forth from the whole Principality to receive the Lord's message at his lips. At Llangeitho, where he continued statedly to minister, between three and four thousand assembled every Sabbath—an extraordinary number, if we consider that the district is one very thinly inhabited.

People came commonly from ten to fifteen miles around, and many from greater distances. On sacramental Sabbaths, which were observed monthly, some came from the distance of forty, fifty, and sixty miles. It appears from the Life of the late Rev. Thomas Charles, that several occasionally went to Llangeitho from Bala—a journey not less than sixty miles. From twenty to thirty travelled together, or in two companies, some on foot and some on horseback, both men and women. Those on foot started early on Saturday, and took a shorter course over the mountains, without any support except the food they brought with them, and their drink was pure water from the mountain springs. They had particular resting-places where they usually stopped to take some refreshment. After hearing one or two sermons from Rowlands, they returned home again, fully satisfied, and abundantly repaid for all the toil of their journey. The spiritual food they had got for the soul made them feel less the fatigue of the body, and tended to relieve its weariness.

But this journeying to Llangeitho was not peculiar to Bala; it was from all parts on every side—north, south, east, west, though not from every quarter to the same extent. The springs are still shown where companies usually stopped and rested, and quenched their thirst. There were some at Llangeitho at times even from Anglesea, more than a hundred miles distant. There were some there at times from every county in the Principality.

And the results were soon seen over the whole country. The crowds who came from these distances, like those who, in days of old, went down for corn to Egypt, returned home laden with the bread of life, not only for themselves, but for their friends who had stayed behind; and thus all were fed. A revival took place, which spread over all the counties of South Wales; and as the Spirit of God moved of old on the face of chaos, transforming its confusion into the order and beauty which now mark our system; so there, moving in the hearts of men, the whole face of society was changed, and multitudes who all their days had lived in forgetfulness of God, and in heedless violation of his law, were now numbered among his redeemed and peculiar people, and, by their lives and conversations, adorned the profession of the Gospel.

EARLY RISING AND PRAYER.

When first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
To do the like; our bodies but forerun
The spirit's duty; true hearts spread and heave
Unto their God, as flowers do to the sun:
Give Him thy first thoughts, then, so shalt thou keep
Him company all day, and in Him sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up; prayer should
Dawn with the day: these are set awful hours
'Twixt heaven and us: the manna was not good
After sunrising; for day sullies flowers:
Rise to prevent the sun; sleep doth sins glut,
And heaven's gates open when the world is shut.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures; note the hush
And whisperings amongst them. Not a spring
Or leaf but hath his morning hymn; each bush
And oak doth know I AM!—Canst thou not sing?
Oh! leave thy cares and follies! go this way,
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve God before the world; let Him not go
Until thou hast a blessing; then resign
The whole unto Him, and remember who
Prevailed by wrestling ere the sun did shine
Pour oil upon the stones, seek sin forgiven,
Then journey on, and have an eye to heaven

Mornings are mysteries: the first world's youth,
Man's resurrection, and the future's bud,
Shroud in their births; the crown of life, light, truth,
Is styled their star—the stone and hidden food:
Three blessings wait upon them, one of which
Should move—they make us holy, happy, rich.

When the world's up, and every swarm abroad,
Keep well thy temper, mix not with each clay;
Despatch necessities; life hath a load
Which must be carried on, and safely may:
Yet keep those cares without thee; let the heart
Be God's alone, and choose the better part.

VAUGHAN.

THE DOCTRINES OF MAYNOOTH.

PART II.

"MORTAL" AND "VENIAL" SINS.

THERE is not, perhaps, in the whole Romish system anything more utterly opposed to the Word of God, or more destructive to the interests of morality, than its well known doctrine of the distinction between *mortal* and *venial* sins.

The Word of God declares that "whosoever committeth sin" (not a great, or heinous, or aggravated sin, but "*sin*"—sin generally, in any form, or to any extent) "transgresseth also the law; for *sin* is the transgression of the law." And he who, in anything, even the slightest, transgresses that law, is declared to be exposed to the curse which has been given forth by God as its sanction; for "cursed is every one that continueth not in ALL THINGS which are written in the book of the law to do them." "The wages of *sin* is death." "The soul that *sinneth*, it shall *die*." And "he that offendeth in *one* point is guilty of *all*." The reason of this is obvious. Every sin, whether more or less heinous, of necessity involves

a denial of God's sovereign and righteous authority. When man sets himself against the law, he sets himself also against the lawgiver; and therefore sin, in its essence, is just an attempt to subordinate God's authority to man's will. God says, in his law, "Thou shalt not,"—man says, when in any point he disobeys that law, "I shall." And thus, he would exalt himself above God.

It will not do to say that the matter of a particular sin may be in its nature trifling—that, according to common phrase, it is "a little sin," and therefore not deserving of punishment. Such an idea proceeds from entire ignorance or forgetfulness both of the *character of God*, as so infinitely holy a Being that he is "of purer eyes than even to behold evil;" of the *character of the law*, as in itself and in all its requirements, "holy, and just, and good," a transcript of the divine perfections, and no more admitting of relaxation than these; and of the *position of man* as a being created in the image of God, and bound, by every consideration of duty, to love the Lord his God with all his soul, and strength, and mind. 1. *God can demand nothing less than perfect obedience;* and "to say that he may convert the curse of the law into some lesser penalty, because man by depravity is unable to keep it, is just to say that God holds himself responsible for man's corruption." 2. *The law can be satisfied with nothing less than perfect obedience.* A law that should tolerate its own transgression in any one particular were self-destructive; and the toleration of *sin*, however small, by a *holy* law, is a contradiction in terms. 3. *Man is bound to give nothing less.* This follows as a consequent. He is bound both by the holiness of the law, and by the authority of God. If God's *right* is to demand perfect obedience, then man's *duty* is to render it. He ought to render it, as the creature to the Creator, as the subject to the Sovereign, as the child to the Father, knowing, as he does all the time, that God requires nothing which is either wrong or unreasonable. His "commands are not grievous."

Indeed, the more trivial the matter in connection with which sin is committed, the less excuse is there for its commission. It was no excuse for the sin of our first parents, that it consisted merely in their eating a piece of fruit. That was what some might call a "trivial sin;" but it did not appear so in the eye of Him who judgeth righteously; for He has told us, that in consequence of that sin, death has passed upon us all. Indeed the authority of God seems to be more despised by the commission of small sins, than by the commission of great ones. "Doth it not argue great contempt of God, when you will not obey him in a matter that you yourselves count small and inconsiderable? When we sin we flatter ourselves straight with this, 'Is it not a little one?' But if it be but a little one to commit, it is but a little one to refrain from. It is an aggravation of sin, rather than an excuse, to say, our sins are but little ones. It shows a heart hardened against God, and shows a great contempt of all that he can say to us, or do against us, when we choose rather to break his commands, and despise his power, wrath, and justice, than forego our little sins."*

* Bishop Hopkin's Works, i. 296.

Very different is the doctrine taught by the Church of Rome, and taught, as we shall see, at Maynooth. *She* has sins which her children may commit with comparative impunity, without at all coming under that curse which God has denounced against the transgressors of his law, and without any fear of that "wrath" which is "declared from heaven" against "*all unrighteousness!*" She distinguishes between sins *mortal* and sins *venial;* the former, she says, deserving the wrath of God, and the latter *not deserving* it! And the list of *venial* sins is such, that a man might almost live a lifetime and never be guilty of a *mortal* one! Will it be believed—*a Papist may steal, and lie, and get drunk*, and all the while, according to Maynooth theology, do nothing for which a pure and holy God might dismiss him for ever from his presence! That here we are not exaggerating will abundantly appear from the subjoined passages from Dens and Bailly, for which we entreat the careful perusal of our readers. We believe that many of them are not aware of the fearful liberties which Rome takes with the unchangeable, because holy, law of God.

Dens first states that there are two kinds of sin—*mortal* and *venial*. He then proceeds thus:—

"What is *mortal* sin?—It is that which of itself brings spiritual death to the soul.

"What is *venial* sin?—*That which does not bring spiritual death to the soul*, or that which does not turn away from its ultimate end, or which is only slightly repugnant to the order of right reason.

"Is venial sin allowed?—It is certain, not only from the *divine compassion*, but from *the nature of the thing*, that *venial* sins, or *so slight ones* as in just men may consist with a state of grace and friendship with God, are allowed."

The question, then, of course, arises, What particular sins are *mortal*, and what are *venial?* and the answer given by Dens is as follows:—

"Some rules are everywhere assigned by theologians by which it can generally be discovered what sins are in their own nature mortal or venial. Steyaert assigns one:—

"When Scripture speaks of any sin in severe terms, that is to be considered mortal. For example, if it calls it *scelus, nequitia, iniquitas, abominatio*, or says that it is worthy of death, hated by God, that it excludes from the kingdom of God, that it cries to heaven; if there be prefixed, 'Alas!' &c. On the contrary, that sin is considered to be venial, when Scripture uses *milder* expressions, as if it employs the word 'mote,' 'stubble,' 'hay,' &c., or but *slightly blames* it (!); as, 'In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin' (Prov. x. 19); and, 'Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give an account thereof in the day of judgment.'—Matt. vii. 36.

"What sin is said to be venial in its own nature?—That which, on its own account, cannot be mortal, unless the malice of some other account be added. Thus an *idle word* is, *of its own nature*, a *venial* sin; also A JOCOSE OR OFFICIOUS LIE, excess in laughter, in joy, or sorrow, vain curiosity, &c., are of their own nature venial sins, because, unless the circumstances of some other account be added, they *cannot be mortal*.

"What sin is called venial on account of imperfect deliberation, or imperfection of the will?—That which of its own nature is mortal, but in this act, here and now, is only venial through defect of sufficient free-will. Those that are venial in this way are

the *early motions of luxury, hatred*, &c.; also through slight negligence in curtailing the reading of the Canonical Hours; a violation of fasting through ignorance or inadvertence, which might have been overcome; thoughts concerning an object mortally bad without full consent, &c.; such also are motions of hatred, AFFECTIONS OF HOMICIDE, &c., in those half asleep.

"In every matter or in every kind of sin, can sin be venial from the imperfect deliberation of the act? —In this state of fallen nature it seems to be affirmed so; however, some except HATRED OF GOD; but although that cannot be excused from mortal sin by ignorance, which must be very great, yet it MAY BE EXCUSED from other causes; for example, by *vehement passion* imperfectly considered, by inadvertence, &c.

"What sin is called venial from the smallness of the matter?—That which of its own nature is mortal sin, but in this act, here and now, is venial on account of the smallness or lightness of the matter about which it is concerned; thus THE THEFT OF ONE PENNY IS VENIAL from the smallness of the matter; also, in relating a defect slightly blameworthy to withhold part of the fault, A TRIFLING EXCESS IN DRINKING, a voluntary distraction in a small part of a divine office," &c.

The doctrine of these extracts is deplorable and revolting. There is first the God-dishonouring distinction between different kinds of sin, to which we have already adverted; and then there is the list of sins which are too venial to deserve the curse of God! And such a list! A man may LIE, and HATE, and MEDITATE MURDER, and STEAL, and go to EXCESS IN DRINK; nay (if, in a VEHEMENT PASSION!), may indulge HATRED of GOD, and yet be guilty only of VENIAL OR TRIFLING sin! Such is the doctrine held by the Church of Rome—such is the doctrine taught at Maynooth, and such is the doctrine which British Protestants are to pay for propagating! To complete its profanity we may add, that while such enormities are held to be but *venial* sins, it is reckoned a *mortal* sin to eat *flesh* on a Friday! That would be to transgress the *law of the Church;* whereas, in the others, it is *only the law of God* that is transgressed.

From the Moral Theology of Bailly, we extract the following cool and outspoken passage on this same subject of venial sins. Will any man with an understanding or a conscience, pretend to say that distinctions and calculations like the following are to be found in the Word of God?—

"How great must be the quantity of the thing stolen, in order to constitute the theft a mortal sin? — The quantity cannot easily be determined, since *nothing has been decided* on the point, either in natural, divine, or human law. Some are of opinion that the quantity necessary for the maintenance of an individual for *one day*, in a manner suitable to his station in the world, is sufficient to make the theft a mortal sin. Others think that it requires a quantity which, everything considered, inflicts a *grievous* injury on our neighbour, and deprives him of something *particularly* useful. A loss, however, which in respect of one—a rich man, for instance—is slight, in respect of a poor man may be considered heavy. The same quantity in all thefts cannot, therefore, be assigned as constituting the subject-matter of mortal sin.

"Hence theologians are accustomed to distinguish men into *four ranks*. The first rank consists of the illustrious, who live in splendour. The second, of those who live on their own estates, but not so splendidly—such as are moderately rich. The third, of artificers, who support themselves by their own labour and handicraft. The fourth, of the poor, who provide for themselves by begging. *It is generally laid down, and it may be laid down as determined, that in order to a theft's being a mortal sin when committed on persons of the first rank, fifty or sixty pence are sufficient.* In fact, this appears to be a sufficient sum with reference to *all* men, even princes; because this sum of money is considerable in itself, and might be of service to princes, since it would be sufficient for the pay of several soldiers for one day. With respect to persons of the second rank, *forty pence* are *enough.* With respect to persons of the third rank, if their trade be a *very lucrative* one, *twenty pence;* if less lucrative, *ten pence.* With respect to persons of the fourth rank [*i. e.*, paupers], *four pence*, or even *one penny if they have nothing else to live on.*"

So that, according to this Maynooth authority, a Christian Papist may steal four shillings from a prince, three shillings from a wealthy citizen, eighteenpence from a tradesman, and threepence from a beggar, and yet do nothing at all calculated to lessen or interrupt his "friendship with God!"—do nothing to bring down upon him the curse of the law which demands obedience in *all* things—do nothing which requires to be even confessed to his priest!

And this same Bailly, who deliberately gives forth such statements, was held up before the Commissioners of Irish Education Inquiry as one thoroughly sound in his principles of morality! Dr Anglade, *the Professor of Moral Theology at Maynooth*, and in whose class Bailly's treatises formed the text-book, on being asked by the Commissioners, "Do you conceive that there is any peculiar character that belongs to the views that were taken of moral theology by the Jesuits?" replied, "I think not; but if there is anything that is called *lax principles* of morality, *I am sure Bailly is free from them.*"

Another question is started by Romish casuists, with the answers to which we will for the present conclude. It is this—May a man go on committing venial sins *of the same nature* with impunity, or will a number of venials go to make up one mortal? The answer is as follows:—

"Many *small matters of theft* being taken, coalesce in order to constitute a great sin of *unjust detention*, or injury of a neighbour. Likewise on the same fast-day *often to eat some small thing;* on the same feast-day often to perform light servile works; often, in divine office of the same day, to be a little distracted voluntarily, or to omit some small part—all coalesce respectively into one great matter."

Again:—

"Do the matters of *small thefts or injuries*, committed during the time of a whole life, coalesce?—*More probably* so, except meanwhile some injuries be *repaired, pardoned*, or *made amends for*, according to the intention of the owners, by alms; for men are not accustomed to require so exact a restitution of small injuries, but are considered to pardon in turn those very small things after the fact, or, at least, to agree that according to their intention they may be given to the poor; and therefore pious men often give to the poor some alms even from this intention, that they may make satisfaction, if by chance they owe anything to any one. Observe, then, that injuries repaired, pardoned, or made amends for, do not coalesce, because they no longer in any way exist."

Now, what doctrine have we here, but just this,

that if a man should *steal* anything from his neighbour, the sin of the theft is atoned for whenever he pays back the sum he stole, or when his neighbour forgives him for stealing it. There is no word of *sin against God*—it is only an injury done to man, with which, when so far repaired, God has nothing to do! Again he says:—

"If any one often slightly exceeds in drinking, those slight excesses do not coalesce in reason of the sin of drunkenness; because, although they oppose the same precept of temperance, they have not respect, however, to a transgression morally one; the reason of which seems to be, because they do not consist in a permanent thing, and cannot coalesce into one matter. Those slight excesses can, however, coalesce in reference to loss of health or family; because in relation to loss they are something permanent. Slight injuries or acts of detraction against different men do not constitute mortal sin, but many venial sins. Nevertheless many slight injuries of the character of the same man, community, or family, seem to coalesce; and so if these small injuries, taken together, constitute a very heavy loss, a mortal sin has been committed. The same may be said of many slight blows by which any one at length much injures the body of another."

Who can read such extracts without being forcibly reminded of the features of Antichrist, as foretold in the Word of God: "He shall speak great words against the Most High, and shall think to CHANGE times and LAWS." Dan. vii. 25. "In the latter times some shall depart from the faith, . . . *speaking lies* in hypocrisy, having their *consciences scared* with a hot iron." 1 Tim. iv. 1, 2.

MERCY TEMPERING JUSTICE.

Thy mercy, Lord, is like the morning sun,
Whose beams undo what sable night hath done;
Or like a stream, the current of whose course,
Restrain'd a while, runs with a swifter force;
Oh, let me glow beneath those sacred beams,
And after bathe me in these silver streams!
To thee alone my sorrows shall appeal;
Hath earth a wound too hard for Heaven to heal?

QUARLES.

A STORY OF THE PLAGUE.

(From Vincent's Account of the Plague of London in 1665.)

It was generally observed amongst us, that God's people who died by the plague among the rest, died with such peace and comfort as Christians do not ordinarily arrive unto, except when they are called forth to suffer martyrdom for the testimony of Jesus Christ. Some who have been full of doubts, and fears, and complaints, whilst they have lived and been well, have been filled with assurance, and comfort, and praise, and joyful expectation of glory, when they have lain on their death-beds by this disease. And not only more grown Christians, who have been more ripe for glory, have had these comforts, but also some younger Christians, whose acquaintance with the Lord hath been of no long standing.

I can speak something of mine own knowledge concerning some of my friends, whom I have been withal. I shall instance only in the house where I lived: We were eight in family—three men, three youths, an old woman, and a maid; all which came to me, hearing of my stay in town—some to accompany me, others to help me. It was the latter end of September before any of us were touched; the young ones were not idle, but improved their time in praying and hearing, and were ready to receive instruction, and were strangely borne up against the fears of the disease and death every day so familiar to their view. But at last we were visited, and the plague came in dreadfully upon us; the cup was put into our hand to drink, after a neighbour family had tasted it, with whom we had much sweet society in this time of sorrow. And first our maid was smitten. It began with a shivering and trembling in her flesh, and quickly seized on her spirits. It was a sad day, which I believe I shall never forget. I had been abroad to see a friend in the city, whose husband was newly dead of the plague, and she herself visited with it; I came back to see another, whose wife was dead of the plague, and he himself under apprehensions that he should die within a few hours; I came home, and the maid was on her death-bed, and another crying out for help, being left alone in a sweating fainting fit. What was an interest in Christ worth then! What a privilege to have a title in the kingdom of heaven!

But I proceed. It was on the Monday when the maid was smitten—on Thursday she died full of tokens. On Friday one of the youths was seized, and on the Lord's-day died with the marks of the distemper upon him; on the same day another youth did sicken, and on the Wednesday following he died; on the Thursday night his master fell sick of the disease, and within a day or two was full of spots, but, strangely beyond his own and others' expectations, recovered. Thus did the plague follow us, and came upon us one by one: as Job's messengers came one upon the heels of another, so the messengers of Death came so close one after another, in such dreadful manner, as if we must all follow one another immediately into the pit. Yet the Lord in mercy put a stop to it, and the rest were preserved. But that which was very remarkable in this visitation, was the carriage especially of those youths that died, who I believe were less troubled themselves than others were troubled for them. The first youth that was visited, being asked by his father about the provision he had made for his death and eternity, told him he hoped, if he died, he should go to heaven; being asked the grounds of his hopes, he said, the Lord had enabled him to look beyond the world; and when he was drawing near to his end, boldly inquired whether the tokens did yet appear, saying, that he was ready for them; and so a hopeful bud was nipped. But let not the father or the mother weep, and be in sadness for him; he is, I do not doubt, with their Father and his heavenly Father, which may be their comfort. The other also was a very sweet and hopeful youth, so loving and towardly, that he could not choose but attract love from those that were acquainted with him; but the grace he had gotten in those years—being, I suppose, under seventeen—did above all beautify him, and stand him in the greatest stead. In his sickness he had much quiet and serenity upon his spirit, and lay so unconcerned at the thoughts of approaching death, that I confess I marvelled to see it; the sting and fear of death were strangely taken out, through the hopes which he had of future glory; yet once he told his mother he could desire to live a little longer, if it were the will of God. She asked him why he desired it? he told her, he desired to live till fire and faggot came—and, above all, he would fain die a martyr. She said, if he died now, he should have a crown; he answered, but if he died a martyr he should have a more glorious crown—yet he was not unwilling to receive his crown presently. And he went away, with great peace and sweetness in his looks, to his Father's house; and I could not blame

the mother's grief for the loss of such an only son; but to be so immoderate was not well. Now I am sure it is time to dry up tears, and lay aside sorrows for the loss of him who hath been so long filled with joys in the heavenly mansions.

I might speak of the carriage of the master in his sickness, under the apprehensions of death. When the spots did appear on his body, he sent for me, and desired me to pray with him; told me he was now going home, desired me to write to his friends, and let them know "that it did not repent him of his stay in the city, though they had been so importunate with him to come away; but he had found so much of God's presence in his abode here, that he had no reason to repent." He told me where he would be buried, and desired me to preach his funeral sermon on Psalm xvi. last: "In thy presence is fulness of joy, and at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore." But the Lord raised him again, beyond the expectation of himself, friends, or physicians. Let him not forget God's mercies, and suffer too much worldly business to crowd in upon him, and choke the remembrance and sense of God's goodness so singular; but let him show by his singularity in meekness, humility, self-denial and love, zeal and holy walking, that the Lord hath been singularly gracious unto him. But when I speak of home-concernments, let me not forget to look abroad.

The plague now increaseth exceedingly, and fears there are amongst us, that within a while there will not be enough alive to bury the dead, and that the city of London will now be quite depopulated by this plague.

Now some ministers (formerly put out of their places, who did abide in the city, when most of ministers in place were fled, and gone from the people as well as from the disease, into the countries) seeing the people crowd so fast into the grave and eternity, who seemed to cry as they went, for spiritual physicians; and perceiving the churches to be open and pulpits to be open, and finding pamphlets flung about the streets of pulpits to be let; they judged that the law of God and nature did now dispense with, yea, command their preaching in public places, though the law of man (as it is to be supposed in ordinary cases) did forbid them to do it.

That they were called by the Lord into public, I suppose that few of any seriousness will deny, when the Lord did so eminently owe them, in giving many seals of their ministry unto them.

Now they are preaching, and every sermon was unto them as if they were preaching their last. Old Time seemed now to stand at the head of the pulpit, with its great scythe, saying, with a hoarse voice: "Work while it is called to-day; at night I will mow thee down." Grim Death seems to stand at the side of the pulpit, with its sharp arrows, saying: "Do thou shoot God's arrows, and I will shoot mine."

Ministers now had awakening calls to seriousness and fervour in their ministerial work. To preach on the side and brink of the pit, into which thousands were tumbling—to pray under such near views of eternity, might be a means to stir up the spirits more than ordinary.

Now there is such a vast concourse of people in the churches where these ministers are to be found, that they cannot many times come near the pulpit doors for the press, but are forced to climb over the pews to them; and such a face is now seen in the assemblies as seldom was seen before in London—such eager looks, such open ears, such greedy attention, as if every word would be eaten which dropped from the mouths of the ministers.

If you ever saw a drowning man catch at a rope, you may guess how eagerly many people did catch at the Word, when they were ready to be overwhelmed by this overflowing scourge, which was passing through the city; when Death was knocking at so many doors, and God was crying aloud by his judgments; and ministers were now sent to knock, cry aloud, and lift up their voice like a trumpet; then, then the people began to open the ear and the heart, which were fast shut and barred before. How did they then hearken, as for their lives—as if every sermon were their last—as if Death stood at the door of the church, and would seize upon them so soon as they came forth—as if the arrows which flew so thick in the city would strike them, before they could get to their houses—as if they were immediately to appear before the bar of that God, who by his ministers was now speaking unto them! Great were the impressions which the Word then made upon many hearts—beyond the power of man to effect, and beyond what the people before ever felt, as some of them have declared. When sin is ripped up and reproved, O the tears that slide down from the eyes! When the judgments of God are denounced, O the tremblings which are upon the conscience! When the Lord Jesus Christ is made known and proffered, O the longing desires and openings of heart unto him! When the riches of the Gospel are displayed, and the promises of the covenant of grace are set forth and applied, O the inward burnings and sweet flames which were in the affections! Now the net is cast, and many fishes are taken; the pool is moved by the angel, and many leprous spirits and sin-sick souls are cured; many were brought to the birth, and I hope not a few were born again, and brought forth. A strange moving there was upon the hearts of multitudes in the city; and I am persuaded that many were brought over effectually unto a closure with Jesus Christ; whereof some died by the plague with willingness and peace; others remain stedfast in God's ways unto this day; but convictions (I believe) many hundreds had, if not thousands, which I wish that none have stifled, and with the dog returned to their vomit, and with the sow have wallowed again in the mire of their former sins. The work was the more great, because the instruments made use of were more obscure and unlikely, whom the Lord did make choice of the rather, that the glory by ministers and people might be ascribed in full unto himself.

Basket of Fragments.

SELF.—The very heart and root of sin is an independent spirit. We erect the idol *self;* and not only wish others to worship, but worship it ourselves.—*Cecil.*

THE POWER OF SIN.—That which first overcomes a man is the last thing he overcomes.—*St Augustine.*

THE DESIGN OF LIFE.—Certainly God hath some further design in giving me my life, and preserving it by continual miracles, within and without, than that I should eat, drink, and die.—*Adam.*

REPENTANCE.—With the same height of desire thou hast sinned, with the like depth of sorrow thou must repent. Thou that hast sinned to-day, defer not thy repentance till to-morrow. He that hath promised pardon to thy repentance hath not promised life till thou repent.—*Quarles.*

PROVIDENCE.—God hangs the greatest weights upon the smallest wires.—*Bacon.*

PERSONAL RELIGION.—It was the observation of Mr Ward, upon his brother Daniel Rogers (who was a man of great gifts and eminent graces, yet of a very bad temper and constitution), that though his brother Rogers had grace enough for two men, yet he had not half enough for himself.—*Flavel.*

Daily Bread.

FRIDAY.

"Be not weary."—Prov. iii. 11.

Jesus hath died for you!
What can his love withstand?
Believe, hold fast your shield, and who
Shall pluck you from his hand?

Believers, go on; your last step will be on the head of the old serpent, but crush it, and spring from it into glory.—*Mason.*

SATURDAY.

"The cross of Christ."—1 Cor. i. 17.

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone—
Still support and comfort me.

All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

Thou, O Lord, art all I want;
All in all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

Come and see the victories of the cross. Christ's wounds are thy healing, his agonies thy repose, his conflicts thy conquests, his groans thy songs, his pains thine ease, his shame thy glory, his death thy life, his sufferings thy salvation.—*Henry.*

SABBATH.

"I have a message from God unto thee."—Judges iii. 20.

Jesus, thy servants bless,
Who, sent by thee, proclaim
The peace, and joy, and righteousness
Experienced in thy name:

The kingdom of our God,
Which thy great Spirit imparts,
The power of thy victorious blood,
Which reigns in faithful hearts!

Beware of critical hearing of sermons preached by good men. It is an awful thing to be occupied in balancing the merits of a preacher, instead of the demerits of yourself. Consider every opportunity of hearing as a message sent you from heaven. For all the sermons you have heard, you will have to render an account at the last day.—*L. Richmond.*

MONDAY.

"Live peaceably with all men."—Rom. xii. 18.

Prince of universal peace,
Destroy the enmity;
Bid our jars and discords cease—
Unite us all in thee.

O that now, with pardon blest,
We each might each embrace;
Quietly together rest,
And feed upon thy grace!

I never loved those salamanders that are never well but when they are in the fire of contention. I will rather suffer a thousand wrongs than offer one: I will suffer an hundred rather than return one: I will suffer many ere I will complain of one, and endeavour to right it by contending. I have ever found that to strive with my superior is furious; with my equal, doubtful; with my inferior, sordid and base; with any, full of unquietness.—*Bishop Hall.*

TUESDAY.

"Darkness shall be made light unto thee."—Isa. xlii. 16.

Light in thy light O may I see,
Thy grace and mercy prove;
Revived, and cheered, and bless'd by thee,
The God of pardoning love.

Lift up thy countenance serene,
And let thy happy child
Behold, without a cloud between,
The Godhead reconcil'd!

Even when a believer sees no light, he may feel some hope; when he cannot close with a promise, he may lay hold on an attribute, and say: Though both my flesh and my heart fail, yet divine faithfulness and divine compassions fail not. Though I can hardly discern at present either sun, moon, or stars, yet will I cast anchor in the dark, and ride it out, until the day break, and the shadows flee away.—*Arrowsmith.*

WEDNESDAY.

"Be not high-minded, but fear."—Rom. xi. 20.

I want a principle within
Of jealous, godly fear;
A sensibility of sin—
A pain to feel it near.

I want the first approach to feel
Of pride, or fond desire;
To catch the wand'ring of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

Never are men more unfit than when they think themselves most fit, and best prepared for their duty; never more fit, than when most humbled and ashamed under a sense of their own unfitness.—*Luther.*

THURSDAY.

"O how I love thy law."—Ps. cxix. 97.

Father of mercies, in thy Word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name adored
For these reviving lines!

O may these heavenly pages be
Through life my chief delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

The Word is a land flowing with milk and honey, and we should spare no pains nor labour in order to gain it. God has given it eminent names, that he might draw our affections more towards it. It is called a *lamp* to guide our feet, and a *light* to our paths. It is a *guide* to conduct us; a *medicine* to heal us; a *bridle* to restrain and hold us in; a *sword* to defend us; *water* to wash us; a *fire* to make us warm; *salt* to season and purify us; *milk* to nourish us; *wine* to cheer us; a *treasure* to enrich us; and a *key* to unlock for us the gate of heaven. Thus the Word has every name given to it, that we may seek it instead of everything else.—*Rowlands.*

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MISSIONARY ADDRESS.

BY THE REV. DR DRÄSEKE, MAGDEBURG.

(Translated from the German.)

"The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few: pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth labourers into his harvest."—LUKE X. 2.

OUR presence here to-day is proof sufficient that we are interested in the missionary cause, and feel bound to promote it. The words now quoted have special reference to the cause of missions, and teach us:—I. That each of us *ought* to be active; II. That each of us *can* be active in promoting it.

I. The duty is founded on *four* facts—the worthiness of the cause, the misery of man, the greatness of the harvest, and the deficiency of labourers.

1. The *worthiness of the cause* of missions is shown from the statement in the previous verses, about Christ going around the cities and villages preaching the Gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness and diseases among the people. This is in reality the whole of the missionary work. Christians! your first duty is, the preaching of the Gospel of the kingdom! Your sphere of labour is among the souls whom God has created; you are to strive that they may be prepared for his kingdom. It is not merely in Bethlehem, and Nazareth, and Jerusalem that you are to labour, but far and near—on this and the other side of Jordan—in the villages and market-places. Your labours are designed to exalt into heaven, and to take in the whole world. Does any one among you say that such activity is impracticable, as surpassing all human power? We are men, it is true; but it is as men that we, in Christ's name, call sinners to "the kingdom." This kingdom cannot come to us, unless we exert ourselves for its interests; and we are unable to press men into the kingdom, unless the spirit of the kingdom actuates all our doings. To be a true citizen of this kingdom, each of you must be the *friend of missions*. In this matter there can be no indifference. "He that is not with me is against me." Our activity in the missionary cause is inseparably connected with our true destiny as human agents—with the true nature of man's duty, as a responsible and immortal being. Remember who it is whom the verses referred to represent as thus engaged. It is Jesus—the Saviour promised to the nations—the Son of the living God. And how does he work in his Father's vineyard? Love and wisdom characterize all he says and does. He does not enter upon his labour until he has been duly qualified for it; nor does he cease till he has completed what he had undertaken. Can any pattern be held up more worthy our imitation? The missionary cause thus acquires its true dignity from Him who has gone before as the first great labourer in the field.

2. But consider the *misery and lost condition of man*. The Scripture says, that when Christ saw the multitudes, he pitied them; for they were scattered like sheep without a shepherd. This is the great necessity of the case. There were shepherds in Israel enough—Scribes and Pharisees; but the Spirit of the great Shepherd dwelt not in them. Accordingly, when he came to gather the flock, he was not received or acknowledged by them. They wandered all astray. Is not this still true of those of them who still read the books of Moses, but do not understand, from the veil cast over their eyes? or of those who bend the knee to the idol, or to that great idol, the world, unto which their hearts have been sold? Their greatest want is the want of *shepherds*, and that is the reason that they go thus astray; but "Christ is come to seek and save that which is lost." His days and nights were devoted to the work of saving sinners. As the Master did, so should the disciples. The necessity is great, and we should acknowledge it. Where the Shepherd is wanting, everything is wanting; and this we should strive to realize. Those who have thus gone astray are our brethren; and we should ponder this. It is God's will that help be given to all—the one assisting the other, from hand to hand, and place to place, and people to people, and generation to generation. It is thus we should set about establishing the kingdom of heaven upon earth.

3. Think of the *greatness of the harvest*. "The harvest," said the Saviour, "is great." This is his language to you to-day. It is great as the earth itself. Our heavenly husbandman has made a great beginning in occupying the field; and the servants whom he has sent have been faithful, even unto death, in their struggles with the uncultivated wastes. If you survey the map of the world for a moment, you will be convinced how truly great the harvest is—great beyond all human reckoning. When such is the case, he who has ability for the work dare not deny his services. Who can think without solemnity of the fact, that *on the harvest field of missionary labour the sun never sets?*

4. Consider, next, the *want of labourers*. Jesus complained of this want while he was on earth. Though his was a life of unceasing activity, yet, amid all his labours, the spiritual necessities of mankind made him exclaim, that the labourers were indeed few. Twelve, we know, accompanied him as his immediate helpers; and yet one of these was the son of perdition. Christian friends! we too have to make the same complaint and lamentation. Are not the labourers few? Few! if we consider their task

of saving a fallen world. Few! if we consider the earnestness which the care of lost souls requires. Few! if we consider the field over which the kingdom of God behoves to extend. The societies may easily be counted who are connected with the work. The seminaries can be numbered where labourers are being trained. The stations can be named to which labourers have gone. Those who have gone can be counted—who have left house and home, friends and country, to oppose, in the distant parts of the earth, the kingdom of light to the kingdom of darkness. But, my friends, those tribes and communities who require such labourers, are not to be numbered; and much less the individuals who have had yet no means of knowing that life which comes from God. Will you, then, not increase this little, faithful band? Will you not devote your energies to a work which concerns your duties as men and Christians? Will you not enter, with heart and soul, on the Gospel warfare? Are you not ready to admit, that as it is a matter of the highest honour and the gravest necessity, so it is, too, a truly personal matter of the heart, and a most sacred matter of the conscience, for every individual Christian to be a fellow-worker with his Lord? Such are the high obligations to take earnest part in the missionary work.

To be continued.

Biographical Sketch.

REV. DANIEL ROWLANDS OF LLANGEITHO,

THE WHITEFIELD OF WALES.

PART III.

THE particulars we have given regarding the preaching of Rowlands are sufficient to show that it must have been of a very striking and unusual kind. The descriptions of its characteristics and effects by those of his cotemporaries who heard him, are striking and full of interest. The well-known Charles says of him, in his diary :—

On January 20, 1773, I went to hear Mr Rowlands preach at New Chapel. His text was Heb. iv. 15. A day much to be remembered by me as long as I live. Ever since that happy day I have lived in a new heaven and a new earth. The change which a blind man who receives his sight experiences does not exceed the change which at that time I experienced in my own mind.

> The earth receded and disappeared;
> Heaven opened to my eyes:
> My ears with sounds seraphic rang.

It was then that I was first convinced of the sin of unbelief, or of entertaining narrow, contracted, and hard thoughts of the Almighty. I had such a view of Christ as our high priest—of his love, compassion, power, and all-sufficiency—as filled my soul with astonishment, with joy unspeakable and full of glory. My mind was overwhelmed and overpowered with amazement. The truths exhibited to my view appeared for a time too wonderfully gracious to be believed. The glorious scenes then opened to my eyes, will abundantly satisfy my soul millions of years hence, in the contemplation of them. I had some idea of Gospel truths before floating in my head, but they never powerfully, and with divine energy, penetrated my heart till now.

And in another place he says :—"The gifts of Mr Rowlands, and the power that accompanied his ministry, were such, that no hearers in the present age can form any adequate idea of them. There is no one who has not heard him that can imagine anything equal to what they were. Oh, how wonderful the authority and light that accompanied his ministry! and how wonderful the effects on the hearers!" The Rev. Christmas Evans, a Welsh preacher, gives the following detailed account :—

His mode was his own—inimitable. I seem to see him now, dressed in his black gown, opening the little door that led from the outside to the pulpit, and making his appearance to the multitude. His whole countenance was clothed with a majesty that betokened sense, eloquence, and authority. His forehead was high; his eyes were keen and piercing; his nose was Roman or acquiline; his lips comely, and his chin projecting and rising a little; and his voice was sonorous and high-toned.

Some preacher read and prayed, usually, according to what I have heard, before he rose up to preach. He then very frequently gave out to sing the following stanza from Prys' Psalms :—

> Un arch a erchais ar Dduw Nav,
> A hyny a archav eto,—
> Cael dod i Dy yr Argiwydd glân,
> A bod a'm trigvan yno.*

One stanza only was given out at a time in those days, remarkable for powerful influences. After singing the stanza with great fervour, Rowlands stood up, and read his text clearly to the hearing of all. The whole assembly were all ears, as if they were going to hear some evangelic oracle, and the eyes of all were fixed on him. He had some stirring thought, as a small ointment-box, before opening the great one of the sermon, which he opened, and the odours of its ointment spread over the whole congregation, and prepared them to expect the opening of the other boxes, one after the other, throughout the sermon (which he did), until the whole house was filled with the heavenly odour, as at Bethany formerly, with the odour of Mary's alabaster-box of ointment. After thus rousing the congregation by some striking thought, he divided his text, and began with the first division, bending downwards his head a little, to glance at the notes he had on a slip of paper.

Rowlands (soon) grew warm; his voice rising and becoming authoritative, and resounding through the whole chapel, so that you could see nothing but smiles, and the tears flowing down the faces of the people, accompanied with exclamations throughout the assembly. When this first flame of heavenly devotion, under the first head, had become tranquil, he began the second time to melt and render supple the minds of the people, until he brought them again into the same heavenly temper; and this he did, as some say, six or seven times in the same ser-

* Psalm xxvii. 4, former part. The Welsh version is nearly this :—

> I've made to God this one request,
> To this I still adhere—
> That I may in his house be blest,
> And have my dwelling there.

There is a peculiarity in the very words, which no translation can convey.

mon. The face and voice of Rowlands underwent changes and emotions, until there was a sort of vehement flame transforming and driving away the earthly, dead, and careless spirit; and the people drew nigh, as it were in the cloud, to Christ, and to Moses and Elias; and eternity and its realities rushed into their minds.

The well-known Jones of Creaton used to remark, that he had "never heard but one Rowlands"—meaning that, of all the many eminent preachers he had heard, there was none so eminent as he; and on one occasion he remarked:—

The peculiar excellences of Rowlands' preaching were *depth* and *fervour*. His knowledge of divine things was remarkably profound. He was, at times, like those birds which dive under water for their prey, and having caught it, suddenly emerge again. I often thought of such birds while hearing him; for he sometimes went, as it were, out of sight; so that we could not exactly see or know what he was aiming at; and then he brought suddenly to view what he had been diving for, and set it forth in a few concise and expressive words, to the great astonishment and delight of his hearers. And as to his fervour, it far exceeded everything that I have ever observed in any other.

And Whitefield himself says, on returning from a visit to Wales,

Last year I visited several places in South Wales, but now I went to more, and in every place found that not *one-half* had been told me. The power of God at the sacrament under the ministry of Mr Rowlands was enough to make a person's heart to burn within him. At seven of the morning have I seen perhaps ten thousand from different parts, in the midst of sermon, crying, *Gogoniant—Bendigedig* (Hosanna—Hallelujah), ready to leap for joy.

And not only had his preaching so powerful an effect upon his hearers; it had a powerful effect upon himself. Such were at times his realizing perceptions of divine things, that nature was hardly able to bear up under them. As he was on one occasion going through the service at Llancwnlle, while praying before sermon, his mind was led to the contemplation of our Saviour's great sufferings; and so much was he overpowered, that crying out in the most affecting manner: "Oh, empty veins! Oh, pale countenance!" he fainted away in the pulpit. After some time he recovered, and preached with astonishing power and energy.

The real secret of Rowlands' wonderful power and success as a preacher is doubtless to be found in the fact that, deeply convinced of his own weakness, he was enabled to take a firm hold of the Lord's strength. When preparing for the pulpit he looked to the Lord for guidance; and when in it, relied on him for the blessing. He cast off "self." He had a strong and ever-abiding sense of the necessity of the Spirit's power both to teach himself, and to render his teaching effectual to the people. "His mind was often much depressed with the thought of his weakness; and the withholding of divine light and influence he vividly felt, not only in his public ministrations, but also in private, while preparing his sermons." The following remarkable incident will illustrate this:—

One Saturday evening, while Rowlands was walking before his house, he appeared very distressed and depressed in mind. When he met his pious servant, whom he treated as a brother in the Lord, he addressed him by his Christian name, and said, that he could not preach the following morning, because he had nothing to say to the people. "Oh, dear Mr Rowlands," said the servant, "do not say so; for who else can we get?" He still continued to say the same thing—that he could not preach; and said, besides, that the Lord had not given him anything to say to them. In this distressed state of mind he continued until he retired for the night.

The following morning, when the servant went into his room, he was awake, but in bed; and there was a book on a chair close to his bed-side. The servant told him that it was time to rise, it being then about seven o'clock. After waiting some time, he went in again and found him still in bed. He then reminded him that the time for going to chapel was drawing nigh. But his answer was the same as the preceding evening—that he could not preach, and that some one else must be sent for. But the servant used every reason he could think of to induce him to rise and dress himself; and then he went out, hoping that he had succeeded. It was now drawing towards ten o'clock, when the service at Llangeitho chapel was to begin, and the people were flocking there in great numbers from every direction. After a short interval, the servant entered into his bed-room again, and found him, as before, in bed, and still saying that he could not preach that morning. However the servant somehow or other prevailed on him at this time to rise, and assisted him to dress, which was not usual; for he seemed to have lost all strength, and almost the use of his limbs. But after he was dressed, he was still unwilling to go to chapel; and would not have gone, had not the servant brought him there very much against his own will.

When they reached the chapel, that part of the service previous to the sermon was nearly gone through. The prayers and the singing before sermon was nearly over. The servant was under the necessity of helping him into the pulpit, as he seemed extremely weak and feeble. But the pious old man, as he related this, could not but make this remark: "I knew," said he, with great emphasis, "that if we once got him into the pulpit, everything would be well." And neither he nor the congregation were disappointed. When he began his sermon, he appeared very feeble, the voice low, the limbs relaxed, and his whole frame trembling. By degrees he revived and gathered strength; and in less than ten minutes he was preaching with unusual vigour, and uncommon power and dignity. His words were like flashes of lightning, spreading over the whole assembly, both within and without; for there were nearly as many without as within. The effect on the whole congregation was very remarkable. Hundreds of them could not repress their emotions, but burst forth into loud praises, before he had gone half through his sermon, and continued singing, praising, and rejoicing for hours.

And, as illustrating his conviction of the necessity of the Spirit's power in order to render the preaching of the Word effectual, we may give another incident, which occurred during a preaching week in Pembrokeshire:—

There had been preaching the night before, but evidently with no unction from above. Rowlands

was to preach the following day at ten o'clock. A clergyman preached before him, but with no apparent effect on the congregation. There was present, as it appears, on the stage where the ministers stood, a preacher whose Christian name was David, and who was remarkable for prayer. After the clergyman had done, Rowlands, before he began, addressed this preacher, and said: "David, you must go shortly to prayer before I preach, and disperse the thick cloud that is over us. You must not be more than three or four minutes; for the long prayer we have had here at the beginning failed to disperse it." David obeyed, and instantly began, and said: "Lord Jesus, for the sake of thy blood and agony, hear me. Thy servants have been here trying to winnow the preceding evening, and also this morning; but they could do nothing. Lord, not a single breath of heavenly wind has yet blown on this meeting. Wind, Lord; wind, gracious Lord; the wind is now, as ever, in thine hand. Amen." The impression was great and instantaneous on the vast assembly; and Rowlands preached with visibly happy effect.

The remainder of the life of Rowlands was spent, as the period from his conversion had been, in unwearied and signally blessed labours for the good of souls. He was honoured to be the instrument of accomplishing a great work in that country—a work the blessed fruits of which still continue to be gathered in abundance. "He is dead;" but he "yet speaks"—speaks in the piety and worth of the peasantry of Wales—in the thirst which they still feel for the Word—in the vast multitudes which still assemble to receive it at the hands of men of a like spirit with him—in the striking and general contrast presented by the principles and habits of the people now, to those which prevailed before his time.

He died rather suddenly. "His wish and prayer was, that he should not lie long on a sick-bed. He and Whitefield were in this respect alike; for it is said that this was also the wish of that remarkable man. Rowlands' desire was, to depart when his work was finished. To go almost instantly from his labours to his rest was his wish; and his wish was granted. He had been for some time in a declining state of health, but not so as to be kept from doing his duty. Though he did not, for nearly a twelvemonth, go abroad much, yet he preached at home almost as regularly as usual. He was taken rather unwell on the Wednesday previous to his death; but he was not considered to be seriously ill until Friday; and on the following morning, near the time that he was expected to preach at Llangeitho Chapel, as was customary before the sacramental Sabbath, his happy soul left its earthly tabernacle, and entered into the rest of the blessed."

ANECDOTE OF BISHOP PORTEUS. — A clergyman dining once with Bishop Porteus, noticed with contempt the line of a hymn—"A sinner saved by grace alone"—expecting that the bishop would join in condemning it; but, instead of doing so, his lordship looked very solemnly at the clergyman, and said: "And pray, Sir, can you tell me of any other way in which a sinner can be saved?"

Scripture Illustration.

THE DOVE.

PART II.

HER MANNERS.

THE manners of the dove are as engaging as her form is elegant and her plumage rich and beautiful. She is the chosen emblem of simplicity, gentleness, chastity, and feminine timidity. Our blessed Lord alludes with striking effect to her amiable temper in that well known direction to his disciples: "Be ye wise as serpents, and harmless as doves." Wisdom without simplicity degenerates into cunning; simplicity without wisdom, into silliness: united, the one corrects the excess or supplies the defects of the other, and both become the objects of praise; but separated, neither the wisdom of the serpent nor the simplicity of the dove obtains in this passage the Saviour's commendation. The character which is compounded of both makes the nearest approach to the true standard of Christian excellence. The wisdom of the serpent enables the believer to discern between good and evil, truth and error, that having proved all things, he may hold fast that which is good; the simplicity of the dove renders him inoffensive and sincere, that he may not deceive nor injure his neighbour. Such were the qualities which the Saviour recommended to his followers, and his apostle wished the Romans to obtain: "I would have you wise unto that which is good, and simple concerning evil."

HER SIMPLICITY.

The simplicity of the dove, when separated from the wisdom of the serpent, indicates in Scripture a blamable defect; and in the same light it is viewed by the natural historian. So inattentive is that bird to the snares which the fowler, with little precaution, spreads for her destruction, so easily is she entangled and taken, that her simplicity became proverbial among the ancients. Unsuspicious of danger, she approaches the decoy, to gaze upon the new and curious object, and is suddenly taken in the snare; and in a state of captivity she submits to become a decoy in her turn, and with her voice and gestures allures other doves, heedless and foolish as herself, within the grasp of their common enemy. This ignoble character the prophet imputed to Ephraim, or the Ten Tribes: He "is like a silly," or rather a simple, "dove without heart." He was so stupid, or so heedless, that he took no precautions against approaching dangers, but threw himself into the power of his enemies.

HER CONJUGAL FIDELITY.

Her conjugal fidelity has been celebrated by every writer who has described or alluded to her character. She admits but of one mate; she never forsakes him till death put an end to their union; and never abandons, of her own accord, the nest which their united labour has provided. These facts unfold the true reason that the Church is by Solomon so frequently compared to the dove. Our Lord addresses her in these tender and affecting terms: "O my dove that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret

shelvings of the inaccessible precipice, let me hear thy voice, let me see thy face; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely." "Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled; for my head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night." And in his description of her holy beauties, we find this clause: "My dove, my undefiled is but one; she is the only one of her mother, she is the choice one of her that bare her." The image implies, that the Church is the only object of the Saviour's love; and he, on the other hand, the sole delight of her soul. She acknowledges no other Saviour; and he has but one spouse, whom he has betrothed unto himself for ever, "in righteousness, and in judgment, and in loving-kindness, and in mercies."

DOVES AS OFFERINGS UNDER THE CEREMONIAL LAW.

Doves of every species were presented on the tables of the Jews, and offered by the law of Moses at the altar of Jehovah. These sacrificial oblations were of various kinds. The grateful Israelite was permitted to bring a pair of turtle-doves or young pigeons as a free-will offering to the Lord; but when he had neglected to reprove his brother, who had in his presence blasphemed the name of God, or had himself taken a rash oath, or had polluted himself by touching some unclean thing, he was commanded to bring as a trespass-offering two turtle-doves or two young pigeons; the one for a sin-offering and the other for a burnt-offering. The same kind of oblations were required in a variety of other cases, which are marked with sufficient clearness and precision. The law of Moses required only young pigeons to be offered in sacrifice; for the oblations of God were to be of the best, and these creatures become tough and unsavoury when they grow old; but the full-grown turtle continues tender and good. But they were to be offered in sacrifice only by those persons that had nothing more valuable to give; for the law runs in these terms: "And if he be not able to bring a lamb, then he shall bring for his trespass which he hath committed two turtle-doves or two young pigeons unto the Lord." It was, therefore, the poverty of the Virgin mother of our Lord which compelled her, when the days of her purification were accomplished, to offer in sacrifice a pair of turtle-doves or two young pigeons; and it was a striking proof of the amazing condescension of Christ, that he submitted to be born of a woman who had nothing more valuable to present on the altar of his Father, even for the gift of the promised Messiah. Such humble offerings were in use long before the ceremonial law was given from Sinai; for when Abraham was received into covenant with God, he offered in sacrifice, by the divine command, a turtle-dove and a young pigeon. These, together with the heifer, the she-goat, and the ram, all of three years old, which he immolated at the sametime, comprehended the different kinds of sacrifices which were afterwards appointed in the wilderness; and they were perhaps required on this occasion to furnish the patriarch with a complete view of those sacrificial oblations by which the faith of Old Testament Christians was, in every age of that shadowy dispensation, to be conducted to the atoning blood of Messiah.

THE DOVE AN EMBLEM OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

The dove is also supposed by some writers to be the proper emblem of the Holy Spirit, when he descended upon the Saviour at his baptism. In the Gospel according to Luke, the Holy Ghost descended in a bodily shape, like a dove upon him. As the dove brought intelligence to Noah of approaching deliverance, so did the Holy Spirit, at the baptism of Christ, announce the spiritual restoration of perishing sinners, by the obedience and death of the Redeemer. For this reason, many have supposed that the third person of the Trinity on that occasion assumed the real figure of a dove; but the sacred writer seems to refer, not to the shape, but to the manner in which the dove descends from the sky. In this manner the likeness of fire is expressed by the same evangelist, in the Acts of the Apostles: "There appeared cloven tongues (ὡσει πυρος) as of fire." The meaning of the clause, therefore, is, that as a dove hovers on the wing, and overshadows the place upon which she intends to perch, so did the Holy Spirit, in the form of a luminous cloud, like the Schechinah which rested on the tabernacle, gradually descend, hovering, and overshadowing the Saviour as he came up from the water. This exposition refutes another opinion, which was entertained by many of the ancients, that it was a real dove which alighted upon the head of our Lord; for if the sacred writer describes only the manner of descending, neither the form nor the real presence of a dove can be admitted. But although the evangelist alludes only to the manner in which that bird descends from the wing, he clearly recognises her as the chosen emblem of the Holy Spirit, the messenger of peace and joy to sinful and miserable men. He descends from the Father, "to guide his people into all truth"—to "teach them all things" necessary to their salvation"—"to help their infirmities, and make intercession for them with groanings which cannot be uttered." It may truly be said of him that he is without gall; for "the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." These precious dispositions the Spirit of God infuses into the hearts of all genuine believers, although they exist in a much higher degree and shine with a far superior lustre in the spotless humanity of Christ. The Father anointed him with the oil of gladness above his fellows: "He is fairer than the children of men"—"He is altogether lovely."—*Paxton's Scriptural Illustrations.*

ON NATURAL HISTORY.

BY THE REV. DAVID LANDSBOROUGH, STEVENSTON.

I MENTIONED lately to an intelligent friend that I had been asked to furnish for the *Christian Treasury* some articles on Natural History, and, knowing that the whole field of Natural Science was familiar to him, I requested that he would suggest some topics. His reply was: "Your best way to contribute to the *Christian Treasury* is just to give the history of your parish—I mean Stevenston. You have nothing to do

but to begin, and you will be surprised how many things will arise, all asking for an early notice." This parish, in which I have so long resided, is indeed a rich and tempting field; and had I the talents, science, piety, and leisure requisite for the undertaking, many papers might be written, not undeserving of a place in the *Christian Treasury*. But, with such qualifications as I have, I ought perhaps to listen to the call, in the hope of doing even a little good. I have at least the love of nature, and by reading, and correspondence with several of our most distinguished naturalists, and by keeping my eyes open when in the fields or by the sea-side, I have picked up some knowledge in various departments of natural history. I have not forgotten what, in school-boy phrase, we called a *tickly* line on the title-page of Livy: "*Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter;*" which, by dint of deep study, we found meant something like this: "Your knowledge is nothing worth, if you keep it all to yourself." On the highest authority it is said: "No man when he has lighted a candle, putteth it in a secret place, neither under a bushel, but on a candlestick, that they which come in may see the light." Our light may be but that of a taper; but even a taper-light may be useful, and it may be instrumental in kindling a brighter flame.

I shall not attempt to write a *history*, for the *minutiæ* of natural history are interesting to comparatively few, and therefore unsuitable for the *Christian Treasury*. I shall, however, attempt to give some general sketches on several topics which the field presents, seeking to deduce from them useful lessons. As I am a Free Church minister, I doubt not that I shall be excused though I should occasionally overstep the parochial boundaries; and if I treat of birds, and beasts, and creeping things, I may surely treat—should fit subjects present themselves—of man, the chief of God's works here below. I may meet with no cedar of Lebanon, nor even hyssop springing out of the wall; but I shall not much regret the loss, if I have the happiness of falling in with some olive plants, the planting of the Lord, or some venerable trees in the Lord's vineyard, which, though old, are bringing forth fruit, and are aye flourishing.

Two books have been put into our hands;—the one is as old as the creation, and has in every age been open to all mankind; the other, though less ancient, is very venerable, part of it yielding in antiquity only to the first. They are both valuable, and they never contradict each other; for they are from the same infallible Author. The one is the Book of Nature—the other is the Word of God. This is the book of books. We are commanded to search it; and if we neglect it, it is at our peril. Strange that any should neglect it! for it tells sinful man how all his sins may be blotted out, how all his spiritual diseases may be healed, how all his powerful and insidious foes may be discomfited, how Death, the last enemy, may be destroyed, and how the child of the dust may be raised to an eternity of blessedness at God's right hand in the heavens. The more we have profited by the blessed Book of Revelation, the better are we fitted to derive benefit from the Book of Nature. It cannot tell us of the mercy of God, and of the great salvation which is offered through a crucified Saviour; but, if Gospel truth has been brought home to our hearts by the Holy Spirit, then we shall delight to trace the workings of God's hand in creation, and to contemplate the numerous manifestations of his power, and wisdom, and goodness, unfolded in every page of the Book of Nature. Some of the most beautiful descriptive passages of the Old Testament are quotations, so to speak, from the Book of Nature. How rich is the following: "He watereth the hills from his chambers: the earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works. He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man: that he may bring forth food out of the earth; and wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine, and bread which strengtheneth man's heart. The trees of the Lord are full of sap; the cedars of Lebanon, which he hath planted; where the birds make their nests: as for the stork, the fir trees are her house. The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats; and the rocks for the conies. He appointed the moon for seasons: the sun knoweth his going down. Thou makest darkness, and it is night: wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth. The young lions roar after their prey, and seek their meat from God. The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together, and lay them down in their dens. Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labour until the evening. O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches. So is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts. There go the ships: there is that leviathan, whom thou hast made to play therein. These wait all upon thee; that thou mayest give them their meat in due season. That thou givest them they gather: thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good." Some of the richest promises of God in the Old Testament are given in figurative language from the Book of Nature: "I will be as the dew unto Israel: he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon. His branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive tree, and his smell as Lebanon. They that dwell under his shadow shall return; they shall revive as the corn, and grow as the vine: the scent thereof shall be as the wine of Lebanon." How beautiful! It is the Almighty that speaks, and the language and sentiments are worthy of the God of Israel. Some knowledge of natural history, however, is almost necessary to enable a person fully to appreciate it. He who veiled the glory which he had as God before the world began, and assumed our nature into mysterious union with the divine, that he might suffer in the room and stead of his people, deigned to draw some of his encouraging lessons from the Book of Nature. "Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye

of little faith?" And how does the Lord humble the Patriarch Job? He takes him to the Book of Nature, and puts many questions to him respecting what is written on its ample page. In a style of inimitable grandeur, he interrogates him respecting the formation of the earth, and of light, and of frost, and rain, and lightning, and respecting many of the common phenomena of nature; he questions him also respecting the nature and instincts of many of the creatures that live on the earth, or inhabit the deep, or fly in the air; and if in these matters he must confess much ignorance, how presumptuous was it to think to fathom the deep things of God, or to venture to arraign the proceedings of the Almighty!

If, in contemplating the more magnificent works of God—the telescopic worlds—we are tempted to say: "What is man, that thou art mindful of him?" we have only to call the microscope to our aid, and it will reveal to us many minute worlds, full of wonders, and evidently enjoying the superintending care of God. The smallest drop of water, or the tiniest leaf of the forest, becomes a microcosm—a little world full of inhabitants, happy as heart could wish, whether disporting in playful gambols in the watery element, or luxuriating in the rich and extensive pastures of the verdant leaf. Respecting all of them it may be said that they are fearfully and wonderfully made—as complete in their organism as the camel, the ship of the desert, or as the sagacious elephant, the mighty inmate of the Indian forest. When, by the aid of the magnifying lens, we see on a space which the tip of a child's finger could cover, myriads of living creatures, formed and fed by the hand of God, and tasting the happiness of the life which he has given them, then may we lift up our heads and say: If he care for living atoms, that know not the hand that sustains them, will he for a moment forget his own children that trust in him? No; they are his ransomed people—his blood-bought inheritance: "The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee."

O may we ponder more, then, on the wonderful works of God! may we think more on the riches of his goodness, in forming such multitudes of beings to partake of his bounty; and especially on his astonishing loving-kindness to man, in forming him after his own image; in restoring that image when sinfully defaced; in making this world, even when under the curse, a commodious habitation for him; and in guiding him on his way to the purchased, and promised, and prepared mansions of light. May we learn to enjoy God in all things, and all things in God, that, being OUR ALL AND IN ALL through time, he may be our crown of glory and diadem of beauty through eternity!

"THIS MORTAL SHALL PUT ON IMMORTALITY."

THE world is but a walk of pain,
That has only end with death;
Life is war, in which we gain
Conquest by the loss of breath:
Who would not warfare end, and travels cease,
To live at home in rest, and rest at home in peace?

What's the earth when trimmest drest
To that crystal-spangled dwelling?
Yet the saint in glory least
Is in glory far excelling:
Glorious Redeemer, let this earth of mine
Thy glorious body see, and in thy glory shine.

Oft I see the darksome night
To a beauteous day returning;
Oft doth sleep entomb my sight,
Yet I wake again at morning:
Bright Sun, return, when sleep hath spent death's night,
That these dim eyes of mine may in thy light see light.

WARWICK.

THE EXILES OF LOCARNO.

A STORY OF THE REFORMATION.

(*From M'Crie's History of the Reformation in Italy.*)

THE flourishing Church at Locarno was a great eyesore to the Popes, distant as it was from Rome. In the measures taken for its suppression it was necessary to proceed with caution, as it included persons of wealth and respectability, and as the sovereignty of the place belonged to the Swiss cantons, some of which were Protestant, and all of them jealous of their authority. Beccaria, their most zealous advocate, though dismissed from prison, was exposed to such personal danger that he deemed it prudent, by the advice of his friends, to banish himself and retire to Chiavenna. Next to him, the individual most obnoxious, from his talents and activity, was Taddeo de Dunis. His fame as a physician having made his advice to be sought for throughout the adjacent country, he found it necessary to remove to a more central place within the Milanese. No sooner was it known that he was without the protection of the Swiss confederacy, than his old antagonist, the priest of Lugano, gave information against him, as a ringleader of the heretics, to the inquisitor at Milan, who sent a party to intercept and seize him on one of his professional journeys. Being warned of his danger, he secured himself by retreating hastily to the mountains. Trusting, however, to his innocence, or to the powerful interest of the families which he attended, he afterwards appeared voluntarily before the inquisitor, and was so fortunate as to be dismissed, on condition of his quitting the Milanese, and confining his medical aid for the future to the inhabitants of his native district.

During four years the Protestants at Locarno were subjected to every species of indignity short of open violence. They had for some time desisted from employing the priests to confess their sick, and from burying their dead after the Popish manner, with torches and the cross; and they got their children baptized by ministers whom they brought for that purpose from Chiavenna, when they had no pastor of their own. The increase of the Protestants lessened, in this way, the gains of the mercenary priesthood, who endeavoured to move heaven and earth against the innovators, as at once sacrilegious and unnatural. They circulated the base report that the Protestants were guilty of the most licentious practices in their secret meetings; and such calumnious rumours, while they met with easy credit from the ignorant and superstitious multitude, were encouraged by others who were too enlightened not to know their falsehood. In the meantime, a deep plot was laid by one Walther, a native of the Popish canton of Uri, who

was at that time town-clerk of Locarno, and who, some years after, was banished for holding a treasonable correspondence with the Duke of Alva, governor of Milan. He forged a deed, purporting that the senators, citizens, and other inhabitants of the town and bailiwick of Locarno, bound themselves by oath to the seven Popish cantons, that they would adhere to the Pope and the Roman religion until the meeting of a general council. This paper he dated several years back, and sent it as a genuine deed to an assembly of the seven cantons, held in March 1554, who, without making any inquiries, immediately passed a decree that all the Locarnese should, agreeably to their bond, make confession to the priests during the ensuing Lent, that they should give their names to the superior of the Church, and that the rites of sepulture should be denied to those who had not received mass on their death-bed. The promulgation of this decree at Locarno came on the Protestants as a thunderbolt. They instantly despatched a commissioner to the Protestant cantons, with instructions to represent the utter falsehood of the allegation on which the decree proceeded, and to entreat them, as their joint temporal superiors, and as professors of the same faith, to exert their influence to avert the ruin which threatened two hundred heads of families, who had never swerved from their allegiance, and against whom no occasion or fault had been found, except concerning the law of their God. In consequence of this representation, the deputies of the Protestant cantons assembled at Arau, and wrote to those of the Popish persuasion, desiring them not to proceed further in the affair of Locarno until the meeting of the next diet of the confederacy, nor to take any step which would infringe the rights of the Protestant cantons in that territory. To defeat this interposition, the enemies of the persecuted Locarnese industriously circulated through Switzerland that they were not entitled to the protection of the Protestant cantons, inasmuch as they were infected with Servetianism, Anabaptism, and other fanatical opinions. Being informed of this by their commissioner, they transmitted to Zurich a confession of their faith, in which they avowed their agreement with the Reformed Churches concerning the Trinity, the incarnation and mediatory work of Christ, justification, and the sacraments; which had the effect of silencing this unfounded calumny. Two general diets were held in the end of the year 1554, for discussing this subject. The fictitious bond was unanimously set aside; but when they came to the main point, the enemies of the Reformed at Locarno insisted that it should be decided by the majority of votes in the diet, contrary to the rule usually observed in questions relating to religion. Riverda, bishop of Terracino, who had been sent as Papal nuncio to the diet, stimulated the Popish deputies to violent measures; while those of the Protestant cantons were influenced, partly by jealousy of one another, and partly by dread of interrupting the peace of the confederacy. The matter was referred at last to arbiters chosen from the two mixed cantons, who gave it as their judgment, that the inhabitants of Locarno who were free from crime, should either embrace the Roman Catholic religion or leave their native country, taking with them their families and property; that they should not return thither, nor be permitted to settle in the territories of the seven Catholic cantons; that those chargeable with reproaching the Virgin Mary, with Anabaptism, or other opinions contrary to both confessions, should be punished; that this sentence should be intimated to the prefect of Locarno; and that it should be carried into effect by deputies sent by the seven Catholic cantons, provided those of the four Protestant ones refused to take part in the affair, or absented themselves. Against this decision the deputies of Zurich protested, declaring that, though they were resolved to abide by the league, and not to excite any commotion, they could not agree to have this sentence intimated in their name, and still less to take any share in carrying it into execution. This protest was afterwards formally approved of by their constituents. It was no small part of the indignity offered to the Protestants by this decree, that Locarno was that year under the government of Isaiah Reuchlin, the prefect appointed by the canton of Zurich. This excellent man, who had already experienced repeated vexations, in the discharge of his office, from the violence of the Roman Catholics, was thrown into great perplexity by the intelligence of what was concluded at the diet; from which, however, he was relieved, by instructions from home to regulate his conduct by the protest taken by the deputies of his native city.

So bent were the Popish cantons on the execution of their edict, and so much were they afraid lest anything should intervene to prevent it, that they ordered their deputies to cross the Alps in the depth of winter. On their arrival at Locarno, the latter assembled the inhabitants, and, in a threatening harangue, told them, that as they had, by their rebellious and perverse innovations in religion, disturbed the peace and nearly broken the union of the Helvetic body, they might justly have been visited with exemplary punishment; but that the diet, graciously overlooking their past faults, had ordained a law by which their future conduct should be imperiously regulated. The decree having been read, the municipal authorities immediately ratified it by their subscriptions: the inhabitants, being divided in sentiment, were allowed till next day to give in their answer. On the following morning such as were resolved to adhere to the Popish religion appeared before the deputies, and begging forgiveness for anything in their past conduct which might have been offensive, promised an entire obedience and conformity to the laws for the future. In the afternoon, the Protestants, drawn up in regular order, two men, followed by their wives, walking abreast, the women carrying their infants in their arms, the men leading their children, and those who were most respectable for their rank taking the lead, proceeded to the council-room, where they were received by the deputies with marks of indecent levity, instead of that respect and sympathy to which their appearance and prospects entitled them. One of their number addressed the deputies in the name of his brethren. Being heavily accused of embracing novelties and dangerous opinions, they begged leave, he said, humbly to declare that they professed that faith which was prefigured under the Old Testament, and more clearly revealed by Christ and his apostles: after searching the Scriptures, and comparing the Latin and Italian translations, with prayer for divine illumination, they had embraced that doctrine which was summarily comprehended in the Apostles' Creed, and rejected all human traditions contrary to the Word of God: they disclaimed Novatianism, and all novel opinions, and held in abhorrence everything that favoured licentiousness of manners, as they had often protested to the seven Popish and four Protestant cantons: committing themselves to Providence, they were prepared to suffer anything rather than foment strife, or be the occasion of war in the confederation: they had always preserved their allegiance to the confederate cantons inviolate, and were willing to spend their blood and treasure in their defence: they threw themselves on the generosity and mercy of the lords of the seven cantons, and supplicated them, in the bowels of Jesus Christ, to take pity on such a number of persons, including

delicate females and helpless infants, who, if driven from their native country, must be reduced to the greatest distress: but whatever resolution might be come to respecting this request, they entreated that a rigorous investigation should be made into the crimes, affecting their honour and the credit of their religion, with which they had been charged; and that, if any of them were found guilty, they should be punished, according to their demerit, with the utmost severity. With hearts as rigid and haughty as the Alps which they had lately passed, the deputies replied to this touching and magnanimous appeal: "We are not come here to listen to your faith. The lords of the seven cantons have, by the deed now made known to you, declared what their religion is, and they will not suffer it to be called in question or disputed. Say, in one word, are you ready to quit your faith, or are you not?" To this the Protestants, with one voice, replied: "We will live in it—we will die in it;" while the exclamations: "We will never renounce it—it is the only true faith—it is the only holy faith—it is the only saving faith," continued for a considerable time to resound from different parts of the assembly, like the murmurs which succeed the principal peal in a thunderstorm. Before leaving the room, they were required individually to give their names to the clerk, when two hundred persons immediately came forward with the greatest alacrity, and with mutual congratulations.

Perceiving that they could look for no favour from the deputies, who sternly refused them permission to remain till the rigour of winter was over, the Protestants made preparations for their departure, and sent Taddeo de Dunis before them to request an asylum from the magistrates of Zurich.

Riverda, the Papal nuncio, and the other priests he brought along with him, laboured hard to convince them of their errors, but did not succeed in making a single convert. Having heard of three ladies of great respectability, Catarina Rosalina, Lucia di Orello, and Barbara di Montalto, who were zealous Protestants, the nuncio felt a strong inclination to enter the lists of controversy with them; but they parried his attacks with so much dexterity, and exposed the idolatry and abuses of the Romish Church with such boldness and severity, as at once to mortify and irritate his eminence. Barbara di Montalto, the wife of the first physician of the place, having incurred his greatest resentment, he prevailed on the deputies to issue an order to apprehend her for blasphemies which she had uttered against the sacrifice of the mass. Her husband's house, which had been constructed as a place of defence during the violent feuds between the Guelphs and Ghibellines, was built on the Lake Maggiore, and had a concealed door, requiring the strength of six men to move it, which opened upon the water, where a boat was kept in waiting, to carry off the inmates upon any sudden alarm. This door he had caused his servants to open that night, in consequence of an alarming dream, which led him to apprehend danger, not to his wife indeed, but to himself. Early next morning the officers of justice entered the house, and bursting into the apartment where the lady was in the act of dressing herself, presented a warrant from the deputies to convey her to prison. Rising up with great presence of mind, she begged them, with an air of feminine delicacy, to permit her to retire to an adjoining apartment, for the purpose of putting on some article of apparel. This being granted, she descended the stairs, and, leaping into the boat, was rowed off in safety, before the eyes of her enemies, who were assembled in the court-room to receive her! Provoked at this disappointment, the nuncio and deputies wreaked their vengeance upon the husband of the lady, whom they stripped of his property. Not satisfied with this, they amerced in a large sum two members of the Reformed Church who had refused to have their children baptized after the Popish forms. But the severest punishment fell on a poor tradesman, named Nicolas. He had been informed against some time before, for using, in a conversation with some of his neighbours, certain expressions derogatory to the Virgin Mary, who had a celebrated chapel in the vicinity, called Madonna del Sasso; and the prefect Reuchlin, with the view of silencing the clamours of the priests, had punished his imprudence by condemning him to an imprisonment of sixteen weeks. The poor man was now brought a second time to trial for that offence, and, after being put to the torture, had sentence of death passed upon him, which was unrelentingly executed by order of the deputies, notwithstanding the intercession of the Roman Catholic citizens in his behalf.

The Protestants had fixed on the 3d of March 1555, for setting out on their journey; and so bitter had their life been for some time, that, attached as they were to their native place, they looked forward to the day of their departure with joy. But before it arrived, the government of Milan, yielding to the instigations of the priesthood, published an edict, prohibiting the Locarnese exiles from remaining above three days within the Milanese territory, under the pain of death; and imposing a fine on those who should afford them any assistance, or enter into conversation with them, especially on any matter connected with religion. Being thus precluded from taking the road which led to the easiest passage across the Alps, they set out early on the morning of the day fixed, and, after sailing to the northern point of the Lake Maggiore, passed the Helvetian balliages, by the way of Bellinzone, and reached Rogoreto, a town subject to the Grison league. Here the Alps, covered with snow and ice, presented an impassable barrier, and obliged them to take up their winter quarters, amidst the inconveniences necessarily attending the residence of such a number of persons among strangers. After two months, the thaw having opened a passage for them, they proceeded to the Grisons, where they were welcomed by their brethren of the same faith. Being offered a permanent residence, with admission to the privileges of citizenship, nearly the half of their number took up their abode in that country; the remainder, amounting to a hundred and fourteen persons, went forward to Zurich, the inhabitants of which came out to meet them at their approach, and, by the kind and fraternal reception which they gave them, consoled and revived the hearts of the sad and weary exiles.

DEPENDENCE ON GOD.

Even as the needle that directs the hour
Touch'd with the loadstone, by the secret power
Of hidden nature points upon the Pole;
Even so the wavering powers of my soul,
Touch'd by the virtue of thy Spirit, flee
From what is earth, and point alone to thee.
When I have faith to hold thee by the hand,
I walk securely, and methinks I stand
More firm than Atlas; but when I forsake
The safe protection of thine arm, I quake
Like wind-shaked reeds, and have no strength at all,
But like a vine, the prop cut down, I fall.

QUARLES.

SABBATH HUNGER.

1. THE hunger I now notice induces a thankful recognition of the Sabbath some time before it arrives. It is well to be on the look-out for such a friend as the Sabbath, and a hungry hearer will discern the beauty of it through the mists of the week. Hungry people have thought of their dinner hour before it overtakes them; and it is nothing strange that one, hungry for the Word, should have pleasing anticipations of the feast day.

2. And he is not going to be *late* to public worship. Hunger for food, especially when it pinches, drives one up. You will not have to ring for that man often; nor will the dinner be likely to cool by delaying for him. So the hungry hearer will hasten to his repast. He has an excellent appetite, and will lose no part of the feast; hence the untimely uproar of the church and pew door will not give notice of his arrival at the sanctuary.

3. And you will not catch the hungry hearer *drowsy*. Hunger and Drowsiness are not often in each other's company. When one is present, the other is generally missing. A hungry hearer sleepy! Not he. He does not go to church to sleep. He goes to satisfy a craving appetite. That appetite makes divine truth sweeter than honey and the honey-comb. It would not look well to see a man drowsy at his dinner. It does not look even as well as that to see one so at the spiritual banquet.

4. And the hungry hearer will not be over nice about the *kind of dish* in which the food is served. There are hearers who will not accept of anything much short of an angel to feed them, and it must be from a "lordly dish;" and the food itself must be prepared in the very nicest style of cookery, else they will not eat. Well, they are not hungry; that is the reason. They have been surfeited, or they are sick; something or other has carried off their appetite. Not so with the hungry hearer. He has such a keen relish for his food, that he would be thankful for it if even ravens brought it. He is after the message, not the man. He cannot tell whether the preacher be in plain or splendid apparel. The dish—what does he care for that? The food is what he wants. He was asked if the preacher was a fine speaker—if he made graceful gestures—if he wore a white or a black cravat—if his hair was properly trimmed. Poor man! he was so hungry he could not tell. The feast was so refreshing that he forgot all about the cook.

5. The hungry hearer's *attention* is not easily diverted. As for other hearers, they can prick up their ears at any other sound sooner than those from the pulpit, and send their eyes in all other directions more easily than in the right one. If a romping dog trots through the aisles, he must be looked up at. If there be a sound of a wheel of the passing Sabbath-breaker, he must be peeped at. Each of the members of Squire Loiterer's family must have a glance, as they severally make their untimely entrance. But the hungry hearer—his ear is fixed, his eye is fixed, and all because his heart is fixed. He wants to be fed. He came for the purpose. And he is not going to lose his errand. There must be high times in the sanctuary before his attention shall be diverted.

6. Nor is the hungry hearer quarrelsome about the *varieties of the truth* served up for him. Some hearers want all bones, as if they were hyenas; it must be all doctrines, or they have no ears for it. Others will not touch a bone; it must be all meat. And milk—others must have that, and they will have nothing else. Each must have his own savoury dish, or all the fat is in the fire. But a keen relish for truth will make all sorts go well; bones, meat, milk, law, gospel, promise, threatening—it is all good. Hunger does not stop for the savoury dishes, and turn the nose up at all the rest. A good appetite is a most excellent thing to bring to the sanctuary. You will not see him disappointed that brings it. He is going to get something to eat, come what may. If there is any truth in the Lord's house, he is going to find it and be fed.

7. Nor is the hungry hearer easily frightened about the weather. Those that have poor appetites for the Word are easily put into consternation. If a cloud or two happen to scoul for an hour or two about the sky, it does them up for the day. If it should actually drizzle, mercy on them, how could they venture out! And the wind has got to keep all the weather-cocks in a particular trim, if it would not alarm them into an exile from the sanctuary. But the hungry hearer broke caste with all that tribe some time ago. His hunger for the Word has tossed all his fears about the weather overboard. Boreas must steam it up well to shut him up in his house, and the sky must be a watering pot on a pretty large scale to give him any other home on the Sabbath than the house of prayer. He is hungry—that is the great fact, and the elements must be terribly by the ears to cut him off from public worship and house him up at home.—*American Periodical.*

FIELD PREACHING.

"I WONDER at those," says Wesley, "who talk of the *indecency* of field preaching. The highest *indecency* is in St Paul's Church, where a considerable part of the congregation are asleep, or talking, or looking about, not minding a word the preacher says. On the other hand, there is the highest *decency* in a church-yard or field, where the whole congregation behave and look as if they saw the Judge of all, and heard him speaking from heaven." Sometimes, when he had finished the discourse and pronounced the blessing, not a person offered to move—the charm was upon them still; and every man, woman, and child remained where they were, till he set the example of leaving the ground. One day many of his hearers were seated upon a long wall, built, as is common in the northern counties, of loose stones. In the middle of the sermon it fell with them. "I never saw, heard, nor read of such a thing before," he says. "The whole wall, and the persons sitting upon it, sunk down together, none of them screaming out, and very few altering their posture, and not one was hurt at all; but they appeared sitting at the bottom, just as they sat at the top. Nor was there any interruption either of my speaking or of the attention of the hearers."

The situations in which he preached sometimes contributed to the impression; and he himself perceived that natural influences operated upon the multitude, like the pomp and circumstance of Romish worship. Sometimes in a hot and cloudless summer day, he and his congregation were under cover of the

sycamores, which afford so deep a shade to some of the old farm-houses in Westmoreland and Cumberland. In such a scene, near Brough, he observes, that a bird perched on one of the trees, and sung without intermission from the beginning of the service till the end. No instrumental concert could have accorded with the place and feeling of the hour so well. Sometimes when his discourse was not concluded till twilight, he saw that the calmness of the evening agreed with the seriousness of the people, and that "they seemed to drink in the word of God, as a thirsty land the refreshing showers." One of his preaching places in Cornwall was in what had once been the court-yard of a rich and honourable man; but he and all his family were in the dust, and his memory had almost perished. "At Gwenap, in the same country," he says, "I stood on the wall, in the calm still evening, with the setting sun behind me—an almost innumerable multitude before, behind, and on either hand. Many likewise sat on the little hills, at some distance from the bulk of the congregation; but they could all hear distinctly while I read, 'The disciple is not above his Master,' and the rest of those comfortable words which are day by day fulfilled in our ears." This amphitheatre was one of his favourite stations. He says of it in his old age: "I think this is one of the most magnificent spectacles which is to be seen on this side heaven. And no music is to be heard upon earth comparable to the sound of many thousand voices, when they are all harmoniously joined together, singing praises to God and the Lamb." At St Ives, when a high wind prevented him standing where he had intended, he found a little enclosure near, one end of which was native rock, rising ten or twelve feet perpendicular, from which the ground fell with an easy descent. "A jutting out of the rock, about four feet from the ground, gave me a very convenient pulpit. Here well-nigh the whole town, high and low, rich and poor, assembled together. Nor was there a word to be heard, nor a smile seen, from one end of the congregation to the other. It was just the same the three following evenings. Indeed I was afraid on Saturday, that the roaring of the sea, raised by the north wind, would have prevented their hearing; but God gave me so clear and strong a voice, that I believe scarce one word was lost." On the next day the storm had ceased, and the clear sky, the setting sun, and the smooth, still ocean, all agreed with the state of the audience.

There is a beautiful garden at Exeter, under the ruins of the castle and of the old city wall, in what was formerly the moat: it was made under the direction of Jackson, the musician, a man of rare genius in his own art, and eminently gifted in many ways. Before the ground was thus happily appropriated, Wesley preached there to a large assembly, and felt the impressiveness of the situation. He says: "It was an awful sight! So vast a congregation in that solemn amphitheatre, and all silent and still, while I explained at large, and enforced that glorious truth: 'Happy are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered!'" In another place he says: "I rode to Blanchland, about twenty miles from Newcastle. The rough mountains round about were still white with snow. In the midst of them is a small winding valley, through which the Darwent runs. On the edge of this the little town stands, which is indeed little more than a heap of ruins. There seems to have been a large cathedral church, by the vast walls which still remain. I stood in the church-yard, under one side of the building, upon a large tomb-stone, round which, while I was at prayers, all the congregation kneeled down on the grass. They were gathered out of the lead mines, from all parts—many from Allandale, six miles off. A row of children sat under the opposite wall, all quiet and still. The whole congregation drank in every word, with such earnestness in their looks that I could not but hope that God will make this wilderness sing for joy." At Gawksham he preached "on the side of an enormous mountain. The congregation," he says, "stood and sat, row above row, in the sylvan theatre. I believe nothing in the postdiluvian earth can be more pleasant than the road from hence, between huge steep mountains, clothed with wood to the top, and watered at the bottom by a clear winding stream." Heptenstall Bank, to which he went from hence, was one of his favourite field stations. "The place in which I preached was an oval spot of ground, surrounded with spreading trees, scooped out, as it were, in the side of a hill, which rose round like a theatre." The congregation was as large as he could then collect at Leeds; but he says: "Such serious and earnest attention! I lifted up my hands, so that I preached as I scarce ever did in my life." Once he had the ground measured, and found that he was heard distinctly at a distance of seven score yards. In the seventieth year of his age, he preached at Gwenap to the largest assembly that had ever collected to hear him; from the ground which they covered, he computed them to be not fewer than two-and-thirty thousand; and it was found, upon inquiry, that all could hear, even to the skirts of the congregation.—*Southey's Life of Wesley.*

Miscellaneous.

PREACHING SERMONS OVER AGAIN.—Dean Colet (the founder of St Paul's School) gave, as a reason for the repetition of his Theological Lectures, that it was better to set wholesome cold meat before his hearers than that which was raw.

PERSONAL IMPROVEMENT.—My great controversy is with myself; and I am resolved to have none with others till I have put things upon a better footing at home.—*Adam.*

INDWELLING CORRUPTION.—It is with our sins after regeneration, as it was with the beast mentioned in Daniel, which, though it was wounded with a deadly wound, yet had its life prolonged for a season.—*Flavel.*

THE DANGER OF BEING IN THE RIGHT.—It will sometimes be found, in struggling with superiors, that, although they will readily pardon your being in the wrong, they will never forgive your being in the right.

READING BOOKS THROUGH.—When I read, I wish to read to good purpose; and there are some books which contradict, on the very face of them, what appear to me to be first principles. You surely will not say that I am bound to read such books. If a man tells me he has a very elaborate argument to prove that two and two make five, I have something else to do than to attend to this argument. If I find the first mouthful of meat which I taste from a fine-looking joint on my table is tainted, I need not eat through it to be convinced I ought to send it away. —*Cecil.*

ILL-CONSIDERED OPINIONS.—When men first take up an opinion, and then afterwards seek for reasons for it, they must be contented with such as the absurdity of it will afford.—*South.*

REPROOF OF A FRIEND.—Considering how many difficulties a friend has to surmount before he can bring himself to reprove me, I ought to be very much obliged to him.—*Foster.*

Daily Bread

FRIDAY.

" Quicken me, O Lord, for thy name's sake."—Ps. cxliii. 11.

If so poor a worm as I
May to thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive;
Claim me for thy service, claim
All I have, and all I am,

Our best pleas in prayer are those that are fetched from the glory of God's own name. Lord, do it, that thy mercy may be magnified, thy promise fulfilled, and thine interest in the world kept up; we have nothing to plead in ourselves, but everything in thee. —*Henry.*

SATURDAY.

" Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth."—Col. iii. 2.

Prince of universal peace,
Destroy the enmity;
Bid our jars and discords cease—
Unite us all in thee.

If once, like Hezekiah, we call in spectators to see our treasure, and grow proud of our gifts and comforts, then is it high time for God, if he loves us indeed, to send messengers to carry these away from us, which carry our hearts away from him.—*Gurnall.*

SABBATH.

" Satan would sift thee as wheat."—Luke xxii. 31.

Unto God, my help, my hope,
My safeguard, and my tower,
Confident I still look up,
And still receive his power:
All the alien's hosts I chase,
Blast and scatter with mine eyes;
Satan comes; I turn my face,
And, lo! the tempter flies!

Satan knows that an arrow out of God's quiver wounds the believer deep; and, therefore, when he accuses, he sometimes comes in God's name. He forges a letter; he, as it were, counterfeits God's hand, and then gives the writing to a poor disconsolate child of God, threatening him with banishment from his Father's house, and loss of his inheritance. The Christian, conscious of his unworthiness, weakness, and many miscarriages, takes it all for Gospel, sets himself down for an alien and an outcast, and builds to himself a prison of real distress upon false, imaginary grounds. Endeavour to deal with Satan's base suggestions as you use to serve the rogues and vagrants that come about the country—though you cannot keep them from passing through the town, yet you can take care not to let them settle there. When you find your sins so represented and aggravated to you, as exceeding either the mercy of God's nature, or the grace of his covenant, or the merit of Christ's blood, or the power of his Spirit, you may be assured this comes from hell, and not from heaven; you may know where it was invented—'tis one of the devil's own lies.—*Gurnall.*

MONDAY.

" No man can serve two masters."—Matt. vi. 24.

Be it my only wisdom here,
To serve the Lord with filial fear—
With loving gratitude;
And such a course may I display,
By shunning every evil way,
And walking in the good.

A man may serve many masters, if they all command the same things, or things subordinate to each other; but he cannot serve two masters, if their commands clash and interfere with each other. And such are the commands of Christ and the flesh in a suffering hour. Christ says: " Be thou faithful to the death;" the flesh says: "Spare thyself and secure the comforts of life." A dog follows two men while they both walk one way, and you know not which of the two is his master; stay but a little, till their path separates, and then you will quickly see who is the master.—*Flavel.*

TUESDAY.

" God in Christ."—2 Cor. v. 19.

My heart is fix'd, O God, my heart
Is fix'd to triumph in thy grace:
(Awake, my tongue, and bear a part!)
My glory is to sing thy praise,
Till all thy nature I partake,
And bright in all thine image wake.

Would we know God's love and grace? would we admire his wisdom and holiness? Let us labour to come to an intimate and near acquaintance with his Son Jesus Christ, in whom all these things dwell in their fulness, and by whom they are exhibited, revealed, unfolded to us. Seek the Father in the Son, out of whom not one property of the divine nature can be savingly apprehended, or rightly understood, and in whom they are all exposed to our faith and spiritual contemplation. This is our wisdom to abide in Christ, to abide with him, to learn him; and in him we shall learn, see, and know the Father also. —*Owen.*

WEDNESDAY.

" I go to my Father."—John xvi. 10.

From earth we shall quickly remove,
And mount to our native abode—
The house of our Father above—
The palace of angels and God.

How sweet for a dying believer to reflect that, though he is yet a stranger in the world of spirits, still the world of spirits are no strangers to him! God, his Father, is there; Christ, his Saviour, is there; angels, his elect brethren, are there; saints, who got home before him, are there, and more shall arrive every day. He has the blood and righteousness of Christ for his letters of recommendation, and the Holy Spirit for his introducer. He also goes upon express invitation from the King of the country.—*Toplady.*

THURSDAY.

" What shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits towards me?"—Ps. cxvi. 12.

I'll praise my Maker while I've breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

I have nothing to give him but his own: I have nothing worth giving him or worth the taking. But know, he desires nothing beyond what thou art able to give, and he accepts according to that we have, and not according to that we have not. For free favours, he expecteth but free thanks; free duties, fast affections. He hath given us the choicest and best things we have; and we, in the way of thankfulness, must return and offer the best things we have unto him.—Lev. ii. 1. The cakes for the meat-offering must be made of the finest flour.—*Taylor.*

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MISSIONARY ADDRESS.

BY THE REV. DR DRÄSEKE, MAGDEBURG.

PART II.

We have seen the *obligation* that lies upon all Christians to be active in the missionary work.

II. Let us now consult the Word of God, to understand *how it is in our power to be active in this work.* If participation in this work consisted merely in uttering the wish that Christianity might soon spread over all nations of the earth, this were indeed little; or if the activity required consisted merely in belonging to some one missionary society, undertaking some of the ordinary duties devolving on all members in its management, or contributing so much yearly to its funds, even this were but little;—that man alone knows what is implied in this work, who has fully understood the import of the saying of Christ: "Pray the Lord of the harvest that he would send labourers into his vineyard."

If any one supposes this, too, to be little, he understands not the meaning of the Lord's words. There is a good old proverb — *Pray and labour;* they who first used it understood the problem of Christian life. For true it is that man can do nothing without prayer, worthy of his high calling. What he attempts to do without prayer is of no service to him; what he does against prayer, that must injure him, whatever be the character of the work he is engaged in. The activity of the missionary spirit cannot be realized, apart from the continued devotedness of the spiritual power of man to the interests and progress of the divine kingdom; indeed, it is nothing more than the entering on, and perseverance in, this direction —that is, in the spirit of continued prayer. He who has not his whole disposition and character in conformity thereto, as he wants the character of the true follower of Christ, so he is unfit to be a labourer in the work of missions.

Four things are contained in the words, "Pray the Lord of the harvest that he would send labourers into his vineyard."

1. The most immediate signification of the words is—Pray the Lord that he would *prepare labourers* for his work. If the missionary work is to be conducted efficiently, much is required. There are necessary—heads to devise—hands to work—money to supply wants—ships to plant the Church of Europe in the furthest ends of the earth. But the most indispensable thing of all is, that *true spirit* of missions, which will direct the judgment, and assist the labours, and bless the contributions, and fill the sails. Brethren! here there is much to pray for. It is not enough that societies meet for the missionary work; but more especially is it required that these societies should realize the work in which they are engaged in the true, divine spirit of it. It is not sufficient that societies be formed for missionary work, but far rather that their operations be directed under the true influence of the spirit of the Gospel. It is not sufficient that missionaries be sent to Jews and Heathens, but still more, that these witnesses of the Lord show in all things that they are actuated by his Spirit. Brethren! how much is there here to pray for! Pray, then, without ceasing. Pray for all who engage in the missionary work, that the Spirit of the Lord may accompany and bless all their labours. It is the Lord himself alone who can prepare labourers for his vineyard. He who makes the winds his servants, and flaming fire his ministers, he it is alone who can make his servants as winds, that purify the moral atmosphere of the world, and his ministers as flame, that gives heat to what is benumbed, and quickens the dead.

2. A *second* signification of the holy precept is—Pray the Lord that he would *make you, individually, labourers in his work.* It may be, that for those of you who have long since engaged in special pursuits here, it would be impossible to go into the uttermost ends of the earth. You have the cares of your families to occupy you. But, although this be impossible, still that consecration for the missionary work is all the more assuredly possible, and, in so far as you are Christians, is it demanded of you. One requires not to go from place to place in order to engage in the proper labours of the missionary field—in spreading the dominions of the kingdom of Christ. If this kingdom, and what appertains to it, be that thing to which all other things are subordinated and directed; if your duties, and relations, and your whole transactions in life, are regulated by its spirit and laws; if to this kingdom you dedicate your home and heart, and employ your body and life; thus, if a statesman, serving your king to advance this higher kingdom; if a soldier, using your arms for its defence; if a farmer, cultivating your fields for it; if a citizen, employing your business or trade, be it great or small, only for it. In all this you are acting the part of missionaries—you are labouring for the harvest of heaven; there is no part of your life or labours so unimportant or insignificant, as not now to become invested with the highest of all relationships, namely, those that relate to the kingdom of God. See, then, that no day pass in which all, rich and poor, high and low, young and old, do not repeat and urge the prayer: Lord, thy work is so blessed, and the necessity is so pressing, and the harvest is so great, and the labourers are so few indeed, I pray thou wouldst make *me*, even

here where my lot is cast, a true helper in the great and good work!

3. *A third* sense of the divine command is—Pray the Lord of the harvest, that, through you, *he would call also your companions in life to the work of his vineyard*. There are many different stations in life; and as the sun, moon, and stars, have each a separate glory, so in the world, one rank is above another. But no man *can* be greater, nor *ought* to be less, than that whereunto God has appointed him. Now there can be no higher development of human nature, than in being a Christian—that is, one sanctified of God, who finds his highest occupation and delight to be a labourer in advancing the cause, and a partaker of the joys, of his Lord. See, here is heaven!—draw your friends towards it. Magistrates, teachers, parents—let each employ his position for promoting its ends. Each city should be a missionary society; each school, a missionary institution; each house, a missionary field. If this is not done, all our strivings and arrangements are in vain. It is for all this that prayer must be offered to the Lord of the harvest. It is by so doing that the kingdom of God will come in all; for then it will live in them.

4. The *fourth* and last signification is the most extended of all—Pray the Lord of the harvest that *he would awaken the age in which we live to work in his vineyard*, and cancel the guilt of former periods of inactivity. The work of missions is as old as the world. From the very first God has sent messengers among men to be his witnesses. But the central point of the whole missionary work, during all ages, is *Christ*. The apostles were nothing more than missionaries of Christ. Brethren! a great load of guilt belongs to our age, for its remissness in this work. Can Christendom longer remain indifferent to the spreading of the kingdom of truth and righteousness over the earth? If history taught nothing else, it at least teaches this, that the source of all the blessed progress to be made by the human race, is to be found in Christ. If so, it surely cannot longer remain a matter of individual, but must become one public Christian interest of. Declare, then, by your deeds, that the matter stands thus. Cry to the world, and let the world hear your voice. The cry of necessity has long been heard. O how much, then, have you to pray for!—how earnestly have you to address your God!—and how great is the obligation that rests upon you to devote your whole life, up to its last breath, in the good cause!

We close these reflections with thankfulness to Him whose Word has taught us. Let us show our thankfulness in acting as becomes our high calling as labourers in the harvest of the Lord; and let the resolutions which we make, prove their divine power and acceptableness, that the carrying of them into effect may be our attainment through life without wavering; I say, without wavering, for there is much to cause this in your missionary labours. Give not way to these influences. Let no doubts disturb you as to your inability to do anything—to accomplish ends which take in the whole world. Know that He who fed thousands with five barley loaves and two small fishes, knows how to leaven the whole mass with a little leaven. Let not the insinuation disturb you, that one dare not let immediate wants remain unsupplied for those that are remote; nor take the children's bread and give it to dogs. Know that to him who loves God and man, nothing is near or remote; and that that which he gives to God's glory, is blessed to his house as much as what he employs for the good of his family. Be not deceived by the suspicion, that all your labours in this kingdom are in vain. Know that whatever is done for the kingdom of God cannot be in vain. Already, in many lands, are the idols overthrown, and the truth triumphant. You see the dawn already—do you, then, fear the coming of the full noon? *Lastly*, be not dismayed from the work, by the thought that each missionary society spreads only its particular kind of Christianity; and hence, that no one may spread that which is alone true and pure. Know that true Christianity is the Christianity of the Bible; and on this common ground alone can the missionary cause be based and blessed. God give us the good hope that the seed sown may bring forth fruit unto eternal life!

With this hope we commend unto thee the vineyard, O Lord. Let the seed fall, and the sun shine, and the rain descend, and the fruit grow; and grant us grace to do thy will, so that we may all attain to thy kingdom in heaven. Amen!

ROBERT HALL OF LEICESTER AND THE LATE DR BALMER.

Two volumes of the Academical Lectures and Pulpit Discourses of the late Dr Balmer have just appeared,* and will, we doubt not, be hailed by all who knew the talents and worth of that eminent man, as a valuable addition to the stores of our Christian literature. Besides the lectures and discourses, we have, prefixed, an interesting and elegantly written memoir of their author—a few specimens of his correspondence, and a long and circumstantial account of several interviews and conversations he had with the celebrated Robert Hall of Leicester; and the publication of part of which, in the Life of Hall by Dr Olinthus Gregory, excited, at the time, considerable interest. Dr Balmer had a singularly retentive memory; and we can well believe that his reminiscences are as faithful as they are minute.—We intend returning to these volumes in an early Number, and meanwhile subjoin some portions of the reminiscences referred to:—

"The day on which I arrived at Leicester was Friday, the 1st of October 1819. Early in the forenoon of next day, I called on Mr Hall at his own

* "Academical Lectures and Pulpit Discourses." By the late Robert Balmer, D.D. Edinburgh: 1845.

house, and was shown into a room. I had scarcely put to myself the question, Shall I in a few minutes see one of the greatest men of this age? when the door opened, and in stepped Mr Hall at a rapid pace. He was arrayed in a tartan gown, and had a pipe in his hand. I need scarcely say that I was exceedingly struck with his figure, countenance, and manner, which I had often heard described before, but of which I had not formed an accurate idea. His first words were: 'How do you do, Mr Balmer? I am happy to see you in Leicester, Sir. When did you arrive? How is Dr Waugh, Sir?' All these questions he put, before allowing me time to answer one of them. After I had answered them, Mr Hall said: 'Well, Sir, on which part of the day will you preach for me to-morrow?' I replied that I had come for the purpose of hearing, rather than of preaching; but that, if I must take one of the services, I should decidedly prefer that at which there was usually the smaller audience. This point being settled, after a brief discussion, Mr Hall next said: 'You are to lodge, I understand, at Mr ——'s. Mr —— is a member of Dr ——'s church; and since he came to Leicester, he has regularly attended my ministry. In many respects, he is a most amiable and excellent man. There is just one thing in his conduct which I regret: he is much addicted to card-playing. Having no family of his own, and never having contracted a taste for reading, he is under a strong temptation to go much into company. He is a man, too, of a social turn, and of singularly easy and delightful manners; so that he is much courted. In fact, he glides into society just like quicksilver; he knew more of the genteel people in Leicester in six weeks than I did in ten years. You must understand, Sir, that I am remarkably anti-social in my disposition. There are scarcely any of the wealthier inhabitants of this town with whom I am acquainted. Mr —— knows them all; and scarcely an evening passes but he is in company. I once used the freedom to hint to him my disapprobation of this part of his conduct; intimating, that it might prove an obstacle to his reception, if he were to apply to sit down with us at the Lord's table. He received my hints with great politeness; but requested that I would never again mention the subject, as his mind was made up.'

"'Pray, Sir,' continued Mr Hall, 'what is the conduct of the Secession Churches in Scotland in regard to card-playing?' I informed him that the ministers universally disapproved of it; that the great body of our people scrupulously abstained from it; but that there were probably a few, chiefly of the genteel, in our congregations, who occasionally indulged in it, and whose conduct was connived at, or not generally known. My parents, I added, taught me to regard cards with a sort of religious horror, stigmatizing them as 'the devil's books.' 'That was exactly,' said Mr Hall, 'the language employed by my parents respecting them; and yet, I think, the question relative to the lawfulness of card-playing attended with some difficulty. My attention was lately called to it particularly; for, on occasion of the Leicester races, a few weeks ago, I preached a sermon on amusements.'

"I observed to him, that there was an argument against card-playing often employed by pious people in Scotland: and that was, that cards being a game of chance, involved an appeal to the Deity; and must, of course, be unlawful, as the occasion did not authorize any such appeal. I added, that this argument had never appeared satisfactory to my own mind; but that I felt reluctant to say so openly, lest I should encourage among my people a practice of which I disapproved. Mr Hall observed, in reply: 'That argument is certainly a whimsical one; everything we do involves an appeal to the Deity. If I attempt to walk across the room, I may be said to appeal to God; for 'it is in him we move;' and to me it is a chance whether he will give me strength to execute my purpose. The argument appears to me a very unsatisfactory one; but probably you act wisely in not exposing its insufficiency; for it is better that our people abstain from a bad practice, even from an insufficient reason, than indulge in it. And before we deprive them of an insufficient reason for avoiding what is wrong, we must be certain not only that we have a good reason to substitute in its room, but that they are able to receive it.'

"In the course of our conversation on this subject, I made a remark to this effect: that it seemed to me a strong reason for abstaining from cards, that they tended to occupy an unwarrantable portion of time, and thus furnished a temptation to sin. *Hall:* 'That is not a conclusive argument against them. It is merely saying that they interest us, which is the nature of all amusements; but all amusements are not sinful.' *Balmer:* 'But suppose an individual finds, from experience, that the temptation to kill time, which cards present to him, is so strong that he cannot indulge in the amusement at all, without indulging to excess.' *Hall:* 'Such a person ought to abstain altogether. But we are not warranted to found a general rule on the experience of a single individual. That, you know, Sir, would be the sophism which Aristotle calls,' &c. (quoting a Greek phrase which I did not distinctly hear). *Balmer:* 'What if the temptation in question is found, from experience, to be too strong for the majority of mankind?' *Hall:* 'If so, the majority are evidently bound to abstain, and the remainder will be chargeable with a culpable degree of self-confidence if they do not abstain too. I would say, further,' he continued, 'that, in all cases, card-playing for money is sinful, in my opinion. The Scripture teaches us to regard our property as a trust, and ourselves as stewards; and I do not think we are at liberty to take the property of another, and sport with it, as is done in every species of gambling.' Mr Hall added, that if any young friend were to consult him, he would strongly dissuade from cards; adverting to various reasons in support of his opinion—the offence given to pious persons, whose scruples we are bound to respect; the danger of getting entangled with improper associates; the propriety of avoiding whatever is questionable or doubtful; and the facility of obtaining recreations altogether unexceptionable, &c.

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"When conversing respecting the paucity of theological writers produced by Scotland, prior to the last sixty or seventy years, Mr Hall specified two or three of the few whom it had produced, and gave his opinion of them. He spoke of Samuel Rutherford as a very remarkable man; said that his Letters were a wonderful book, and that he had read many of them with deep interest. He had looked, he said, into the writings both of Ebenezer and Ralph Erskine, the fathers of the Secession; he regarded them as containing much scriptural divinity, though sadly defective in style and arrangement; and seemed surprised when I preferred the sermons of Ebenezer to those of Ralph, as he had always, he said, been taught to entertain the contrary opinion.

"Mr Hall having made some inquiry respecting Dr Henry, the historian, once a minister in Berwick, and afterwards colleague of Dr Macknight, the commentator, in one of the churches in Edinburgh, I informed him that, from all I had ever heard, I believed Dr Henry must have been a very dry and uninteresting preacher. This led to a reference to the well-known anecdote relative to these two individuals; according to which, the one, when coming to church on a Sabbath morning, having got his clothes

wet by a heavy rain, asked his colleague to officiate for him. 'Go into the pulpit,' said the other, 'and you will be dry enough.' Some doubt being expressed which of the two it was to whom this remark was made, Mr Hall observed: 'I suppose, Sir, it was applicable to both.' Immediately checking himself, he added, 'And yet I should think that, to an intellectual audience—an audience that had any relish for scriptural exposition—Macknight must have been interesting, if the discourses which he preached resembled his published writings.' 'Pray, Sir,' I said, 'do you admire Macknight as a commentator?' 'Yes, Sir,' he replied, 'I do, very much. I think it would be exceedingly difficult, indeed, to come after him in expounding the apostolic Epistles. I admit, at the sametime, that he has grievous deficiencies. There is a lamentable want of spirituality and elevation about him; he never sets his foot into the other world, if he can get a hole to stop it in this; and he never gives a passage a meaning which would render it applicable and useful in all ages, if he can find in it any local or temporary allusion. He makes fearful havoc, Sir, of the text on which you preached to-day; his exposition of it is inimitably absurd.' The text referred to was Eph. i. 8: 'Wherein he hath abounded toward us in all wisdom and prudence;' and the 'wisdom and prudence' are explained by Macknight, not of the wisdom of God as displayed in the scheme of redemption, but of the wisdom and prudence granted to the apostles to enable them to discharge their office.

"In connection with these statements, I may add, that Mr Hall appeared exceedingly surprised and shocked on being informed that, while Dr Macknight spent every other day of the week in theological studies, he was accustomed, by way of relaxation, to read novels on the evening of the Sabbath. 'Dr Macknight,' he observed, 'must either have denied the continued obligation of the Sabbath, or he must have been destitute of personal religion.'

"Mr Hall put various questions also respecting Dr M'Crie: 'I greatly admire,' said he, 'Dr M'Crie's histories. Is he not the best historian of Scotland you have? In my opinion, he is much superior to Dr Robertson.' *Balmer:* 'Do you prefer his style to Robertson's, Sir?' *Hall:* 'Yes, Sir, I do decidedly. M'Crie's style, with all its Scotticisms, is a more colloquial, a more idiomatic, in short, a more English style than Robertson's. For my part, I don't admire Robertson's style; it is utterly destitute of ease and simplicity. He says nothing in a natural manner. I don't believe, Sir, that Robertson could have written directions for making a plum-pudding, without measuring and balancing the clauses of his sentences, with as much pomp as if he had been delineating a character or describing a battle.'

"It is, perhaps, proper to add, that in the interval between the two occasions on which I saw Mr Hall, he had been visited by Dr M'Crie, and had also read the Doctor's sermons on 'The Unity of the Church,' &c. With the Doctor's visit he was exceedingly gratified; and expressed his regret that he had not seen more of one whom he characterized as 'so superior a man.'"

FRESH EVIDENCES OF THE DIVINE TRUTH OF THE SCRIPTURES.

BY THE REV. J. G. LORIMER, GLASGOW.

EGYPTIAN MONUMENTS.

THE very idea of a written revelation from God implies completeness at once. It is something which man did not know—which his ignorance rendered necessary—which he cannot add to—which does not, like science or art, admit of progress—which is as complete on the day on which it is given as it can be after the lapse of hundreds and thousands of years. Nothing, therefore, can be more subversive of the very idea of revelation, than that it admits of improvement by man, and that there are discoveries to be made in the Word corresponding with the discoveries which may be made in the works of God. Some views of doctrine and of duty may be more fully considered, and more adequately understood by the Church, in one than at another period; but this is not owing to any change in the Word—it remains the same—but in the *attention* which is directed to it by its professed friends.

But though a written revelation be, in the nature of things, complete, there is no limit to the *proofs* of its truth. Its evidences may be progressive, and ever enlarging. As truth is based upon reality, the more it is examined in itself, and in the circumstances in which it is communicated, the more must its reality appear; whereas falsehood or imposture, being based upon nothing, the more it is explored in itself, and in its circumstances, the greater must be the tendency to resolve it into nothing. Accordingly, this, as might have been expected, is the very experience through which the revealed religion of God and the false religion of man are passing. The evidence of the one is ever growing—the plausibilities of the other (where there are any) are ever disappearing. God did not see meet to supply men with all the proofs of the divine origin of his revelation at once. He could have done so. But after giving *sufficient* evidence for every age, he, in accordance with the usual principles of his government, allowed men to find the remainder for themselves, by industrious search, in quarters which were accessible to them. Nay, he seems, in his all-wise providence, to have reserved some proofs for these latter days, the better to meet the Infidelity of "the last times." We do not allude to the fulfilment of prophecy taking place all around us—for this has been long in operation; nor even to the confirmations of geology, so far as it has gone; but to evidences of the truth of the Scriptures which are furnished by painting and sculpture—monuments and remains in the East, which are now for the first time coming to light, after the neglect and burial of ages. I have been led to these thoughts by reading Dr Hengstenberg's (of Berlin) volume, entitled "Books of Moses Illustrated by the Monuments of Egypt." Before referring to any of the striking proofs of the minute accuracy of the Mosaic writings which he adduces, it may not be unsuitable to indulge in a few general reflections, suggested by the subject, and which may tend to give the greater point to the result of his inquiries.

It is well known that there was no part of the written revelation of God, in other words, the Bible, which the French, and other Infidels of the last century, more incessantly assailed than the Old Testament, and particularly the earlier part of it—the Books of Moses. They used to speak with some respect of the pure morality of the New Testament, though their own practice outraged it from day to day; but they hated its doctrines, and they had no patience for the Old Testament. They considered it

the most vulnerable part of the Bible, and doubtless hoped by their assaults, successful as they imagined, upon it, to aim a blow at Christianity, and, through the Old Testament, to sweep revelation out of the world. Such was the scheme of Infidelity. Hence the writings of Voltaire and Volney, and others of the same school; and hence the particular weapons of attack which they employed. The duration of the world was a favourite theme. By appeals to astronomy, and the crust of the earth in certain places, and to the antiquity claimed by heathen empires and religions, they made out, to the satisfaction of those who *wished* the Bible to be false, that Moses was altogether mistaken as to the duration of the world in its present state; and being not trust-worthy here, was not to be believed in anything else. Joseph, in his government of Egypt, and the Israelites as a whole—their spirit, character, and history, particularly their proceedings in the destruction of the Canaanites—were favourite subjects of attack. The inference from the whole was, that God could not possibly say or do the things which Moses represented him as saying or doing. By and by the conclusion was drawn from the alleged discrepancy between the statements of the Bible as to other nations, society, &c., &c., and those of profane authors (who were always, as a matter of course, believed in preference to the sceptics) that the Scriptures were not written at the time which was alleged—in short, that they were modern inventions aping antiquity. A Christian, in our day, can afford to smile at such objections; but they had no small weight in the age of scepticism, and particularly in Infidel circles; and even able Christian writers did not think them beneath their notice. M. Lally's Principles of the Christian Faith, and Dr Findlay's Vindication of the Sacred Scriptures against the Misrepresentations and Cavils of M. Voltaire, and Bishop Horne's Letters on Infidelity, are a proof of this, besides many other works on the evidences.

Though Infidelity, the just punishment of irreligion and degeneracy in the Christian Church, was allowed to do its work, and terrible was the fruit, the reader does not need to be reminded that there was no real weight in the allegations to which I have alluded. They were baseless indeed, and produced no effect upon the faithful, save that of leading to investigation, and thorough exposure. It was soon discovered that no certain inferences can be drawn, adverse to the Mosaic account of the world's present duration, from successive layers of lava—that the antiquity claimed by Oriental nations, and the "oceans of years," of which they spoke, were mere boastful talk—that all which could claim the character of probability, whether as to eclipses or the succession of empires, went to the confirmation of the Scripture narrative—that the very things which were alleged to the disadvantage of the Jewish nation, surveyed in other lights, supplied internal evidence of the divinity of their religion—that heathen authors if they sometimes contradicted the Bible, not less frequently contradicted themselves and each other; and that there was not the smallest reason to question the remoteness of the antiquity in which the sacred books were written—that to imagine them the forgeries of later periods was but to involve Infidelity in new and insuperable difficulties.

The connection of Great Britain with India—the facilities of communication between the East and West—the writings of Sir William Jones, and the investigations of Oriental scholars and societies; above all, the evidence of Christian missionaries in the heathen nations of the East, and the light which, by their books and their labours, they threw upon the vaunted history and religion of Paganism—all proved favourable to the cause of divine revelation at home, and ere long proclaimed that the arguments upon which clever Frenchmen had been resting, and of which they had made so great a boast, were but broken reeds to pierce and wound themselves. The evidences of the truth of the Bible have been gaining ever since. Not only has a better acquaintance with the pretensions of false religion—whether in antiquity, or history, or science, or miracles—served to disprove them; not only have the intellectual degradation and moral abominations which they nurse, proclaimed the necessity of a divine religion, to be wielded by a Divine Agent; but the opening up of the countries of the East to European travellers, particularly Syria and Egypt, has been the means of throwing no small additional light on the Bible, which is an Oriental book. It has been beautifully ordered, in God's providence, that while the nations of the West are notorious for perpetual fashion and change, those of the East are, to a great extent, immutable in their customs, and social habits, and arrangements. Hence intelligent men visiting the East at the present day, and simply recording their observations, may, all unknown to themselves, illustrate a book, some parts of which were written nearly four thousand years ago, as if it had been written but yesterday. One should mark in this the wonderful arrangements of Divine Providence in behalf of the evidence of divine revelation.

The objections of Infidelity, drawn from the ancient astronomy supposed to conflict with the dates of Moses, may now be considered as at an end. The same may be said of its arguments drawn from the antiquity and character of the religions of heathenism. The objections founded on the discoveries of modern geology are fast following the same course, if they have not already disappeared. Indeed, friends of revelation might not only neutralize the objection from geology, but without great difficulty turn it, in some respects, into an argument for the truth of revelation, especially as facilitating the belief of great changes yet future. The resources of Infidelity being apparently exhausted, the only thing which remains for the friends of the Bible now to do, in so far as its external evidences are concerned, is to press these advantages to the uttermost—to illustrate the truth of the Scriptures yet more and more from investigations into the ancient and modern condition of the countries where they were written. It cannot be doubted that there is much information yet to be drawn from these quarters; and if God has been pleased to make a revelation of his will, involving the most sublime results, for his own glory and the good of man, surely those who profess to have received this revelation should not be slow, but should feel it a sacred duty, to gather

together all the evidence of which the case admits. This is due at once to God and the cause of truth and salvation.

It is matter of joy that every facility for such a purpose has, in God's kind providence, been afforded. Of late years Palestine, Egypt, and Assyria, which were comparatively inaccessible, if not almost dangerous to the traveller, have become open and safe. They are brought within a few weeks of the British shore, while one of them (Egypt) may almost be regarded as a British station. Among the signs of the times is the general interest in behalf of Palestine—a country which, in the cold age of indifference or Infidelity, was seldom mentioned—never with the interest of classical tours—is now possessed of most arresting charms, and is perambulated and illustrated on every side. Assyria, too, long forgotten and unknown, is beginning to be explored by missionary travellers. The Nestorians, ancient witnesses for the faith, stand upon its borders; and a rich harvest may be expected from the ruins of Nineveh, as well as from the manners of the present generation—all illustrative of Old Testament times. The interesting volume of the late Dr Asahel Grant on the Nestorians, whatever may be thought of his argument on "The Lost Tribes," affords a specimen of the Biblical illustration which may be culled from Assyria and the neighbouring countries.

Nor is it only in the opening up of ancient countries that one may mark the hand of God. The instruments oftentimes employed in collecting the evidence, not less clearly indicate the same divine operation. God makes use of agents who have no eye to the Bible or its illustration in their labours. Sometimes he employs bitter enemies unwittingly to do the work of friends—Belzoni, Champollion, Rossellini, &c., natives of France and Italy, without thinking of the Scriptures, in pursuit of their own pleasure and enterprise as men of antiquarian taste, throw more light upon the Word than some commentators. It is desirable to have impartial witnesses in connection with the evidences of revelation, and from whence could more unexceptionable ones be drawn than from lands noted for Infidelity? Little did they imagine to what purpose their labours would be turned—a purpose far more valuable than that for which they prosecuted them. Little, too, did the Egyptian sculptors and painters of four thousand years ago, when pursuing their respective arts, imagine that they were storing up for distant posterity materials for the proof of the divinity of a book, compared with whose wisdom all the learning of Egypt was but foolishness. At the sametime the Lord does not exclude from such a service those who can appreciate its value. A leading British investigator and collector is Mr Wilkinson, who now for the fourth time has taken up his abode in Egypt. His Egyptian Illustrations reach to nine volumes, and the American translator of Hengstenberg, speaking of him, remarks: "It is delightful to observe the reverence with which he regards the Sacred Volume, and the gratification which every undoubted illustration of its authenticity affords him."

But what, it may be asked, "is the use of all this fresh evidence, drawn from the temples, mummies, and sepulchres of Old Egypt? has not divine revelation a sufficiency of proofs already?" It is not, literally speaking, because it is *necessary*, that we rejoice in these new attestations; No, the evidence is ample as it stands, and has commanded the conviction of the most powerful and penetrating minds. But besides, to a friend of the Bible, the gratification of seeing Infidelity beat in one country after another—in its chosen citadels of strength—with the very weapons on which it was relying—it is interesting to many minds to have fresh proofs of its divinity. Some are apt, however unreasonably, to complain, in the things of religion, of all being old. Here the prejudice is met—an interesting department of the evidences is new. Then, it is well known, that while in some respects Infidelity is disappearing, between earnest religion, either true or false, there is still a large amount of avowed unbelief, and that a certain share of it is inseparable from Popery, and, in all probability, will grow with its growth. How desirable to meet it with growing evidences of divine revelation! The time may come when we shall need all our proofs. Again, the age is eminently the age of travelling. Men run to and fro, and knowledge is increased—often it degenerates into trifling. Is it not important that the fruit of some of these travels, at least, should be hallowed by sacred associations, both to the original traveller and to the readers whom he addresses from the press? Besides, apart from the evidences of religion, though the mind be so well established that it needs no further conviction, is it nothing to have the Word, which is received as the Word of God, illustrated by the recorded customs of the past, as well as the present—to have its hidden beauty and point brought out more clearly than before? Can anything connected, even remotely, with the Scriptures, be lightly thought of by us? If it has been worth God's while to supply us with evidences of their divinity, can it be below our care to ascertain and collect these evidences, and to study them? Surely not; if we think what it is which the Scriptures contain and reveal—nothing less than eternal life to the chief of sinners, through a divine Redeemer—nothing regarding them can be unimportant. Whatever leads, with fresh interest, to the study of the Scriptures, containing the Pearl of great price, must be more precious than gold.

PRECEPTS.

FIRST worship God; he that forgets to pray
Bids not himself good-morrow, nor good-day.

Think that is just; 'tis not enough to do,
Unless thy very thoughts are upright too.

To doubtful matters do not headlong run;
What's well left off were better not begun.

First think, and if thy thoughts approve thy will,
Then speak, and after that thou speak'st fulfil.

Strive to live well; tread in the upright ways,
And rather count thine actions than thy days,
Then thou hast lived enough among us here—
For every day well spent I count a year.
Live well; and then, how soon soe'er thou die,
Thou art of age to claim eternity. RANDOLPH.

THE DOCTRINES OF MAYNOOTH.

PART III.

HOW THE CHURCH OF ROME TREATS THE WORD OF GOD.

THE Church of Rome dishonours the Bible. She denies its sufficiency as a rule of faith and practice; she adds *to* it human traditions; she takes *from* it divine commandments; she denies its sole authority; she forbids its general perusal; she changes its divinely appointed and promised interpreter.

I. *She denies the sufficiency of the Bible*, as a rule of faith and practice.—St Paul asserts its sufficiency very plainly, when he says: "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, &c., that the man of God may be *perfect, thoroughly* furnished *unto all* good works." If Scripture be sufficient to lead a man to *perfection*, what more would he have? But Rome, as usual, contradicting St Paul, declares that it is not sufficient; and, in maintaining that position, scruples not to occupy the very ground which Infidels are accustomed to take up in attacking the credibility of revelation. Thus, she tells us that the Scriptures are "*not plain enough* to be a sufficient rule." David thought otherwise when he said: "Thy Word is a *light* unto my feet, and a *lamp* unto my path." The assertion involves a libel upon God's wisdom, and comes in the end to this, that men, without the assistance of God's Spirit, may give more plain and complete directions as to the way of life and holiness, than men *with* it—which is blasphemy. The Bible is plain enough to show men the way to heaven; for the "*light* of the glorious Gospel shines" in its every page—it is "*able* to make *wise* unto *salvation*." It is plain enough to leave man without excuse, if, after perusing its messages of warning and of love, he refuse to listen to them. It is plain enough, if a man will but follow its directions, to keep him back from every sin, and to preserve him in the exercise of every virtue; for we are told that it is "profitable for *correction*, for *reproof*, for *instruction in righteousness*." And the differences which exist as to its *doctrines*, proceed not from a want of *plainness* in the Word, but in the want of perception or of docility on the part of those who study it. True it has its *mysteries*. But does Rome pretend to make these patent to the understanding? It cannot be. They are mysteries which all that man can think or say will not clear up; they are simple only to the God that has revealed them. But the truth is, the Bible is *too plain* for the Church of Rome. It too *plainly* predicts her rise; it too plainly characterizes her apostasy; it too plainly repudiates her doctrines and her policy; and, therefore it is, she would fain have men believe it all mystery together, that she may be allowed to add to and explain it, and thus cover her own iniquity. How fearful is the guilt of conduct such as this!

II. *She adds to it human traditions.*—A heavy charge, and involving a heavy curse, but nevertheless true. The Lord says: "Ye shall not add unto the word which I command you; neither shall ye diminish aught from it."—Deut. iv. 2. Again: "What thing soever *I* command you, observe to do it; thou shalt *not add* to it, nor *diminish* from it."—Deut. xii. 32. And yet, again: "If any man shall *add* unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book."—Rev. xxii. 19. Now Rome has added to the Word, and incurred the curse. She has added to it—

1. *By introducing the apocryphal books into the Canon.*—These books are not the Word of God. All *external evidence* is against them. The testimony of the Church of God, both Jewish and Christian, has been from the first against them; and they were not recognised, even by the Church of Rome, till the year 1545. (1.) Josephus, who gives a list of the Old Testament Scriptures, as received by the Jews in his time, does not mention one of the apocryphal books. (2.) There are, in the New Testament, about *six hundred* quotations from the books of the Old; but not one of these is from the Apocrypha. (3.) The most distinguished of the fathers, in the catalogues which they give of the books of Scripture, *omit the books of the Apocrypha*, many of them *expressly condemning* them. (4.) The Council of Laodicea, which, in the fourth century, fixed the Canon, did not recognise them. (5.) The Council of Carthage, which mentions them in the fifth century, only permits them to be read in the churches, "for example of life and manners," without appointing them to "establish any doctrine." Such is the testimony of Jerome, who is a distinguished saint in the Romish calendar. After this time various portions of the Church recognised them as possessed of more or less authority; but they were never sanctioned by a general council till the year 1545, by the Council of Trent, when a decree asserting their divine authority was passed—only fifty bishops being present—a considerable minority of whom opposed it. How miserably this comes short of the evidence by which the canonicity of the books of Scripture is supported, we might go on to show, but it is unnecessary, and would be out of place. There is no evidence whatever for the canonicity of the Apocrypha. Indeed, Dupin, a Romish historian, says, in his History of the Canon, that "their authority (that of the books of the Apocrypha) is not founded on the testimony of any creditable author." And so indefensible do learned Papists feel the decree of the Council of Trent on this subject to be, that we are told, that in Germany, where much attention has been paid to everything connected with the books of Scripture, some of them "have invented an absurd distinction of proto-canonical and deutero-canonical; claiming for the apocryphal books only the second of these characters—which amounts, in substance, to a confession that they are not canonical at all." *

The *internal evidence is against them.* (1.) They contradict each other; (2.) They contradict the canonical Scriptures; (3.) Many parts of them are at variance with the authentic records of profane historians. All these things have been repeatedly proved.†

It is of books thus demonstrably uninspired and uncanonical that the decree of the Council of Trent

* Dr Cunningham's Edition of Stillingfleet's Answer to Gother, p. 121.

† See Horne's Introduction, vol. i.; Dupin's History of the Canon; Glasgow Lectures on Popery.

says: "Whoever shall not receive, as sacred and canonical, all these books, and every part of them, as they are commonly read in the Catholic Church, and are contained in the old Vulgate Latin edition, *let him be accursed*." Can it be denied, then, that Rome *adds to the Word of God?* But this is not all; she adds to it yet further—

2. *By declaring what are termed the apostolical traditions to be part of the Word of God.*—This is what she calls the *unwritten Word*. The *written* Word comprises the Old Testament, Apocrypha, and New Testament. The *unwritten Word*, again, consists of *oral* traditions alleged to have been received from Christ and his apostles. The idea of *proving* these traditions to be *apostolical*, and, therefore, to belong to the Word of God, is altogether *out of the question;* and until they can be *proved* apostolical, they cannot, of course, be *received* as such. What is *written* remains, and remains the same; or if, in any case corrupted, the corruption may be detected by a comparison of manuscripts. But what is *unwritten*, merely oral, is incapable of such a proof. How can the Church of Rome prove that her traditions came from the apostles? She may refer us to the writings of the fathers; but how can she prove that the fathers received them from that source? And besides, the fathers contradict each other. How are we to come at the truth between them? How, but by referring to the Law and to the Testimony? And thus are we just brought back to the written Word, which it would be much better for us never to leave. The case is shortly this: Those traditions which *agree with* the written Word, are *unnecessary;* and those which *contradict* it, are *blasphemous*. And it is chiefly in the *latter* kind that Rome deals. For what are the traditions which she elevates to a level with the words of inspiration? We are not aware of the existence of any book containing a summary of what the Church believes under the head of tradition; but we suppose her traditions must sanction and embody her own system of doctrine. And if it be so, then we know that her traditions are false; for her doctrines make void both Law and Gospel, and never could have come from the same source from which the Bible came. "To the Law and to the Testimony; if they speak not according to that Word, it is because there is no light in them."

We will pursue this subject in our next.

EXTRACTS FROM A TRAVELLER'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY THE REV. W. K. TWEEDIE, EDINBURGH.

THE PASSES OF THE ALPS.

As we advance nearer to the south of Europe, and find at once a more genial climate and a more productive soil, it is instructive to notice how fast *men* degenerate—how sin grows more vigorous or bold, and right principle less influential or restraining. Were the views of Infidelity true, then the more beneficent the Creator, the more grateful and devout should be the creature; but the truth is the very reverse of this. Just in proportion as God over all lavishes his providential bounty upon us, we often become more devoted to the gift and less to the Giver. Proceed from Britain to France, from France to the north of Italy, from the north of Italy to the south—for example, to Naples—and finally, from Naples to Sicily—at each remove you find the productions of the earth more abundant or spontaneous, while "brighter suns dispense serener light;" and yet at each remove the moral being degenerates—God is less regarded, superstition becomes more and more dominant, and men more and more spiritually enslaved. If you carry out the remark to climes yet more remote, you will find that in countries where the year is one long autumn, or where three of our seasons are perpetual, man deteriorates in proportion to the exuberance that surrounds him. This we think an indirect, but not obscure, demonstration of the necessity of something more than nature or providence affords, ere man can be refitted and enabled to fulfil the high purposes of his destiny on earth—the glorifying of his God and preparing to enjoy him. Let a ceaseless autumn pour the affluence of Jehovah's bounty into the lap of man—let the sun above combine with the earth beneath to render him happy *as an animal;* all this will only help forward his degeneracy as a spiritual being, unless the power of God's Spirit combine with the beneficence of his providence to train and elevate his mind. *The truth* can make him free, but nothing else can do so; and many thoughts like these were forced upon us as we descended into the Valley of Aoste.

Far up on the mountain—at a height, perhaps, of five thousand feet—we saw patches of cultivation; but as the temperature and productiveness of the Valley increased, man appeared to us more enfeebled and degraded. It was at Aoste that we first saw individuals, in great numbers, afflicted with the double disease of goitre and cretinism—either of them painful—together, loathsome. The former begins to appear at all ages—from twelve, ten, or even eight years—and is found almost exclusively among the poor. In a goitre patient, the thyroid gland enlarges so as to form an enormous mass of flabby tumour; the chin protrudes; and from the angle which the countenance is thus made to assume, the forehead appears flattened, sometimes like that of a Carib; the countenance becomes sallow and cadaverous, and the whole frame is generally listless and torpid. Whatever be the origin of the disease—whether it be produced by the use of snow-water, as some suppose, or by the exhalations and heated air of the valleys affecting the throat and neck, as others allege—it is so unpleasant to the eye, that one's first instinctive feeling is to turn from it in disgust.

But when to the state of goitre is added that of cretin, the victim of the twin malady becomes an object of deep commiseration. The latter affects the mind, as the former the body. The eye is dull and lustreless. Deafness supervenes. The hands are often deformed; the limbs and feet are distorted; the tongue refuses to perform its functions, or utters only eldrich screams, or as wild unmeaning laughter; so that when all these meet in one poor mortal, disfiguring his body, and all but destroying his mind, he becomes like a living hospital of disease.

Yet, it is beautiful to notice—it half reconciles one

to the spectacle—to observe how affection clings to these hapless beings with obvious tenderness. As a compensation for the wretchedness which parents bequeath to their diseased offspring, we often notice that they hang with most intense regard over the feeble or the decrepit of their family; and by this fine exhibition of the *vis medicatrix naturae*, the misery which cannot be removed is soothed. But for this strongly developed instinct, the Valley of Aoste would be yet more wretched than it is. While the cretins lie basking by the waysides, or at the corner of streets, in all the imbecility of helpless idiocy, affection tends them just as mothers tend their infants; and cretins in Italy and Switzerland are like the *innocents* of Scotland—somewhat of a sacred caste. And what is the scale which they hold in God's mysterious scheme of providence? Incapable of rational acts, are they to be created anew in a sense different from that commonly meant by the words? Are they to be dealt with as responsible beings? Or—But there is no end of such questions. In the streets of Aoste, as we looked upon some of these beings, the words were forced upon us: "Be still, and know that I am God:" "Will not the Judge of all the earth do right?" Their future portion is among the things not revealed, which belong to the Lord our God; and where he has been silent, it is vain for us to speculate. It has been said that Bonaparte ordered all the cretins to be destroyed at their birth. If there be truth in the assertion, that cretinism is unknown in the uplands, that might suggest some explanation of the origin of this affecting malady.

It was at Aoste (Augusta Praetoria) that we first saw in masses the remains of Roman architecture. There are here an amphitheatre, and a triumphal arch reared in honour of Augustus, who was the first to subdue the Sallaces—the ancient inhabitants of the Valley. Even at the distance of nineteen centuries, the arch testifies to the taste, while it tells of the triumphs, of ancient Rome. It renders man yet more a marvel, when one sees such opposite properties blended in the same individuals. The arch before us was based on the freedom, or cemented by the blood, of forty-four thousand immortal beings; while yet the symmetry and elegance that mingle with such grinding oppression, tell how wonderful is man, even amid his ruins! Even though the ancient city was taken, sacked, and rebuilt, the lusts of the Romans were not satisfied. An amphitheatre must be reared for the exhibition of their barbarous sports—to tell to all posterity at once the massive elegance of Roman architecture, and the unquenchable thirst of Roman conquerors for blood.

But the abominations of one dynasty—the Cæsars—have given place to those of another—the Popes; and Popery is reigning here over men's souls, as Roman tyranny once ruled their bodies. One cannot estimate the importance of the Reformation aright, or thoroughly understand the need of divine power to achieve that signal revolution, till he has seen Popery domineering, without restraint, over men's minds and souls, in unreformed countries. At Aoste, for instance, and indeed everywhere in the Valley, the seventy thousand souls who inhabit the Dutchy appear to be sunk in deepest ignorance. In the cathedral, the priests exhibit a thorn of the Redeemer's crown, a jawbone of John the Baptist, and other lying wonders, so revered or worshipped that it is scarcely too much to say: "These be thy gods, O Israel," or to add: "They that make them are like unto them; so is every one that trusteth in them." (Ps. cxv.) Indulgences seem the chief religious commodity, and these are offered to the faithful in abundance. "The vision of all is become as a book that is sealed." When shall the day arrive "when the deaf shall hear the words of the book, and the eyes of the blind shall see out of obscurity and darkness?" (Isa. xxix.)

In the market-place of Aoste, there stands a column bearing the following inscription:—

"Hanc
Calvini fuga erexit,
Anno MDXLI.
Religionis constantia
Reparavit.
Anno MDCCXLI."

There is some difficulty in pronouncing with certainty regarding this column; for both history and tradition vary in the accounts which they give. The common opinion is, that Calvin, after visiting the Duchess of Ferara, at whose court he is known to have resided, returned by Aoste, and preached the doctrines of the Reformation there, as he had done elsewhere in Italy. But persecution drove him thence. The pillar commemorated the event; and renewed, as it was, after the lapse of two hundred years, it proclaims that another Calvin is needed to preach again the Gospel of the Son of God. The most rigid censorship in all that is connected with literature and religion here prevails, and the effects are visible in the general prostration of mind.

The Valley of the Doire, which flows by Aoste to the Po, though rich, is not healthy; but the antidote as well as the bane is there; and between Aoste and Courmayeur (Curia Major) we passed some medicinal springs, formerly much frequented. The Little St Bernard was on our left, and at night we took up our abode at the base of Mont Blanc, with some of its glaciers full in view.

At day-dawn, on the 30th of August, we left Courmayeur to make the passage of the Col de la Seigne, the Col de Four, and of Bon Homme—so many spurs from the monarch of mountains. We were now mounted upon mules; and as we, our two Martigny guides, with the two muleteers, all emerged from the courtyard and proceeded along the mountain pass, not abreast, for that was impossible, but in a line, the cavalcade was rather *bizarre;* but ere the day was done we had reason to think much of our new acquaintances, the muleteers and mules.

It seemed strange to meet with hot springs in this ice-bound region; yet, shortly after starting, we passed one where the supply is copious. Our object now was, not to ascend Mont Blanc, but to climb to the points where the most commanding views upon the mountain, from summit to base, are enjoyed. At Entreves, we came in sight of the Glacier of Brenva, reputed one of the finest on the Alps. A mass so magnificent and singular is best described by comparing it to an

ocean congealed in a moment, amid its wildest heavings. The resemblance to waves is perfect. The crevices are often fathoms deep: so that travelling over the glacier, were that possible, would literally correspond to the Psalmist's description: "They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths: their soul is melted within them." The Ruize* of Brenva suggests the thought, that all the snows on Mont Blanc had been suddenly dissolved —had flowed in this direction, and been suddenly congealed again in their flow. The debris from the mountain is piled in masses on the glacier, favouring the study of the geologist, and illustrating the theories of Agassiz and others; but the *moraines* destroy the picturesque effect of the sea of ice. At the Glaciers of Miage, Fresnai, and Broglia, the moraine lies in such piles as to resemble a shattered mountain.

It was near this glacier that we first distinctly heard the war of the avalanche. They were frequent throughout the day—literally like thunder in loudness, but more brief in duration.

The dreary Lake of Combal, is like the pelican's home, so lonely and desolate is the spot. Yet here, also, we found traces of French hardihood and ambition. The ruins of a redoubt, reared to defend the pass, are still standing—another monument of mad ambition. By a dyke and sluice at the outlet of the lake, the waters are dammed up; and were it needful, as it has been, to defend the pass against an enemy, he could be swept away by the flood rushing down the steep declivity. We felt it strange that even here men should have found it necessary thus to plot and counterplot each other.

From the lake a steep climb of half an hour through the Allée Blanche brought us to the Col de la Seigne, at the height of seven thousand five hundred and seventy-eight feet above the level of the sea, or just about half the elevation of the mountain. The dark and savage wildness which predominates all around, the depths into which even the eye can scarcely penetrate, and the clouds rolling far below us, made up a scene to which, even among the Alps, we had not been accustomed. Nothing was heard save the wail or scream of the lonely marmot, and the roar of distant waterfalls; but Mont Blanc was hid in clouds, and its stupendousness was wanted to realize our expectations. Amid a scene like this, one can more than ever understand the meaning of the words: "The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee."

We allowed the guides, with the mules, to descend into the Valley of Mottet, while we lingered for a little behind in this region of inexpressible grandeur. It is the spirit of man that communes with God, and that spirit may often be independent of external aids. The Son is the way to the Father, and through him there is access, in the dungeon or at the stake, as easily as on the summit of an Alp; yet when the soul of a believer has learned the way to the throne, there are external objects which solemnize his mind and render devotion more easy. The Spirit of God may bless such things to enable us more sensibly to realize the majesty and the nearness of the Omnipresent. Amid the dark depths of the Black Forest we had felt thus solemnized; and now, to be alone at such a height, completely insulated from every human being, and no eye seeing, no ear hearing, but that of the Omniscient, tends to detach the mind from the things that are seen and temporal. Eternity feels nearer; and the soul, in its loneliness, now understands why Moses was taken to a mountain to be alone with God—why Jesus retired to a mountain apart to pray—why he loved the desert and the solitary place, where God was near, and all besides remote. No doubt, this may not be devotion—the religion of the Spirit. It may be only imagination, or sentiment, turned in a particular direction. But the Christian can test his emotions by a standard that is infallible. Do they tend to humble him?—to bring out more thoroughly his own insignificance, contrasted with the glory of his God—the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ? Is sin felt to be more sinful, because it impedes our access to God? and holiness to be more lovely, because it is the medium in which God is enjoyed? In short, amid such scenes, as everywhere, does the Christian feel that Christ is increasing—that self is decreasing? Then his feelings tend to heaven; and one hour of such communing with God is better than a thousand with his creatures.

* The local name for glacier.

MY PILGRIMAGE.

Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon,
My scrip of joy, (immortal diet!)
My bottle of salvation,
My gown of glory, hope's true gage;
And thus I take my pilgrimage.

Blood must be my body's balmer,
While my soul, like peaceful palmer,
Travelleth tow'rds the land of heaven—
Other balm will not be given.
Over the silver mountains,
Where spring the nectar-fountains,
There will I kiss
The bowl of bliss,
And drink mine everlasting fill
Upon every milken hill;
My soul will be a-dry before,
But after that will thirst no more.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS ON THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

One of the means used by John Williams for the information and improvement of the converted South Sea Islanders, was the institution of a weekly meeting, at which they might converse on religious subjects among themselves. Williams himself presided, and stated the subject of conversation—doctrinal, or as it might be, practical or devotional—and thereafter the islanders freely gave their thoughts upon it—if they felt difficulties, stating them, that they might be solved—if they saw clearly, showing how and always deeming it essential to support what they said by a portion of Scripture; and Williams himself occa-

sionally proposing a question, starting an objection, or throwing out a remark, as circumstances might dictate. The meetings excited great interest, and were followed with the very best results. In one of his letters, Williams gives us the following specimen of them, being an account of a meeting at which the subject of conversation was—the divinity of Christ:—

"'I firmly believe,' said the first speaker, 'that Jesus Christ is God as well as man.' 'Are you not mistaken?' was the reply; 'was not Jesus man, and man only?' 'I believe,' rejoined the first, 'that Jesus was really man, for he had both the body and soul of man; but he was God as well as man, for he took on himself the form of man. If he had been only man, he could not have died for sinners.' 'Is not that a proof,' asked another, 'that he is not God? If God, why die?' First speaker: 'His dying only proves him to be man; his rising again proves him to be God.' 'And if,' added another, 'he was only man, why so much ado about his death? Many have died cruel deaths; Paul was beheaded, and Peter was crucified, but there is not so much said about their deaths.' 'Ah! but,' rejoined another, 'lately Tuihe died among us, and there was a great ado about his death—what he said, and how happily he died.' 'But stop,' cried one, 'did the sun hide himself in darkness at Tuihe's death?—did the rocks rend at Tuihe's death?—did any exclaim at Tuihe's death, Truly this was the Son of God?' 'But did not Jesus eat food when on earth, and will God eat food?' 'I say,' was the answer, 'he was man as well as God—therefore did he eat food.' 'Give us some other proof that he was God,' said another. 'The various miracles that he wrought,' was the reply. 'But did not Peter and all the apostles work miracles?' 'Yes; but they did their miracles with borrowed power; and, when they returned, did they not tell Jesus that they did all in his name, and not in their own; and even that they had cast out devils in his name?' Another said, 'Is not the star that led the wise men from the East a proof of the divinity of Jesus?' 'But, if really God, would he have been laid in a manger?' 'Yes,' said another; 'for did he not humble himself, and lay aside his glory as God? If he had come in his glory, would not man have exceedingly feared? We know what Moses said.' Another added: 'When Jesus was baptized by John, did not God say from heaven, This is my beloved Son? Did not the Spirit descend upon him—did not the heavens open? and what is all this, but proof that he was really God?' 'But have not others been spoken to from heaven?' 'Who—who?' 'Paul was addressed from heaven—Peter was addressed from heaven.' 'True, but did God say to Paul, Thou art my beloved Son?' Another, 'Could any man feed five thousand with a few loaves and fishes?' Another, 'Angels attended at the birth of Christ: a great company.' 'Angels attended also about John.' 'An angel brought the message to Zacharias; but angels did not attend at his birth, and sing, Glory to God,' &c. Another, 'If he had been only man, he would have been in the cave to the present day.' 'Don't you know that his disciples stole him away?' 'Was he stolen?—that's a lame tale. If the soldiers were asleep, how could they know he was stolen?' 'Well, how can you prove that he is gone to heaven?' 'Was he not seen on earth after he rose? did he not ask meat of his disciples, and converse with them?' 'Stop, friend,' one replied; 'is it general with dying men to rise again, and go about and ask meat, and converse with their friends?' 'You talked about miracles; does not our missionary cure the lame, the halt, and the blind?' Answer, 'How many people did Jesus bleed? to whom did he give medicine? Our missionary cures by giving medicine; Jesus did so by his voice only.' 'Stay; did not Jesus mix clay with spittle and anoint the eyes of the blind?' 'But is that medicine? You take clay, or sand, or coral, and anoint the eyes of Taeva (a blind man), and see what a miracle you will make of it.' 'Is it a Godlike action to pray? is there not something un-godlike in praying?' 'For you, the prayerless, did he pray.'

"Another said, 'he believed he was God, because he said, I and my Father are one; and, I am the Alpha and Omega; and because the Father addressed him, saying, Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever; a sceptre of righteousness,' &c.

"Another believed it, because he fully satisfied the justice of God; and, when cast off by his Father on the cross, yet bore the weight of man's guilt by himself. 'He is also,' added this native, 'to judge the world, and must therefore be God.'

"Another said, 'He himself has promised, Where two or three are met in my name, there am I in the midst of them; and, I will be with you always, even unto the end of the world. Now how can he fulfil these promises? While we are gathered here to worship and pray, others are gathered in distant lands—some in Britain; and how can he be with them all if he is not God?'"

MYCONIUS' DREAM.

In the life of Myconius, the friend of Luther, as given by Melchior Adam, we have the following beautiful and striking account of an event which proved the turning-point in his history, and led him to devote his energies to the cause of Christ:—The first night that he entered the monastery, intending to become a monk, he dreamed; and it seemed as if he was ranging a vast wilderness alone. Suddenly a guide appeared, and led him onwards to a most lovely vale, watered by a pleasant stream—but of that he was not permitted to taste; then to a marble fountain of pure water. He tried to kneel and drink—when, lo! a crucified Saviour stood forth to view, from whose wounds gushed the copious stream. In a moment his guide flung him into the fountain. His mouth met the flowing wounds, and he drank most sweetly, never to thirst again! No sooner was he refreshed himself, than he was led away by his guide, to be taught what great things he was yet to do for the crucified One whose precious wounds had poured the living water into his soul. He came to a wide-stretching plain, covered with waving grain. His guide orders him to reap. He excuses himself by saying, that he was wholly unskilled in such labour. "What you know not, you shall learn," was the reply. They came nearer, and saw a solitary reaper toiling at the sickle with such prodigious effort, as if he were determined to reap the whole field himself. The guide orders him to join this labourer, and seizing a sickle, showed him how to proceed. Again the guide led him to a hill. He surveys the vast plain beneath him, and, wondering, asks how long it will take to reap such a field with so few labourers? "Before winter, the last sickle must be thrust in," replied his guide. "Proceed with all your might. The Lord of the harvest will send more reapers soon." Wearied with his labour, Myconius rested for a little. Again, the crucified One was at his side, wasted and marred in form. The guide laid his hand on Myconius, saying: "You must be conformed to him." With these words the dreamer awoke; but he awoke to a life of zeal and love. He found the Saviour for his own soul, and he went forth to preach him to others. He took his place by the side of that noble reaper, Martin Luther. He was stimulated by his example, and toiled with him in the vast field, till labourers rose on every side, and the harvest was reaped before the winter came.

Daily Bread.

FRIDAY.

"Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts."—ZECH. iv. 6.

'Tis strange man should refuse to bathe,
Though near Bethesda's pool;
But none can even wish for faith,
While love of sin bears rule.

Do thou, dear Saviour, interpose,
Their stubborn wills constrain;
Or else to them the water flows,
And grace is preach'd, in vain.

If any man fancies that he can unrobe himself of sin as of a garment, that he can change his habits as he can his clothes, we would remind him of the question and declaration of the prophet: "Can an Ethiopian change his skin, or a leopard his spots? then ye who have been accustomed to do evil may learn to do good." Sin is like the Negro's colour; it is not an accidental property; he is born with it, the water of the broad sea cannot wash it away, the art of man cannot remove it, in change of climate he remains unchanged; you may carry him to shiver amid the snows of Greenland, he may exchange the shadow of his palm trees for a hut of snow, the burning sands for the frozen sea—he is as dark as ever; nothing but a miracle of nature can change the Negro's colour, and nothing but a miracle of grace can change the sinner's heart; "though you wash you with nitre, and take thee much soap, yet thine iniquity is marked before me, saith the Lord." —*Rev. Thomas Guthrie.*

SATURDAY.

"Follow on to know the Lord."—Hos. vi. 3.

Drawn by thy uniting grace,
After thee we swiftly run;
Hand in hand we seek thy face,
And the tempter's wiles would shun.

Each true Christian is a right traveller; his life his walk—Christ his way—heaven his home. His walk painful—his way perfect—his home pleasing. I will not loiter, lest I come short of home; I will not wander, lest I come wide of home; but be content to travel hard, and be sure I walk right; so shall my safe way find its end at home, and my painful walk make my home welcome.—*Warwick.*

SABBATH.

"The Lord is my shepherd."—Ps. xxiii. 1.

My Shepherd will supply my need,
JEHOVAH is his name;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.

"No, soul, it is impossible for thee to want; all things are thine own. God is thine, and all God hath is thine. While others seek to quench their thirst at the broken, leaky cistern, thou mayest lay thyself at the fountain and spring-head of living waters, and there find complete satisfaction. Certainly, unless all-sufficiency may fail, unless God's attributes moulder and drop away from him and leave him a destitute and indigent God, thou canst never be impoverished and without supply." God's wisdom is full of counsel, his power is full of protection, his mercy is full of pardon, his truth and faithfulness is full of security; and those, certainly, must needs be ravenous and insatiable desires, which such an all-sufficient God as our God is, cannot fill and satisfy.—*Hopkins.*

MONDAY.

"Give diligence to make your calling and election sure."—2 PET. i. 10.

Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day

For thee delightfully employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given;
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

Never is the soul more at rest than when it is most at work. I dare appeal to the experience of the people of God in this case. Do not your most solemn feasts come in by your obedience? Doth ever conscience look so friendly and pleasantly upon you, as when it finds you active in the ways of God? It then wears not a wrinkle nor frown upon its face; as sin ruffles it, so duty smooths it out again; and this causeth such peace and quietness in the inward man, as yields more satisfaction than all the noise, and ruffling gallantry, and jollity of the world.—*Ibid.*

TUESDAY.

"Let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord."—1 CHRON. xvi. 10.

How happy is the man whose heart is set free!
The people that can be joyful in thee!
Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face;
And still they are talking of Jesus' grace.

Many believe, or pretend to believe, that religion is a joyless thing! The heart has very little, if any, share in other enjoyments. These delights only gratify the appetites, and strike the senses, and charm the imagination. But where is the heart? Even in laughter, the heart is sorrowful, and the end of that mirth is heaviness. In religion, the heart finds relief, repose, satisfaction, joy.—*Jay.*

WEDNESDAY.

"How long wilt thou forget me, O Lord? for ever? how long wilt thou hide thy face from me?"—Ps. xiii. 1.

Absent from thee, my exiled soul
Deep in a fleshly dungeon groans;
Around me clouds of darkness roll,
And labouring silence speaks my moans;
Come quickly, Lord! thy face display,
And look my darkness into day.

As the time wherein the moon hides her head to the traveller by night seems long, in comparison of the time of her shining bright; so the time of Christ's withdrawing and hiding his face from a gracious soul is weary time—a kind of little eternity.—*Boston.*

THURSDAY.

"Love not the world."—1 JOHN ii. 15.

Poor blinded mortals fondly scheme
For happiness below;
Till Death disturbs the pleasing dream,
And they awake to woe.

Ah! who can speak the vast dismay
That fills the sinner's mind,
When, torn by Death's strong hand away,
He leaves his all behind?

There is nothing to be gotten by the world's love, nothing to be lost (but its love) by its hate. Why then should I seek that love that cannot profit me, or fear that malice that cannot hurt me? If I should love it for loving me, God would hate me for loving it. If I loathe it for hating me, it cannot hurt me for loathing it. Let it then hate me, and I will forgive it; but if it love me, I will never requite it. For since its love is hurtful, and its hate harmless, I will contemn its hate, and hate its love.—*Warwick.*

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ON THE MINUTE CARE OF DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

BY THE REV. JOHN ROXBURGH, DUNDEE.

"THERE is no more laudable check (says another) upon the moral errors and deviations of our nature, than the persuasion that what we perpetrate of base, sinister, and disgraceful, we shall not be allowed to conceal. Moralists have recommended to us, that in cases of trial and temptation we should imagine some awful and upright judge of virtue the witness of our actions, and that we should not dare to do what he would disapprove. Devout men have pressed the continued recollection of the omnipresence of an all-perfect Being."

Now, this is the recollection or consideration which I wish to illustrate and apply, namely, that the omniscience of God extends to all his creatures, and his power and providence to all events. Without this conviction deeply settled in the mind, the mere belief of his existence must fail to afford support in affliction, and can exercise no salutary influence on our thoughts, affections, and actions. What does it matter to us that God is, if, like the Epicureans of old, we suppose him to reside in some remote region of perfect tranquillity and happiness, altogether retired within himself, apart from this scene of trouble and turmoil, encumbering himself not with its management, and maintaining no intercourse with its inhabitants. The God in whom we believe must be regarded in a very different light, if we would indeed feel our obligation to live to his glory. We must believe that as he created, so he continues to uphold, all things, by the word of his power—giving to all life and breath, and all things. We must believe that he is the universal proprietor, and that we enjoy all that we possess as tenants at his will, and responsible to him for our use of it. We must believe that he is everywhere present, inspecting every secret, ordering every event, and designing and directing it for the accomplishment of his most wise and holy purposes. To extinguish or cast off this belief, is to sever at once the tie that connects heaven and earth. It is to obliterate all sense of communion between the visible and invisible worlds, and to throw us independent of God; and, as already intimated, a God on whom we are not continually dependent for our being and supplies, cannot be a suitable object of fear or trust—of service or adoration. He is nothing to us, and we nothing to him. It is as the governor of the world that our hope and dependence rest upon him. It is to his interposing providence we look for succour in distress, for a refuge in danger, and for a blessing on our endeavours.

Now, nothing can be more reasonable, as well as scriptural, than this belief, on which our religious character so intimately depends. All things proceed in a continued series from the operations of the great First Cause. He, as an intelligent and all-wise Being, cannot have produced the world at a venture, without choice and without direction. He must have had ends in view suitable to his nature and the glory of his perfections. He must have known, also, from the beginning, the motions he impressed on matter, the stations assigned to the beings whom he created, and all the changes that would arise, in the progress of time, from their mutual action one upon another. Having thus framed his design, and adjusted his plan, so as to work out the destined effects, we cannot doubt that, as a wise master-builder, he will take care to correct all irregularities—to see that the materials are disposed in their proper places, and that none of his subordinate agents defeat his purposes. The elements will so distribute themselves at his command, as to bring about his determinations, and to produce plenty or famine—the impetuous hurricane, or the wasting pestilence. Instruments with peculiar talents will be raised up, fitted for the fulfilment of his intentions in the rise or fall of kingdoms; and all events and changes, all dispensations of good and evil, will be rendered subservient to the execution of that scheme which embraces every place and all time. Hence we conclude, that the providence of God is over all his works—that there is nothing too minute for his inspection, and nothing too great for the grasp of his wisdom and power. "His kingdom ruleth over all."

This conclusion is arrived at by another process of reasoning. The nature of God cannot be circumscribed by space or time; he must, therefore, be always and everywhere present. Nothing that he has made can fall from the observation of his all-seeing eye, nor can exert an influence beyond his control. Now, it is inconceivable that he should be thus vitally present in his own world without exercising his active power, cherishing and governing his work, and changing or renewing it at his pleasure. It is inconceivable that his wisdom, and justice, and goodness, should remain idle; and that he should be indifferent to the events that arise under his immediate view, and in his own creation, like some indolent and luxurious monarch, regardless of his inferiors, and engrossed with the pleasures and occupations of his palace. This would be to suppose infinite power doing nothing—infinite wisdom contriving nothing—infinite goodness effecting no good.

It would be to suppose God to have delegated the government of the universe to inferior causes, and capriciously to have abandoned the creatures of his own hand. It would be to exclude himself from acting in the world, and to bereave all things of their dependence on the support of their original Parent, who cannot desert his own offspring, nor fail to protect and superintend their interests. Without this constant support and protection, we know that there are elements in nature which might involve the whole of this stupendous frame in anarchy and ruin. What, for example, is it that maintains the sun and earth at such a convenient distance from each other, but the controlling power of Him who first assigned them their place? Who keeps the sea from passing its bounds, and laying the world under a second inundation? Who preserves the air from becoming universally corrupted, or from acquiring such a temperature as must render it unfit for the purposes of life? Who restrains the beasts of the forest from invading the peaceful habitations of men, and converting the earth into a wide desolate wilderness! Who makes such certain provision for the support of every living thing; teaches unthinking creatures to build their dwellings, and to lay up their stores against the long night of winter; and so subjects all nature to his beneficent dominion, that even its wildest convulsions become comparatively harmless? It is manifest, that unless the innumerable blind and unreflecting causes amid which we are placed—which can feel no kindly interest in our welfare, and are alike indifferent whether they be productive of dearth or fertility, of health or of sickness—it is manifest that unless they had their commission from a directing wisdom, ruin and wretchedness might overspread the earth, in place of the order, and the plenty, and the happiness, which now awaken our strains of grateful adoration.

These have been the sentiments of the best and wisest of mankind. "It was fit," says Maclaurin, in his account of Newton's discoveries, "that there should be, in general, a regularity and constancy in the course of nature, not only for the sake of its greater beauty, but also for the sake of intelligent agents, who, without this, could have had no foresight, or occasion for choice and wisdom in judging of things by their consequences, and no proper exercise for their other faculties. But though the course of nature was to be regular, it was not necessary that it should be governed by those principles only which arise from the various motions and modifications of inactive matter by mechanical laws; and it had been incomparably inferior to what it is, in beauty and perfection, if it had been left to them only. Sir Isaac Newton thought it altogether consistent with the notion of a most perfect Being, and even more agreeable to it, to suppose that he should form his work dependent upon himself. To exclude the Deity from acting in the universe, and governing it, is to exclude from it what is most perfect and best, the absence of which no mechanism can supply."

It is no objection to this consolatory view of a watchful and universal Providence, that some things appear to us too trivial to engage the attention of the divine mind. This, it is to be suspected, is a not unfrequent objection, and may have been felt in quarters where it has never been acknowledged. The notions we form of the Divine Majesty are framed so much after the pattern of human greatness, that what we deem unworthy the thoughts of a prince, we consider unworthy the regard of God; and hence, while it is readily conceded, on the one hand, that his providential care reaches to great events, it is as readily concluded, on the other, that the little affairs of this world are far too trifling to attract his observation. The revolutions of kingdoms and empires may be under his direction; but individual interests are below his notice. Were this admitted, it would destroy the doctrine of providence, in so far as its practical influence is concerned. It is the natural effect of a doubtful and despairing spirit, to conceive of itself and its sorrows as beneath the regard or the compassion of the Supreme Being; and this view of providence would minister nourishment to its distrust. It would allow the wicked, also, the hope of escaping detection, as if their sins were too unimportant to withdraw the eye of the Omniscient from the weightier matters of his government. It is thus necessary, at once for our comfort and our virtue, that we should believe the providence of God to extend to the minutest events—to every thought of the heart, and to every idle word.

And this, as it is a scriptural, so is it a most reasonable belief. Dishonour is done to the Divine Majesty, not by supposing his power to be exercised in providing for and superintending all that he has created, but in supposing that he could create anything unworthy of his after consideration. This is to make God such an one as ourselves—to conceive of his thoughts as our thoughts, and his ways as our ways. It is to conceive of him as if the multiplicity of objects, and interests, and pursuits, could distract his attention and disturb his tranquillity. Now this is doubtless the effect on our own minds when we are engrossed by a variety of engagements—more especially if these relate to matters requiring nice discrimination and minute inspection. Man is a local being; he occupies but a point in space, and his observation is confined within a narrow compass. His ideas and sensations are derived through the medium of the senses, and can be entertained and considered only in succession. He cannot reflect on more than one subject at one and the same time; nor can he fix his eye steadily on one object without overlooking others. And thus, if he attempt to superintend a variety of interests at the same moment, to employ his powers at once on things great and small, or to occupy his mind with a

diversity of thoughts, he feels all his endeavours to be ineffectual, and involves himself immediately in confusion and perplexity. But there is no such reason for limiting the providence of God. His mind is present at the same instant throughout all immensity—everywhere percipient, and everywhere intelligent. All things are open and manifest to him; not discerned, as in our case, through fleshly organs, but by simple intuition; so that nothing can elude his all-seeing eye. If we ascend into heaven, he is there; if we make our bed in hell, he is there. To him the darkness is as light; nor can the uttermost depths of the sea furnish a covering to hide us from his view; for in him we live, and move, and have our being. And, as the knowledge of God is thus unlimited as his essence, so is his will irresistible and his power infinite. No painful exertion is necessary on his part, as on ours, in surmounting difficulties, and governing the affairs of his boundless empire. On the contrary, in the active exercise of his perfections does the glory and blessedness of his nature consist—steering the motions of this mighty universe, and distributing the penalties of his broken law and the treasures of his abounding grace. This is, indeed, a contemplation far surpassing the grasp of our finite understandings; but so is every thing incomprehensible that relates to the being and attributes of God. He dwells in glorious light, but it is a light inaccessible—so bright and overpowering as to blind our feeble vision. We can perceive the truth and reasonableness of many of the doctrines that refer to him, though to comprehend them in all their extent is beyond our reach. And thus the conclusion to be drawn from these doctrines is, not that they are untrue, because they are mysterious; but rather that, with the deepest humility, we should prostrate ourselves in adoration of that infinitely wise and good Providence, whose designs and methods are unsearchable, even to angelic intelligences, and should join in their celestial song: "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints. Who shall not fear thee, O Lord, and glorify thy name?"

To be continued.

A NOBLE ARMY OF MARTYRS.

In *Gillies' Historical Collections*, we find a striking account of the martyrdom of certain of the followers of John Huss, who, like him, protested against Popish error, and gave up their lives for the truth.

The first was the Lord Schlik, a man of admirable parts, about fifty years old. When he was condemned to be quartered, and his members to be scattered here and there, he said: "The loss of a sepulchre is easy." Being exhorted by a minister to courage, he said: "I have God's favour so, that no fear of death doth trouble me. I have formerly dared to oppose Antichrist; and I dare now die for Christ." The Jesuits troubling him when he came to the scaffold, he shook them off; and seeing the sun shining bright, he said: "Christ, thou Sun of Righteousness, grant, that through the darkness of death I may pass into eternal light;" and so, having ended his prayers, he calmly received the stroke.

The Lord Wenceslaus was next—about seventy years old—famous for learning, religion, and his travels through divers countries; his house was formerly plundered, even to his wearing apparel, he only saying: "The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away." Holding forth his Bible, he said: "Behold my paradise! it never yielded me so much nectar and ambrosia as now." On the scaffold, stroking his long beard, he said: "My grey hairs, behold what honour remains for you, that you should be crowned with martyrdom!" And so, praying for the Church, his country, his enemies, and commending his soul to Christ, his head was cut off.

The next was the Lord Harant, a man that had gained much experience by his travels in Asia, Africa, and Europe; his crime was, that he had taken an oath to be true to Frederick, and durst not violate it. Being called to execution, he said: "I have escaped many perils by sea and land, and now suffer innocently in my own country, and by them for whose sake I and my forefathers have spent our estates and lives: Father, forgive them." Then he said: "In thee, O Lord, I have hoped! let me not be confounded." On the scaffold he said: "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit! In thee, O Lord, have I trusted from my youth! I am confident that I shall be accepted by that ignominious death of my Saviour;" and falling upon his knees, he said: "To thee, O Lord, I commend my spirit! for thou, O God, just and true, hast redeemed me;" and so he received the fatal stroke with the sword.

The next was Casper Caplitz, a knight of eighty-six years old. When the minister came to him after his condemnation, he said, among other things: "My death indeed is disgraceful in the eyes of men, but glorious in the sight of God; for God will account that death precious in his sight which I suffer for his glory and truth." And when it was told him, that he might have his life if he would ask pardon, he answered: "That he would ask pardon of Him against whom he had committed many sins all his life; but he never offended the prince; and therefore would not give occasion to suspect that he had committed some crime for which he had deserved death. God forbid, therefore," said he, "that I should be separated from this holy company of martyrs." As he was going to the scaffold, being feeble with age, he said: "O my God, strengthen me, lest I fall down, and become matter of scorn to the enemies."

The next was Procopius Dorzeki, who, after his condemnation, said to the minister: "I have had a great contention all night with old Adam, so that it made me sweat again; but thanks be to my God, by whom my soul hath overcome all temptations;" saying further: "O Almighty God, strengthen thy servant, that I may not be made a derision to mine enemies by any fear of death; and as thou wast wont to encourage thy holy martyrs, so I strongly believe thou wilt comfort me." When he was called forth to execution, he said: "Thanks be to God, who doth now call me to himself; to him I have lived, and for him I will die! for my Saviour hath therefore died and risen again, that he might be Lord both of the living and the dead. I know that my soul shall live, and my body shall be raised like to his glorious body."

Another was the Lord Henry Otto, a man of great judgment. He having received the sentence of condemnation, said: "Kill my body, disperse my members whither you please; yet do I believe that my Saviour will gather them together again, and clothe them with skin; so that with these eyes I shall see

him; with these ears I shall hear him; with this tongue I shall praise him, and rejoice with this heart for ever." Afterwards, when the minister came to him, amongst other things, he said: "I was troubled, but now I feel a wonderful refreshing in my heart;" adding, with his hands lifted up to heaven: "I give thee thanks, O most merciful Saviour! who hast been pleased to fill me with so much comfort; O now I fear death no longer—I will die with joy!" As he was going to the scaffold, he said to the minister: "I am sure that Christ Jesus will meet my soul with his angels, that he may bring it to an everlasting marriage, where I shall drink of a new cup—a cup of joy for ever: this death, I know, shall not separate me from him." After he had prayed silently, he said: "Into thy hands, O Lord God, I commend my spirit! have pity on me through Jesus Christ, and let me see thy glory;" and so he received the stroke of the sword.

Another was the Lord of Rugenia, an excellent man, and full of zeal for God. When the sheriff came for him, he rejoiced, and said: "Praised be my God, that I shall now be taken out of the world, that I may be with Christ;" and so he went up to meet him. On the scaffold he comforted himself with that promise: "Father, I will that where I am my servant may also be, to behold that glory which thou gavest me;" "Therefore," said he, "I make haste to die, that I may be with Christ, and see his glory;" and so he suffered martyrdom courageously.

The next was Valentine Cockan, of about sixty years old. During his imprisonment, he was full of heavenly discourse; and, at the scaffold, he said: "Grant me, O God! to pass through this valley of death, that I may presently see thee; for thou knowest, my God, that I have loved thy Word; bring me, O God! through the paths of life, that I may see fulness of joy in thy presence;" and, kneeling down, he said: "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit!" and so holily ended his life.

The next was Toby Steffick, a man of composed temper; he spent the most of the time of his imprisonment in silent sighs and tears! Before his execution, he said: "I have received many good things of the Lord all my life long; shall I not therefore receive this cup of affliction? I embrace the will of God, who, by his ignominious death, makes me conformable to his Son, and by a narrow way, brings me to his heavenly kingdom. I praise God, who hath joined me, undeservedly, to these excellent men, that I might receive, with them, the crown of martyrdom." When he was called to die, he said: "My Saviour being about to die, said, 'Father, not as I will, but as thou wilt; thy will be done.' Shall I, therefore, who am but a worm, yea, dust, and a shadow, contradict his will? Far be it from me; yea, I come willingly, my God, only have mercy on me, and cleanse me from all my sins, that no spot or wrinkle may remain in me, but that I may appear pure in thy sight;" and so he lifted up himself full of sighs, yet full of hope; and, as he was praying, he rendered up his Spirit to God.

Another was Christopher Chober, who much encouraged his fellow-martyrs, and then cited the words of Ignatius: "I am God's corn, and shall be ground with the teeth of wild beasts;" "so we," saith he "are God's corn, sown in the field of the Church; and, that we may be for our Master's use, we are now to suffer death; but, be of good cheer, God is able to raise up a thousand worshippers of himself out of every drop of our blood; for though truth now suffers violence, yet Christ reigns, and no man shall cast him down from his throne."

John Shultis was next, who, on the scaffold, said: "Why art thou so sad, O my soul? hope thou in God; for thou shalt yet praise him," &c. "The righteous seem in the eyes of fools to die, but indeed they go to their rest. Lord Jesus, thou hast promised, that whoso comes to thee, thou wilt not cast off. Behold I now come; look on me, pity me, pardon my sins, and receive my soul to thyself:" then, kneeling down, he said: "Come, come Lord Jesus, and do not tarry;" and so he was beheaded.

The next was Maximilian Hostialick, a learned and pious man; after his condemnation, he was sadder than the rest; and, being asked by the minister the reason of it, he said: "The sins of my youth do now come into my mind; for though I know that nothing remains to condemn them which are in Christ Jesus, yet I know that God exerciseth justice as well as mercy towards his own." Being called to death, he said: "Look upon me, O Lord my God! and lighten mine eyes, lest I sleep the sleep of death; and lest mine enemies say, We have prevailed." Afterwards, repeating the words of Simeon: "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation," he was beheaded.

The next was John Kutnaur, who, when the Jesuits began to speak to them, said: "Pray you trouble not our consciences; we are sufficiently furnished against the fear of death; we need none of your help." And when they would have proceeded, he said: "Why do you create unprofitable labour to yourselves, and trouble to us?" Then said they one to another: "They are hard rocks, and will not suffer themselves to be removed:" to whom he answered: "You say true; Christ is an hard rock, and we are firmly fixed on him." When he was called forth to execution, he was besprinkled with the tears of his friends, to whom he said: "Play the men, brethren, and refrain from weeping: I go before, but it is but a short time, and we shall meet in the heavenly glory." When he was upon the ladder, he said: "I have plotted no treason, committed no murder; I have done nothing worthy of death; but I die because I have been faithful to the Gospel and my country. O God! pardon my enemies; for they know not what they do: but thou, O Christ! have pity on me; for I commit my soul unto thee," and so he slept in the Lord.

The next was Simeon Sussickey, who, when he saw the Jesuits coming, said to his companions: "These birds of prey are flying hither; but God hath promised to preserve his own, as the apple of his eye; and therefore he will not suffer us to be seduced." The last night he had a sore conflict, because the Scripture saith: "Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree." But when the minister told him, that that curse was taken away by the death of Christ, he was well satisfied. He went to his death praying and singing.

EXTRACTS FROM A TRAVELLER'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY THE REV. W. K. TWEEDIE, EDINBURGH.

THE PASSES OF THE ALPS.

Mont Blanc (continued) and the Valley of Chamounix.

WE followed the guides down the winding path which led from the Col to the Chalet of Mottet. Not a tree nor shrub was visible in this dreary region. The firewood of the inhabitants, at the solitary hut, is brought from a distance of eighteen miles; and as no corn is cultivated, they are dependent for food on the same distant depôt. When we arrived, though the day was far advanced, we breakfasted on what the place could afford, in preference to waiting for "a little chicken which was not yet killed." This chalet, or cabin, supplies a sample of the worst class of

Swiss cottages. It is divided by a wooden partition into two separate houses, for two families. In the corner of each house a large wooden box, meant to supply the place of an apartment, is constructed. This box is the guest-chamber, and there we breakfasted. The outer portion of the fabric is put to many uses. It is at least the kitchen, bed-room, hen-house, and goat-fold; and yet this cabin is described as "large and beautiful." It is inhabited only in summer.

Refreshed and remounted, our next point was the Col de Four, whence another view upon Mont Blanc repays a traveller for the labour of the ascent; but the tempest that began to howl permitted us to have only toil for our employment, and disappointment for our reward. We reached the summit—between eight and nine thousand feet above the level of the Mediterranean, though still six thousand lower than Mont Blanc—just to see that nothing could be seen; and to add to our chagrin, our guides were careful to tell of the spot where two of our countrymen recently perished in a storm on the mountain. The footprints of the chamois were visible upon the snow; for we were now within the region of perpetual congelation —and these were our substitutes for views upon Mont Blanc, the Great and the Little St Bernard, Mont Cenis, and the wide range of mountains that cluster round the highest. Even at the altitude we had now reached, we found a cross erected. The *sign* was dimly visible through the drifting clouds—an emblem of what the superstition of this land has done to the religion of the crucified One.

Our descent partook of the nature of a retreat. We had passed the highest point which we expected to attain, and had not found what we sought; yet is there "good in everything;" and if we saw less of the world without, we were the more thrown back upon the microcosm within.

On the very summit of the mountain, at least when we had passed the region of snow, the sure-footedness of our mules surprised us. We had often read of their steady sagacity, in places of utmost peril, but it is one of the few things which exceed description. Their pace is, no doubt, tedious; but that is amply compensated by its safety, even at spots where the chamois might have need of care. More than once we thought our journey at an end on that wild mountain, as it seemed impossible, at least for fourfooted animals, to proceed. And the mules did refuse to proceed, if we attempted to direct them. But, left to themselves, they would travel along, scenting the rock over which they clambered, snorting louder and louder, in proportion to the danger, making one foot firm ere they moved another, and carrying us at least in safety to the green slopes on the Swiss side of the mountain, where both they and we needed repose.

The neatherds in those uplands are dressed in singular attire, such as irresistibly reminded us of the figures of Robinson Crusoe, with which his adventures are commonly embellished. They wear capotes and other garments of undressed goat-skin; and the shaggy covering gives them a fantastic or half savage appearance—magnified by the mist, superstition might easily mistake them for something else than men.

We descended by Notre Dame de Gorge, through the Valley of Bionney, to the baths of St Gervaise, and thence to the Valley of

CHAMOUNIX.

Scarcely more than a century (1741) has elapsed since this district was *discovered;* and previous to that period it was nearly as little known as the heart of Africa, so completely is it secluded by the surrounding mountains—the loftiest in Europe. Now, however, it is the most frequented of any spot in Switzerland, unless Geneva should be excepted. As we entered the Gorge at the lower extremity, the mists which had obscured the mountain began to clear away, and slowly there appeared, first the Dent du Nord, then the Dome, then the Dent du Medi, with the numerous aiguilles round Mont Blanc. The Glacier of Buissons,* stretching down from the base of the Dome far into the valley, is the purest; and the ice is of the brightest tints of all that we had seen. In the valley you have no thoughts to spare for aught but this glacier and the mountain—the former a mass of ice two hundred feet thick, and seven miles in length.

The first impression made by the mountain is that of disappointment. Seen in all its extent, from summit to base, you cannot at once take in the idea of its grandeur; and it continues to grow in magnitude as one acquires a new standard of measurement. But when you have grown familiar with distances and heights, the mountain compensates for all one's toil. Seen in the light of a cloudless sunset, the spectacle is one which the mind never can forget. We ventured by moonlight up as far as it was safe; and if anything that is merely of the earth could fill man's soul, such sights might do it. And yet it is full of instruction—when one of the bold adventurers who have lately ascended to the summit had reached the highest point, his exclamation of disappointment, by his own confession, was: IS THIS ALL? There is only one thing that can fully satisfy the vast cravings of man's soul—the friendship of his God; and it is a law unalterably passed, that till that friendship be enjoyed, nothing else can truly or lastingly gratify.

At Chamounix, we met Jacques Balmat, who was the first to plant his foot on the summit of the mountain, about fifty years ago, and who subsequently conducted Dr Paccard to the Dome. Three days and six guides are required for the journey, and about ten successful and as many abortive attempts to ascend are on record. The ascent which has latterly been performed even by some women from Chamounix, has been mentioned along with the attempts to penetrate into the heart of Africa, and to discover a north-west passage from the Frozen Ocean to the Pacific, as just within the bounds of practicability. And yet Paccard, Saussure, Beaufoy, Woodley, Forueret, Doorthausen, Rodaty, Meteyeski, Renseyler, Howard, Undrel, Clissold, Jackson, Clarke, Sherwell, Fellows, Hawes, Auldjo, Barry, Tilly, and Waddington, are named as those who have mounted to the giddy height. He who has stood on the summit has been fifteen thousand seven hundred and seventy-five feet above the level of the Mediterranean—has gazed over a space said to extend to the distance of two

* It was curious to see corn fields growing close to the glacier.

hundred and forty miles; and yet we have seen that the feeling of some, when they reached the Dome, has been expressed by the cry: "Is this all?"

It would be long to tell the wonders of this valley. The source of the Arvieron, a broad expansive river at its very fountain-head—the Mer de Glace seen from the Montagne Verte like a vast river, as broad as the Thames at London Bridge, congealed in the act of dashing down a cataract, while tossed by the violence of the fall into pyramids, or sunk into abysses—these are some of the most noted marvels. The green and blue tints of the glacier, contrasted with the dull granite or the bright snow, all gave additional interest to this valley of ice; while the fantastic appearance of some of the mountains shooting far up into the sky, like obelisks of Nature's rearing, enhance one's wonder at the whole.

The chamois hunters of these wild highlands are perhaps the most adventurous race of men in Europe. The shyness and speed of that goat, its inaccessible haunts, and its quickness of perception, render approach to it well-nigh impossible; but there are men who give themselves to this employment, and they are armed cap-a-pie for their work. Their shoes are strongly spiked; they carry an axe to cut steps in the snow or ice by which to climb, and an Alpen Stock by which to support themselves on the giddy precipices which they skirt, or to aid them in their bound over the gulfs which cross their path. Their gun and provisions are slung across their shoulders; and, thus equipped, a chamois hunter may be found at earliest dawn watching among the rocks for his prey. When he has succeeded in wounding without killing the goat, the pursuit is described as most perilous; and it is well if both the huntsman and the game be not buried beneath an avalanche, or dashed to pieces over a precipice.

But we must away from this secluded valley, and our outlet is by the Col-de-Balme, at the height of between seven and eight thousand feet, where at last we saw the Dome, in all its magnificence, at once above and below us, as we were now at about half its height. Only in such a position can the mountain be clearly seen.

This upland is patriarchally pastoral. The occupants of the lowlands drive their cattle to the mountains to pasture during the summer and early autumn. It is in such employments that the famous Rans des Vaches is sung; but we were not regaled by any such music. Each cow has a bell attached to its neck, so that it may not stray without being easily heard; and as we stood in the midst of a *vacherie* of two hundred and forty cows, with as many bells, the tinkling was not "sweet music."

We reached Martigny on the sixth day after we had left it, so that that was the time occupied in making the circuit of Mont Blanc. In leaving the homes of those mountaineers, we cannot but reflect on their intense nationality, their thorough intelligence of the history and condition of their country, and their kind courtesy to strangers. We met with few Swiss gentlemen who had not been in all the cantons, and some have travelled in foreign lands, with a view to the improvement of their own. In short, the conviction was often forced on us, that just after the instinct of self-preservation in a Swiss mind stands the love of Switzerland. Patriotism is an universal instinct. Youth, manhood, dotage—all are alike. They know its mountain passes, and climb them—its valleys and rivers, and expatiate on their beauty. Their learned men are often objects of amusing national pride; and yet, with all their failings and all their nationalism, a Scot can scarcely help loving a Swiss. To admire his country is to make him your friend; and, as we visit it avowedly for its grandeur, our visits are as gratifying to him as to us. That country speaks both to the eye and to the heart; and as its climate combines the frost of the north with the sunshine of the south, so its people, although they possess an egotism which may sometimes be amusing, have also a natural worth, which to know is to respect.

We have of late been from time to time traversing the scenes where religion found an asylum when Popery had nearly extirpated Christianity; but our sojourn has been too brief to detect the hidden ones—the afflicted and the poor people—the remnant, like the last olive berries on the withered branches. The cross, with its gewgaw decorations, crowns nearly every summit, or chapels, with their hideous caricatures, stand wherever they can be decently reared; and one mourns to find that the religion of form and of death has thus supplanted the religion of spirit and of life. Of the twenty-two cantons, twelve are Reformed and Popish; six are Popish and Reformed; while the three parent cantons—Uri, Schwytz, and Unterwald—along with Lucerne, are exclusive and devoted Papists. Were we free (which, however, we are not) to judge from what we have seen, for example, in the cantons of Glarus and St Gall, we should say that it would not be difficult for the rising superstition of our age to lay all the cantons—Reformed and Popish alike—prostrate again beneath its iron heel. In some of the Swiss valleys men are still religiously as dark as in the fourteenth century.

The Semplon and Mont Cenis still remain.

NOTHING PERFECT ON EARTH.

EVEN as the soil (which April's gentle showers
Have fill'd with sweetness and enriched with flowers)
Rears up her sucking plants, still shooting forth
The tender blossoms of her timely birth;
But if deny'd the beams of cheerly May,
They hang their wither'd heads, and fade away:
So man, assisted by the Almighty's hand,
His faith doth flourish and securely stand;
But left a while, forsook, as in a shade,
It languishes, and nipp'd with sin, doth fade.

No gold is pure from dross, though oft refined;
The strongest cedar's shaken with the wind;
The fairest rose hath no prerogative
Against the fretting canker-worm; the hive
No honey yields unblended with the wax;
The finest linnen hath both soil and bracks;
The best of men have sins; none lives secure;
In nature nothing's perfect, nothing pure.

QUARLES.

THE DOCTRINES OF MAYNOOTH.

PART IV.

HOW THE CHURCH OF ROME TREATS THE WORD OF GOD.

THAT the Church of Rome *denies the sufficiency of the Bible* as a rule of faith and practice, and *adds to it human traditions*, we have already proved. We proceed to show, that

III. *She takes* from *the Bible divine commandments.*—We refer particularly to her treatment of the Second Commandment, which she *omits* in almost all her catechisms used for the instruction of the young. The reason of her doing so is obvious. That commandment distinctly condemns, as idolatry, the *making* and *worshipping* of images; and Popish doctors and priests see well enough, that if it were allowed to get into the hands of the common people, they, having more conscience than their leaders, could not avoid seeing how contrary these practices, and the law of the Church which enjoined them, are to the will of God—and that thus the power of the priestcraft might be endangered. And, therefore, they resolve to *suppress* it altogether. The following evidence of Dr Doyle, a Romish bishop, on this subject, when examined before Parliament in 1825, is well worthy of perusal. It will be observed, that he not only *admits the suppression*, but *defends* it:—

"You are aware that the Second Commandment, as it stands in the catechism of the Established Church, is taken verbatim from the established version of the Scripture? *Ans.* Yes; I believe it is. *Ques.* Is there not in the Douay version of the Scriptures a similar portion, though somewhat differently expressed? *Ans.* There is. *Ques.* Is that portion inserted at all in the decalogue? *Ans.* Yes; it is in our Larger Roman Catholic Catechism; *but in those in general use* we seek to abridge all the doctrines of Christianity, leaving, at the sametime, sufficient to convey to the tender mind *exact notions of the truths which we wish to have conveyed to them.* *Ques.* In point of fact, are the children of the peasantry in Ireland instructed in any catechism which contains any portion of the Scriptures now referred to? *Ans.* We have four sizes of catechisms—the first size, the second size, and the third size, and what we call the Abridgment of Christian Doctrine. *In the three smaller ones I do not find the entire words* which we find in Exodus put down at length; but I find that the substance of them is clearly put down in the larger or third size, and in the Abridgment; but I am not certain the commandments are given at full length except in the Abridgment. *Ques.* Have the goodness to state the words which you conceive convey the substance of the passages which are omitted in the smaller catechisms. Are they any other but 'I am the Lord thy God, thou shalt have no other gods but me?' *Ans.* No; *I believe not; these are quite sufficient.* *Ques.* You consider these words are commensurate with the Second Commandment according to the authorized version? *Ans.* Certainly I do; for that latter part of the commandment is rather a ceremonial part, than one founded upon the law of nature. The law of nature and the positive law of God forbid idolatry, but the very making of images seems to have been prohibited to the Jewish people on account of their propensity to idolatry. Now, when idolatry had ceased throughout the greater part of the earth, and the religion of Christ was established in its place, there was no necessity for inculcating that ceremonial part on a new people, who had been far removed from the revolting idea of worshipping things made by the hands of man. Therefore, that part which is founded on the law of nature is retained, *and that part which was more ceremonial than derived from the nature of man, or the wisdom of God, is left out, because no longer necessary for the new people.* Therefore, I conceive, that the commandment in its present shape, contains all the doctrine necessary to be conveyed to the people of God in these our times, *and that the addition respecting the making of images is quite unnecessary now as a matter of instruction in the faith.*"

Can anything be conceived more profane and presumptuous than this?—the Church of Rome and Dr Doyle abrogating the commandments of God!

In some of the catechisms used in Scotland, the commandment is inserted, evidently from fear of the exposure which would follow its omission. But in Dr Butler's Catechism, which is in general use in Ireland, there is not a word of it. Mr Godkin, a converted Popish priest, states, he was much surprised when he first read the Second Commandment in the Bible—never having before heard of its existence.

We may add, that though Rome thus deletes *one* of the commandments, she has still *ten*—supplying the omission of the second by the dividing the tenth into two—a division, however, so evidently unnatural and absurd, that in their catechisms, the two are generally considered together as the ninth and tenth, instead of separately, as is the case with the other eight. Thus in the Douay Catechism, one question asked is: "What are the Ninth and Tenth Commandments?"

IV. *She denies the sole authority of the Bible.*—She not only maintains that tradition is equal in authority to Scripture, but actually asserts that she herself has a right to issue commandments, which shall be as binding on the consciences of men as those which the Bible contains, and the transgression of which shall be sanctioned by even a greater penalty. Thus, in one of the most cautiously worded of all the Romish catechisms—a catechism which bears upon it the *imprimatur* of the Pope's legate, the mandate of the Archbishop of Paris, and the decree of Napoleon (in whose time it was published)—all enjoining it to be taught in the Romish churches of France—the following questions occur:—

"*Ques.* Has the Church the *power of making commandments?* *Ans.* Yes, *undoubtedly.* *Ques.* How many commandments of the Church are there? *Ans.* Six. *Ques.* Repeat them? *Ans.* 1. Thou shalt *keep the holy days* which are commanded. 2. Thou shalt *attend mass* on Sundays, and holy days likewise. 3. Thou shalt *confess all thy sins* at least once a year. 4. Thou shalt receive thy Creator with humility at least at Easter. 5. Thou shalt *fast* on ember weeks, vigils, and the whole Lent. 6. Thou shalt *eat meat neither Friday nor Saturday.*"

Then follows a regular and lengthened exposition of these six commandments, of which the following is a specimen:—

"*Ques.* Repeat the Sixth Commandment? *Ans.* Thou shalt eat meat neither Friday nor Saturday. *Ques.* What does this commandment forbid? *Ans.* Eating meat on Fridays and Saturdays without necessity, *under pain of mortal sin.*"

We need scarcely remind our readers of what we have already shown them, that to trangress the law of God, by lying, stealing, meditating murder, &c., is reckoned by the Church mere *venial* sin; while the eating of meat on Fridays, against the commandments of the Church, is thus declared to be *mortal*. The same doctrine is taught in all the other Romish catechisms which take up the subject.

Thus does Rome not only raise her own commandments to a level with those of God; she raises them even *above* these. We might give many additional proofs of this revolting part of her doctrine. We might refer to the power which she claims of dispensing with promises and oaths; to the decree of the Council of Trent, which declares that the Church has a right to *dispense with the laws of Scripture* regarding the marriages of relatives, and also a right to *forbid* marriages as *unlawful* which Scripture *sanctions*. But we forbear. Rome does not deny her guilt in this matter. She glories in it.

HINTS TO YOUNG MEN IN LARGE TOWNS.

In a previous paper we addressed a few words of advice to parents on the subject of sending their sons to large towns; we now propose to throw out a few hints to the young men themselves; and, for the sake of brevity, we shall arrange our remarks under different heads.

Religious Duties.—If it is possible to conceive of any one class that more than another require the shield of religion, it is young men coming from the country into large towns. Under any circumstances, youth is a dangerous period of life; but in the case of those upon whom new scenes are suddenly disclosed, and when the disclosure takes place contemporaneously with the emancipation of the youth from all kind of restraint, it will easily be perceived that the dangers that fall to be encountered are of no ordinary magnitude. Bold measures must at once be resorted to—the youth must, at the very beginning, take his stand on the firm ground of Christian principle. From the very outset of his city life, he must show distinctly, by his words, actions, and companions, that if not already possessed of a renewed nature, he is striving to attain to it. Such an intimation may be made without the least particle of ostentation or officious parade of piety; for neither religion nor irreligion can be hid, and both, in the ordinary current of human affairs, will spontaneously develop themselves. Early decision is of inestimable importance, and that for a variety of reasons. Among others take the following: A decided testimony in favour of religion, when modestly but firmly emitted, and, above all, when consistently persevered in, overawes vicious companions, and in time compels them to give up their "enticements." If they find you invulnerable, they will, sooner than you anticipate, leave off troubling you, and lay themselves out for more accessible prey. No general wastes time in trying to take an impregnable fortress; but, should any assailable point be discovered, no effort will be spared to effect an entrance, and the raising of the siege will be protracted indefinitely. So, in like manner, if any fissure be discernible in your walk and conversation after you have made a profession of religion, depend upon it that dart after dart will be levelled at the crevice, for the purpose of making you their own. But more especially is decision necessary at the beginning, on account of the cruel use that will afterwards be made of any false step that you may now take. Of all the obstacles which impede the progress of the young disciple this is the most distressing. When the ways of heavenly wisdom come to be felt as not only those of peace, but pleasantness, conscience will sometimes conjure up gloomy phantoms of remorse at past misdeeds, committed in more heedless days; and the torture thus self-inflicted is hard enough to bear; but when the spirit of malignity stirs up a tempter to reproach him with the sin, the wound is probed with a violence which mere earthly philosophy will not be able to withstand. The glistening snail that draws itself slowly over a cherished flower, is not more loathsome than the dark shadow that thus passes over the fair robe of a now spotless reputation. The devils in human form who, in London and elsewhere, teach children to steal, are never sure of their victims till they get them actually to put forth their hands, and then the feeling of self-respect once destroyed, the downward course to destruction is ever afterwards pursued. Many a promising disciple has made shipwreck of his faith, from having been enticed into the commission of some gross action; and although certainly not so common, some have also been known to "look back," because of the pertinacity with which former iniquities have been cast in their teeth. Early and prayerful circumspection prevents all this; but if it should happen that you are overtaken in a fault, go not to the bottom of a hill simply because you may have stumbled at the top. Back! back at once!—you may yet be saved. Science will tell you that the velocity of falling bodies is as the square of the period of descent; and Religion will tell you that spiritual declension observes laws of a somewhat similar kind. Each successive step of downward progress paves the way for that fearful acceleration of speed which will hurl the sinner like lightning to the abyss that yawns below. Resist, then, that fatalism with which men are often smitten when they go astray, and which leads them in despair to think that once they have gone wrong, they must of necessity involve themselves deeper and deeper, till irrecoverably lost. The struggle may not be sufficient to place you at once on the vantage-ground you originally occupied; but if you can stop short when about to commit even one sin, grace may be given you to regain more than your former ground by Him who knows your weakness.

One of the best preservatives against temptation is active religious duty. "An idle brain is the devil's workshop;" and although, from your business-engagements, you may have little time at your disposal, yet, that little improperly disposed of may cause your ruin. Choose out for yourself a faithful pastor, and *statedly* attend on his ministrations. A common and pernicious habit amongst young men is to wander about from church to church, running after every stranger that comes to town—a practice which may gratify a passion for novelty, but which, by exciting the mind to an undue degree, will tend seriously to

incapacitate it from deriving benefit from the stated and ordinary ministrations of the Word. No tree could grow if transplanted frequently from one soil to another; and so no one need expect much good from a ministry which he attends only at irregular intervals. Next procure suitable introductions to your minister, or some of the lay office-bearers of the congregation, and volunteer your services as a collector, visitor, or Sabbath-school teacher. If you are disqualified, or rather think yourself so—for disqualifications generally resolve themselves into want of will or want of perseverance—let not that discourage you. Such offices are of a reactive character; they bless the labourer as well as those among whom he labours. Set about qualifying yourself; no soldier ever repented of depriving his sword of its rust, and no Christian soldier ever tried to qualify himself for service in his Master's cause without being a wiser and better man for the attempt.

Leisure Time.—You are a rational being, and after the labour of a toilsome day is over, you cannot, like a dog, lie down to sleep. The limbs may be wearied, and the mind may, in some degree, partake of the debility of the bodily frame; but still, as the immortal part, it will have some congenial exercise; and this desire for stimulus will carry the poor illiterate man to the ale-house, there to drown, in dissipation, mental appetites which were given him for higher and holier purposes. Those cravings are to be gratified; but, of course, only with food convenient. Make yourself acquainted with pious, intelligent young men, of similar habits and connections. God never leaves himself without witnesses; and such persons are to be found in all places. But beware of making your chief relaxation consist entirely in company of any kind; for such dependence has laid the foundation of those habits of resorting to taverns, theatres, and other places of amusement of the most dangerous description. The heathen king who desired his son to spend an hour by himself every day, knew human nature well; and it were desirable if, even in our own enlightened day, many who pass for wise men would follow the example. Self-occupation may be obtained, by reflection and by reading; and these should systematically be resorted to, otherwise our dependence for happiness on society may lead to mental deterioration, and, as we have already hinted, to something worse, in the shape of tempting us when deprived of society in comparatively pure quarters, to seek it in places of a tainted complexion. This exercise of individuality has, by many, been felt to be difficult discipline; but perseverance will make it easy and profitable; and even although imperfectly obtained, the habits of self-control that will be fostered by the effort, will be of no small advantage. Dr Johnson, in his own luminous way, has explained the secret of the fascination of dramatic entertainments, namely, that they please the spectator, without putting him to any trouble or exertion. Now, most public occupations which are dangerous, either in kind or degree, will, on analysis, be found to owe their pleasurable character to this cause. The votary of pleasure resigns himself entirely to the operation of external influence, and sluggish and inert in himself, that influence eventually comes to require blandishments of every kind, in order to excite a palled appetite. Whereas a mind tutored to self-dependence, can avail itself occasionally of social intercourse, without being so far its slave as to require its exercise in objectionable forms.

The vast portions of the domain of Knowledge, accessible to the shop-boy as well as to the peer, shuts every one out from the excuse that he knows not how to occupy his time. In the single department of religious literature, there is as much as might occupy a lifetime, instead of the mere hours that the shopman or clerk can command. There are the Narratives of Williams, Duff, Campbell, Moffat, Bonar, and M'Cheyne—all glowing with the romance of missionary enterprise;—the masculine pages of M'Crie, and the noble library of Christian biography, beginning with the morning stars of the Reformation, and ending with the Halleys and M'Cheynes of our day. Or, stepping into the domains of Science, the heavens are open to your gaze, no gates enclose the shells that the blue sea sends to the beach, and no walls enclose the flowers that bloom on the mountain side; the great museum of fossils lies in that earth as patent to you as to the working man of Cromarty, whose name is now of European fame; a few shillings will enable you to track the discoveries of Davy in chemistry, and pence will put you in possession of the historians of the world. Not that you can all attain to the eminence of these men, but you may derive, to the extent of your capacities, the same pleasure and instruction. No young man of a rightly-constituted mind can therefore complain of lack of occupation; and if he will but patiently make the experiment, he will find that there is an exhilaration in such pursuits, and a purity and elevation of thought of which those who tarry at the wine, and otherwise indulge within forbidden limits, have not the slightest conception. But let not the study of the works supersede your attention to the Word of God. The world is full of pits and quagmires at best, and the only unerring guide for either peasant or philosopher is, that heavenly record which God has sent to be a "light to our feet, and a lamp to our path."

COMFORT AND COUNSEL FOR THE WIDOW.

A Letter written by the late Rev. John Brown of Haddington, whose praise is in all the Churches, to the Widow of a Clergyman, and found among her papers after her death.

Dear Sister,—I desire to sympathize with you, under the sharp stroke you have met with. To be just married to a religious and affectionate husband, and he dragged away by death so soon, is extremely stinging to a young heart like yours. How far you, by putting him in God's room, as an idol in your heart, have provoked God to deal thus bitterly with you, I know not; but sure I am righteous is the Lord, and righteous are his judgments. It is your duty, therefore, now to study resignation to God's will. "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good," should

be the language of your soul. However bitter your cup seem, there is more of mercy than judgment in it. It is a mercy you have reason to hope your husband is gone to Jesus Christ, which is far better. It is a mercy that, by your early widowhood, you are only fallen into the hands of a gracious God, who hath connected himself so closely with the widow and fatherless. I am sure if you get grace to improve that, the time cometh in which you'll see that it was good for you to be thus early, thus sharply afflicted. Perhaps, my afflicted friend, the death of a father did not drive you to Jesus, as it ought to have done. Now, God is hedging up your way with thorns, that you may not overtake your idols, by rendering you a young widow, as well as a young fatherless woman. Oh! lay to heart these strokes, and cry that it may be good for you to bear the yoke in your youth. Let me recommend to your serious perusal and firm confidence of faith these texts:—Ps. lxviii. 5, cxlvi. 9; Deut. x. 18; Prov. xv. 15; Jer. xlix. 11; 1 Tim. v. 5; Isa. liv. 5, 6. Charity bids me hope that you were deeply concerned to be first married to Jesus Christ, ere you were married to Mr ——; but O try that point well! Oh! they are unhappy widows that have none but Satan or lusts to fill the room of a departed husband in their heart; but thrice happy they who, when an husband is dead, can say, on solid grounds: "I know that my Redeemer liveth." O let Jesus now have all your love—all your trust! Verily, it shall be well with them that fear God. Methinks your husband, in a manner, yet speaketh to you: O woman, let Jesus Christ get now my place in your heart; and never let me see you in this eternal state, but in Jesus' arms. Make him even now your husband, your comforter, your portion, and your all in all. Thus, my dear young friend, from one who knows the heart of a stranger.—Yours affectionately,

JOHN BROWN.

Haddington, October 28, 1776.

PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE REFERRED TO IN MR BROWN'S LETTER.

"A father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widows, is God in his holy habitation."—Ps. lxviii. 5.

"The Lord preserveth the strangers; he relieveth the fatherless and widow: but the way of the wicked he turneth upside down."—Ps. cxlvi. 9.

"He doth execute the judgment of the fatherless and widow, and loveth the stranger, in giving him food and raiment."—Deut. x. 18.

"All the days of the afflicted are evil: but he that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast."—Prov. xv. 15.

"Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me."—Jer. xlix. 11.

"Now she that is a widow indeed, and desolate, trusteth in God, and continueth in supplications and prayers night and day."—1 Tim. v. 5.

"For thy Maker is thine husband; the Lord of hosts is his name; and thy Redeemer the Holy One of Israel; The God of the whole earth shall he be called. For the Lord hath called thee as a woman forsaken and grieved in spirit, and a wife of youth, when thou wast refused, saith thy God."—Isa. liv. 5, 6.

Column for the Young.

PARABLE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

A FATHER, accompanied by twin sons, was going along a road, which was narrow and slippery, strewed with stones, over-run with briers, and lying between two precipices. The parent walked a few steps in advance of his boys, and encouraged them by words and gestures to follow his steps; but they were so frightened at the sight of the danger, that they entreated him to lead them by the hand. He stopped for that purpose. One of them then took hold of his father's hand, while the other *let his father take hold* of his. The first twined his young fingers around the large brawny fingures of his guide, while the second directed his grateful eyes towards his parent, who took a firm grasp of him, and both walked in this manner for a while with considerable confidence.

Ere long, however, the road became narrower—the stones became more numerous and sharp—the briers more luxuriant and prickly—the precipices were so steep that the eye was frightened to look down, and turned away with terror; and so the steps of the travellers were more and more staggering, and the danger imminent. The road they had to travel was still long; one false step might hurl them into the abyss below, while they had to take thousands of them ere they could reach the end of their journey.

In this alarming position, one of the two children felt the necessity of clinging more firmly to the hand of his father. His weak and little fingers grasped it with vigour and tenacity. His brother, on the other hand, recollecting that it was not he who had taken hold of this powerful hand, but this powerful hand which had taken hold of his, walked along with perfect confidence, knowing well that he could not fall, or that if he should stumble, a strength superior to his would raise him up again. In this manner the two boys, of exactly the same age and condition, walked along; the one at the right, the other at the left, of their common father; the one trembling, the other full of confidence; the one dreading every moment that his foot might slide, or his hand slip the hold; the other watching his steps, looking to his hand, but assured of the correctness and stability of both, because the power that supported was independent of, and superior to, his own weakness. Now let us follow them in their journey, without remarking any further distinctions between the boys.

The slippery and dangerous path along which they had to travel continued diminishing its breadth into a narrow ledge, until the children, already worn out with fatigue, knew not where to plant their footsteps, when, dreadful to relate, both of them at once stumbled and hung over the steep abyss. Both were in a moment paralysed with horror at the sight, and with terror at the thought of their perilous situation. But, alas! their fate was very different; the one fell into the bottomless gulf beneath him—the other was suspended in the hand, and raised immediately by the manly strength of his father.

Now, reader, I ask, which of the two was it that perished, and which was saved?—whether the one who quitted hold of his father's hand, or the one who depended wholly on it? You can easily determine. I may only add, that this parable represents those two classes of men, of whom the one pretends, if not to save themselves, at least to have made themselves the first advance in the way of salvation; whilst the others acknowledge that it is God, who comes first to seek and save them. Perhaps their last words may help to show you where the truth lies.—*United Secession Magazine.*

THE DANGER OF DELAY.

EARLY set forth on your eternal race;
Th' ascent is steep and craggy; you must climb;
God, at all times, has promised sinners grace,
If they repent; but he ne'er promised time.

Cheat not yourselves, as most, who *then* prepare
For Death, when life is almost turn'd to fume;
One thief was saved, that no man need despair,
And but one thief, that no one might presume.

DELAUNE.

A FERVENT SPIRIT.

A FERVENT spirit is an affectionate spirit. It is one which cries "Abba, Father." It is full of confidence and love. Peter had a fervent spirit; but it would be hard to say whether most of his fervour flowed through the outlet of adoration or activity. You remember with what a burst of praise his First Epistle begins, and how soon he passes on to practical matters: "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which, according to his abundant mercy, hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away." "Wherefore laying aside all malice, and all guile and hypocrisies, and all evil speakings, as new-born babes, desire the sincere milk of the Word, that ye may grow thereby." "Likewise, ye wives, be in subjection to your own husbands." "The elders which are among you I exhort, who am also an elder." And as in his Epistle, so in his living character. His full heart put force and promptitude into every movement. Is his Master encompassed by fierce ruffians?—Peter's ardour flashes in his ready sword, and converts the Galilean boatman into the soldier instanteous. Is there a rumour of a resurrection from Joseph's tomb?—John's nimbler foot distances his older friend; but Peter's eagerness outruns the serener love of John, and past the gazing disciple he bolts breathless into the vacant sepulchre. Is the risen Saviour on the strand?—His comrades secure the net, and turn the vessel's head for shore; but Peter plunges over the vessel's side, and, struggling through the waves, in his dripping coat falls down at his Master's feet. Does Jesus say: "Bring of the fish ye have caught?"—Ere any one could anticipate the word, Peter's brawny arm is lugging the weltering net with its glittering spoil ashore; and every eager movement unwittingly is answering beforehand the question of his Lord: "Simon, lovest thou me?" And that fervour is the best which, like Peter's, and as occasion requires, can ascend in ecstatic ascriptions of adoration and praise, or follow Christ to prison and to death; which can concentrate itself on feats of heroic devotion, or distribute itself in the affectionate assiduities of a miscellaneous industry.—*Hamilton's Life in Earnest.*

ROBERT HALL ON SABBATH EVENING SERMONS.

IN 1819, it was Mr Hall's custom to preach on the morning and afternoon of the Lord's day, but to have no service in his meeting-house in the evening. In 1823, he had substituted an evening service in place of that in the afternoon, having still, however, only two services in the day. When I visited him in the former of these years, he happened to mention that some of his people had expressed their regret that they had not had three services, as they had had two ministers. He then inquired whether I was accustomed to preach three times on the Lord's-day at home. I informed him that there was an evening sermon kept up by four or five of the ministers in the town where I resided; that I preached once a month or so in my turn; but that I did not preach regularly three times, conceiving that it would be too much for my strength, and by no means conducive to the edification of my people. This last remark drew from Mr Hall the following observations, which were uttered with his characteristic rapidity and decision: "I would have no objection, Sir, to unite with others in keeping up one evening sermon for the whole town. But I am quite of your opinion as to the pernicious effect of having evening sermon constantly in the same congregation. It is a practice which wastes the strength, and shortens the lives, of the most valuable of our ministers. And by compelling ministers to preach without proper preparation, it introduces a declamatory and superficial mode of handling divine truth. It serves, too, to make sermons a mere drug. When the people hear them in such abundance, they care nothing about them. Besides, Sir, it leads them to neglect personal and domestic religion."—*Dr Balmer's Reminiscences of Robert Hall.*

LINES INSCRIBED ON AN OLD TOMBSTONE IN HOWNAM CHURCH-YARD, ROXBURGHSHIRE.

LIFE is short,
And DEATH is sure;
SIN'S the wound,
And CHRIST'S the cure!

Anecdote.

JOHN WILLIAMS AND THE CABMAN.—Not long before Mr Williams' second departure for the South Seas, he had been attending a public meeting a few miles from town; and being obliged to return that night, a fly had been ordered to take him home. As the journey was rather long for so late an hour, he intended to have given the owner of the vehicle some extra remuneration. But to his great surprise, when he alighted at his door and inquired the fare, the poor man replied: "O Sir, I shall take nothing from you. I have been to the meeting to-night and heard you speak, and I think it an honour to have had you in my fly." Most gratifying, however, as this was, Mr Williams would by no means consent to deprive the driver of his well-earned reward; and he, therefore, pressed him to receive payment. But it was in vain. When the money was held out, he fell back; and, as Mr Williams followed him, still holding his purse, to escape any further importunity, he sprung upon his box, and, again saying that he had been well paid by what he heard, he smacked his whip, and drove off, leaving Mr Williams standing near his house, smiling, but almost disposed to weep, at this delightful evidence that "the common people heard him gladly."—*Prout's Life of Williams.*

Fragments.

SACRAMENTS NOT NECESSARILY SAVING.—All receive not the grace of God who receive the sacraments of his grace.—*Hooker.*

WEALTH, A NEGATIVE GOOD.—Riches exclude only one inconvenience; that is, poverty.—*Dr Johnson.*

BITTER WORDS.—There is only the difference of a single letter between "words" and "swords."

ZEAL WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE.—Zeal without knowledge is like haste to a man in the dark.—*Newton.*

Generally, where there is least light, there is most heat.—*Pole.*

Daily Bread.

FRIDAY.

"When I said, My foot slippeth; thy mercy, O Lord, held me up."—Ps. xciv. 18.

Help, Lord, to whom for help I fly,
And still my tempted soul stand by
Throughout the evil day:
The sacred watchfulness impart,
And keep the issues of my heart,
And stir me up to pray.

The Christian improves by trial; and is so far from being damaged, that he is benefited by it, in so far as it discovers what hold the soul has of Christ, and what hold Christ has of the soul. And as the wind in the bellows which would blow out the candle, blows up the fire; even so it often comes to pass, that such temptations do enliven the true Christian, awakening the graces of the Spirit in him, and, by that means, discovers both the reality and the strength of grace in him.—*Boston.*

SATURDAY.

"Open thy mouth wide."—Ps. lxxxi. 10.

Thou art coming to a King;
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

We should expect more from a prince than from a pauper. Many have benevolence without resources; and in vain we address them: they may grieve to deny us, but they cannot relieve. When the woman cried, "Help, O king!" he said, "Whence should I help thee?" But we kneel before one whose greatness is unsearchable—who is Lord of all. His giving a world would be less than our giving a crumb of bread. When Alexander had bestowed a very valuable present on a poor man, his modesty would have declined it. "It is too much," said he, "for me to receive"—"But," said the conqueror, "it is not too much for me to give." God gives like himself; and he is to be addressed in character with himself.—*Jay.*

SABBATH.

"The voice said, Cry. And he said, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass."—Isa. xl. 6.

Oh! what numbers, gay and blithe,
Fall by Death's unsparing scythe,
While they think the world their own,
Suddenly he mows them down!

What if this be the last Sabbath that ever I will see on earth? I may be called to die before I be called to hear another offer of Christ. Have I sitten the Gospel summons this Sabbath, to come and embrace Christ, or to surrender my heart to him? What if I get a summons by Death to come and appear before him, before the next Sabbath? This I cannot sit. Death is a bold messenger; he cannot be deforced. When he comes and takes a man by the throat, the proudest, stoutest, and strongest in the world, must go, whether willing or unwilling; all is one. There are many in the world at the church, in health this Sabbath, who will be on a death-bed or in eternity the next; and why may not I be one of them?—*Willison.*

MONDAY.

"If we suffer, we shall also reign with him."—2 Tim. ii. 12.

Thy every suffering servant, Lord,
Shall as his perfect Master be;
To all thy inward life restored,
And outwardly conformed to thee:
Out of thy grave the saint shall rise,
And grass through death, the glorious prize.

Suffering ill for doing well you may think hard of, but must not think strange of; your Master is beforehand with you in his sufferings, and will not be behindhand with you in his recompenses; your journey may be tedious, and your voyage perilous, but hold out with faith and patience, you will be at home shortly, and one hour in heaven will make amends for all.—*Henry.*

TUESDAY.

"Love one another."—John xv. 17.

Hence may all our actions flow;
Love the proof that Christ we know;
Mutual love the token be,
Lord, that we belong to thee:
Love, thine image, love impart!
Stamp it on our face and heart!

Oh! consider what a dishonour it is to the Gospel, that those that profess themselves sons of the same God, members of the same Christ, temples of the same Spirit, heirs of the same glory, should be jarring one with another. It is strange and unnatural, that they who are saints in profession should be devils in practice one to another—that God's diamonds should cut one another! For wolves to devour the lambs is no wonder, but for lambs to devour one another is a wonder, and monstrous.—*Dyer.*

WEDNESDAY.

"It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth him good."—1 Sam. iii. 18.

O Lord, my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

O what wisdom is it to believe and not to dispute; to submit our thoughts to God's court, and not to repine at any acts of his justice! It is impossible to be submissive, if we stay our thoughts down among the confused rollings and wheels of second causes, as—"O the place! O the time! O if this had been, this had not followed! O the linking of this accident with this time and place!" Look up to the master motion and the first wheel; see and read the decree of Heaven and the Creator of men. "How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!"—*Rutherford.*

THURSDAY.

"Every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it."—John xv. 2.

The wicked I perhaps may leave
A while, and not reprove;
But all the children I receive
I scourge, because I love.

I see your hearts at present filled
With grief and deep distress;
But soon these bitter seeds shall yield
The fruits of righteousness.

A Christian, for the sweet fruit he bears to God and men, is compared to the noblest of all plants—the vine. Now, as the most generous vine, if it be not pruned, runs out into many superfluous stems, and grows at last weak and fruitless, so does the best man, if he be not cut short of his desires and pruned with afflictions. If it be painful to bleed, it is worse to wither. Let me be pruned that I may grow, rather than cut up to burn.—*Bishop Hall.*

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ON THE MINUTE CARE OF DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

BY THE REV. JOHN ROXBURGH, DUNDEE.

SECOND ARTICLE.

If the views already presented have not sufficed to remove any doubt or uncertainty on the subject under consideration, there is another illustration, level to every capacity, and which I conceive must prove satisfactory to every mind. What we are contending for, is a Providence that embraces all objects and interests, even the most minute and apparently most trivial, against those who would limit the care of God to great actions and events. These last, every one who allows God to take care of anything, must believe to be under his direction; but if so, then does it follow, of necessity, that the former also are comprised in the divine plan, and fall out according to the divine intention. This is a consequence of the fact, that nothing in the universe stands alone, but all events are so interwoven and interlaced, that those of the greatest moment are often determined by others which, in our estimation, are the most unworthy of regard. This mutual connection of great things with small is so intimate, and so pervades the whole constitution of nature and scheme of Providence, that could we suppose any one circumstance left to chance or fortune, it might involve other circumstances that would change the entire course of human affairs. An alteration in one of the parts might affect the general design; just as in some complicated piece of machinery, if the slightest part is disturbed, the whole is endangered; or as in a building, the removal of one of the pillars, or of a stone in one of the arches, may reduce the splendid fabric to ruins. The wellbeing, for example, and even the independent existence, of a nation, may depend on a single victory; and this again on a gale favouring their fleets and armies, and scattering the forces of their enemies. The progress of a destructive pestilence, that shall lay whole continents under contribution, may be affected by the direction of the winds, and the amount of poisonous vapour that exhales from the ground. The life of one man might have been spared, had the tower or tree that slew him in its fall been ever so little stronger or weaker, so that it should have crumbled but a moment sooner or later. The life of another, who shall influence the destinies of a kingdom to the remotest posterity, might have been taken away, had the weapon that was aimed at him received a difference of direction even by a hair's-breadth. Indeed, it is impossible to calculate the innumerable and momentous consequences that often follow from what we term the merest accidents—from a sudden thought or an inadvertent word—from the giddy carelessness of one person, or the humour and caprice of another. Hence, if it be admitted that the rise and fall of empires, the lives and deaths, the successes and distresses of mankind, are under a Divine Providence, so must it be believed likewise that the care of God reaches to all the numberless circumstances and minute causes by which these are so often determined. Every particle that floats in the air, its magnitude and motion, must be directed by infinite wisdom. Not a wind that blows but receives from him its commission; nor the slightest incident throughout immensity but is under his cognizance. The crawling of an insect, the tossing of a feather, the stirring of an atom, are not beneath the notice of Him who watches and cares for all—and that just *because* he watches and cares for all, and is everywhere present and everywhere observant—pervading and co-existing with all things he has created. And thus is it not only scripturally but philosophically true, that he feeds the young ravens when they cry, and arrays in beauty the lilies of the field; that of two sparrows that are sold for a farthing, not one falleth to the ground without his permission and appointment, and that the hairs of our head are all numbered.

This view of Divine Providence is beautifully exemplified in the history of the patriarch Joseph. Herein we are enabled to perceive, by the light of revelation, the design of God, and the methods employed for its fulfilment: we mark the end that was to be accomplished, and how all the subordinate causes were rendered subservient and conducive to the issue. The end in view was none other than the preservation of a distinct people, who should be the depositaries of revealed truth; from whom the Saviour should arise, and the blessings of religion be diffused over the habitable globe. For this purpose did God raise up the patriarch, with endowments and dispositions singularly qualifying him for the work he had to perform, and sent him before his family to preserve life. He suffered him to be thrown into circumstances of the utmost peril, from which he was rescued by the most unforeseen interference; till, by a succession of dangers and escapes, he was advanced to a station of wealth and influence which enabled him to repay with signal kindness the unnatural behaviour of his brethren. Now, had one single step in the progress of this wonderful story been omitted, is it too much to say that the destinies, not of the Jews only, but of mankind, might have been deeply affected? Had Joseph been slain by his brethren, according to their first intention, instead of

being sold to the Ishmaelite merchants—had he yielded to the seductions to which he was exposed in the house of Potiphar—had he not found favour in the sight of the keeper of the prison—had not the butler and baker been imprisoned along with him, so as to afford occasion of proving his skill in the interpretation of dreams—had not the famine brought the sons of Jacob into Egypt to buy corn—had not the cup been found in the sack of Benjamin—had any, the least, of these circumstances fallen out otherwise than it did, the whole fortunes of the Israelites would have been changed; the progress of true religion might have received another direction, and the present aspect of the world been altogether different. Hence we gather that the divine wisdom which concerns itself about the end, concerns itself about the means also; and is still exercised in regard to the minutest events that arise, and the slightest incident that affects the character or interest of his children.

This doctrine is further confirmed, not only from the whole tenor of the Scriptures, but especially from the fact of miracles and prophecy. These prove that the universe is subject to divine authority and direction, and is abandoned neither to chance and necessity, nor to the established course of natural causes. They prove that God *does* interpose in the affairs of the world; that he sees the end from the beginning, and determines the times before appointed; and that, through all revolutions and ages, his counsel shall stand, and he will do all his pleasure. Look, for example, to the many minute and circumstantial predictions connected with the death of Christ; such as being betrayed by his friend and companion —forsaken by kindred and acquaintance—having his garments parted, and lots cast upon his vesture—his tongue cleaving to his jaws, and in his thirst receiving vinegar to drink—not a bone of him being broken—their looking on him whom they pierced—being numbered with transgressors, or, as it may be rendered, with criminals or malefactors—making his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death. How minutely were these small circumstances foretold ages before they happened! Then how exactly and punctually accomplished! And lastly, in how apparently casual and accidental a manner was the accomplishment effected!—not by supernatural interposition, but by ordinary occurrences, and a combination of ordinary means. It never occurred to the agents, that they were performing what had been the subject of prophecy centuries before. They never dreamed that they were the instruments in the hand of a wise and steady Providence, who so over-ruled their volitions and actions as to forward the execution of his gracious purposes in the redemption of his people; and yet the circumstances apparently most fortuitous, all came within the scope of divine foreknowledge and divine foreordination. All of them were foreseen and predetermined by infinite wisdom, even that wisdom which is still engaged about the most inconsiderable event that affects the humblest of mankind, and the purposes and arrangements of which, therefore, as they are unfolded in the movements of Providence, it is our duty devoutly to trace.

From this subject we may derive this important practical lesson, that we should look beyond all second and subordinate causes, and contemplate the hand of God in the various events of life. All things are under his absolute disposal, and are comprised in that plan of infinite wisdom and goodness which embraces the fortunes and interests of the boundless universe. Let us learn, therefore, in the midst of apparent irregularity, devoutly to trace the operation of Him who brings light out of darkness, and order out of confusion; that so we may form our temper to an implicit submission to his will, and may beget within ourselves a cheerful resignation to all the methods of his providence, in his dealings with the children of men. O what a powerful antidote should we possess against all the sorrows and distresses of life, did we thus satisfy ourselves that our interests are in his hand, and that nothing happens to us but by the permission of Him who always knows and wills what is best! How contented should we then be to have our fondest desires counteracted, and our most cherished expectations disappointed! How would it restrain our irascible affections to think that the violence of enemies, and the ingratitude of friends, can inflict upon us no injustice but what our heavenly Father sees it good for us to suffer! How would it subdue all pride in our own skill and wisdom, to refer our successes to his over-ruling providence! And how would this cheerful reliance on his faithfulness, and this full assurance of his goodness, prevent the peevish dispositions, the corroding cares, and disquieting fears which haunt the mind of him who ascribes his adversity or prosperity to nothing higher than his own abilities, or the conduct of his fellow-men, and who has no other refuge to flee to for comfort and protection! "Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what you shall eat, or what you shall drink, or wherewithal you shall be clothed. Behold the fowls of the air: they sow not, neither do they reap; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Consider the lilies of the field: they toil not, neither do they spin; yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, shall he not much more care for you, O ye of little faith?"

This reflection is especially replete with consolation and encouragement to the righteous. In their case, we know the end which divine wisdom has in view—even the salvation of their souls; and to this end, we may be assured, are all the troubles and trials of life made subservient. Are they bereaved of those that were

near and dear to their affections? This is a merciful dispensation, designed to fix their regards more ardently upon Him who is better than many children—the strength of their heart, and their portion for ever. Are they suffered to fall into persecution and distress? This is intended to try their faith and exercise their patience, and to engage them in more earnest longings for that heavenly state where all their wrongs shall be redressed, and their enjoyment be undisturbed for ever. Are they tempted by sinful suggestions, and the malicious insinuations of the devil? This also may be meant to make them feel more powerfully their dependence on the love and favour of their Redeemer, and to train them to a firmer confidence in the mercy of God, in whom alone is their hope and security. Over *them* are the wings of his providence outstretched, and not the slightest accident can befall them but by his permission and appointment. He hears their cry of sorrow, and tells all their wanderings, and treasures their tears in his bottles. And dark and painful as his dispensations now appear, yet when their purified spirits see by the light of a blessed eternity, and are enabled to look back on all the way by which they have been led, they shall find that not an evil that happened to them but, viewed in its consequences, was unmixed and unalloyed good.

But this consideration, which is so comfortable to the righteous, is full of terror to the wicked. Let them not imagine that they can hide their sins from God, or elude his observation. Whither can you go from his presence? whither escape from his Spirit? Do you think that silence and obscurity can conceal you from his eye, and that the omniscient glance of the God of heaven will not detect your privacy, and lay open all your crimes? Ah, no! You may possibly impose on men by your deceitful pretences. You may flee from the disgrace and punishment with which they would pursue your vices. You may reserve the indulgence of your lusts for some dark retreat and the silent hour of midnight; while, in the open view of the world, you study an appearance of uprightness, and sobriety, and chastity. But be not deceived; God is not mocked. His eyes are everywhere, beholding the evil and the good. He follows you through all the windings of your hollow-hearted hypocrisy. He marks your progress in the crooked paths of self-deceit and imposture. There is not a passion secretly gratified, there is not a wicked action performed, there is not an impure fancy starts up in your imagination, but, lo! he knows it altogether. In the hour of sensual pleasure, when the noise of riot ascends to heaven, when the head is crowned with flowers, and the wine mantles in the cup—in the haunts of licentiousness, where the voluptuary seeks to cover his shame from the notice of the world—there is a formidable witness in your company, with whose presence you would willingly dispense. The judge of your actions, the punisher of vice, is there; and though he does not at once launch his thunderbolts to requite your provocations, he as truly hears what you say, and sees what you do, as if he stood by you in a visible form, to record, with a pen of light, every item of your guilt in the book of his remembrance. Let this reflection stop the current of your diversions, and imbitter the intoxicating cup of vicious pleasure. Let it overwhelm you with remorse and confusion, at the thought of the insult you offer to the Majesty of heaven, by daring to practise your pollutions in his venerable presence. Or if even this fail to keep you from the perpetration of what is base and disgraceful, yet remember that for all these things God will bring you to judgment. There is a day of accounts to come, and a dread tribunal before which all must stand. Then shall our disguises and dissemblings avail us no longer. The curtain that conceals the underplot of life shall be lifted up—the real character shall be uncovered to the view of all; and God, who now seeth in secret, shall reward and punish openly. "I saw (says St John, in the Apocalypse)—I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away, and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened, and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. And whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life, was cast into the lake of fire.'

A VIEW OF HEAVEN,

BEING A PASSAGE IN THE EXPERIENCE OF JOHN FLAVEL.

John Flavel was one of the many distinguished ministers of Christ who flourished in England during the seventeenth century. His ministry was much blessed during his life; and "though dead, he yet speaketh" in the many religious works which he left behind him, and which have been as springs of refreshing water to the souls of many of God's people. He is, indeed, one of the most illustrious of our practical writers. He appears to have been a man whose soul was very full of the love of God, who had singularly realizing views of spiritual things, and who was enabled, through grace, to attain to a sweet and abiding assurance of an interest in Christ, and all the gifts of his purchase. The following remarkable experience, which occurs in one of his works, and which is evidently personal, gives some idea of the overflowing of his joy, and of the blessedness of his intercourse with heaven:—

"I have with good assurance this account of a minister, who being alone in a journey, and willing to make the best improvement he could of that day's solitude, set himself to a close examination of the state of his soul, and then of the life to come, and the manner of its being and living in heaven, in the views of all those things which are now pure objects

of faith and hope. After a while he perceived his thoughts begin to fix, and come closer to these great and astonishing things than was usual; and, as his mind settled upon them, his affections began to rise with answerable liveliness and vigour; he therefore (whilst he was yet master of his own thoughts) lifted up his heart to God, in a short ejaculation, that God would so order it in his providence, that he might meet with no interruption from company, or any other accident in that journey; which was granted him; for, in all that day's journey, he neither met, overtook, or was overtaken by any. Thus going on his way, his thoughts began to swell, and rise higher and higher, like the waters in Ezekiel's vision, till at last they became an overflowing flood. Such was the attention of his mind, such the ravishing tastes of heavenly joys, and such the full assurance of his interest therein, that he utterly lost the sight and sense of this world, and all the concerns thereof, and for some hours knew no more where he was than if he had been in a deep sleep upon his bed; at last he began to perceive himself very faint, and almost choked with blood, which, running in abundance from his nose, had discoloured his clothes, and his horse from the shoulder to the hoof. He found himself almost spent, and nature to faint under the pressure of joy unspeakable and unsupportable; and at last, perceiving a spring of water in his way, he with some difficulty alighted, to cleanse and cool his face and hands, which were drenched in blood, tears, and sweat. By that spring he sat down, and washed, earnestly desiring, if it were the pleasure of God, that it might be his parting place from this world. He said, Death had the most amiable face in his eye that ever he beheld, except the face of Jesus Christ, which made it so; and that he could not remember (though he believed he should die there) that he had one thought of his dear wife or children, or any other earthly concernment. But having drunk of that spring, his spirit revived, the blood staunched, and he mounted his horse again; and on he went in the same frame of spirit, till he had finished a journey of near thirty miles, and came at night to his inn; where being come, he greatly admired how he came thither—that his horse, without his direction, had brought him thither, and that he fell not all that day, which passed not without several trances of considerable continuance. Being alighted, the inn-keeper came to him, with some astonishment (being acquainted with him formerly). 'O, Sir,' said he, 'what's the matter with you? you look like a dead man.' 'Friend,' replied he, 'I was never better in my life. Show me my chamber; cause my cloak to be cleansed; burn me a little wine, and that is all I desire of you at present.' Accordingly it was done, and a supper sent up, which he could not touch; but requested of the people they would not trouble or disturb him for that night. All this night passed without one wink of sleep, though he had never a sweeter night's rest in all his life. Still, still, the joy of the Lord overflowed him, and he seemed to be an inhabitant of the other world. The next morning being come, he was early on horseback, fearing the divertisements in the inn might bereave him of his joy; for he said, it was now with him as with a man that carries a rich treasure about him, who suspects every passenger to be a thief. But within a few hours he was sensible of the ebbing of the tide; and, before night, though there was a heavenly serenity, and sweet peace upon his spirit, which continued long with him, yet the transports of joy were over. He many years after called that day one of the days of heaven; and professed he understood more of the life of heaven by it than by all the books he ever read, or discourses he ever entertained about it."

THE JESUITS.

BY THE REV. THOMAS M'CRIE, EDINBURGH.

IGNATIUS LOYOLA.

I PROPOSE, in these papers, to give an account of the most remarkable sect that ever appeared in the religious or political world—the Jesuits—a sect now more than three hundred years old—a sect which, though it sprung out of the bosom of the Roman Church, and is indeed the very quintessence of Popery, has been frequently condemned by the Pope, and as often welcomed back to his arms—which has been alternately hailed as a blessing, and hunted down as a curse, in every country to which it came—which has been proscribed by the laws of all nations, and has yet effected a settlement in every one of them—which has not only spread over Europe, but penetrated into the wilds of Africa, scaled the wall of China, braved the sunburnt plains of India and the sunless shores of Lapland, and flourished amidst the priest-ridden States of Southern, and the democratic States of Northern, America—a sect possessing the most perfect organization, having all the discipline of an army, with the secrecy of a midnight cabal—all the sacredness of the monastery, with the activity of a secular corporation—a sect which, like "the spiritual wickednesses in high places," is at work everywhere, without being visible anywhere—a sect which seeks, as its chief end, its own aggrandizement, by entwining itself with the whole framework of society, monopolizing the education of youth, the guidance of men's consciences, and the control of national councils—which has numbered among its members some of the profoundest statesmen and philosophers that ever guided, and some of the most precious miscreants that ever infested, mankind; and which, after having been driven from Britain, and placed under the ban of every law, civil and ecclesiastical, has, within these few years, risen up like an exhalation at our feet, and now threatens to overspread the land.

The history of such a sect must be as curious as it is instructive. Mankind would need to know something about it, even for their own safety. And yet this is one of those topics on which the world's instructors dare not speak out. The sect has called itself religious, and, therefore, to expose its enormities would be called bigotry. The felon, convicted of rapine, lust, murder, and every crime, has taken refuge in the bosom of the Church, and laid hold of the horns of the altar; he must not, therefore, be dragged forth to the light to receive his deserts. In vain do we look for any genuine account of the Jesuits in our repositories of useful knowledge, or information for the people. Oh, no; if such a person as John Knox has been charged with murder, on the faith of a fly-leaf, though in the face of all history, common sense, and honourable feeling, the fictitious story may be paraded at full length in our popular journals; the man is in his grave, and cannot resent it; his friends may repel it, but of course their defence cannot be admitted into the journal which retailed the slander.

But to say a word against the Jesuits, the patrons of murder, would be high treason against the liberality of the age. It is only in such a periodical as this that the truth can be told. Now, then, without further preface, for our wondrous tale.

The founder of the order of the Jesuits was Ignatius Loyola, a person so extraordinary, in his own way, and who stamped so much of his own image on the Society of which he was the parent, that we cannot commence our sketch more appropriately than by giving a brief history of his life. Don Inigo, generally called Ignatius Loyola, was born at Guipuscoa in Spain, in the year 1491. In early youth he was brought up amidst the splendour of the court of Ferdinand of Spain; during which period, according to the admission of his own disciples, who have written his Life,* the ruling passions of his mind were vanity and ambition. His time and attention appear to have been about equally divided between debaucheries and military exploits. In the year 1521, being then thirty years of age, while defending Pampeluna, which was besieged by the French, his right leg was broken, and having been unskilfully treated by the surgeon who first attempted to set it, he submitted, with the utmost resolution, to another operation, which was attended with the most excruciating anguish. During the confinement which followed, he manifested the first symptoms of that strange medley of military and romantic devotion for which he afterwards became so distinguished. He declared that Peter, the prince of the apostles, appeared to him in a vision by night, and assured him of his recovery. But personal vanity held, as yet, the ascendency even over superstition. An awkward splinter, which protruded through the skin, and would have marred his fair proportions, he ordered to be sawed off; and finding the wounded leg inclined to shrink, he made himself be stretched for several days on the rack, till it was drawn out to its former length. To relieve the lassitude of his confinement, and in the absence of other romances, he was fain to content himself with reading the legends of the saints, written in a style almost as romantic as those of the knights-errant, whose achievements had formerly so much delighted him. This led to what his admirers have called his conversion. A vision of the Virgin Mother, who, environed in light, and clasping her infant Son to her breast, revealed herself in fancy to his adoring gaze, wrought an entire change in his plans and prospects. Before this heavenly visitation all visions of earthly fame vanished away. From that moment, if we may believe his annalists, every unholy passion died within his breast. He determined to devote himself to the service of the Church, to become the knight-errant of the Virgin, and to bathe in the blood of her enemies the sword which he had hitherto wielded in the cause of worldly ambition.

Inspired with this devout fancy, Ignatius, as soon as he recovered from his wound, sallied forth, like Don Quixote, in search of adventures, and was not long of meeting with an opportunity of showing his devotion to his lady-love. He encountered a Moor, who maintained that Mary ceased to be a virgin by becoming a mother. The wrath of the knight was inflamed to the highest pitch, and on parting with his adversary, he began seriously to regret that he had allowed the blasphemer to escape with his life. To decide the point, he determined that if his mule should, of her own accord, follow the path which the Moor had taken, he would pursue him and avenge the honour of the Virgin; if not, he would regard it as a sign from Heaven to let him alone. Fortunately for the Moor, the mule took an opposite direction. Ignatius next resolved to doff his carnal weapons, and assume a dress more becoming his spiritual vocation. With this view, following the approved rules of knighthood, he repaired to a chapel of the Virgin at Montserrat, hung up his arms at her shrine, and actually watched them there for a whole night. Next day, meeting a beggar on the road, he exchanged clothes with him—a transformation which had well-nigh proved fatal to the poor mendicant, who was suspected of having robbed and murdered the converted knight. The subsequent behaviour of Ignatius indicated too clearly that he was labouring under the influence of a disordered mind. He shut himself up in a gloomy cell, neglected his person, allowed his hair, on which he had once bestowed such attention, to grow matted and uncombed, and his nails to become like those of the king of Babylon, subjected himself to the most degrading penances, and, in short, became too noisome for human contact. Yet while indulging in these fanatical excesses, which are represented by his historians as constituting "the odour of sanctity," he is said to have been favoured with visions of the most extraordinary description, having, among other things, beheld the mystery of the Trinity exhibited in a visible form, and written an account of it; which, however, has been lost to posterity. Dragged out of this melancholy condition by some considerate friends, he began to ruminate on some way in which he might be of service to the Church. But here his want of learning seemed to present an insuperable obstacle to success. To overcome this, he began at the age of thirty-three to study the rudiments of Latin, and took his place, with great humility, among the boys at an academy. Here his progress appears to have been very indifferent; for while conjugating *amo*, "I love, thou lovest, he loves," &c., instead of learning the tenses and moods of the verb, his thoughts, we are gravely informed, wandered away to the contemplation of divine love, so that, despairing of the task, he entreated the schoolmaster to drive it into him by the ordinary mode of corporal discipline, which some assert was actually administered to him.*

It may appear surprising, that an order so powerful and politic as that of the Jesuits should have been beholden to such a person as its founder; but, in fact, Loyola, though the originator of the sect, is not entitled, in the proper sense of the term, to be called the inventer of the institution. He was the first to

* We draw our information chiefly and directly from his Life by Maffeus, one of his own disciples, which is considered a standard work by the Society.

* Jurieu asserts that he was literally whipped, in the most humiliating form. Stillingfleet does not go so far; but the main facts above stated we have taken from the Jesuit historian, Maffeus.—Ign. Vit., cap. 16. Bayle Dict., art. *Loyola*.

set agoing the Society, but to others we must assign the honour, or the disgrace, as it may be viewed, of organizing its constitution. Those who have ascribed to Ignatius Loyola the far-sighted sagacity of creating a system which he foresaw would spread over the earth, and reach a splendour unknown to any other religious order, have allowed themselves to be led almost as far astray as his idolatrous admirers, who ascribe his project of their Society to an immediate inspiration from heaven. The Jesuits, it has been justly said, "are indebted, for the existence of their order, not to the wisdom of their founder, but to his enthusiasm."* It might be added, that they owed its success to the circumstances under which it accidentally originated. The Reformation had sounded an alarm to the Church of Rome of a danger, to meet which active and energetic spirits were required. While Loyola was watching his arms at Montserrat, or was squatting, squalid and half-naked, in his cell, Luther was making Germany re-echo with the first trumpet notes of his defiance of the Pope. The monasteries, in which ignorance had slumbered in the lap of superstition, had awakened, but from their very organization, their inmates were unfit to do battle on the new field of active strife which had opened around them. A new species of troops and of tactics had become necessary. Unwittingly, and with little foreknowledge of the result, Ignatius, the illiterate layman, suggested, in the fervour of his fanaticism, the line of policy, which it took wiser heads to mature, but which, with all their wisdom, they never thought of before. The man was crazy, beyond question; but his craze had taken a fortunate turn, and came at a fortunate time, for the interests of Rome. Bred up in the court and the camp, he brought all the finesse of the one, with all the rigorous discipline and unquestioning submission of the other, sublimed by religious enthusiasm, to bear upon the formation of his plans. His zeal enabled him to persevere in spite of all the opposition which he encountered. At length he proposed to the Pope, that besides the three vows of poverty, chastity, and monastic obedience, the members of his Society should take a fourth vow of obedience to the Pope—becoming, as it were, his body guard, and binding themselves to go whithersoever he should command, for the service of religion, without depending on him for remuneration. He engaged, particularly, that they should be ready to act, both for the extermination of heretics and for the extension of the Roman Catholic religion throughout the earth. Such proposals, coming at such an emergency, commended themselves to the approbation of the Pope so highly, that in September 1540, he confirmed the institution of the Jesuits by his bull—granted the most ample privileges to the members, and appointed Loyola to be the first general of the Society. The constitution and laws of the Society were perfected by Lainez and Agnaviva, the two generals who succeeded Loyola—men as far superior to their master in abilities as he excelled them in fanaticism; and in less than half a century, this order, which assumed to itself, with as much blasphemy as arrogance, the name of "The Society of Jesus," rose to be the most enterprising and formidable order in the Church of Rome.

The Society of the Jesuits differs essentially from all the other orders of the Church of Rome. Instead of being confined to the cloister, and engaged to spend his time, like other monks, in the routine of services called devotional, the Jesuit is left at liberty to wander abroad, and mix himself up with general society. He is not bound to appear in any particular costume, or practise any rigorous austerities. Here, however, his liberty ends. He is, in other respects, the greatest slave on earth. Loyola, as we have observed, full of the ideas of implicit obedience derived from his military profession, impressed on the Society the character of a pure monarchy. The general, chosen for life, is the despot, by whose orders every case is decided, and to whose irresponsible authority every member is amenable. The members of the Society have no more power in the regulation of its affairs, or in the disposal of their own persons, than the soldier in the ranks has in the marching orders of the day. He must obey his superior without question or complaint, whatsoever and wheresoever he may be commanded, though it were to go to the uttermost part of the earth; and it is their boast, that so prompt and implicit is the obedience given to such orders, that were they to arrive while the brother was engaged in writing, he should stop in the middle of a word and leave it unfinished, rather than delay for a moment obedience to the will of his superiors. To insure this ready compliance, as well as the other objects of the Society, a system of espionage has been established among them, which beats all that ever was attempted by the despots of worldly kingdoms. These may employ their agents to worm out secrets under the guise of friendship, to lurk in corners, or peep into letters. The Jesuits have converted the confessional into an instrument for discovering the secrets of the Society as well as of other men. Every novice is obliged to "manifest his conscience" to his superior—to discover not only his sins, but his inmost inclinations; and this every six months. In addition to this, they are constituted spies upon one another, and bound to disclose everything of importance which they may discover. They must pass through a long noviciate, till they reach thirty-three years of age, when they become "professed" members. These reports on one another are regularly transmitted to head quarters, and entered into registers; in consequence of which the general is intimately acquainted with each member of the Society, and can select them for such services as their respective talents and tempers may best qualify them to discharge. When to this we add, that in these reports everything that can by possibility affect the interests of the Society is regularly communicated, and that all are bound by a solemn oath of secrecy against divulging to others the secrets thus imparted to the general, such a piece of dexterous and finished despotism is not to be found elsewhere in the annals of mankind.

Next to this distinguishing feature of the Society, is the devotion with which each member is bound to consult the interests of the Society. "There is not a Jesuit," says D'Alembert, "who may not say, like

* Robertson's Hist. Charles V., vol. ii. 145. D'Alembert's Account of the Destruction of the Jesuits in France, p. 11.

the wicked spirit in Scripture, 'My name is Legion.' Never did Republican love his country as every Jesuit loves his Society; the very lowest of its members interests himself in its glory, of which he thinks some rays reflect upon himself. They are all at once put in action by the single spring, which one man directs at his pleasure; and it is not without reason that they have been defined 'a naked sword, the hilt of which is at Rome.'" * Jesuitism is, in short, an entire absorption of every other sentiment, selfish and social, in the grand object of advancing the honour and glory of Jesuitism. Before this object every consideration, earthly and spiritual, must give way. To gain it, no authority, civil or sacred, must be respected; no means, however iniquitous, must be scrupled at; no reverence for oaths and obligations, no sympathy for human sufferings, no regard to social interests, must be permitted to stand in the way. The dearest ties of kindred must be rent, the most solemn pledges violated, the most sacred laws of nature and morality outraged, rather than the Society suffer detriment. The good of the Society, like the charity of the Gospel, "will cover a multitude of sins."

It may be thought strange that such a principle as this should comport with the original pledge given by the Society, to yield implicit obedience to the See of Rome. But they have generally contrived to render themselves so useful to the Pope, that he has overlooked this theoretical anomaly in their constitution; while they, on their part, have flattered him with a show of submission to his authority, which they have practically disregarded. The real end of their ambition has been to govern mankind, to monopolize all authority, and to become universal monarchs. But, as this object is sought for, under the guise of religion, and avowedly for the advancement of Catholicism, their services have been accepted by the Pope, and by almost all the Catholic princes of Europe. They have found them, to their experience, good servants, but bad masters. Their zeal against heresy has recommended them, wherever the Reformation extended itself. And certainly no society ever rose within so short a time to such a formidable state of power and splendour. In 1540, when they presented their petition to Pope Paul III., they amounted to no more than ten persons. At the death of Ignatius in 1556, they numbered twelve grand provinces. In the beginning of last century, they had twenty-four houses of profession, fifty-nine houses of probation, three hundred and fifty residences, six hundred and twelve colleges, two hundred mission stations, and nineteen thousand and nine hundred Jesuits.†

* D'Alembert's Account of the Destruction of the Jesuits in France, p. 33.

† Histoire Generale de la Naissance et des Progrès de la Compagnie de Jesus (par La Coudrette), vol. i., p. 29.

SELF-EXAMINATION.

SUM up at night what thou hast done by day;
And in the morning what thou hast to do.
Dress and undress thy soul—mark the decay
And growth of it; if, with thy watch, that too
Be down, then wind up both: since we shall be
More surely judged, make thy accounts agree.

HERBERT.

EXTRACTS FROM A TRAVELLER'S NOTE-BOOK.

POPISH PERSECUTIONS IN THE VALLEYS OF THE ALPS.

WE are seated now on the summit of one of the loftiest mountains on the left bank of the Rhone. In our immediate neighbourhood all is bleak sterility, as if vegetation had expired. But we have ascended to this peak with a special object in view, and the sterility is all in keeping with it. We could not leisurely diverge into all the valleys of Piedmont, where God's persecuted remnant were hunted of old, and butchered in whole towns at a time, by remorseless Rome and her emissaries; but from the spot which we now occupy, it is not difficult to trace the outline of the different valleys, or connect, as in a continuous chain, some of the historical atrocities of the system whose head exalts himself above all that is called God. We have well-nigh a panoramic view of many of the scenes which we could not traverse. Let us sketch them.

There appears, then, though far in the distance, to the eye of memory at least, the town of Beziers, which Romanists long regarded as the bulwark of the hated doctrines of the Bible. Centuries ago it was taken by assault, when besieged by Count de Montfort, at the Pope's command, solely because the Albigenses had found a shelter in it, and not a soul escaped. Trembling old men—mothers with their infants in their arms, and children imploring mercy from the brutal soldiery—all were massacred. They had read the Bible—they had believed it—and must die. It was suggested that some Romanists might be in the place, and that they should be spared.—*Slay them all*, was the reply of Arnold, the missionary of Rome; *God will know those who are his;* and more than fifty thousand were sacrificed, in consequence of the order, to glut the vengeance of men holding what has been called, and called exclusively, *the Catholic religion*. The very churches of those victims of merciless Rome afforded them no asylum. They were massacred while clinging to the horns of the altar.

But perhaps this was a solitary outbreak of ferocity. Turn, then, to Lavaur, where some of the persecuted had shut themselves up, and where a pitiless destruction awaited them, because they would not lay their souls beneath the iron foot of Popery. *One hundred thousand* Albigenses fell there *in a single day*—they had hoped to find an asylum in it, and found only a grave. The soldiers of the Pope hurried, from place to place, for three months upon their cruel errand; and in their pious rage, neither age nor sex, neither castle nor cabin, was spared. This war of extermination lasted for nearly twenty years, and at last the Man of Sin could boast that their remained no trace either of heresy, or of the Bible which fomented it,—the heretics were all butchered, and the Bibles all burned. A hymn of thanksgiving was sung, amid the heaps of carcasses which lay piled in their ghastliness around Lavaur, "*to the Omnipotent Virgin*," who had blessed the butchers with success! *

But open war was not enough. First the tribunal

* A very graphic account of these atrocities, and those that follow, may be seen in a work by Dr Malan, entitled, "Pourrai-je entrer jamais dans l'Eglise Romaine," &c.

of the Inquisition, and then *the Society of Jesus* (the Jesuits) came to the help of Rome, in the work of extermination. On the least suspicion of holding the doctrines of the Albigenses, or of possessing the Bible, the heretic was seized, and without respect to age, or sex, or rank, was suspended by his dislocated arms, or brutally dishonoured, or wounded in his body, or broken in his bones, till he confessed his *guilt*. He was then either thrown into ditches where the dead lay in hideous heaps, or burnt in a *auto-de-fé*. The father must accuse his children, and the children their father; and such was the terrible power of the Inquisition and of the Jesuits combined, that sometimes the obedient sons and daughters of Rome betrayed a wife or a husband, a brother or a sister, to the persecutor, because those faithful ones "knew how to sacrifice to their creed the yearning affections of their heart." Now, be it remembered, that this was done at the bidding of men who take their name from *Jesus*, the Son of God—at once the gift and the embodiment of his love. Popery has been called the masterpiece of Satan, and here we see all its deceivableness of unrighteousness concentrated to a point; for men who lived on bloodshed, and literally reduced it for a time to a profession, are banded together, and take for their badge—*the sacred heart of Jesus*. To caricature, and to degrade or dishonour the religion and the love of Christ, Satan has thus succeeded in associating it with all that is unprincipled in morals, and relentless in feeling. A *Jesuit* is, by excellence, a follower of Jesus, in his own estimation—a hissing and a proverb in the estimation of all that love freedom and godliness.

But it was in Piedmont that these atrocities reached their consummation. The streams from the valleys, which we have lately traversed, have been choked by the dead bodies, and reddened by the blood, of Christians resisting the oppression of Papists. The Vaudois preferred their Bibles, and their *Noble Leçon* to the mummeries of Pope, and died to prove their preference. It was in Merindol, which is almost in sight, from the spot which we occupy, that perhaps the most signal of these massacres was perpetrated. The plan of operation had been arranged in the Parliament of Aix; it was executed by Baron d'Opède (1540), who acted on the maxim, that as the Amalekites behoved to be extirpated, so should the heretics; and suiting the action to the blood-thirsty sentiment, he set fire to twenty-two towns and villages, and left no relic of them but their ashes and their dead. At Cabrieres, one of these towns, there were found about sixty men and thirty women, who had survived the onslaught of the persecutors. They were promised their life, and surrendered; but D'Opède would keep no faith with heretics, and ordered them to "death without mercy." Some of the women escaped, and fled for shelter to one of their desecrated churches. They were dragged from their hiding-place by the truculent tyrant's order; dishonoured by his soldiers, at his command; shut up in a farm-house, which was then set on fire; and when the victims attempted to escape, they were driven back into the flames by the halberts of the soldiery! Such are the measures which Popery adopts to defend the faith, and propagate the religion of the Son of God! Would not even Romanists themselves confess, unless superstition have overlaid the feelings of humanity, that such measures tended rather to throw light on that Book which tells of the men who were drunk with the blood of the saints, or that poem which says—

> Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
> Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
> * * * * *
> Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that rolled
> Mother and infant down the rocks. Their moans
> The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
> To heaven.

But why recall the memory of deeds so harrowing? Why refer to doings in Languedoc and Piedmont centuries ago, when men were burned alive, and women exposed by a brutal soldiery to worse than death, because they read the Bible? What can be the benefit of telling (what we must do in a foreign tongue) that "les femmes, après qu'on eut egorgé devant elles leurs enfans, furent dishonorées et mutilées; les plus agées furent poignardées, et les petits enfans furent ecrasés contre les rochers?" Why tell us *now* that the country of the Vaudois was then turned into a desert, covered with ruins, and strewed with dead bodies, which there was no friend to bury?

For two reasons.

First, *Popery is unchanged*—she boasts she is unchangeable. She would do to-day what she did at Merindol, and Cabrieres, and Beziers, and Lavaur, were she a free agent, and did an opportunity, in God's inscrutable providence, occur. And, secondly, The symptoms are all too many, that she is again, and perhaps speedily, to rise into power. The cloud is at present no bigger than a man's hand,* and few have eyes to see it; but it will descend, not in showers to refresh, as the cloud which the prophet's servant saw, but in a deluge to sweep God's saints away, unless He who can restrain the remainder of wrath restrain it. Let it never be forgotten that some of the very men who reduced persecution to a science, and pursued it upon system, so that they turned into a desert the valleys of Piedmont, yet more remarkable for the grace of God given to their inhabitants than for their grandeur and productiveness in nature, are at this day canonized and worshipped *as saints* by the unchangeable Church of Rome.

But we proceed on our journey, away from the region where so many of God's slaughtered saints triumphed, like their Lord, in their death, towards the land where the descendants of their persecutors still dwell, and the religion which oppressed them still enslaves men's souls. The Valley of the Rhone, from Martigny to Brigue, is about eighteen miles in length; and, except in the majesty of the river, is scarcely surpassed by the Rhine. Sion, the capital of the Vallais, is a place of great antiquity, but so filthy as to repel one not familiarized to such abominations. As we traversed the valley, skirted by the remains of feudal towers, which carry one back to the epoch when every man's house was literally his castle, it was manifest that, as a study for the geologist, this region must be a rich one. The deep and narrow gorges that open into the strath from the mountains, each discharging its torrent into the

* This refers to several years ago.

Rhone—the hot baths of sulphureted water at Leük, in the Valley of Dala—the frequent earthquakes at Nafers—the striking waterfall at Tourte-magne—the view on Mont Rosa, up the Valley of Viege—all might call for a description, were that our object; but it is the Passes of the Alps that we would at present explore—and we, therefore, hasten over the Semplon.

DIVERS PROVIDENCES.

When all the year our fields are fresh and green,
And while sweet showers and sunshine every day,
As oft as need requireth, come between
The heavens and earth—they heedless pass away.
The fulness and continuance of a blessing
Doth make us to be senseless of the good;
And if sometimes it fly not our possessing,
The sweetness of it is not understood.
Had we no winter, summer would be thought
Not half so pleasing; and if tempests were not,
Such comforts by a calm could not be brought;
For things, save by their opposites, appear not.
Both health and wealth are tasteless unto some;
And so is ease, and every other pleasure,
Till poor, or sick, or grieved, they become;
And then they relish these in ampler measure.
God, therefore, full as kind as he is wise,
So tempereth all the favours he will do us,
That we his bounties may the better prize,
And make his chastisements less bitter to us.
One while a scorching indignation burns
The flowers and blossoms of our hopes away,
Which into scarcity our plenty turns,
And changeth unmown grass to parched hay.
Anon, his fruitful showers and pleasing dews,
Commixt with cheerful rays, he sendeth down,
And then the barren earth her crops renews,
Which with rich harvests hills and valleys crown;
For, as to relish joys, he sorrows sends,
So comfort on temptation still attends.

Wither.

MISSIONARY SPEECHES OF CONVERTED HEATHENS.

In a previous Number we gave some specimens of the speeches delivered at the annual Missionary Meetings of the South Sea Islanders. The following account of two such meetings we extract from Pritchard's "Missionary's Reward:"—

MEETING AT RAROTONGA.

There was an old man present who had been a great warrior. In his heathen state, he seldom appeared without human flesh suspended to his shoulder, as a badge of honour; but having experienced the transforming influence of the Gospel, he is now a zealous advocate in the cause of humanity and religion. The appearance of this old warrior, on whom were many scars, received in his former sanguinary conflicts, together with the truly affecting manner in which he referred to their former wicked practices and their present privileges, produced a powerful impression on the meeting.

"I have lived," said he, "to behold a new and wonderful thing—the gathering together of the people to send the Word of the true God. It is true, formerly we used to assemble, but it was either to plan attacks of murder, or to flee from attacks made by the enemy; either to devise schemes of theft or pollution, or to carry those schemes into execution. We then met in fear, with hearts filled with envy and malice, and dared not to assemble our wives and our children; but now the darkness has fled, and the true light of the true Sun has shone upon us—Jesus, the Lord from heaven. The spears of our wars are lost, and we hold in our hand the sword of the Spirit—the Word of the Lord. We bring with us our wives and our children; and feel that our hearts are filled with love one towards another. We not only love those of our own settlement, but we love all, and are loved by all; and above all, this day we have met to show our love to those who are as we were—living in darkness, having no God and no hope. This is a new and a wonderful event brought about by the great love of God."

Another old man, a candidate for Church fellowship, said: "I have lived during the reign of four kings. In the first I was but young; we were continually at war, and a fearful season it was; watching and hiding with fear were all our engagements. During the reign of the second we were overtaken with a severe famine, and all expected to perish; then we ate rats and grass, and this wood and the other wood, and many other unmentionable things. During the third we were conquered, and became the peck and prey of the two other settlements of the island; then if a man went to fish he rarely ever returned, or if a woman went any distance to fetch food, she was rarely ever seen again." Here, after referring to many deeds of darkness to which he, at that season, had been eye-witness, he continued: "But, during the reign of this third king, we were visited by another king—a great king—a good king—a powerful king—a king of love—Jesus, the Lord from heaven. He has gained the victory—he has conquered our hearts; we are all his subjects; therefore we now have peace and plenty in this world, and hope soon to dwell with him in heaven. We have done well to-day to meet to make known the fame of this King where the prince of darkness reigns, by sending them that Word of Life which made Him known to us."

One very old man afforded great interest by his "little speech" and lively manner. He commenced by saying: "Friends, I shall sleep comfortably to-night. In fact, I now sleep comfortably every night; and there are three reasons why I sleep so comfortably now. *First*, Because I have my Bible and my other little books" (two or three tracts which he held up with the Scriptures, saying), "Look, here they are; I always have them with me, and I can read them whenever I like; therefore I can *now* sleep comfortably. *Second*, Because we have for a long time been praying to God for a missionary from Britain, and now we have him. Here he is in the midst of us. Our prayers have been answered; therefore *now* I can sleep comfortably. *Third*, Because we are all *friends*, and live in harmony, and have this day met together in peace; therefore I can *now* sleep comfortably. It was quite different formerly. Then I never slept comfortably. I was one of the watchmen who looked out for the enemy. There were several of us, and we used to take turns to sleep. My bed was the cold earth, and my pillow a stone; but I never could sleep comfortably then. I used sometimes to sleep on yonder mountain, in a hole in the rock, when we dared not have a light, for fear of being detected by the enemy. In the season of the mosquitoes, I could not sleep at all, except I covered myself over with water; frequently have I slept in the water, only with my head out; but I never could sleep comfortably then. I have slept in many places during my lifetime, but until the coming of the Gospel I never could sleep comfortably."

MEETING AT VAUVU.

A few years ago I was at Vavau, one of the Friendly Islands, just after our Wesleyan friends had held their May meeting. Their subscriptions that year were, £391 : 6 : 2½d., in money; one hundred and eight pieces of native cloth for dresses (this is made by the women from the bark of certain trees); one hundred and sixteen pearl fish-hooks; twelve floor-mats; twenty-two mats of a fine texture for dresses, (these and the floor-mats are made by the women); fourteen pigs; twelve fowls; a model of a canoe; a large string of beads; two neat baskets; a paddle for a canoe; twenty-six large yams; three pieces of tortoise-shell; three native rasps; a Fijii club; a basket of arrow-root; and three white shells. Add the value of these articles to what was collected in cash, and we shall find that their subscriptions amounted nearly, if not quite, to £100.

It may be interesting to some to know how the sum of £10 of the money was procured. Some time before the May meeting, a British ship-of-war called there. The captain asked the missionaries to select a native who could make him a good model of a Tonga canoe, stating that it must be finished in the best possible style, as he intended, on his return to England, to present it to Queen Victoria. The missionaries thought of one and of another, but at last fixed upon the king, he being the best mechanic on the island. His majesty cheerfully engaged to make the model of the canoe. He knew it was intended for the Queen of England, and considered it no disgrace for one sovereign to work for another. It is very common, in Polynesia, for the natives, on embracing Christianity, to take new names, their heathen names frequently being of a very impure character. They are rather fond of adopting English names. The king thought that as he was a sovereign, he ought to take a name suited to his exalted station, consequently he took the name of "KING GEORGE." When the model was finished, the captain was so pleased with it, that he gave King George *ten sovereigns* for making it. King George never was so rich in his life. He possessed a large double canoe and considerable portions of land, but he never before had so much money. When the May meeting was held, King George brought forth his ten sovereigns and gave them all. He did not keep back part of the sum, but cheerfully cast the whole into the treasury of the Lord. His name is on the list of local preachers, and he goes to the neighbouring villages preaching "the glorious Gospel of the blessed God," to his own subjects.

HOW CHRISTIANS MAY MISJUDGE EACH OTHER.

MEN usually express themselves and carry it in religion according to their natural humours, and are apt to misjudge others if they comply not with their temper. Some are so pitiful that they could save the condemned, others so choleric that they could condemn the saved; hence the melancholy Christian is offended with the cheerful, and the cheerful with the melancholy; so that not only the world but saints themselves put false constructions upon the carriage of saints. The melancholy man looks on John the Baptist as a choice man, because of his great abstinence and austerity as well in clothes as in diet; for such humours are apt to think that religion consists much in sadness. Christ, say they, wept often, but we read not that he laughed at all; and scarcely will they believe him to be a good Christian that is not something *hypochondriacal*. Yet the world passeth a clean contrary sentence, and saith: "He hath a devil." Now we should take heed—

1. *That we take not our natural temper and humour for religion.*—A man may be moderate by the heaviness of his phlegm, and zealous from the heat of his choler. Our care, therefore, should be, that our sorrow, moderation, and austerity, on the one hand, and our joy, cheerfulness, and zeal, on the other hand, be truly spiritual and Christian.

2. *We should take heed not to condemn other saints that are not of our natural humour*—not to think the sociable and cheerful only to be good fellows; or to think the more depressed, sad, dejected, and retired spirits to be discontented. God hath several sorts of saints, which he exerciseth (as several members of the body, or several vessels in a house) most to that end to which they are appointed—his Boanerges and his Barnabas, his John and his Paul—every one in his own place, according to the gift and grace received. Yea, the same saint is sometimes in the exercise of one grace, at another time in the exercise of another grace—sometimes most in self-abasing, at other times rejoicing in Christ Jesus—sometimes in hope, at other times in fear. Now, it may be his zeal does best for *him*, and thy moderation for thee—*his* cheerfulness best for him, and thy sadness best for thee. That which, it may be, is an occasion of sin to thee is none to him; and that which would be an occasion of sin to him is none to thee. Judge not, therefore, of another by thyself, nor think that every one must be cast in thy mould. —*Canaan's Flowing; or, Milk and Honey.*

THE CULDEES.

'(From the North British Review.)

"RELIGION and education were nurtured in Scotland when darkness had settled down on Europe. The Gospel seems to have taken root at a very early period in our northern clime, if we are to credit the testimony of Tertullian,* corroborated by the traditions of the Culdees. From the sixth century, when Columba entered on his mission—a period when the lingering remains of Druidism seem not to have entirely disappeared—throughout the long night of ignorance, misrule, and superstition that brooded over Christendom, the religion of the cross, in a form comparatively pure, and very different from the Popish institute, found a refuge in Scotland. In connection with a free and scriptural faith, education and literature are always, to some extent, cherished. Many nations, even in Europe, have got Christianity and an alphabet at the same time. The Culdees founded not a few religious and literary institutions. These holy patriots were no strangers to classic lore. The barbarity for which their enemies have ridiculed them was nonconformity to the Church of Rome. Their rule of belief was the Bible, and not tradition; or, as Bede† witnesses, 'they received only such things as were contained in prophets, evangelists, and apostles.' The parent settlement at Iona is said to have had an extensive classic library; which, according to Gibbon, at one time 'afforded some hopes of an entire Livy.' This collection of books has been long irrecoverably lost, as some of them were plundered by the Danish pirates, others destroyed by the English Edward, and others carried away at the

* This father affirms that Christianity had found its way in Britain into places where Roman valour could not penetrate: "Britannorum inaccessa Romanis loca."—Lib. Advers. Jud. The Culdees, according to Dr Jamieson, affirmed that they had received their peculiar modes of worship from the disciples of John the Apostle.—JAMIESONS, *Culdees*, p. 6.

† Hist. Lib. iii., cap. 4.

period of the Reformation by the fugitive monks to the Scotch colleges on the Continent, and even to the Vatican! * The works of some of these scholars, written in Latin, are declared, on respectable authority, to exhibit no contemptible acquaintance with the sacred languages.

> ——————'The pure Culdees
> Were Albyn's earliest priests of God,
> Ere yet an island of her seas
> By foot of Saxon monk was trod—
> Long ere her Churchmen by bigotry
> Were barred from wedlock's holy tie.'

These 'schools of the ocean' preserved the knowledge of the true religion and of education onwards till the period of the Lollards and of Wycliffe. Translations of the Word of God into the vernacular tongue create an earnest desire to read and study the Holy Oracles, and promote the spread of pure, unfettered Christianity. Great numbers of ante-Reformation Protestants were thus spread through the land when Knox arose, collected their scattered strength, and became their oracle and defence."

Anecdote.

An eminent living physician who, in visiting the sick, seeks to administer to the soul as well as to the body, one day called upon a poor widow whom, on a previous visit, he had found in great darkness of mind. She was now in a happy frame; and on asking her what had been the means of her comfort, she said it had been those words in Isaiah liv. 5:—"Thy Maker is thine husband, the Lord of Hosts is his name." On asking her what she had felt in these words to comfort her, her answer was: "I've been thinking that if *that* be true, I should be beginning to live up to my husband's income."

HUMAN SACRIFICES.

It would appear that human sacrifices are still of frequent occurrence among various of the tribes of India. The following is an account of the bloody rites from the pen of Captain M'Pherson, who visited the hill tribes of Orissa in 1843-44, and among whom, by his humane exertions, the custom has been in a great measure abolished. It is painful, however, to know that hundreds are still sacrificed every year:—

"All arrangements connected with the ceremony of human sacrifices are conducted by the Patriarch in concert with the priest. The divine will is in every case declared by the latter, as it is communicated to him in visions; and he may demand a victim at any time, even when no visible signs of the divine displeasure appear. From the festivals of sacrifice no one is excluded; and at them all feuds are forgotten. They are generally attended by a large concourse of people of both sexes. They continue for three days, which are passed in the indulgence of every form of gross and indescribable excess. The first day and night are spent exclusively in drinking, feasting, and riot. Upon the second morning, the victim, which has fasted from the preceding evening, is carefully washed, dressed in a new garment, and led forth from the village in solemn procession, with music and dancing to the meria-grove. This consists of a clump of deep and shadowy forest trees, and usually stands at a short distance from the hamlet, by a rivulet, which is called the meria-stream. It is kept sacred from the axe, and is studiously avoided by the Khand as haunted ground. In its centre an upright stake is fixed, at the foot of which the victim is seated, and bound back to it by the priest. He is then anointed with oil, ghee, and turmeric, and adorned with flowers; and a species of reverence, which it is not easy to distinguish from adoration, is paid to him throughout the day. There is now infinite contention to obtain the slightest relic of his person—a particle of the turmeric paste with which he is smeared, or a drop of his spittle, being esteemed, especially by the women, of supreme virtue. In some districts small rude images of beasts and birds in clay are made in great numbers, and stuck on poles; of the origin or meaning of which there is no satisfactory explanation. On the third morning the victim is refreshed with a little milk and palm sago, while the licentious feast, which has scarcely been intermitted during the night, is vociferously renewed. The acceptable place for the intended sacrifice has been discovered, during the previous night, by persons sent out for this purpose. The ground is probed in the dark with long sticks; and the first deep chink that is pierced is considered the spot indicated by the earth-god. As the victim must not suffer bound, nor, on the other hand, exhibit any show of resistance, the bones of his arms, and if necessary, those of his legs, are now broken in several places. The priest, assisted by the abbaya and by one or two of the elders of the village, then takes the branch of a green tree, which is cleft a distance of several feet down the centre. They insert the meria within the rift, fitting it in some districts to his chest, in others to his throat; cords are next twisted round the open extremity of the stake, which the priest, aided by his assistants, strives with his whole force to close. All preparations being now concluded, about noon, the priest gives the signal by slightly wounding the victim with his axe. Instantly the promiscuous crowd, that erewhile had issued forth with stunning shouts and pealing music, rush with maddening fury upon the sacrifice, wildly exclaiming: 'We bought you with a price, and no sin rests on us,' they tear his flesh in pieces from the bones! And thus the horrid rite is consummated. Each man then bears away his bloody shreds to his fields, and from thence returns straight home. For three days after the sacrifice the inhabitants of the village which afforded it remain dumb, communicating with each other only by signs, and remaining unvisited by strangers. At the end of this period a buffalo is slaughtered at the place of sacrifice, when all tongues are loosened."

* Dr Jamieson supposes that more remains of the Culdee library and literature might be found in the Vatican than anywhere else.

Fragments.

Vanity, a Proof of Ignorance.—Every man has just as much vanity as he wants understanding.

Going Wrong Easier than Getting Right.—Then I saw in my dream that it is much easier going out of our way when we are in it, than getting into it when we are out of it.—*Bunyan.*

Avoiding Temptation.—He who has no mind to trade with the Devil, should be so wise as to keep away from his shop.—*South.*

Bad Times.—Times in which he who will keep his conscience must expect to keep nothing else.—*Ibid.*

A Legacy that pays no Duty.—I have no other legacy to leave my children but pious poverty, God's blessing, and a father's prayers.—*Prideaux.*

Lying.—One lie must be thatched with another, or it will soon rain through.—*Owen.*

Wisdom better than Strength.—A lame man who has eyes, can lead a blind man who has none.

Daily Bread.

FRIDAY.

"Occupy till I come."—Luke xix. 3.

Too often here, in soul concerns,
We Gospel-sluggards see;
Who, if a wish would serve their turns,
Might true believers be.

As in the greater world for man, so in the little world of man—as in the outward riches of the one, so in the inner treasures of the other—many possess much and enjoy but little, many have much and use but little, others use much and but little well. I shall not so much endeavour to have much wherewithal to do, as to do much with that little I have. It shall not so much grieve me that I am a poor treasurer, as joy me if I have been a good steward. I could wish I had more to use well, but more wish well to use that I have. If he were so blamed that employed not one talent well, what would become of me, if I had ten, and abused them?—*Warwick.*

SATURDAY.

"The love of Christ constraineth us."—2 Cor. v. 14.

May Jesus' grace effectual prove,
To work in us obedient love!
And may each one who shares it, dread
A name to live, and yet be dead.

The love of Christ is an abiding motive, and can only lose its power where reason has lost its place. No man ever set the Lord before him, and made it his supreme concern to please his Master in heaven, yet lived to say, "What a fool am I! What a wasted life is mine! What vanity and vexation has Christ's service been! Had I only my career to begin anew, I would seek another master and a higher end." The Lord Jesus ever lives, and never changes; and therefore the believer's love to his Saviour never dies. Growing acquaintance may bring out new aspects of his character, but it will never disclose a reason why the believing soul should love him less than it loved at first.—*Hamilton.*

SABBATH.

"Looking unto Jesus."—Heb. xii. 2.

To look to Jesus as he rose,
Confirms my faith, disarms my foes;
Satan I shame and overcome,
By pointing to my Saviour's tomb.
Exhalted on his glorious throne,
I see him make my cause his own;
Then all my anxious cares subside,
For Jesus lives, and will provide.

The Lord Jesus resembles a precious stone, which has various points of radiancy, and from which many different lights of consolation and joy proceed. According to the necessity of the circumstances in which we are placed, sometimes one side, and sometimes another, appears pre-eminently lovely; and there is no situation and no emergency in which we do not find Jesus efficacious in one of his aspects. For example, to the bruised heart we would represent Christ as the friend of sinners; to the weak and timid soul, we will show him as a hero, ready to overcome all their enemies; to the sick and afflicted, he is the unwearied physician; to the maimed and cripple, the tender nurse; and to those trembling ones who know not how they are to stand at the judgment-seat of God, we should exhibit him as the Lord who is our righteousness. Thus, if I may so express it, the heavenly Father turns Christ as a precious stone before the eyes of the people of Israel, according to their necessities; and in the mirror of his revelations makés his colours be reflected, and his lights come forth, sometimes from one side, sometimes from another.—*Krummacher.*

MONDAY.

"What man is he that liveth and shall not see death?"—Ps. lxxxix. 48.

Shrinking from the cold hand of Death,
I too shall gather up my feet;
Shall soon resign this fleeting breath,
And die, a righteous God to meet.

You cannot be ignorant but that your day will end, and that the night of death will call you from the pleasures of this life, and that a doom given out at death standeth for ever, even as long as God liveth. O how comfortable shall the feast of a good conscience be to you when your eye-strings shall break, your face wax pale, and the breath turn cold, and your poor soul come sighing to the windows of the house of clay of your dying body, and shall long to be out, and to have the jailer to open the door that the prisoner may be set at liberty. Make sure work of salvation, that it be not a-seeking when the sand-glass is run out, and Time and Eternity shall tryst together. They who will take the world and all their flitting on their back, and run away from Christ, will fall by the way, be taken captive themselves, and leave their burden behind them.—*Rutherford.*

TUESDAY.

"Dead in trespasses and sins."—Eph. ii. 1.

Dead, entirely dead within—
Spiritually dead in sin;
Dead to God, while here you breathe—
Panting after second death.

The heart of an obdurate sinner may very properly be called his sepulchre, which, by means of a long habit of sin, is shut and closed up against grace, as it were, by a hard and heavy stone, and in which there "is nothing but darkness and corruption." It is a very great and extraordinary mercy when the Deliverer comes to this prison, when the light shines in this darkness, and holiness itself visits this corruption.—*Quesnal.*

WEDNESDAY.

"His bread shall be given him."—Isa. xxxiii. 16.

God's saints what is fitting
Shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written,
"The Lord will provide."

He is scarce a Christian whose faith is so little as to be jealous of God and suspicious concerning meat and clothes—that man hath nothing in him of the nobleness or confidence of love. Does not God provide for all the birds, and beasts, and fishes? Do not the sparrows fly from their bush, and every morning find meat where they laid it not? Do not the young ravens call to God, and he feeds them? And were it reasonable that the sons of the family should fear the father would give meat to the chickens and the servants, his sheep and his dogs, but give none to them? He were a very ill father that should do so; or he were a very foolish son that should think so of a good father.—*Taylor.*

THURSDAY.

"Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven."—Ps. xxxii. 1.

Jesus rescues Satan's slaves—
His dear wounds still plead, "Forgive!"
Jesus to the utmost saves;
Sinners, look to him, and live.

O how blessed is the man whose sin is taken off—"lifted from his shoulders!" O how sweet a burden, instead of this, is that engagement of obedience and love to him as our Redeemer, which is all he lays on us! If we follow him and bear his cross, he is our strength, and bears both it and us.—*Leighton.*

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THE PRESENT AND FUTURE CONSEQUENCES OF OPPOSITION TO CHRIST.

BY THE REV. PATRICK FAIRBAIRN, SALTON.

"And whosoever shall fall on this stone, shall be broken: but on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder." —MATT. xxi. 44.

WHAT fearful words to come from the lips of the meek and lowly Jesus! words, too, spoken in regard to himself; for that he is the stone here mentioned cannot admit of the slightest doubt. No one needs to be told how certainly if anything brittle, such as an earthen vessel, comes into violent collision with a huge and massy stone, it will be broken in pieces; or how if this stone were thrown down from a height on such a vessel, the latter would be not only broken in pieces, but absolutely ground to powder; yet such a stone is Christ, and such a vessel is the unbelieving, impenitent sinner. The image marks two different kinds of punishment, —not, as is is commonly supposed, two different degrees of the same punishment. In the one case, the person offending is active—he stumbles and is broken; in the other, passive—he is fallen upon and crushed. Whatever evil is experienced in the first case the sinner takes a part in. The person who endures it is at once the doer and the sufferer; and it must, therefore, be confined to this life, where alone sinners have the opportunity of doing anything against the Rock of Salvation. But the evil experienced in the second case comes entirely from without, rushes upon the sufferer with irrestible force from the Saviour—no longer meekly bearing opposition and contempt, but rising out of his place to punish the transgressors. The two clauses, therefore, must be viewed separately, as the warning contained in the one is considerably different from that uttered in the other.

1. "Whosoever falleth upon this stone, shall be broken." As falling upon a stone implies a kind of violent contact or collision, it most naturally suggests to our minds those who, in some respects, directly resist the claims of Messiah, and place themselves in opposition to his authority. Among such, therefore, we must class in the foremost rank the avowed adversaries of the faith, whether Jew or Gentile, who disown Jesus as the true Messiah, and treat his pretensions with undisguised contempt; but not these alone—those also who, while they admit Christ in some sense to be the Messiah, yet will not consent to the great truths unfolded in his work and Gospel, especially the truths of their own lost and ruined condition by nature, and the necessity of looking to the cross of Christ for pardon and acceptance with God; for these doctrines lie at the root of the whole Christian system, and practically to disbelieve or make light of them, is in effect to join issue with Christ, and strike at the very foundations of his blessed Gospel. And it were well if such plain and manifest adversaries of the truth were the only persons who could be said to stumble and fall upon Christ; but there are thousands more who substantially do this, though they never seem to take up the relation of enemies toward him. From the very nature of his claims, to neglect is to refuse; practically to disobey is, in the divine reckoning, to oppose; and from the very nature of the truth of his salvation, not to own, receive, and act on it, is to contradict and resist it. For his claims demand the homage of the heart and life; and his truth carries along with it, wherever it is truly received, a sanctifying as well as justifying power. Hence, the opposition to Messiah, which is here called falling, and elsewhere stumbling, upon the stone, is by Peter, in his address to the Jewish rulers, merely named "disallowing" it; and hence, also, in the parable of the pounds (Luke xix.), those who had simply declared, "We will not have this man to reign over us," are afterwards commanded to be brought forth as his enemies, and slain before him.

It is a hard saying to many who would fain divide themselves between God and the world, to be told that they are taking the part of enemies of the Lord Jesus Christ; but it is nevertheless true that there is no middle course between receiving and rejecting Christ—between embracing him as a whole Saviour, to be loved and delighted in, and acting toward him as an adversary, whose fellowship is shunned, and whose authority is disobeyed. Let men's speculative opinions about Christ be what they may, if they are not making him the confidence and rejoicing of their heart—if they are preferring any other object before an interest in his salvation—if they are living in any indulgence which he condemns as sinful—or pursuing any course which is contrary to the spirit and tenor of his Gospel—then Christ is not to them the sure foundation-stone of faith and hope, but a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence. In their heart there is a rival to his supremacy, and an opposing interest to that of his salvation; and were he to declare the relation in which they stand to him, it would not be in such words as these: "Ye are my friends, because ye do whatsoever I command you;" but rather: "I know you not, ye workers of iniquity."

But what is meant by such persons who thus fall upon Christ, or strike against his will and authority, being broken? It is that they injure not Christ, but themselves—themselves, however, of necessity, as the earthen vessel falling on the flinty rock cannot but be broken. What a striking illustration was given of this

in the history of those Jews for whose timely warning and instruction it was first uttered! In disowning Jesus as the Messiah, how emphatically did they reject the counsel of God against themselves! Their striving against him was of no avail to defeat that counsel of God; the purpose of Heaven to exalt Jesus to be the head-stone of the corner stood unaltered; and though they did succeed with a temporary triumph to cast him out of his own vineyard, yet it was only that this, and all who belonged to it, might be made the objects of divine judgment and vengeance—their house was left unto them desolate, and their prosperity as a people dashed in pieces like a potter's vessel.

What took place in the history of these perverse and infatuated men, was but the beginning of judgment—which, from that day to this, has been continually overtaking those similarly situated, and manifesting itself more or less in their experience. It is the law of God, sure and stedfast as every ordinance of Heaven, that no man is the better, but infallibly the worse, for his disregard and rejection of Christ; all who kick against him, inevitably kick against the pricks. Though everything concerning them is allowed to take its natural course, and they are simply left to reap the fruit of their own doings, yet are there evident signs in their condition, which bespeak them to be suffering under the power of a holy retribution, and leave no room to doubt, that in refusing their obedience to the claims of Christ, they are forsaking their own mercy. Need we appeal for the truth of this to the history of the avowed enemies of the truth, the champions of Infidelity or Atheism, and point out how uniformly in their experience blindness and corruption of heart, insensibility to what is pure and good, vexing desires, vicious habits, a disorderly life, a disconsolate or wretched death, tread upon the heels of their rejection of the truth, and set, as it were, the manifest seal of Heaven's condemnation upon the error of their unbelief? Or need we appeal to the lives of those who profess, indeed, that they know Christ, but deny him in their works, pursuing a course of profligacy or crime, and call to witness their lost reputation, their miserable homes, their desolate hearts, often also their shattered constitution and untimely end, in attestation of the personal injury they have sustained by slighting the authority of the Son of God?

Ah! there is no need that we should wait till the final issue of things in the day of judgment—till we see the hopeless perdition of the wicked, and the everlasting glory of the redeemed—to discover on which side truth and error, good and evil, really lie. The history of the world is ever furnishing witnesses, which give forth no uncertain sound upon the subject. And what is the testimony that is uttered? That the man who cherishes in his heart the profoundest regard to Christ, and has his walk most nearly conformed to the precepts of his Gospel, is always in his condition the most elevated and blessed; while the more, on the other hand, that any one departs from such a sincere and hearty obedience to the authority of Christ, he is always the more estranged from what is pure and good, the more shipwrecked as to his real wellbeing. But the truth, let it be remembered, is not confined to the two extremes of good and evil; it is only more distinctly marked and fully verified there. In whatever way, and to whatever extent men come into collision with Christ, they are sufferers in their condition on account of it. They are broken in their peace, which, apart from Christ, has no solid foundation to rest upon; broken in the frame and temper of their inner man, which, apart from his grace, there is nothing properly to refine and sanctify; broken at once in their present inheritance of good and in their hopes of a happy destiny hereafter; for "he that hath the Son hath life, but he that hath not the Son hath not seen life; but the wrath of God abideth on him."

2. This is only the one-half, however, of the evil, and unspeakably the lighter half. In so far as it is experienced, it no doubt comes in the way of judgment, as a manifestation of the righteous displeasure of God for the dishonour done to his truth; but coming, as it does, in the ordinary course of Providence, and without any special or direct interference on the part of Christ, it is seldom represented as the execution of a judgment. The infliction of this in the full and proper sense, takes place hereafter, when Christ shall no longer remain as in a state of rest, but shall come forth to punish with destruction from his presence those who would not have him to reign over them. This is what we are told in the second part of the verse: "On whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder."

This is language so express that we cannot doubt its meaning, and so appalling in its nature that the mind naturally shrinks from contemplating the awful depth of evil it discloses; for nothing short of complete and overwhelming ruin can here be understood. It may be possible to understand certain expressions that are elsewhere used, of the future condition of the wicked, as denoting something less than final and irrecoverable perdition; and there may be many reasons advanced, drawn chiefly from men's ignorance, and the short insight they necessarily have into the depths of God's universal government, with the view of making such perdition appear at variance with the ends of God's government, and unworthy of his character. But who can tell what other reasons there may be present to the infinite understanding of God, and connected with the highest interests of his glorious kingdom, to render the everlasting perdition of a portion of his creatures necessary, in the same sense in which anything is necessary that proceeds from the essential holiness of his nature?

Even now we see how often his footsteps are in the deep waters, and how many evils are permitted to exist, of the most excruciating kind—the ends of which are but very imperfectly known; and who, then, shall presume to say that the same may not be found, and in far higher degrees, in those regions where all is to be determined by the rules of absolute perfection? Then, if there be expressions used of the future condition of the lost, which might possibly be taken in a lower sense, than as affirming a complete and never-ending state of wretchedness, there are others which seem framed on purpose to prevent anything short of such a state being looked for. And the strongest of these, it is to be remarked, proceeded from the lips of Jesus himself; as if it became him, rather than any of his ambassadors, to utter words of such fearful import; and as if, coming directly from one so surpassingly tender in heart, and so peerless in majesty, it were thereby intended to put beyond all doubt the inevitable necessity, as well as indisputable rectitude and certainty of the judgment. Thus we find him saying of one, and of that one merely because he was a son of perdition, that it had been "good for him if he had not been born;" implying that in the long run of his existence the evil was sadly to outweigh the good, so that no being at all had been better than being in such a state as his. Then, again and again does he affirm of those generally, who resist and disobey his will, that "their worm dieth not, and their fire is not quenched" (literally, is not quenchable—has in it the element of eternity); and in the passage before us he speaks of their destruction in language which can only be verified by their becoming perpetual monuments of misery and ruin.

"On whomsoever it shall fall, it shall grind him to powder." And on whom shall it fall? On whom but those who have themselves fallen on it and been broken? It is the act of retribution for former injuries and affronts—the tribulation and wrath which must alight on all who have not received the truth of Christ in love, but had pleasure in unrighteousness. On all such it shall fall, and grind them to powder. How significant of utter destruction! If the vessel fall and be broken, even though it be shivered into a thousand pieces, yet these pieces may be gathered up again, and cemented together; but if fallen upon and ground to powder, then the damage is irreparable, and the ruin hopeless! So, if sinners should now, in the waywardness of their rebellious hearts, set themselves against Christ, and obtain the recompense of their sin in much bitterness and disquietude of spirit, in many troubles and disorders of a temporal kind, they may, possibly, after all, be recovered; they are still, even when farthest gone in the way of sin and wretchedness, within the reach of omnipotent grace, which is able to lift them up from the lowest depths, and set them on the Rock of Salvation. But when the arm of Omnipotence has exchanged the instruments of grace for the weapons of vengeance, and all that there is of power, and holiness, and truth, in the Saviour, comes down upon the sinner as its deserved victim, hope must inevitably perish—the potsherd is ground even to powder.

Oh! that sinners would but listen in time to the note of warning, and give diligence to have their calling and election made sure against the coming woe. It is love and pity to your souls that speaks through these words of Jesus, that, being moved with fear, you may flee now to the ark of safety provided for you in the riches of his grace. Let them sink deep into your hearts, and impress you, first of all, with a sense of the folly, the certain ruin, of slighting Christ and disobeying his blessed will. You cannot do so without doing ill to yourselves even here, and that as the sure sign and forerunner of far worse things hereafter. The counsel of Heaven concerning Christ is fixed—that he must be the head-stone of the corner—the glorious and mighty Lord, whom all nations shall reverence and obey; so that nothing devised or done against his authority can be allowed to prosper. Be assured, that every purpose or action that is contrary to his Word is a weapon forged against yourself; and, instead of contending with him, which is to wage a mad and disastrous war with Omnipotence, be ready rather to sacrifice everything that would stand between your souls and his salvation.

But rest not merely with this impression—be not satisfied with simply shunning any course of opposition to his will and authority. Learn here the place which Christ holds in the kingdom of God, and the corresponding place he ought also to hold in your hearts. He must either be everything to you, or infinitely worse than nothing; either the elect and precious stone, on which you stand secure, and rise to the inheritance of endless glory, or else the stone of remediless destruction, grinding to powder. All that is essentially good or evil in your lot depends upon the nature of your relation to him. If you are safe and blessed, it is because Jesus has been made the joy and rejoicing of your heart; if lost and ruined, it is because he has become a stone of stumbling and rock of offence. Kiss, then, the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way. Seek him as the pearl of great price—cleave to him, as better than thousands of gold and silver. And as it is the sum of a preached Gospel, so let it be the main subject of your daily meditation and delight—"Christ, the wisdom of God, and the power of God unto salvation."

"I AM READY NOT ONLY TO BE BOUND BUT TO DIE."

COME Death, come bands, nor do you shrink, my ears,
At those hard words man's cowardice calls fears;
Save those of fear, no other bands fear I;
Nor other death than this—the fear to die.

CRASHAW.

Biographical Sketch.

THE REV. ROBERT BALMER, D.D.

Robert Balmer was born in the parish of Eckford, Roxburghshire, on the 22d November 1787. His parents were worthy, God-fearing people, his mother being the grand-daughter of James Biggar, an elder in the congregation of Etterick in the time of Boston, and mentioned by him as one who, with his family, had been most comfortable to him as a minister of the Gospel. "May the blessing of God," wrote Boston, "whose I am, and whom I serve, rest on them from generation to generation! May the glorious Gospel of his Son, whose I am, and whom I serve, catch them early, and maintain its glorious ground in them to the end!" Robert was, from the first, trained by his parents in the way that he should go; and their care and attention were richly rewarded; for, from his youth upwards, he seems to have known the truth of God, and to have believed to the salvation of his soul. It is related of him, that even as a child he was punctual in his morning and evening devotions; unequalled in getting hymns and passages of Scripture by heart; and restless till he knew where to find the narrative or text he was anxious to peruse or to commit to memory.

The following remarkably pleasing incident is narrated as having occurred when he was about nine years of age:—

An old man, a neighbour, came frequently at leisure hours to converse with his parents. This person was harassed by doubts and fears about his interest in the Saviour. One day Robert listened while his mother argued with the poor man, and endeavoured to persuade him to dismiss his fears, and to commit himself trustingly to Christ. It was in vain. He still reiterated: "Christ will have nothing to do with me." Robert perceiving, it would seem, that the man was speaking under the influence of morbid feeling, and wilfully putting away consolation, at last put in his word. "Then what is the use of your aye talk talking about him to my mother? If he'll have nothing to do with you, can't you let him alone?" "Let him alone, hinney," the man replied, "I would not let him alone for a thousand worlds." "O then," said the boy, "I am thinking you'll do well enough."

When Robert was about ten years old, his father died, "rejoicing in the hope of the Gospel." Sometime before, he had resolved to dedicate his son to the work of the ministry; judging, both from the graces and the talents of his childhood, that it was his duty to do so. "Shortly before he expired, he called his family around him, and solemnly blessed them, repeating a promise from Scripture, as he laid his hand on the head of each in turn, and then bade them all farewell. Mrs Balmer at this time consulted her dying husband about the propriety of Robert's going on with his learning. He said: "Just be guided by your means, and by your own judgment. See that the rest be not injured by what you do for him; but if you can, let him go on." The widow was not left altogether unprovided for; yet many would have sunk where she bore up nobly. Her husband, though not a man of wealth, had been in easy circumstances for his station, and had saved a little money. With the interest received for this, and the profits of a small shop which she opened at Eckford-moss—to which place she removed her family soon after his death—she was enabled to maintain herself and her children—three sons and a daughter—respectably, and without injuring the others to let Robert go on with his education; until, by engaging in teaching during the intervals of his attendance at college, he relieved her from further expense on his account. She gave way to an irrepressible burst of sorrow on the evening of the day of her husban'ds funeral, when Robert brought the books for family worship, as he had been used to do when his father was alive, and quietly placed them before her. On seeing her so much overcome, he reminded her that God who had taken away his father would be a father to them, and had promised to hear their prayers; "and," said he, "we must not go to bed to-night without worshipping him." His mother then took the books, and conducted the worship of the family, and from that time continued to do so till Robert, a few years afterwards, took her place in this exercise.

After leaving Crailing and Eckford schools, where he learned English, he was sent to a school at Morebattle, where he began the study of Latin; and, when about fourteen, went to the grammar school of Kelso, then under the charge of Dr Dymock, afterwards of Glasgow High School, where he finished his preparations for the university, and distinguished himself above all his class-fellows.

He entered the University of Edinburgh in the year 1802, and went through the ordinary curriculum in literature and philosophy; attending, besides, some of the medical classes, also the classes of chemistry and botany. While in Edinburgh, he attached himself to the ministry of Dr Peddie, whose expositions of Christian truth, we are told, "had a considerable influence in forming his theological taste; and who, with characteristic sagacity, at an early period discovered his superior talents, and anticipated his future eminence."

After passing an examination by the Associate Presbytery of Selkirk, Mr Balmer was admitted to the study of divinity under the Rev. Dr Lawson of Selkirk, the well-known professor in connection with that body.

And when he came among us, says his biographer, he was welcomed as no ordinary acquisition to our society. Memory recalls him as he was then, unaffected, and unpresuming in his manner, rather of a more serious and thoughtful turn of mind than others of his young associates. Without his having much of that exuberant mirthfulness, or of that caressing address which might at once have captivated, we

soon discovered the real kindliness of his heart, and his readiness to enter with us into any innocent enjoyment. He took an easy and active part in the business of the class, and of the various societies which the students had formed among themselves, but did not seek to make himself a leader; much oftener he was found a peace-maker in the little contentions which sprung up about matters then thought of deep interest, now altogether forgotten. The superiority of his talents and acquirements was willingly allowed by his fellow-students. They were, I think, generally proud of him.

Having finished the session at Selkirk, Mr Balmer returned to Edinburgh, and, during the winter, attended the theological classes in the university, obtaining a prize, at the close, for the best essay "On the Character of Moses as a Legislator." Every year he followed the same course, till he ended his theological curriculum. During the whole course of his studies, and for some time after he had finished them, he supported himself by teaching; for, owing to certain conscientious scruples which he entertained on various points, he did not for some time take license. "There were not wanting some to ascribe this hesitation to unworthy motives; to suspect him of a hankering after the larger emoluments, or the more promising field for literary ambition, which he would find if an opening presented itself for him in the Established Church. It was whispered that he looked with contempt on the low state of learning in the Secession Church, and thought himself greatly superior in talents and attainments to those with whom he would have to associate and to act, if he should become a minister in it."

Such suspicions grieved not his friends so much as himself; for his conscience told him that they were altogether unfounded. An humble competency as a Burgher minister was, he himself declared, the highest object of his ambition; and so far from despising, he held in the greatest esteem, the literary and theological attainments of the ministers of his Church. The true reason of his hesitancy is stated by himself as follows:—

> It was not till a year and a-half after I had finished my theological course that I could make up my mind to assent to the Formula; and, even after that long and anxious delay, I would probably have chosen some secular employment, had I not been allowed to give my assent with the following explanations. I stated that the question respecting covenanting and the covenants, though I could assent to it as explained, did not seem to me entitled to the place which it occupied. I expressed my approbation of the Presbyterian form of church government, as consonant to Scripture in its general principles; but I did not wish to be understood as concurring in the strong terms in which all other forms are condemned. On the question demanding an assent to the Confession and Catechisms, I stated that to me these documents appeared so extensive and multifarious as to be disproportioned to the narrow limits of the human mind; that I at least had not studied every expression in them so carefully as to be prepared to assent to it with the solemnity of an oath; that I approved of them, however, so far as I had studied them; and that the presbytery might ascertain, by strict examination, the amount of my attainments, and treat me accordingly; which of course they did.

These exceptions and explanations, however, were allowed by the Presbytery of Edinburgh, by whom he was licensed on the 4th of August 1812. In a few months afterwards he received calls from no fewer than four congregations—those of Lochwinnoch, Leslie, Ecclefechan, and Berwick. He preferred the last of these; and was accordingly ordained to the pastoral office, and the charge of the Associate Congregation of Berwick, in March 1814.

THE DOCTRINES OF MAYNOOTH.

PART V.

HOW THE CHURCH OF ROME TREATS THE WORD OF GOD.—*concluded.*

We have already shown how Rome dishonours the Bible, by denying its sufficiency as a rule of faith and practice, by adding *to* it human traditions, by taking *from* it divine commandments, and by denying its sole authority. We proceed to show that,

IV. *She dishonours the Word of God by forbidding its general perusal.*—The command of God is: "Search the Scriptures"—a command frequently repeated in various places and connections, as if with the very view of nullifying the prohibitions of Rome. "Lay up these my words in your hearts, and minds, and hang them for a sign on your hands, and place them between your eyes. Teach your children, that they meditate on them, when thou sittest in thy house, and when thou walkest in the way, and when thou liest down and risest up."—Deut. xi. 18, 19. "And take unto you the helmet of salvation and the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God."—Eph. vi. 17. "Blessed is the man whose delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night."—Ps. i. 2. "Whatsoever things were written aforetime, were written for our learning, that we, through patience and comfort of the Scriptures, might have life."—Rom. xv. 4. "Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy." Many of the epistles are addressed to the members of Churches, whose duty, of course, it was to make themselves acquainted with the message addressed to them. "To ALL that are at Rome, called to be saints."—Rom. i, 7. "To all the saints in Christ Jesus who are at Philippi, with the bishops and deacons." "I charge you by the Lord that this epistle be read to *all* the holy brethren."

Rome, however, has another command. She will not trust her votaries with the Bible. Blinded as they are, she knows that many of them could not avoid seeing how opposed are the commands of God in the Bible and the doctrines therein contained, to the commands issued and the doctrines taught by her. Mere natural reason and common sense would make them see that. And therefore she takes the Bible from them altogether, and declares it to be a book not for the people, but for the priests. We are aware that Papists in this country would fain deny that such is the case—would fain have Protestants believe that by the Church of Rome the circulation

of the Bible is freely allowed; nay, we know that bishops and priests have, over and over again, publicly asserted that that Church does not prohibit the reading of the Bible at all. But such assertions are very easily disposed of.

What says the decree of the Council of Trent on the subject? Does it contain no prohibition? It runs in these words (we give both Latin and English, that there may be no mistake):—

"Cum experimento manifestum sit, si Sacra Biblia vulgari lingua passim sine discrimine permittantur, plus, inde, ob hominum temeritatē, detrimenti, quam utilitatis oriri, hac in parti judicio Episcopi aut Inquisitoris stetur: ut cum concilio Parochi, vel Confessorii, Biblorum à Catholicis Auctoribus versorum lectionem in vulgari lingua eis concedere possint, quos intellexerint ex hujusmodi lectione, non damnum sed fidei atque pietatis augmentum capere posse: quam facultatem in scriptis habeant. Qui autem absque tali facultati ea legere seu habere præsumpserit, nisi prius Bibliis Ordinario redditis, peccatorum absolutionem percipere non possit."

"Since it is manifest by experience, that if the sacred Bibles in the vulgar tongue be allowed everywhere indiscriminately, more injury than advantage will thence arise, through men's rashness, let this matter be determined by the judgment of the bishop or inquisitor; who may, by the advice of the parish priest or confessor, allow the reading of Bibles translated into the vulgar tongue by Catholic authors, to those of whom they learn that they are likely to derive, not mischief, but an increase of faith and piety from this kind of reading; which license they must have in writing. Whosoever, without such a license, shall presume to read them, or possess them, shall not receive the absolution of his sins, till the Bibles are given up to the ordinary.—Rule iv."

This is decisive. What does the decree mean but this, that the general *circulation of the Bible* is a very *bad and dangerous thing*, and that, therefore, *no man is to have a Bible* in his possession, unless he has obtained a *written permission* from the bishop; and further, that the possession of a Bible by any one, without such permission, shall be held as rendering his sins *incapable of pardon!* Any man who thinks or acts otherwise is declared to be accursed!

God says: "*Search the Scriptures;* for in them ye think ye have eternal *life*." "No," says Rome, "search *not* the Scriptures; for if ye do, ye bring down upon yourselves eternal *death*." True, there are cases in which the bishop *may* permit the reading of the Scriptures. But what blasphemy is here! —a man *permitting* some of his fellow-men to do what God has *commanded!* How true is that feature of the great Apostasy—"He exalteth himself above all that is called God!"

We might give many extracts from the bulls of Popes following up this decree, but the following extract from a bull of Gregory XVI. (the present Pope), and issued only last year, will suffice:—

"We read in the rules drawn up by the fathers chosen by the Council of Trent, approved by Pius IV., our predecessor of happy memory, and prefixed to the index of prohibited books, a provision which has been generally approved—that Bibles published in the vulgar tongue should be allowed to no persons, but to those to whom the reading of them was judged likely to be productive of an increase of faith and piety. . . . . We confirm, and by apostolical authority renew, the aforesaid directions already issued respecting the printing, publication, reading, and retaining of the books of Holy Scripture translated into the vulgar tongue; while with respect to other works of whatever author, we will that all should remember, that they must abide by the general rules and decrees of our predecessors, prefixed to the index. . . . . Called as you are, venerable brethren, to participate in our solicitude, we urgently bid you, in the Lord, to announce and explain, as place and time permit, to the people intrusted to your pastoral care, this our apostolic judgment, and these our commands. . . . . It will also be your duty to seize out of the hands of the faithful, not only Bibles translated into the vulgar tongue, which may have been published contrary to the above directions of the Roman Pontiffs, but also proscribed or injurious books of every sort."

Is any further proof needed that Rome is an enemy to the general circulation and perusal of the Word of God? Let it be found in the awful fact, that in Roman Catholic countries the Bible is scarcely known; or when known, it is avoided, and often burned. In Italy and Spain, a Bible reader would be marked, and shunned, and punished as a heretic. Dr Keith mentions that he could not get a single Bible to purchase in the whole of a Continental city.

And to refer to Ireland, in many parts of which Popery is made to wear as Protestant a garb as possible, Mr Morgan of Belfast stated sometime ago, that among the Papists of Belfast such a thing as a Bible was almost unknown.

Indeed, "a Bible reader" is a term of reproach in Ireland, and even a Romish bishop (Dr Doyle) deliberately declared that he greatly admired the orthodoxy of a man who had taken a Protestant Bible with the tongs, lest he should defile his touch with it, and buried it in the earth, and when examined before Parliament, stated further, that he "would be highly amused by such a proceeding, and would reward a man for it!"

THE SOUL IN AND OUT OF THE BODY.

LIKE as a light, fast lock'd in lantern dark,
Wherewith by night our wary steps we guide
In slabby streets, and dirty channels mark;
Some weaker rays through the black top do glide,
And flusher streams perhaps from horny side:
But when we've past the peril of the way,
Arrived at home, and laid that case aside,
The naked light, how clearly doth it ray,
And spread its joyful beams as bright as summer's day!

Even so the soul, in this contracted state,
Confined to these strait instruments of sense,
More dull and narrowly doth operate;
At this hole hears, the sight must ray from thence;
Here tastes, there smells; but when she's gone from hence,
Like naked lamp, she is one shining sphere,
And round about hath perfect cognizance,
Whate'er in her horizon doth appear;
She is one orb of sense—all eye, all airy ear.

MORE.

FRESH EVIDENCES OF THE DIVINE TRUTH OF THE SCRIPTURES.

BY THE REV. J. G. LORIMER, GLASGOW.

EGYPTIAN MONUMENTS—*concluded.*

PART II.

THE evidence in behalf of divine revelation, supplied by monumental remains, is important. Of course, a succession of manuscripts is the grand source of evidence to, as well as the medium of, the religion which is evidenced. Nothing can compensate for the want of ample written documents. But coins, sculpture, paintings, relics, &c., are useful in their own place. They confirm other attestations, and furnish a *peculiar* sort of proof. Individual manuscripts are not nearly so ancient, and they are liable to errors in transcription from age to age; while the remains to which I refer, ascend to the very day when the alleged event took place; and they are open to no error of copyists. They are precisely as the author left them—enduring as the colour, or stone, or metal, in which he embodied them. Their chief disadvantage is, the comparatively limited information which they can supply of an entire revelation from heaven, and their liability to be misinterpreted, particularly when they assume the form of coins, it may be with brief and contracted inscriptions. With all this they are useful; we must only take care not to exaggerate their value to the disparagement of other sources of evidence. The use to which coins have been applied, for the illustration of Greek and Roman history, is a testimony to their importance in the eye of scholars. And the Christian writings have not been without the same confirmation. The Rev. Dr Walsh, in his interesting "Essay on Ancient Coins, Medals, and Gems," has illustrated important facts in the history of primitive Christianity. He has shown the prevalence of the heresy of the Gnostics, by producing seventeen gems which, in one form or another, contain allusions to their errors; and he has produced coins which proclaim the confident, but vain boasts of Diocletian and Maximinian, that Christianity was extirpated. By the same kind of evidence, he has established the recognition of Christianity by Constantine the Great; his baptism; the doctrines of the Trinity in Unity; the introduction, exclusion, and restoration of images; and various other facts and doctrines of inferior importance. These, and similar coins, are not only curious—they are useful in their sphere. Though all of them require the learning of the scholar, and that learning may sometimes fail to make out the point with certainty, yet they take for granted the existence of Christianity at the period when they were stamped, and confirm the historical remains of Christian writers. They sometimes do more than this—they are honoured to illustrate Sacred Scripture. The 16th chapter of the Acts reminds us of an example. There Philippi is styled a colony—of course, a Roman colony. The editor of "Calmet's Dictionary" remarks, that "as this was a favour which Philippi had little reason to expect, having formerly opposed the interests of the Cæsarean imperial family, the learned have been embarrassed by the title here given to it. However, after long perplexities among the critics, Providence brought to light *some coins* in which it is recorded under this character, and one of which makes express mention that Julius Cæsar himself had bestowed the dignity and advantages of a colony on the city of Philippi, which Augustus afterwards confirmed and augmented. The legend is: 'COLONIA AUGUSTA JULIA PHILIPPI.' This corroborates the character given to Philippi by Luke, and proves that it had been a colony for many years, though no other author but himself, whose writings have reached us, has mentioned it under that character, or has given us reason to infer at what time it might be thus honourably distinguished."

Here is a striking instance of the coin helping out the writing, and of the minute accuracy of Sacred Scripture. Does it not afford, also, a type or illustration of the harmony which one day may be made to appear between doctrines of revelation, which now seem inexplicable or at variance? Men, like the critics, are embarrassed. Scripture is the *alone* depositary of the doctrine which puzzles, and no light can be gathered from other quarters. They contend and quarrel through all the generations of this world. At last the light of Eternity dawns, and one of its first rays proclaims the minute accuracy of the Word, harmonizes what formerly seemed inconsistent, and vindicates the ways of God to man. We know not what illustrations of difficult passages of the Word may yet, even in this world, be gathered from the investigations of the learned into antiquity; but we do know that, in the light of Eternity, the faithful shall know as they are known, and that part of their sweetest happiness will, in all probability, consist of the clear and immediate discovery of the harmony of doctrines which once vexed them with perplexity and trial; at least, the perfect and proved accuracy of the Word of God, by all the labours of the past, should induce the faithful to trust fearlessly for the future.

The fresh evidences of revelation, to which the attention of the reader is solicited, do not consist of coins, and far less of the decipherings of Egyptian hieroglyphics. These constitute a valuable department; but a measure of uncertainty must attach to them—at least the common reader must depend for his knowledge of them upon the skill of the learned. The field to which Dr Hengstenberg invites the reader, is a field which is free from uncertainty, and which is open to the ready understanding of all. It is the contemplation of the drawings which are to be found on the temples and sepulchres of Egypt, and a comparison of these with the written records of the Five Books of Moses.

The nearest resemblance to the Egyptian discoveries, and to the use which may be made of them, is perhaps to be found in the discoveries among the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii, and the application to which these may be turned. From the excavations which have been vigorously carried forward in these two Roman towns, overwhelmed eighteen hundred years ago by the lava and mud of Vesuvius, a perfect picture is obtained of Roman arts and manners—in short, of Roman life. It is a picture which all, even the unlearned, can understand and appre-

ciate. The structure of the houses and gardens—the employments of the people—the mosaics and paintings—speak a language so plain as to be unmistakable. They warrant a multitude of certain inferences. The half-disinterred towns themselves, and their more interesting remains, which have been collected into museums, explain and confirm the written accounts of Roman history. They prove not only the existence, but the character of the people. They proclaim their peculiarities, and illustrate what is obscure in their writings; nay, the paintings throw light on the literature and mythology of Greece as well as of Rome. So it is of the Egyptian monuments and remains. They bring out the existence and character of the Egyptians, and of the Israelites who dwelt in their borders. They, in an undesigned but direct way, show the accuracy of the writings of Moses—that the author could have been no recent impostor, dealing in forgeries, but must have been a contemporary and eye-witness of many of the events which he describes; in short, they show that his pictures are real as well as ancient. Had the writings professed to be of the same age and country with the monuments, and had it appeared, on examination, that they did not correspond—that the one contradicted the other—the inference would have been inevitable, that one or other was speaking falsely; and as this could scarcely be supposed of the stone or the paint, the next inference must have been that the writer was not worthy of credit. In the case of Moses and his writings, the result is widely and happily different. The fine, steady, almost invariable climate of Egypt, has tended to preserve the remains in all the freshness and vividness of colour in which they were originally impressed; and they speak, like so many living attestators, to the scrupulous accuracy of the Hebrew lawgiver and historian. There are no discrepancies—there is nothing but agreement. The evidence is something of the same nature as the raising of an unexpected witness from the dead. The monuments of Egypt, with their recent revelations, are like witnesses called from the grave. Indeed, in some respects, they are better than living men—they cannot be bribed to lie. We must only be careful that we do not draw false inferences from their silent testimony. It is surely matter of thankfulness to God, that in his all-wise providence, such materials of proof have been treasured up both in Italy and Egypt. The latter is the Scripture field; but by the parallelisms which the former supplies, we are better enabled to discern the force of the argument for revelation. If Infidels object, they are now answered out of their own mouth. The men who think, and justly, that the letter of Pliny, giving an account of the eruption of Vesuvius, and confirmed by the remains of Herculaneum and Pompeii—who see the suddenness of the devastation in the skeleton bearing the bag of gold, and caught in the act; or the sentinel, now a skeleton, standing in his sentry-box with his lance; and particular shops, with the marble counter, with the wet marks of vessels on its surface—these persons cannot object to the friends of revelation drawing inferences with similar confidence from the remains of Egypt—cannot question, for instance, the remarkable circumstances of Moses' birth, in so far as the bathing is concerned, when they find, however unlikely it might otherwise have appeared, that an ancient Egyptian bathing scene has been preserved among the monuments, in which a lady is represented as bathing, attended by four servants, ready to perform their various offices. What more just illustration could be given of the visit of Pharaoh's daughter and her attendants to the Nile? The only thing to be borne in mind, in making comparisons between the evidence supplied of Egyptian and Hebrew life by the monuments of Egypt, and that supplied of Roman life by the excavations of the towns in the neighbourhood of Vesuvius, is the vast antiquity of the one compared with that of the other. The exodus of the Israelites from Egypt took place fifteen hundred years before the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii. Indeed, the glory of the Hebrew nation was over, and its tribes broken up and dispersed, ere the first foundations of Rome were laid. The proofs of the character of its people, as recorded on the monuments of Egypt, are not, on that account, less true; but they can scarcely be expected to be so abundant, or to be so easily verified. Their antiquity adds, however, greatly to their interest; and the evidences are far from scanty. Indeed, they are most abundant and minute—showing the perfect accuracy of the Mosaic narrative, on the one hand, and the kindness of Divine Providence, in the ample records, preserved as a counterpart, in the monuments of Egypt, on the other. With these explanatory remarks, I have space only for a few illustrations.

VEGETABLES.—The writings of Moses speak of the Egyptian *onion* as peculiarly grateful, so that the Israelites lamented the loss of it. Was this the fancy of a forger about what had no existence? On the monuments of Egypt there are drawings of the onion, which is a large and agreeable food, extensively used by the common people to the present day. The translator of Hengstenberg remarks, generally: "Vegetables are depicted in great variety and abundance. It is indeed impossible to look at any representation of an Egyptian garden without feeling some sympathy for the complaints and murmurings of the Israelites in the desert."—P. 201. How exactly does this coincide with the statements of Moses!

ANIMALS.—An inference, adverse to the Mosaic narrative, has been drawn from the circumstance that in Pharaoh's gift to Abraham no mention is made of *horses*, though they were common in Egypt. But the inference is hasty. Evidently it was not intended that the descendants of Abraham should place their reliance in cavalry, but in the Lord of hosts. Hence there is no mention of the horse in the law of Moses. It was not till the days of Solomon that a cavalry force was employed; and then it was comparatively small, and unwarrantable besides. Even in Egypt the horse is introduced into the monuments, chiefly, if not exclusively, in cases of war; and it was not in that character that Abraham appeared before Pharaoh. Hence the propriety of no mention of horses in his case. In harmony with this and Abraham's character as a shepherd, there is a striking pastoral scene taken from a tomb hewn in the rock, on which, according to Mr Wilkin-

son, "First came the oxen, over which is the number 834, cows 220, goats 3234, asses 760, and sheep 974." There are no horses. The Israelites were shepherds in Egypt, and *sheep* appear on the monuments frequently, and in great numbers.

FISH.—One of the first complaints of the Israelites, in the desert, was the absence of the fish of Egypt. These were most abundant. The monuments proclaim this. Fishing is one of the employments most frequently depicted. Indeed, an entire caste was devoted to the occupation; and their inferiority to the agriculturists can be traced in the pictorial representations.

EMPLOYMENTS OF MEN—BRICK-MAKING.—Agreeably to the intimations of Moses, the bricks of Egypt are found to contain a portion of chopped straw. A picture, taken from a tomb at Thebes, is believed by Rossellini to be a representation of the unhappy Hebrews at brick-making. The dissimilarity to the Egyptians appears in a moment. By complexion, physiognomy, and beard, they are at once seen to be Hebrews. Their degradation, too, is vividly depicted.

WORKING IN METALS.—Moses speaks of Bezaleel having power to devise curious works, and working in gold, and silver, and brass. The ark of the testimony and the boards of the tabernacle were to be overlaid with gold. Rossellini says: "From the articles represented in the Egyptian tombs, it is manifest how anciently the art of casting and working metals was practised in Egypt." Wilkinson testifies to various articles, from the earliest times, being overlaid with gold. The mummies were gilded, and chains of gold for necklaces were very common. Such is the testimony, not only of the monuments, but of remains themselves.

WRITING AND WRITERS.—No nation seems to have been more, if so much, addicted to any art as the Egyptians were to writing. It is owing to this very turn of mind that on their tombs, and even their clothes, we have such ample memorials of their character to the present day. There was, besides, a distinct class of scribes, whose importance is vividly depicted on the monuments. Their early perfection in the art of writing coincides with various notices of writing of different kinds in the Books of Moses, and also the Book of Job. It is evidently taken for granted that the people would have no difficulty in transmitting knowledge in an accurate form to remote periods.

PHYSICIANS.—These were very numerous in Egypt. Indeed the country was famous for them, so that even Cyrus and Darius had Egyptian medical attendants. The practice of embalming necessarily created a great demand for such officers. Hence we read of Joseph commanding his physicians to embalm his father. Hence, too, the many mummies preserved to this day. The pictures of funeral processions are very frequent, and so vividly recall the narrative of Moses, that Hengstenberg remarks: "When we behold the representations of the processions of the dead, we seem to see the funeral train of Jacob."

Among the employments of men, the last which I shall mention is that of SOLDIERS. In regard to the war force of Egypt, there is a wonderful accordance between the monuments and the Books of Moses. The sacred historian describes the soldiers which pursued the Israelites to the Red Sea, and in whose waves they were engulfed, as consisting of war chariots—not of cavalry, strictly speaking, but of chariots with two horses. And this is singularly correct. So far as the investigations have proceeded, there are no cavalry, but abundant traces of the war chariot, which, on the occasion of the exodus, was the more needed, that the occasion was one in which infantry could be of no great service.

CUSTOMS.—It is a remarkable peculiarity of the Egyptians, that they *sat at meals*. In all the pictures of entertainments it appears that the guests, male and female, sat at table. Though couches are found in the room, these were reserved for sleeping. Now, in harmony with this Egyptian custom, Joseph and his brethren, in the narrative of Moses, are represented as sitting, though the patriarchal practice was to recline.

Another peculiarity was the *carrying of burdens on the head*. We see a reference to this in the dream of Pharaoh's chief baker, who carried the basket with various confectionaries, for which the Egyptians were celebrated, on his head. There are frequent examples of this mode of carrying on the monuments. It is characteristic, though not exclusive; and as Moses' mention of it is incidental, the coincidence is the more striking.

ORNAMENTS OF RANK.—Pharaoh put a gold chain or necklace around the neck of Joseph, in token of honour. The monuments are full of them. Slaves are represented as carrying them to their master. Kings and nobles are uniformly arrayed in them. "Figures of noble youth are found entirely devoid of clothing, but richly ornamented with necklaces." Beautiful specimens of the articles themselves, as well as of the representation of them, are deposited in the British Museum.

SACRED OINTMENTS are made of great account in the Old Testament, even in early times. In harmony with this, we find ample use of unguents among the Egyptians. There are not only pictures of them, but vases, still fragrant with their perfume, have descended to our day.

CORN THRESHING.—Moses forbids the Hebrews to muzzle the ox when treading out the corn. The monuments proclaim that oxen were used for threshing. Champollion, describing a subterraneous apartment where this operation is depicted, gives a song addressed by the overseer to the oxen, and which is inscribed above them, encouraging the cattle to partake.

FAMINE, AND PROVISION AGAINST IT.—Though Egypt be so fertile—dependent for its crop, not on the rains, but on the regular overflowing of the Nile—yet no country has been so great a sufferer in every age from famine. Hence the necessity of storehouses, such as those which Joseph is represented in the Book of Genesis as constructing. In perfect accordance with the Mosaic account, store-houses form a very prominent object in the paintings. They are very numerous and vast, and present all the air of public buildings.

THE MORAL CHARACTER OF THE EGYPTIANS.—The intolerable *arrogance and pride* of the Pharaohs are sufficiently apparent from the narrative of Moses.

The monuments proclaim the same qualities. The name Pharaoh means an incarnation of the sun. The ancient palaces were temples for worship as well as the residence of kings. The miserable monarch claimed and received divine honours.

The *hatred* of the Egyptians to the Hebrews is well known; this also is apparent from the remains. Those who have had an opportunity of studying them, declare that there must have been some foreign Asiatic class in Egypt the objects of humiliating degradation. Joseph tells us, that "every shepherd is an abomination to the Egyptians." "The artists of Upper and Lower Egypt vie with each other in caricaturing them." The hatred is conspicuous; nay, it is stated that the progress of the dislike can be traced, in perfect conformity with the growing aversion discovered in the Pentateuch.

With regard again, more particularly, to the FEMALE EGYPTIAN CHARACTER, the monuments bear out the written records. The profligacy of Potiphar's wife may almost seem incredible in her rank of society, but the remains of the Egyptians themselves render it of easy belief. Females are represented as being so much overcome with wine as to be unable to stand or walk alone, or "to carry their liquor discreetly." Ladies are represented as sitting unveiled at banquets, and indulging in large libations of wine. Contrary to the practice of the East generally, there was far more social freedom in Egypt at that time than even in Greece. The pictures of entertainments, in so far as the easy mingling of the sexes is concerned, give much the air of modern European intercourse. In harmony with this, Sarah is represented, in the 12th of Genesis, when in Egypt, as appearing unveiled in public. Fairness of complexion, too, which was admired in her, it appears, from the monuments, was generally esteemed; so much so, that ladies of rank, though belonging to nations of dark complexion, are represented as comparatively fair.

Such is a rapid glance at a few monumental illustrations of the accuracy of the Books of Moses. The proofs might be greatly enlarged. Indeed, the number and minuteness of the points of agreement form one of the wonders of the comparison, and must be examined in detail in order to be appreciated. Let what has been stated suffice as a specimen. No impartial, no honest man, after this contemplation, can doubt the truth of the Mosaic narrative. He may as well doubt his senses. And how much does the truth of the Mosaic narrative imply and involve? The New Testament hangs upon the Old, and upon both our eternal safety is suspended. Shake the truth of Moses, and the same principle of doubt will reach to the entire Scriptures. How pleasing to find that age, which, in other things, is associated with weakness and decay, brings no injury to the Word of God or its proofs—that, on the contrary, the latter grow and improve with years! How pleasing, too, to mark the traces of an over-ruling Providence in the present case! A Neological, in other words, an Infidel professor, attacked the authenticity of Moses, and hoped to gather proofs for his scepticism from the monuments of Egypt. He was full of ignorant confidence, like the class to which he belongs. A brother professor (Hengstenberg) of a different (the evangelical) school, took up the gauntlet, and not only showed the superior learning of truth above error, but established the particular truth which was assailed on a basis of clearness and certainty not reached before. Thus it has often been in the history of revelation. Its enemies have frequently, though unwittingly, done more for it than friends. So true is its own statement, that God makes the wrath of man to praise him, and the remainder of his wrath he restrains.

MOSES AND SOLOMON THE FIRST NATURAL HISTORIANS.

THE first chapter of natural history, though written considerably more than three thousand years ago, is the most precious that ever was written. It was written by Moses, under the immediate teaching of God; and without the aid of inspiration it could not have been written, for it tells us of the creation of the heavens and of the earth, and of the creation of man. It is a pattern of the manner in which natural history should be written, as it gives to God, in all things, the glory and the praise. "In the beginning GOD created the heavens and the earth." This is a sentence similar to that in which Longinus, a heathen writer, saw so much of the true sublime—"God said, Let there be light, and there was light." What a word! "He spake, and it was done." Of nothing, "in the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth." They who believe that the globe we inhabit existed for ages as the residence of inferior animals, before man was brought into being, contend that this first verse contains all the information that the Lord saw fit to give respecting this world's history, before it was fashioned afresh to be the abode of the human race. The Bible was given for nobler purposes than as a repository of natural science. He who is from everlasting to everlasting, can afford to pass over the wonders of his power in creating and preserving myriads of irrational creatures, when he has far greater wonders to set before us, in the creation, the ruin, the redemption of creatures formed after his own image, raised from misery in which, through sin, they had involved themselves—in a way the most astonishing made partakers of the divine nature, and raised eventually to eternal glory and blessedness, at his right hand in the heavens. He can leave inferior matters "to be sought out of those who have pleasure in them;" and inferior though they be, compared with the wonders of redemption, they are worth being "sought out," for they furnish abundant proofs of the power, and wisdom, and foresight of an all-wise and all-powerful God.

The Bible is the record of God's dealings towards man. Had it contained only the natural history of man, it would have been a most mournful book—"a roll written within and without with lamentations, mourning, and woe." But, blessed be God, the Bible contains not only mournful records of "the natural man," but also many joyful pages respecting the "renewed man." It tells us of man's supernatural history—of the fulfilment of a heaven-devised plan in which "mercy and truth meet together, and righteousness and peace kiss each other," by which God can be just, and yet the justifier of the ungodly.

After Moses, Solomon was the next great natural historian of whom we read. The precious works which he wrote, under the teaching of the Spirit of God, have come down to us—*Proverbs*, and *Ecclesiastes*, and the *Song of Songs*, which is Solomon's. These have been preserved and transmitted, with divine care, and with these we might well be satisfied; and yet many a naturalist, we doubt not, has sighed over the loss of those ancient works of the wisest of men, in almost every department of natural science. "God gave Solomon wisdom and understanding exceeding much." . . . . "And Solomon's wisdom excelled the wisdom of all the children of the East, and all the wisdom of Egypt; for he was wiser than all men. He spake three thousand proverbs, and his songs were one thousand and five. And he spake of trees from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon, even to the hyssop that springeth out of the wall; he spake also of beasts and of fowls, and of creeping things, and of fishes."

The next distinguished natural historian whose fame has reached us, is Aristotle, who lived above three hundred years before the coming of Christ, and who was undoubtedly one of the most remarkable men that ever lived. He enjoyed great advantages, in being for twenty years the favourite pupil of Plato, who for eight years had been the pupil of Socrates. So celebrated did he become, that he was asked by Philip, king of Macedon, to be the tutor of his son, afterwards Alexander the Great. His letter to Aristotle was in these words: "I inform you I have a son. I thank the gods, not so much for making me a father, as for giving me a son in an age when he can have Aristotle for his instructor. I hope you will make him a successor worthy of me, and a king worthy of Macedonia." His power over men's minds was more extensive and permanent than was the kingdom which Alexander so rapidly established over the face of the earth. The fame and power of Aristotle rested chiefly on his "Treatise on Logic;" but it is with his "Natural History" that we have at present to do. Never was naturalist (with the exception, it may be, of King Solomon), placed in so favourable circumstances; for Alexander not only most bountifully supplied him with money to aid him in the prosecution of his researches, but in his Asiatic expedition employed above a thousand men in collecting animals, and plants, and curiosities of all kinds, which were carefully sent to the philosopher.

But what are wealth, and learning, and power, without heavenly wisdom? How graphically was Alexander, in the rapidity of his victorious progress, described in the language of prophecy, as the "*he goat*" coming from the west, on the face of the whole earth, touching not the ground, and rushing on the ram with two horns (Media and Persia) in the fury of his power; and, moved with chôler against him, smiting the ram, and breaking his two horns, casting him down to the ground and stamping upon him! And yet this Alexander, who subdued the nations, and humbled the proudest kings, and wept because there was not another world to conquer, had left unconquered one little kingdom, which, in the height of his power, rising up, brought on him sudden ruin. That little kingdom was his own heart. His appetites and passions were strangers to control, and at an early age the conqueror of the world fell the mournful victim of excess.

Alas, also, for Aristotle! for with all his knowledge he died in darkness. Science shed her brightest beams on his path; Nature, which he studied with so much assiduity, displayed her wonders, unlocked to him her rich treasuries, and unfolded many of her mysteries; the greatest of earthly kings patronized him; and the most distinguished of his contemporaries did homage to his genius; but though he had known that his name was to be still more highly honoured when a thousand years had passed away, this would not have rendered him happy at the hour of death. When expiring, he is said to have uttered the following sentiment: "*Fœde hunc mundum intravi; anxius vixi; perturbatus egredior; causa causarum miserere me.*"* He had thought and written of the existence of the Deity as the first great cause—with sublime thoughts mingling inconsistency and perplexity. He knew enough of himself and enough of God to be afraid to die; and therefore at the hour of death, he says: "*Perturbatus egredior*"—"I leave the world in a state of perturbation." He knew not how man could be justified with God; nor how he can be made clean who is born of woman. He could only raise the cry of nature in the hour of danger and dismay, "Have mercy upon me!" He could not raise the prayer of faith; for he knew not Him in whom there is redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins.

Alas for Aristotle! but much greater cause is there to be grieved for those who, in the present day, walk amidst sparks of their own kindling, and despise the bright beams of Gospel light. They can count, it may be, the number of the visible stars; they are acquainted with the movements, and can predict the eclipses, of the heavenly bodies; they can measure their distance, and tell their magnitude, and calculate their height; they are acquainted with almost all that moves in the deep, on the earth, and in the air; they try to trace the history of old Time till his very boyhood; they cross-question him respecting his hoarded treasures; they tear from his bosom ancient "medals," in the finest state of preservation, inscribed with characters which, if rightly deciphered, unfold secrets of remoter antiquity than those that were concealed for ages under the obscurity of Egyptian hieroglyphics. But what would it avail a person, though he understood all the mysteries of time, if, while he was poring over them, he were to forget that old Time, with stealthy step, was hurrying him on to the ocean of Eternity? And what would a man in the end be profited, though he could read every page of the Book of Nature, if he neglected the wonders of heavenly grace? Unhappy he, who thinks himself wise, because he can guess at the mysteries of Time, while he is treasuring up for himself eternal wrath against the day of wrath, by neglecting the great salvation freely offered, though purchased by the atoning blood of the Son of God!—

Stevenston. D. L.

* "Shamefully did I enter this world—in anxiety have I lived—in perturbation I die; Cause of causes, pity me!"

Daily Bread.

FRIDAY.

"Our Father which art in heaven."—MATT. vi. 9.

Father of all, whose powerful voice
Call'd forth this universal frame!
Whose mercies over all rejoice—
Through endless ages still the same;
Thou by thy word upholdest all;
Thy bounteous love to all is show'd;
Thou hear'st thy every creature's call,
And fill'st thy people's souls with good.

What doest thou, O Christian, complaining of all thy wants, and sighing under thy burdens? Is not God thy Father? Is it spiritual blessings thou wantest? Spread thy requests before him; for as he is thy Father, so he is the God of all grace, and will give unto thee of his fulness; for God loves that his children should be like him. Or is it temporal mercies thou wantest? Why, he is thy Father, and he is the "Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort;" and why shouldst thou go so dejected and disconsolate who hast a Father so able and so willing to relieve and supply thee? Only beware that thou askest not stones for bread, nor scorpions for fish, and then ask what thou wilt for thy good, and thou shalt receive it.—*Hopkins.*

SATURDAY.

"Hallowed be thy name."—Ib. vi. 9.

Father of earth and sky,
Thy name we magnify:
O that earth and heaven might join,
Thy perfections to proclaim—
Praise thy attributes divine—
Fear and love thy holy name!

That God's name may be hallowed let us ourselves endeavour to be holy; for it is impossible that an unholy heart or life should sanctify a holy God. Whilst we persevere in our wicked conversations, we do but mock God and ourselves when we desire to sanctify that name of his which we daily profane and pollute; nay, indeed we do but pray for our own destruction, even that God would sanctify his name, part whereof is his just and dreadful severity upon all those, and consequently upon ourselves, who defile and profane it.—*Ib.*

SABBATH.

"Thy kingdom come."—Ib. vi. 10.

When shall thy Spirit reign
In every heart of man?
Father, bring the kingdom near—
Honour thy triumphant Son.

These are the chief and principal things that we beg of God for the Church militant, when we say, "Thy kingdom come;" namely, that it may attain to a perfection of extent, and be planted where it is not; to a perfection of number, and may gain more proselytes and converts where it is planted; to a perfection of establishment, that it may not be rooted out by the violence of men, nor abandoned through the judgment of God; and to a perfection of purity and holiness, by the powerful dispensation of Gospel ordinances, attended by the efficacious concurrence of the Holy Spirit.—*Ib.*

MONDAY.

"Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven."—Ib. vi. 10.

Thy good and holy will
Let all on earth fulfil;
Men with minds angelic vie,
Saints below with saints above,
Thee to praise and glorify,
Thee to serve with perfect love.

Certainly, if ever we would do the will of God in heaven, we must accustom ourselves to do it here on earth. Here we are as apprentices that must learn the trade of holiness, that when our time is out, we may be fit to be made free denizens of the new Jerusalem. Here we are to tune our voices to the praises of God before we come to join with the heavenly choir. Here we are to learn what we must there for ever practise.—*Hopkins.*

TUESDAY.

"Give us this day our daily bread."—MATT. vi. 11.

This day with this day's bread
Thy hungry children feed;
Fountain of all blessings, grant
Now the manna from above;
Now supply our bodies' want,
Now sustain our souls with love.

We are all strangers and pilgrims upon earth; heaven is our country, and thither we are travelling; only in our journey we may call and bait at the world, and take what we find provided for us with sobriety and thankfulness; and therefore, this bread that we here pray for, is elsewhere called the staff of bread (Ps. cv. 16): "He brake the staff of bread;" (Ezek. v. 16): "I will break your staff of bread." And all this is to put us in mind that we are to ask for, and to use these earthly enjoyments only as travellers, that make use of a staff for their help and support whilst they are in their passage home. And we are hereby also taught to crave no more than will suffice for our convenient supplies, otherwise we make our staff our burden, and our support itself a load and pressure.—*Ib.*

WEDNESDAY.

"And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors."—Ib. vi. 12.

Ten thousand talents once I owed,
And nothing had to pay;
But Jesus freed me from the load,
And wash'd my debt away.

God pardons our sins so fully, that they are in his account as if they had never been committed; and so must we pardon injuries wholly and fully, as if there had never been any done us.—*Ib.*

THURSDAY.

"And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."—Ib. vi. 13.

In every fiery hour
Display thy guardian power;
Near in our temptation stay—
With sufficient strength defend;
Bring us through the evil day—
Make us faithful to the end.

As all manner of sin lies couched and comprehended in that body of sin which we carry about with us, so all manner of graces are couched also in that principle of grace which God hath implanted in his own children; and when the devil, by a temptation, calls forth a particular sin, God also, by his exciting influence, calls forth a particular contrary grace, to hinder the commission of it. Thus, when they are tempted to pride, God calls forth humility. So, when they are tempted to wrath and passion, he stirs up meekness to oppose it. When a murmuring and repining at God's dispensations, he puts patience upon its perfect work.—*Ib.*

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TIMOTHY, OR THE CHRISTIAN EDUCATION OF THE YOUNG;

A Sermon.

BY THE REV. ANDREW THOMSON, EDINBURGH.

"From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus."—2 Tim. iii. 15.

The objection has sometimes been urged, that the beneficent effects of the Gospel upon the nations into which it has been introduced, have been few and insignificant. Those who make it, show that they are either grossly ignorant of the history of Christianity, or that they have marked its operations with a prejudiced mind. It is impossible for them to escape the charge of inconsiderateness, or of something worse; for may we not ask of them—what has expelled idolatry and the cruel rites of superstition from so many countries? what has softened the horrors of war? what has mingled more benign and equitable principles with the laws of nations? what has reared asylums and hospitals for the poor, the sick, the disabled, and the aged? what has driven grosser vices altogether out of sight, and made many of the virtues that were once considered heroic become common? what has given a new value to human life? what has elevated woman to her proper rank in the scale of society, by making her man's companion, and not his slave, and thereby giving a new grace and gentleness to human manners, and alleviating human misery in a thousand forms? If any one hesitates for a reply, we bid him compare the nations of Christendom with Heathen countries, both in ancient and in modern times, and then let him deny, if he can, that Christianity has done it all.

In making these statements, however, we have not said all that might be said; we have not even brought forth our main defence. The truth is, the objector has been looking for the beneficial effects of Christianity in the wrong place, and from the wrong position. It is not in camps, and courts, and senates, that the influences of the Gospel are most seen and felt; but in the calm privacies of domestic life, taking hold of the heart of the individual, and awakening in it a new class of affections towards God and man. The scene where those affections are most fully and favourably developed is the family circle. The various social relations are strengthened by a new bond, sweetened by a new tenderness, and regarded with a new fidelity. Home has obtained, through the Gospel, a new meaning and a new attractiveness. And if we would form a just estimate of what the Gospel has done, and is now doing, to promote man's present happiness, we must look, not to some one splendid act of public heroism or of national enthusiasm, but to its powerful, noiseless, every-day influence upon millions of individuals and of homes. This, we repeat it, is the proper sphere of its operation; and when we consider that the greater part of happiness or misery is experienced in our family relations and at our firesides, can we attach too much importance to that wondrous moral instrument which has ingrafted new qualities upon our family relations, and, just in so far as it operates, converts home into a sanctuary and a heaven?

We have been led into this not unimportant train of remark by the circumstance that our text introduces us to one of those domestic scenes not unfrequent in the New Testament, and shows us a home hallowed and made happy by the faith of the Gospel. It is the home in which was reared Timothy, the young evangelist, Paul's son in the Gospel, who enjoyed so large a share of the venerable apostle's affection, who was favoured more than any other individual with his inspired correspondence, and who almost seems to have received the last breath of the man of God. We are led back to the time when he was yet a child, and when his character obtained that form and direction which so eminently fitted him for future usefulness: "From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus." We wish now to fix your attention on these words, which bring before us the four following things, viz.:—Timothy's instructors; the season of his instruction; the matter of it; and its tendency and results.

I. *Timothy's Instructors.*—These are not expressly named in the text, but they are obviously referred to, and the remembrance of them would no doubt be vividly excited in Timothy's mind as he read the apostle's words. We have only to turn back to an earlier passage in this Epistle in order to have our interest in the matter set at rest. At the 5th verse of the 1st chapter we meet with the following words: "When I call to remembrance the unfeigned faith that is in thee, which dwelt first in thy grandmother Lois, and thy mother Eunice; and I am persuaded that in thee also." We may look also at Acts xvi. 1, which supplies us with a few additional particulars: "Then came he (Paul) to Derbe and Lystra: and, behold, a certain disciple was there, named Timotheus, the son of a certain woman, which was a Jewess, and believed; but his father was a Greek." When we place these two citations

in connection with our text, they supply us with the following facts, viz.: That Timothy was a native of Derbe or Lystra—most probably of the latter place; that his father was a Gentile, but that his mother and grandmother were of the race of Abraham; and that, whatever may have been the religious character of his father, his mother Eunice, and his grandmother Lois, were persons of unfeigned piety and sterling excellence. On them, there is reason to think, there devolved the principal charge of Timothy's early instruction; and they had most faithfully and assiduously discharged their stewardship; for "from a child he had known the Holy Scriptures."

The fact leads us to notice the parental obligation, and the divine wisdom and benignity shown in the formation of it. The duty of the parent to care for his child—to provide for his sustenance—to train his intellect—to seek the renovation and guidance of his moral nature—this is a duty growing out of the very constitution of families, and which Christianity cannot so much be said to create as to confirm by new sanctions, and to regulate by new rules. To attempt escaping such an obligation would not only be to divest ourselves of the Christian, but to become the Atheist—it would be "to deny the faith, and be worse than an Infidel." The charge is not a matter of mere choice, but of imperative duty; it is a charge which, in common circumstances, cannot, without blame, ever be transferred. The moment that God puts a living child into a parent's hands, he conveys along with it the most weighty responsibilities—responsibilities the neglect or faithful discharge of which will be followed by an eternity of corresponding results. When the Bible says: "Train up a child in the way in which he should go," it does but utter, in a more loud, and distinct, and solemn voice, what nature had said before it.

Now mark here, I beseech you, the beautiful illustration which this constitution of things gives us of the divine wisdom and benevolence. Is there nothing to be admired in the circumstance that the training of the immortal mind, in its earliest and most susceptible years, has been committed to those very persons who, of all others on the earth, are most disposed to seek its welfare? An affection which never knows fatigue—which sympathizes with every infant joy or sorrow—which has found a new life in the child's life, and watches with intense desire and satisfaction the development of its powers—this is to be found in the bosom of every parent, save the very base and abandoned. And to this parent it is that God has committed the sacred trust of its mental and spiritual culture.—But there is a double beauty in the arrangement. We learn the most readily from those whom we love and trust. The words of a father and mother are not readily suspected by their child, either of folly or of falsehood. Whatever others may think of them, he is disposed to invest them with a sort of absolute wisdom. Indeed a child always confides, until he has found himself deceived. Here, then, there is a double vantage, indicating a double benevolence. And may we not expect that, where these favouring circumstances are intelligently and scripturally improved, and the child is trained up in the way in which he should go, when he is old he will not depart from it? Such was the training of Timothy, and such were its blessed fruits. Following the proposed order of our remarks, let us notice,

II. *The Season of Timothy's Instruction.*—His education was begun in very early life: "From a child he had known the Holy Scriptures," &c. And instruction, if we would insure success, must be commenced thus early. If we were asked to fix the proper time for entering on the mental, and still more on the moral culture of a child, we should say, Begin your training just as soon as your child is capable of receiving it. It is a different question altogether, and one which it is not our province to discuss or to settle here, how soon the child is to be brought under the systematic discipline of the school or the academy. To decide this question, it would be necessary to take into view the bodily and mental constitution of the child. But every one must see that long before the time of systematic education commonly begins, numerous impressions, especially of a moral kind, have already been made; and these, whether favourable or unfavourable, are likely to prove deep, if not indelible. If we are asked, then, to fix the time for entering on the culture of the child's spiritual nature, we answer, Begin as soon as he is capable of receiving spiritual impressions. When am I to teach my child to love truth, and to abhor a lie? Just as soon as he is capable of perceiving the distinction between right and wrong. When am I to convey to his mind the doctrine of a supreme Divinity—the almighty Framer—the benignant Preserver—the Father of all? Whenever the sublime sentiment can even be faintly apprehended by him? And so with the great vital principles of that wondrous restorative economy which it is the design of the Scriptures to reveal—with the history, and character, and work of the Lord Jesus Christ. These must be conveyed to his mind just as soon as he is able to bear it. There is no limit fixing the period of commencing this department of instruction, but the child's own capacity. Now is the seed-time of his immortal existence, which, when once let pass, can never return.

The truth is, impressions of some kind will be made upon the youthful heart, so that the real practical question is, not whether the child shall receive moral impressions or not, but whether the impressions made on it shall be of the right sort or the wrong. There is no period of life in which the imagination is so lively, or the curiosity so excited, or the con-

science so awake, or the heart so tender, and, therefore, in which the facilities for occupying and informing with truth are so great. But let the opportunity be let slip, and the seeds of divine truth remain unsown, and the bosom will not continue a blank; but a sad harvest will, in all likelihood, hereafter be gathered of poison and death. The heart will not remain untenanted and uncontrolled; for if the truth do not occupy and govern it, the devil will.

I am afraid that the doctrine of human depravity has sometimes been sadly abused in its bearings on this subject; and men have perversely drawn an excuse for the delay of moral instruction, from the very circumstance that should have quickened them to early and vigorous effort. They have tried to persuade themselves that the work of moral training will be not more difficult ten years hence than it is now, while they will then have the advantage of a more matured and vigorous intellect. Never was there a greater, and seldom has there been a more fatal mistake. We admit the doctrine of natural depravity to its full extent; but then, is there no difference between that tendency to evil with which we are born, when viewed in its native virulence, and when enlarged by years of unchecked indulgence and strengthened by habit? Whether is it easier to pluck up the sapling or the tree? Whether are you more likely to succeed in diverting the current of the rill or of the river? A neglected child is like so much soil handed over to Satan to cultivate. Oh, yes! if we would see our children, in the days of manhood, walking in the paths of wisdom and holiness—if we would meet them in a future world with congratulations and joy—we must teach them to "Remember *now* their Creator in the days of their youth."

It is possible, however, to have some vague impression of parental responsibility, and cordially to accede to the opinion that mental and moral discipline, to be effectual, must be early, while the mode and character of our instruction may be grossly defective or injurious. But the text not only suggests the law on this subject, but points to the lesson-book. This will come under our notice by considering,

III. *The Matter of Timothy's Instruction.*—It was divine truth: "From a child thou hast known the *Holy Scriptures*." His education was conducted on truly sound and liberal principles; for his parents contemplated him, above all, in his relations as moral and immortal, and trained him, not for the hour, or even for time merely, but for eternity. The only part of the Scriptures at that time in existence was the Old Testament; and I can easily imagine how the interesting child would listen for hours to the words of the affectionate Eunice or the venerable Lois, as they depicted before him the lives of the patriarchs; or pursued with him the history of Moses, their great lawgiver, from his cradle on the Nile to the triumphant departure of Israel from Egypt; or followed the Israelites in their forty years' wanderings in the wilderness, under the friendly guidance of the mystic pillar of cloud and fire; or traced their further history in the Promised Land, through centuries of miracle and mercy, returned so oft with rebellion and defection; mingling with all those moral and spiritual lessons which they so naturally and richly suggest, and pointing his thoughts, above all, to the manner in which both history, and type, and prediction, prepared the way and adumbrated the glory of the Christ that was to come. With what glistening eye would the young disciple hear the sacred story! How many and how strange would be the questions he would ask!—questions never addressed to a pious parent's ear in vain. Oh! then it was at a parent's knee that those seeds were sown which afterwards grew up unto eternal life.

What, then, it may perhaps be asked—do we propose that education should be exclusively confined to religion? We propose nothing so very unreasonable and preposterous. We know that man is destined, for a season, to be an inhabitant of this world; and we would have him, in all respects, qualified for his sphere. What we condemn is, seeking to have our children all accomplished merely for the present life. What we condemn is, allowing the classic to supersede the catechism, and science to eclipse Scripture. What we condemn, and what, when discovered in the families of professing Christians, has excited in us feelings akin to horror, is the fact that, when passing from childhood into youth, they should sometimes be more familar with the wanderings of Æneas, and with the battles of Hector and Achilles, than with the ministry, and sufferings, and death of the Son of God and Saviour of the world. We do not quarrel with you for making your child wise in reference to this world; but we do blame you for overlooking the far more important work of making him wise unto salvation. These things ye ought to have done, and not to have left the other undone. Exclude religion from the matter of your instruction, and you are, in all likelihood, preparing your child to become at some future day a more splendid ruin! That, and that alone, is an education worthy of the name, which places the child's immortal interests first, and in the whole scheme of its arrangements "seeks for him *first* the kingdom of God and his righteousness."

And here I would take occasion to remark on a very injurious mistake that, I fear, prevails to some extent on the subject of education—I refer to the opinion, that education solely consists in the *direct and formal* communication of knowledge. This is much too narrow a view of the matter. It would be far more correct to say, that all that the child sees and hears in the household is his education; at least, this is strictly true to the extent of his moral training. The direct lesson may be the text, but the parents' conduct is the proof and

the commentary. We have no hope of an education in which the two are at variance; we have all hope in one in which they agree. To illustrate this, let us consider,

IV. *The Tendency and Result of Timothy's Instructions.*—They were able to make him "wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus." The language of Paul here is remarkable, and must not be passed over without a momentary notice. It evidently teaches that Christ is the great theme of the Old Testament as well as of the New, and that it is in the way of knowing and believing in him as the divinely qualified and divinely appointed Messiah and Saviour that we are made wise unto salvation. Such had been the experience of Timothy. Through the instruction of his parents, while he was yet a child, he had become intimately acquainted with the Old Testament Scriptures; the consequence of which was, that when Paul came to Lystra, in his missionary travels, and proclaimed Jesus as the Christ, his familiarity with ancient type and prediction enabled him at once to see and to appreciate the apostle's argument; and he showed that he had believed Moses by believing Christ. Through the many labours and prayers of his parents, followed by the ministry of Paul, he was now animated by the same unfeigned faith as before had dwelt in his grandmother Lois, and in his mother Eunice.

And, in general, it may be affirmed, that where there is similar parental fidelity and prayer, there will, sooner or later, be similar success. Parents often give way to despondency in the matter of their children's education too soon. They expect immediate fruit; and because this is not always, or even commonly, vouchsafed, they forthwith begin to slacken their efforts. But surely there is enough, both in Scripture and experience, to quicken us on to cheerful and unfaltering effort. First, let us realize the solemn fact of our children's immortal existence—let us remember that when yonder sun shall have become dim with age, and this earth shall have perished in its sheet of fire, they shall still be conscious—living—active; and that it will greatly depend on our exertions whether their immortality shall prove to them the greatest blessing or the heaviest woe. Next, let us bear in mind that the Gospel is the only remedy for the moral and spiritual evils under which our nature groans. It alone is able to make wise unto salvation. We may, indeed, present the Gospel, and it shall be refused; but if we withhold it, the universe contains no other remedy. Moreover, is it not true, that in the great majority of instances where the saving truth is instilled by the parent into the tender minds of his children, confirmed by example, and sanctified by prayer, it is, sooner or later, followed and rewarded by the best results? There may occasionally be strange and mysterious exceptions, just as, in the best cultivated orchard, you will sometimes meet with a barren tree, but the exceptions are rare; and then, when we look beyond the enclosure to the uncultured wilds, all is barrenness together. We repeat it, we have great confidence in the potency of an early Christian education—a confidence based at once on our knowledge of the divine adaptation of the Gospel to the desired end, on observation, and on the express statements of the Word of God. And so it is that even where we have seen the child of godly parents going astray, we have trembled, indeed; but we have trembled less for him than for others whose early days had been spent in scenes of ungodliness. We knew that there were instructions in his mind which he could not forget—which would not forget for him—that a mother's voice would be heard, in its tender whispers, louder than the raging voice of passion—that there were divine seeds in that heart, dormant still, but that must yet spring to life; and that, sooner or later, the cry would be heard from those lips: "My Father, my Father, be thou the guide of my youth."

We have sometimes thought that in the formation of the coral islands in the Southern Seas, we discovered a fit illustration of the history of our Christian tuition of the young. You know that the soil of those islands, after they emerge above the deep, is formed very gradually. Every rising tide leaves its scanty deposit of mud and wreck. There is long barrenness in the slowly accumulating soil, until there is seen gathering over its surface a verdant vegetation, and even lovely flowers spring up from hidden seeds that had been dropped perchance by some passing sea-fowl or bird of prey. Now, you have something of this gradual preparation, followed at length by sudden verdure, in the hearts of children. Every lesson you impart is just the deposit of so much soil. There may be long and wearisome barrenness, but the propitious moment at length arrives when the labours and prayers of years are graciously rewarded; for the Spirit has given efficacy to the long-slumbering truth, and the life of faith and holiness is begun. He who "from a child had known the Holy Scriptures," is made "wise unto salvation."

Hitherto we have spoken exclusively of the efforts of parents themselves in the training of their children; and we wish it to be understood most distinctly and unequivocally that, as regards the first few years of the child's existence, we place their efforts above those of every other being in the world.

At the sametime, we should not be stating the whole truth on this subject, did we not add that, in addition to the parents' instructions, and as powerfully subsidiary to them, the children should very early come under the care of the Church, and pass into the congregational Sabbath school. A congregation without a Sabbath school is not complete in its spiritual machinery. And I scarcely know anything better adapted to second the instructions of the fireside, than a well organized and

efficiently conducted system of juvenile instruction here. A well appointed band of Sabbath school teachers forms the right arm of a Christian minister. A well attended, well conducted Sabbath school is a sure token of present, and one of the surest pledges of future, congregational prosperity.

How bright a day of promise would that be for the Church in this land, when every parent and every pastor solemnly resolved, in reference to the children of his charge, that from a child they should know the Holy Scriptures! Scotland, we believe, would not be an age older, until it was blessed with a universal pentecost!

THE TRIAL OF MARTIN BUCER AND PAUL FAGIUS.

BY THE REV. JOHN FAIRBAIRN, ALLANTON.

After the death of Edward VI., and during the reign of Queen Mary, the sword of Rome, so often bathed in the blood of the saints, had free scope in England, and raged with ungoverned fury. Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer, and a multitude of other witnesses for the truth, suffered at the stake, sealing their testimony with their blood, and "lighting such a fire in England as they expected, by God's blessing, would not soon be extinguished." So merciless was the fury of the Papists, and so energetic their measures, that the preaching of the Gospel was almost entirely suppressed. As in the days of Ahab, the people of God—and there were many in the land—were hidden and silent.

The University of Cambridge was suspected. Indeed, there was no great reason for suspecting it. Such of the teachers and officials there as had professed the Gospel had been already removed; and Popery was firmly seated within its walls, and in its chairs. Still, in that university, for a good many years back, there had been many eminent and learned men, natives and foreigners, infected with the heresy of the Reformation. They had with all diligence preached, lectured, laboured, written—who could tell but that some of the evil influence which they spread around might still be lurking and fermenting in quiet corners, ready to convey the poison of the Gospel over the land, pouring it forth through secret channels?

Cardinal Pole and his coadjutors thought that this had better be inquired into. It would do no harm—it might do much good. They knew well enough how matters stood. They knew how firmly the university, being well purged, stood for Rome. Still, such an inquiry—and let it be a rigorous one—will have a salutary effect. We have cleared the land of the bolder of the Reformers; we must have a visitation of the university. In connection with what has already been done, it will show how fixedly we are resolved to have Protestantism thoroughly rooted out, and Popery established.

A commission of visitation is accordingly determined upon—the visitors nominated—arrangements made for their procedure. To remove all odium from the cardinal and his deputies, should anything odious be done, it is made to appear (to all at least who could not see through the device) as if the step were taken at the earnest request of the university itself. Such acts of hypocrisy are inconsiderable matters in the transactions of Papists. The minute details given by Foxe, of this visitation, are very interesting. Our space forbids to mention them all. It will be proper, however, to take notice of some of them, that we may see how the commission goes through its work. Instructions are sent down to Dr Perne, the vice-chancellor of the university, a true Papist, that he must appear, with the heads of houses, fellows, scholars, &c., in one of the churches of the university, before the commission, between the hours of eight and ten, on the morning of the 11th of January 1557. In the meantime they are to search out, and have in readiness against that time, "all statutes, books, privileges, and monuments, pertaining to the university, or any of the colleges, or, finally, to any of themselves; every man, moreover, must appear personally." Several questions may require to be put, and some oaths taken; every man must, therefore, appear in person. Thus, the visitors proceed in a very business-like way—the drift of which is very apparent.

The 11th of January arrives. The court is assembled; the visitors take their seats; they are seated on an elevated platform, covered over with cushions, and carpeted to the ground. The vice-chancellor sprinkles them with holy water; and proposes to burn incense before them; which, on this occasion, they decline, "though afterwards and elsewhere, they refuse it not." Why should they? If the people of Lystra would have sacrificed to Paul and Barnabas, whom they took for Mercury and Jupiter, why should not the Pope's representatives have equal honour? Because Paul and his companion rent their garments and restrained the idolatry of the Heathen, does it follow that the servants of Antichrist should refuse the worship of the votaries of Rome?

To pass over other business, which occupied the visitors three days, we come to the trial of Bucer and Fagius. The reader, unacquainted with the history, naturally supposes that Bucer and Fagius are present; at all events, that they are still alive, and have, up till this time, been preaching and lecturing—training their students, and, by all other available methods, leavening the university and the town with Reformation principles, which the visitors have come to silence and root out. Nothing of the kind. They have been dead and buried for several years. Bucer is interred in the vaults of St Mary's Church—Fagius, in those of St Michael's; which churches, till matters be brought to an issue, are placed under interdict. No religious service must be done in them. They are polluted, unconsecrated—rendered unholy by the ashes of the heretics.

How are the accused to be tried? There appears some difficulty in the matter. The reader does not see exactly how it is to be set about. The ingenuity and zeal of the visitors soon thread the difficulty, and get matters adjusted orderly. There was, indeed, a good deal of discussion; "forasmuch as the present state of the case required great deliberation and advice." Of course it did. What if Bucer and Fagius should not appear? "What is your opinion, Vice-

chancellor Perne? and yours, ye heads of houses and masters of colleges? As the matter is weighty, let every man, in due order, give his verdict."

After much debating, the vice-chancellor and all the collegians agree to the following resolutions:—That the visitors be humbly requested to proceed against Bucer. Whilst he yet lived, he taught poisonous doctrines among them; was himself a sectary and famous heretic—had erred from the Catholic Church, and caused others to err; his dead body must be digged up, that inquisition may be made as to his doctrine (which, of course, could not be done in absence of the same). Inquisition being made, should his doctrine be found to be, as reported, not good and wholesome, then the law must take course against him. There are many reasons why it should be so. For example, the law is, that the body of a heretic must not be buried in Christian burial. If respect is to be had to the glory of God, and the edification of the faithful, no room should be left for the body of a heretic to rest in. The body of a heretic is noisome and injurious to the very elements; "the place where it has been buried must be purged, and all things so ordered, as may be satisfying to the consciences of the weak," for which Popery has a most tender regard.

These resolutions are unanimously agreed upon. They are preliminaries. Order is at length taken to cite Bucer and Fagius to appear before the commission. Opportunity shall be given them to defend themselves, or to any other who may wish to appear on their behalf. This is on the 15th of January. That everything may be done with the decency which becomes so grave a court, the 18th is fixed upon as the day of appearance. Groups of people may be seen, in the meantime, around the door of St Mary's Church, the doors of the common schools, and still larger groups thronging about the market cross. The citation is posted on such public places. They are reading it—making, no doubt, their remarks upon it. It would be interesting to hear them; but they have not been preserved.

The court is again assembled; for the 18th has come. Neither Bucer nor Fagius appeared. They obeyed not the citation; they proved contumacious. But observe the meekness and courtesy of the commission; they will not proceed to judgment—"which, nevertheless, for the contumacy of these two dead men in absenting themselves, they might have done." Being mercifully inclined, they choose rather to proceed anew with the citation. This is done, and the trial adjourned till the 26th of the month, that parties may not be pressed for time.

The 26th also arrives. The court is once more assembled; the contumacy of those cited is intolerable—they do not appear; business must be proceeded with this time. The vice-chancellor rises up, and, mustering "a grave face," reaches to the president of the commission the process lately published. He reports, at the sametime, that it had been duly served—"executed according to the effect and purport of the same." After a pause, the Bishop of Chester, one of the visitors, gets upon his feet and takes speech in hand. He shows that the law must, of necessity, be put in force. As an individual, he would rather it were otherwise; but he must sacrifice his own feelings to the public good. "For, however," he remarks, "we ourselves are inclined to mercy in our hearts, than the which we protest there is nothing under the sun to us more dear and acceptable, yet, notwithstanding, the very law rises up in revenge; so that the common salvation of you all, which the law provides for" (a law unheard of, except in Popery and Puseyism), "must be preferred before the private charity of our minds. But if God, as he is slow to wrath and judgment, will wink at it," (*i. e.*, at the preaching of the Gospel); "yet, notwithstanding, if we, upon whom the charge of the Lord's flock leans, should permit so execrable crimes to escape unpunished, we should not live in quiet one hour."

Having finished his speech, the bishop pronounced sentence. Bucer and Fagius were condemned for heresy. The punishment which, in these days, Papists inflicted upon Protestants, was burning to death at the stake. Order is given that the bodies of the condemned should be dug up—degraded from their holy orders, and delivered over to the secular power "*to be executed.*" "For," adds the historian somewhat facetiously, "it was not lawful for such innocent persons (as the visitors), abhorring (as they did) all bloodshed, and detesting all murder, *to put any man to death.*"

The magistrate obeys, as he must, if he would live in peace a little longer, or, indeed, live at all. A fit place is prepared—a stake erected—the bodies of Bucer and Fagius, in their coffins, are fastened to it with chains. A fire is kindled; many condemned books are also thrown into it, that the heresy of the Reformation may be consumed root and branch.

It is well known that during the reign of Mary, the measures of the Papists were characterized by energy and bloody cruelty. Great numbers suffered to the death. Popery flourished—imbrued its hands in blood—was full of restless activity. We shall conclude with an extract from Latimer, who suffered in this persecution, which casts some light on the subject, and which is not so old-fashioned but that it may be useful even now. Times may soon come when such preaching will be required:—"And now I would ask a strange question: Who is the most diligent bishop and prelate in all England, that passeth all the rest in doing his office? I can tell; for I know him who it is; I know him well. And will ye know who it is? I will tell you; it is the devil. He is the most diligent preacher of all other; he is never out of his diocese—ye shall never find him unoccupied. Call for him when you will, he is ever at home—the diligentest preacher in all the realm; he is ever at his plough. He is ever applying his business; ye shall never find him idle, I warrant you. And his office is to hinder religion—to maintain superstition—to set up idolatry—*to teach all kind of Popery.* Where the devil is resident, and hath his plough going, there away with *books*, and up with *candles;* away with *Bibles*, and up with *beads;* away with the *light of the Gospel*, and up with the light of candles, yea, at noonday. Down with Christ's cross, up with purgatory pick-purse—up with him, the Popish purgatory, I mean. Away with clothing the

naked, the poor, the impotent—up with decking of images, and gay garnishing of stocks and stones; up with man's traditions and his laws—down with God's traditions and his most holy Word. Down with the old honour due to God, and up with this new god's honour. All things must be done in Latin. God's Word may in no wise be translated into English."

From the above may be gathered the estimation in which the labours and memory of Bucer and Fagius were held by the Papists. The reader may be curious to know in what light they were regarded by some of the most celebrated Reformers. In regard to Bucer, Calvin expresses himself in the following terms:—

"Martin Bucer, a most faithful doctor of the Church of Christ, besides his rare learning and copious knowledge of many things—besides his strength of intellect, his extensive reading, and other many and various virtues, in which he is scarce excelled by any now living—has few equals, and excels most; has this praise peculiar to himself, that none in this age has used exacter diligence in the exposition of Scripture."

Beza, in his work entitled "Bezæ Icones," thus speaks of him:—

"This is that countenance of Bucer—the mirror of mildness tempered with gravity—to whom the city of Strasburg owed the reformation of her Church; whose singular learning, and eminent zeal, joined with excellent wisdom, both his learned books and public disputations, in the general diets of the empire, shall witness to all ages. The German persecution drove him into England. He was honourably entertained by Edward VI. He was for two years chief Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, with greatest frequency and applause of all learned and pious men until his death."

"Bucer," says Foxe, in his Book of Martyrs, "what by writing, but chiefly by reading and preaching openly—wherein, being painful in the Word of God, he never spared himself, nor regarded health—brought all men into such admiration of him, that neither his friends could sufficiently praise him, nor his enemies in any point find fault with his singular life and sincere doctrine."

"Paul Fagius," says Beza, "born in the Palatinate, became most skilful in the Hebrew tongue. Being called to the ministry at Isna, he published many ancient and profitable Hebrew books. Being invited to Strasburg, he there discharged the duties of a teacher with great applause. The same persecution drove him and Bucer into England, where he was preferred to a professor's place in Cambridge, and soon after died." Besides the above, many other testimonies have been borne by eminent men to the learning, piety, worth and zeal, of Bucer and Fagius.

PREPARATION FOR DEATH.—If you forget anything when your sea is full, and your foot in that ship, there is no returning again to fetch it. Have all things in readiness against the time that you must fall through that black and impetuous Jordan; and Jesus—Jesus who knoweth both these depths, and the rocks, and all the coasts—be your pilot.—*Rutherford.*

TIME.

THE bell strikes one. We take no note of time,
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours.
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands despatch.
How much is to be done! My hopes and fear
Start up alarm'd; and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what? A fathomless abyss—
A dread eternity! how surely mine!
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?

YOUNG.

Biographical Sketch.

THE REV. DR BALMER.

PART II.

MR BALMER was much beloved by his people. There were a few who, at first, had objected to his settlement over the Berwick congregation, but their objections were soon dissipated, and their hearts won, by the affability and gentleness of his demeanour, and the faithfulness of his ministry. He was exemplary in the discharge of all the duties of his station. He made conscience of preparation for the pulpit—his sermons being well, and even elaborately, studied, and studied, moreover, in a spirit of prayerfulness and dependence—while, during the week, in visitations, in classes for the young, in congregational and district prayer-meetings, he watched for souls, and assiduously discharged the duties of his calling. Nor were his labours without reward. He was not without evidence that he had many souls for his hire, and the comforting and building up of many more.

Mr Balmer (says his biographer) was careful, while not neglecting his ministerial duties among his people, to give himself to reading. We have before us a list of the books he had read, marked by himself from month to month, commencing in 1803, and continued to 1843. While it comprises a good deal of the popular literature of the day, it shows that he was especially given to that kind of reading which might furnish him more richly for the work of the ministry—that he did not neglect to keep up his acquaintance with the classics, and was a diligent student of the Scriptures in the original languages. The list contains, on an average, about twenty volumes in the half year. Some, perhaps, may read more, but few, we believe, to better purpose. It was his habit to have always some book in the course of reading, not for cursory perusal, as a source of relaxation, but as a subject of study, that he might make himself master of its contents; and it was a very common question with him to his friends and brethren in the ministry, introductory often to much pleasant discussion, and comparing of notes in regard to their opinions of authors, "What book are you reading just now?"

He visited London in 1819, and again in 1823, for the purpose of supplying the pulpit of his friend, Dr Waugh. Both times, on his way home, he spent a few days at Leicester with the celebrated Robert Hall, and his reminiscences of their conversation, partially published some years ago by Dr Olinthus Gregory, have been published entire in an appendix to his Memoir. Hall had a high opinion of Mr Balmer, and invited him on both occasions to preach for him.

In the year 1826, he entered into the marriage relation with Miss Jane Scott, daughter of Mr Alexander Scott of Aberdeen; and by this union, which was truly one of mutual affection and esteem, his comfort and usefulness were greatly increased.

Mr Balmer was a man of peace, and had no fondness for anything that savoured of war. He was never so much at ease as when engaged in the unostentatious and unobserved discharge of ordinary duties, or when mingling in the society of friends. For instance, although a Voluntary, he scarcely at all meddled with that controversy, when it raged so fiercely in the land. His biographer says:—

Mr Balmer was slow to take part in the conflict. He had cherished in his heart, as friends and brethren in Christ, many members and ministers of the Established Church. He was never, perhaps, altogether satisfied in his own mind with some of the arrangements of Dissenting societies. He felt that the popular voice, which in them is so powerful, was sometimes fickle and unreasonable. And he lamented the hardships to which many of their ministers were subjected, in consequence of the want of a liberal spirit, or of the means of exercising it, on the part of those on whom they were dependent for support.

He, however, attended some meetings, and addressed one at Jedburgh.

In April 1834, he was chosen, by the Synod, Professor of Systematic Theology. With characteristic modesty he would have declined to accept of the appointment, had not his friends strongly urged him to the contrary. He could not understand, he said, why he had been chosen in preference to others in the connection, whom he had deemed so much superior to himself. But having the office pressed upon him, he did not feel himself at liberty to refuse. It appeared as a call from the Lord, and he did not doubt but that He who gave the call would give him the strength to follow it. Accordingly, he devoted himself with all diligence and earnestness to the discharge of the duties of his new position; although the care of the ministry, with which his professorship was conjoined, must have rendered his labours excessive. He was a general favourite with the students—they regarded him with reverence and esteem. In his published Memoir an interesting and evidently truthful sketch of his professorial course and character is given from the pen of one of his students; part of which we subjoin :—

In conducting the devotions of the class (which, as already mentioned, he did at the beginning and end of every week, he showed peculiar simplicity and assurance of faith, and solemnity, tenderness, and heavenliness of affection. In no part of his public duty was the fine union between the virtues of the professor and the graces of the "man of God" so apparent. The charm of sanctity which hallowed all his official accomplishments and acts was here traced to its source, in the deep devoutness of his character. His affectionate interest in his class was never so strikingly manifested as in the earnestness and pathos with which he implored on their behalf all the blessings of Christian salvation and ministerial endowment, and the fatherly solicitude with which he deprecated, one by one, the sins and evils which "most easily beset them." The language of these prayers was, indeed, "fitly chosen." Sometimes it almost appeared as if it were premeditated; a supposition, however, which, considering the propriety and refinement of his spoken style, and his intimate familiarity with the devotional language of Scripture was probably unfounded. He almost never criticised the language of prayer in his students; and certainly, though this was no doubt far from his thoughts, his own example was better than any directory.

In his general intercourse with his students, there was the same striking simplicity and kindness which distinguished him in the professor's chair. He was at pains to put himself on the most friendly terms with all, by inviting them, at the opening of each session, to bring their difficulties, of whatever, kind to him, when he was always ready with his counsel and help. He was also in the habit of inviting his whole class, once, at least, in the course of each session, in small parties to his residence; and seemed never happier than when in their society. The slight reserve, arising not from pride, but from self-diffidence, which marked his demeanour on other occasions, was then completely dissipated; and without losing that calmness and dignity which were so peculiar to him, he gave way to the most cheerful and unconstrained flow of conversation, calling up reminiscences of his college and hall life, speaking without any scrupulous delicacy of living men and opinions, answering all manner of eager inquiries with the greatest frankness, and displaying somewhat of a mild and simple humour, which but rarely broke out amid the graver duties of his public office.

His professorship, however, was destined in Providence to be the source of his greatest bitterness. Our readers are aware of the unhappy controversies, on the question of the atonement which have for some years agitated the Secession Church, and in which Dr Balmer,* of necessity, bore a prominent part. It is, of course, not within our province to adjudicate on these controversies, nor is it our wish. Suffice it to say, that several of Dr Balmer's brethren, dissatisfied with his views on that subject, as expressed in a preface written by him to a work of Edward Polhill, and afterwards in his Statement to the Synod, publicly attacked them. It was a subject on which he appears to have long had doubts, and to have been much perplexed; and we find him taking every opportunity of asking upon it the opinions and advice of men whom he esteemed—among others, of Robert Hall. The end of the discussions which

* He had received the degree of D.D. in the year 1840, from the University of St Andrews.

ensued he did not live to see. The part he took in them was invariably distinguished by that spirit of meekness and humility which ever characterized him—which, now that he is gone, those who opposed him are forward as any to acknowledge and honour. Having attended the meeting of Synod in May 1844, and having taken a part in its exciting, but to him uncongenial controversies, he returned home in the beginning of June, and died as the month had closed. The following account of his latter days is from the pen of Dr Brown:—

"On Thursday the 27th June, he began seriously to anticipate as all but certain a fatal issue to his illness. To a friend who saw him on the afternoon of that day, he said, evidently meaning to be understood, that he felt that he had not long to live. 'Few have had a happier life than I have had, upon the whole; and though, looking back, I see much cause for humility, many errors, and much imperfection in my conduct, both in public and private life, yet I must say I have had great pleasure and satisfaction in my labours.' On his friend, who did not like to hear him speak in so leave-taking a strain, for which he was quite unprepared, stopping him here with an expression of confidence that, from the strength of his constitution, he would soon rise superior to this attack, and be restored to his usual labours, Dr Balmer replied: 'Well, it may be so, I am in good hands—in good hands; I only wish it to be understood that the same truths I have preached to others are now the grounds of my confidence and peace.'

"During the night of Friday the 28th, his extreme pain showed itself by frequent distortions of the countenance, and Mrs Balmer was induced to ask if all was peace and comfort within. He replied, with great animation: 'Cheerful, cheerful. Don't think I suffer so much. Many have suffered more who have deserved it less.'

"On the morning of Saturday the 29th, he expressed a desire to see the two daughters of very intimate friends belonging to the congregation; and on their coming to his bed-side, he looked at them with a most benignant smile, and said: "I am glad to see you, my dears—you are the children of many prayers—of many prayers; but that will not avail you unless you pray for yourselves. Read your Bible often, and pray much. You see me here a poor stricken man; but I'm in perfect peace. I found that peace where alone you or any one else can find it—in my Bible, and on my knees.' After directing to some particular portions of the Scriptures, he lifted up his hands, and blessed them, saying: 'May the Lord bless you both!' On their leaving his room, he sent Mrs Balmer after them, desiring them to give his love to two of their young companions, and to repeat to them and to their other young friends in his class what he had said.

"He sent the following message to a young man in whom he was deeply interested: 'Tell him to attend to religion. Nothing else is of any avail to happiness. Everything else is folly and madness—folly and madness.' To another young person he said: 'Do not put off religion to a dying hour; for what would have become of me had I not attended to it long ago. Now, I am so stricken that I can neither think nor speak.' On Saturday several saw him, and he gave similar advices to them all.

"To an aged gentleman, nearly ninety years of age, who died six or seven days after, he was urgent in his requests that he would attend to the one thing needful, and told him how helpless and hopeless he would now have been, but for the faith and hope of the Gospel. To a widow lady, whose son, one of the elders of the congregation, had been long labouring under severe indisposition, he said cheerfully, on parting with her: 'Tell William I will get the start of him.'

"On Saturday night, he said to his wife: 'Don't think I have to settle my accounts with God now: that was done long ago;' adding with animation, 'long ago.' When she could not help showing her deep anguish in the prospect of soon parting with him, he said, with great confidence and elevation of spirit: 'I have no fears about you. You will be provided for—you will be provided for. Thy Maker is thy husband. You will have a better husband than ever I have been.'

"A little after, he said: 'I have prayed first for you, then for my afflicted brother, then for my sister and her family, and then for my dear congregation, that the Lord would give them a pastor in his own time. But there are two things they must attend to; first, let them implore divine direction earnestly; and second, let them not make haste—let them look well about them, and avoid rashness.' The interests of his people, individually, and as a body, lay much upon his heart. He often spoke of them, and dwelt with delight on the evidence they had given him of their esteem and affection, and the comfort he had had in the midst of them.

"On Sabbath morning he desired Mrs Balmer to read to him the 103d Psalm. After listening to it he said: 'That's my psalm now. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.' Mrs Balmer in the afternoon said: 'This has been no day of rest to you.' He replied: 'O but it has. No rest, indeed, for my poor body, but great rest to my mind.' Towards evening he said: 'If I could, I would accelerate rather than retard the issue, rather than suffer this torture;' but instantly added: 'Not my will, but thine be done. I may mourn, I may moan, but never murmur—no, not for a moment.' A few hours before death, when suffering a severe paroxysm of pain, he said: 'This is awful. I could almost say with Job: 'O that God would let loose his hand, and cut me off;' but that would be wrong. I trust that I am resigned—that I am not impatient.'

"Not many hours before his death, a friend had repeated that passage: 'Fear not, for I am with thee,' &c., and part of the hymn, 'Jesus, lover of my soul.' After listening, he said: 'I am like Mrs W—— P——' (naming a young lady, the wife of a respected brother in the ministry, who had been suddenly taken away) 'when dying. I like those passages of Scripture best which contain short prayers—short prayers. 'Lord remember me when thou comest to thy kingdom.' 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' 'Lord save me.' 'Into thy hands I commend my spirit.' I like these, and such as these.'

"Just before he expired, his eyes were resting on his beloved partner. She bade him raise them to heaven, and repeated the words: 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.' A sweet smile irradiated his pallid countenance. He looked steadily upward, and then his eyes, with a very peculiar expression, slowly reverting to the object so dear to them, gradually settled into the inexpressiveness of death; while his dearest friends could not help, amid their sorrows, giving thanks in their hearts that the agony was over, and that a peaceful dismission had been granted by the Lord to his servant."

"Dr Balmer died on the morning of Monday, July 1, 1844. The sacrament of the Lord's supper, according to previous arrangements, was to be dispensed to the congregation on the first Sabbath of July; and when the elders consulted their minister, during his illness, whether it should not be put off, he said: "No; what-

ever becomes of me, let my Master's work proceed." The Rev. Joseph Brown of Dalkeith, who had been engaged to assist, accordingly conducted the communion services on the Sabbath after Dr Balmer's decease, in very trying circumstances to himself, and such as to produce very solemn impressions on the people. But the scene at the funeral, on the Tuesday after that Sabbath, was altogether overwhelming. The crowded and sobbing audience at the religious services in the chapel, where the coffin, containing the remains of him who had so long ministered there lay, covered with a pall, before the pulpit—the long and solemn procession down the street which led to the burying-place, while every place where a view of it could be obtained was crowded with spectators—the deep silence that was maintained amid the mournful tolling of the bells—all seemed to testify the universal feeling that a great calamity had befallen, that a common bereavement was mourned." *

JOTTINGS OF A SERMON,

PREACHED BY THE REV. MR BICKERSTETH, TO A CONGREGATION OF AFRICANS.

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."—MARK xvi. 15.

I WILL tell you how white man's religion began:—

In the beginning, God made heaven and earth, and one man and one woman; and all was very good.

He told them that they might do everything but one thing.

That one thing they, being tempted by the devil, did.

God was angry with them, and they deserved to die; but God being very kind and good, he promised that, in time, his only Son, Jesus Christ, should come into the world to save lost sinners.

After this, men grew to be very many, and very bad also.

But God kept his promise—Jesus Christ came.

I will tell you about

His glory before he came,

His history on earth,

His death for us,

His resurrection from the dead, and

His charge to twelve of his followers. They, and those after them, brought it to white men in England. The same charge is given to us, his ministers.

What, then, is the Gospel?—

Good news for lost man.

Can any of you tell me, when a man has done bad, how God can pardon him?

The Gospel tells us this. Is it not good news?

To whom does it belong?

To every man—black, white.

Some learned men (men that know books much) say we must not come to teach black men; but God teaches us better.

I speak in the name of the great God.

It is not the headman of Sierra Leone, nor of England, but God that sends us to you.

Children! I speak to you.

Headmen and Soosoos! to you.

* Memoir by Dr Henderson of Galashiels, from which the above sketch is abridged.

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA.

WHATEVER be the opinions of Biblical expositors regarding the native country of the Queen of Sheba, the Abyssinians themselves find no difficulty in the matter. Their Chronicles of the Kings of Abyssinia speak in high terms of Iber Hakim, or Menilek, the son of Solomon; and they believe that the 45th Psalm is a prophecy of the journey of their queen, whom they call Maqueda, and of the future glory of her and Solomon's son, who should one day occupy the throne of a Gentile country. It is also asserted that this Queen of Sheba, or the South, left her country a pagan, but that, in consequence of Solomon's replies to her hard questions, she returned a convert to Judaism; and that Menilek, after residing seven years with his mother, was sent by her to his father, Solomon, to be instructed; that he then took the name of David, and was anointed and crowned in the Temple of Jerusalem as King of Ethiopia. After this ceremony, he is said to have returned to Sheba, accompanied by a colony of Jews, and by a high priest, Azazias, who brought with him a Hebrew transcript of the law. The queen now proceeded to carry out her favourite project—the conversion of all her subjects to Judaism; in which, say the Abyssinian Chronicles, she fully succeeded.

Before her death, she enacted that the throne should be hereditary in the family of Solomon for ever; that no woman should be capable of ascending the throne, and that the heirs-male of the royal house should always be kept imprisoned on a high mountain, there to remain until their death, or until they should be called to the throne. Maqueda died in the year 986, B.C., and in the fortieth of her reign, leaving the throne to Menilek, whose posterity have occupied it ever since. It is curious that the heraldic device of the Abyssinian monarchs is a lion passant, with the motto—"Mo ansaba am Nizelet Solomon am Negade Juda." "The lion of the race of Solomon and tribe of Judah hath overcome." The Koran also makes mention of this journey of the Queen of Sheba; but, as usual, renders the occasion ridiculous, by involving it in a tissue of the most silly legends and other absurdities. — *Missions in Western Africa.*

YOUTH.

I MUST tell you there is not such a glassy, icy, and slippery piece of way betwixt you and heaven, as youth. I have experience to say with me here, and seal what I assert. The old ashes of the sins of my youth are now fire of sorrow to me. I have seen the devil, as it were, dead and buried, and yet rise again, and be a worse devil than ever he was. Therefore, my brother, beware of a green, young devil, that hath never been buried. The devil in his flowers (I mean the hot, fiery lusts and passions of youth) is much to be feared; for in youth he findeth dry sticks and dry coals, and a hot hearth-stone; and how soon can he with his flint cast fire, and with his bellows blow it up, and fire the house! Sanctified thoughts—thoughts made conscience of, and called in, and kept in awe—are green fuel that burn not, and are a water for Satan's coal. Yet, I must tell you, all the saints now triumphant in heaven, and standing before the throne, are nothing but Christ's forlorn and beggarly

bankrupts. What are they but redeemed sinners? But their redemption is not only past the seals, but completed; and yours is on the wheels, and in doing. Christ hath an advantage of you, and I pray you let him have it; he shall find employment for his calling in you. If it were not with you as you write, grace should find no sale nor market in you; but you must be content to give Christ somewhat to do. I am glad that he is employed that way. Let your bleeding soul and your sores be put in the hand of this expert Physician; let young and strong corruptions and his free grace be yoked together, and let Christ and your sins deal it betwixt them. I will be loath to put you off your fears and your sense of deadness (I wish it were more). There are some wounds whose bleeding should not be soon stopped. You must take a house beside the Physician; it shall be a miracle if you be the first sick man he put away uncured, and worse than he found you. Nay, nay; Christ is honest, and, in that, freely arguing with sinners: "And him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out." —John vi. 37. Take that; it cannot be presumption to take that as your own, when you find your wounds pain you. Presumption is ever whole at the heart, and hath but the truant-sickness, and groaneth only for the fashion; Faith hath sense of sickness, and looketh like a friend to the promises, and to Christ therein—is glad to see a known face.—*Samuel Rutherford.*

A GOOD MINISTER.

Give me the priest these graces shall possess:—
Of an ambassador the just address;
A father's tenderness, a shepherd's care;
A leader's courage, which the cross can bear;
A ruler's awe, a watchman's wakeful eye;
A pilot's skill, the helm in storms to ply;
A fisher's patience, and a labourer's toil;
A guide's dexterity to disembroil;
A prophet's inspiration from above;
A teacher's knowledge, and a Saviour's love.

KEN.

THE STORM AND THE RAINBOW;

OR,

A SPECIMEN OF THE PREACHING OF WHITEFIELD.

BEFORE he commenced his sermon, long, darkening columns crowded the bright, sunny sky of the morning, and swept their dull shadows over the building, in fearful augury of the storm.

His text was: "Strive to enter in at the strait gate; for many, I say unto you, shall seek to enter in, and shall not be able." "See that emblem of human life," said he, pointing to a shadow that was flitting across the floor. "It passed for a moment, and concealed the brightness of heaven from our view; but it is gone. And where will you be, my hearers, when your lives have passed away like that dark cloud? Oh! my dear friends, I see thousands sitting attentive, with their eyes fixed on the poor, unworthy preacher. In a few days we shall all meet at the judgment-seat of Christ. We shall form a part of that vast assembly that will gather before the throne; and every eye will behold the Judge. With a voice whose call you must abide and answer, he will inquire whether on earth you strove to enter in at the strait gate—whether you were supremely devoted to God—whether your hearts were absorbed in him. My blood runs cold when I think how many of you will then seek to enter in, and shall not be able. Oh! what plea can you make before the Judge of the whole earth? Can you say it has been your whole endeavour to mortify the flesh, with its affections and lusts?—that your life has been one long effort to do the will of God? No! you must answer, I made myself easy in the world, by flattering myself that all would end well; but I have deceived my own soul, and am lost.

"You, O false and hollow Christian! of what avail will it be that you have done many things—that you have read so much in the Sacred Word—that you have made long prayers—that you have attended religious duties, and appeared holy in the eyes of men? What will all this be, if, instead of loving Him supremely, you have been supposing you should exalt yourself in heaven by acts really polluted and unholy?

"And you, rich man, wherefore do you hoard your silver? wherefore count the price you have received for Him whom you every day crucify in your love of gain? Why? that when you are too poor to buy a drop of cold water, your beloved son may be rolled to hell in his chariot, pillowed and cushioned around him?"

His eye gradually lighted up as he proceeded, till, towards the close, it seemed to sparkle with celestial fire.

"O sinners!" he exclaimed, "by all your hopes of happiness, I beseech you to repent. Let not the wrath of God be awakened. Let not the fires of eternity be kindled against you. See there!" said he, pointing to the lightning, which played on the corner of the pulpit—"'tis a glance from the angry eye of Jehovah! Hark!" continued he, raising his finger in a listening attitude, as the distant thunder grew louder and louder, and broke in one tremendous crash over the building—"it was the voice of the Almighty as he passed by in his anger!"

As the sound died away, he covered his face with his hands, and knelt beside his pulpit, apparently lost in inward and intense prayer. The storm passed rapidly away, and the sun, bursting forth in his might, threw across the heavens a magnificent arch. Rising, and pointing to the beautiful object, he exclaimed: "Look upon the rainbow, and praise Him that made it! It speaketh peace. Very beautiful it is in the brightness thereof. It compasseth the heavens about with glory; and the hands of the Most High have bended it."

Miscellaneous.

AFFECTATION.—All affectation is the vain and ridiculous attempt of poverty to appear rich.—*Lavater.*

TRIALS.—Reckon any matter of trial to thee among thy gains.—*Adam.*

THE REASON OF AFFLICTION.—When God makes the world too hot for his people to hold, they will let it go.—*Powell.*

NOBLE ANCESTRY—

THEY who on noble ancestry enlarge,
Produce their debt, instead of their discharge.
—*Young.*

THE FOLLY OF ANGER.—To be angry, is to revenge the faults of others upon ourselves.—*Pope.*

WEALTH AND POVERTY.—That we may not think riches evil, God gives them to those who are good, yea, to the choicest, the chiefest, the very best of good men—to whom he never gives anything that is in itself evil. And lest we should think riches the chief good, God gives them to those that are evil—to whom he never gives the chief good.

Daily Bread.

FRIDAY.

"Strangers and pilgrims on the earth. . . . . They seek a country."—Heb. xi. 13, 14.

How happy is the pilgrim's lot!
How free from every anxious thought—
From worldly hope and fear!
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell—
He only sojourns here.

It helps to make a journey pleasant to go upon a good errand. He that is brought up a prisoner in the hands of the ministers of justice, whatever conveniences he may be accommodated with, cannot have a pleasant journey, but a melancholy one: and that is the case of a wicked man; he is going on in this world towards destruction; every step he takes is so much nearer hell, and therefore he cannot have a pleasant journey. But he that goes into a far country to receive for himself a kingdom, whatever difficulties may attend his journey, yet the errand he goes on is enough to make it pleasant: and on this errand they go that travel Wisdom's ways; they looked for a kingdom which cannot be moved, and are pressing forwards in the hopes of it.—*Henry.*

SATURDAY.

"Take hold of my strength."—Isa. xxvii. 5.

Could I of thy strength take hold,
And always feel thee near,
Confident, divinely bold,
My soul would scorn to fear.

Though you are weak in yourselves, and so weak that, were you left to your own strength, you would faint in the most easy service, yea, the weight but of one holy thought would sink you—for "we are not sufficient," says the apostle, as "of ourselves to think any good thing:"—yet, when we consider those mighty auxiliaries that are afforded and promised—as comfort when we droop, support when we are weak, that we shall rise when we fall, recruits when we are worsted, omnipotency to supply our impotency, all-sufficiency to make up our defects—when we consider these things, then may we triumphantly say with the apostle: "When we are weak, then we are strong."—*Hopkins.*

SABBATH.

"I heard a great voice of much people in heaven, saying, Alleluia."—Rev. xix. 1.

Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love:
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our lab'ring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

Let your worship this day below, put you in mind of that more perfect worship above, where you shall see him whom you worship, and enjoy immediate communion with him. O the difference betwixt that worship there and ours here, is great! There is no weariness there in beholding God—no wanderings nor excursions of the heart from God—no inclination there to drowsiness or sleep in worship—no dull or low conceptions of God—no deadness of heart or frame; their harps are never out of tune, their hearts are always up, and fit for the high praises of God. There is no note lower there than "Glory to God in the highest;" every saint sings his hallelujahs on the highest key.—*Willison.*

MONDAY.

"The day of the Lord *will* come."—1 Pet. iii. 10.

Woe to the men on earth who dwell,
Nor dread the Almighty's frown;
When God doth all his wrath reveal,
And shower his judgments down!

Ungodly men fear no wrath, because they feel no wrath; because the sin is unpunished, they think there is no punishment for their sins; because He goeth on to spare them, they go on to provoke him; as he adds to their lives, they add to their lusts; because he is very merciful, they will be very sinful; because he is very good, they will be very bad; because Justice winks, men think he is blind; because he doth not reprove them for their sins, therefore they think he doth approve them in their sins. Justice will avenge the quarrel of abused Mercy: the longer God forbears, not finding amendment, the sorer he strikes when he comes to judgment.—*Dyer.*

TUESDAY.

"The Captain of our salvation."—Heb. ii. 10.

My Lord in my behalf appears:
Captain, thy strength-inspiring eye
Scatters my doubts, dispels my fears,
And makes the host of aliens fly.

When Antigonus heard some of his troops rather despondingly say: "How many are coming against us?" he asked: "But, my soldiers, how many do you reckon me for?" And whenever *we* think of our foes, and then of the Captain of our salvation, we may truly say, More are they that be with us than they that be with them. Greater is He that is in us than he that is in the world. Who goes before us? Who teaches our hands to war, and our fingers to fight? Who provides for us? Who renews our strength? What limits have his wisdom and power? Did he ever lose an action yet? or a single private in his army?—*Jay.*

WEDNESDAY.

"Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit."—John xv. 8.

Lord dig about our root,
Break up the fallow ground,
And let our gracious fruit
To thy great praise abound.

The branches ingrafted in Christ, growing aright, do grow in all the several ways of growth at once. They grow inward into Christ, uniting more closely with him, and cleaving more firmly to him, as the head of influences, which is the spring of all other true Christian growth. They grow outward in good works, in their life and conversation; and they not only, with Naphtali, give goodly words, but, like Joseph, they are fruitful boughs. They grow upward in heavenly-mindedness and contempt of the world; for "their conversation is in heaven." And finally, they grow downward, in humility and self-loathing. The branches of the largest growth in Christ are, in their own eyes, "less than the least of all saints—the chief of sinners."—*Boston.*

THURSDAY.

"Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation."—2 Cor. vi. 2.

Sinners, obey the Gospel word;
And hear the voice of Christ the Lord;
Be wise to know your gracious day;
All things are ready, come away!

You cannot repent too soon. There is no day like to-day. Yesterday is gone—to-morrow is God's, not your own. And think how sad it will be to have your evidences to seek, when your cause is to be tried—to have your oil to buy, when you should have it to burn!—*Mason.*

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THE CHURCH OF LUTHER.

BY THE REV. PATRICK FAIRBAIRN, SALTON.

Few of our readers can need to be told that Germany was the country of Luther, and that to it belongs, in connection with him, the honour of recovering the knowledge of divine truth from the mass of Romish superstition, and diffusing the blessed light of salvation through the bounds of Christendom. As the Protestant Church of Germany was the parent of all that now own the name of Protestant, we cannot but take a sort of filial interest in its past history and present condition. A melancholy interest, however, it must in many respects be; for though it has never wholly lost its original character, and its history down to the present day exhibits many of the brightest ornaments of learning and piety; yet, as a whole, it soon fell from the high position it held in the days of Luther and Melancthon, and has been the prey of discord, heresy, and corruption. How, we naturally ask, did the Church of Luther, in which the pulse of spiritual life once beat so strong and vigorous—the Church from which the light of divine truth beamed forth with such power and majesty, that it might be said, without a figure, "nations came to her light, and kings to the brightness of her rising"—how did she so soon lose her noble distinction? and so lose it, as never till this day to have regained it? There must have been some fatal defects in her constitution, or some grievous errors on the part of those who had the chief management of her affairs, to produce so unhappy a result. It is our purpose to point out the more important of these, and to gather from their existence and operation abroad, a few lessons of practical instruction to ourselves.

1. It may be regarded as a fundamental error, lying at the root of the Reformed Churches in Germany, that an improper place was given to the civil magistrate in matters of religion; for the civil was from the first mixed up with the ecclesiastical. "The civil sovereigns," says Mosheim, when describing the original constitution and government of the Lutheran Church, "possess the supreme power in ecclesiastical affairs. This power they claim, in part, from the very nature of the civil constitution; and it is in part, I conceive, surrendered to them by the silent consent of the Churches." He goes on to say, that the ancient rights of Christian communities were not wholly subverted and destroyed; but, guarded and trammelled as they were by civil control, they could not possess either the freedom or the energy of action which, as Churches of the New Testament, they ought to have exercised. The evil might be little felt, perhaps, so long as such men as Luther and Melancthon lived—men to whom the princes who embraced the Reformation looked up for counsel and direction, and whose word was sufficient to prevent any flagrant interferences from such a quarter; but, in the hands of ordinary men, and in regard to the regular working of the government of the Church, it could not fail to exert an unfavourable influence. For, as all history testifies, the Churches in which the civil is thus mixed up with the ecclesiastical, and the supreme place is yielded to Cæsar in things spiritual, never for any length of time retain a living piety and an effective discipline. There may be many particular instances found in them of everything that is pure and good; but as a whole they can attain to little life and vigour—the coldness and secularity of the world leavens the mass. It is true, that when the great defection from sound doctrine began, which goes by the name of Neology, and of which we shall speak by and by, some of the princes of Germany exerted themselves against it; and one of the Fredericks even made a decree, that no one holding Neological opinions should be admitted to a ministerial charge in his dominions. There are degrees of heresy, and excesses of impiety, which shock even worldly men, and which, for prudential and political reasons alone, they may endeavour to check. But the spiritual deadness and formality which always precede such times of error and corruption, and give rise to them, the powers and princes of this world have no care to prevent, but rather foster and protect; it is but too much in harmony with the spirit they themselves commonly possess. And the Protestant Church of Germany, being from the first a State-ridden Church, allowing and sanctioning at many points an undue interference from the civil magistrate with things spiritual, it was only according to the natural course of things, that first a cold and languid state of religion should have ensued, and then deadly corruptions of doctrine, without life and power in the Church itself to put them down.

2. There was another error, however, in the original constitution of the Protestant Church of Germany—one that sooner began to manifest a pernicious influence, and had a more evident and direct bearing upon the fearful defections which at last took place. This was connected with the standards of doctrine, or symbolical books, as they are called. Creeds, confessions, or symbolical books, may be of great service, if judiciously framed and thoroughly scriptural, in conveying to the members of the Church a clear and consistent view of divine truth, in withstanding the entrance of dangerous innovations, in presenting a testimony against the

various forms of error that arise, and binding all who belong to the Church, and especially its office-bearers, as in a solemn league, to uphold and defend the common faith; but what is thus wise and good in itself, may be perverted, by human imperfection and folly, into a source of danger and an element of discord. And there is what has been named "the fanaticism of the symbol"—a kind of idolatrous regard for creeds or confessions of faith, which, not content with holding sacred the substance of the truth they express, consecrates the very words and syllables in which it is expressed—converts them into a watchword of party, and denounces as a heinous crime the smallest variation from them. This species of fanaticism unhappily began to afflict the Lutheran Church shortly after the decease of Luther—the more unhappily, as there were certain important defects in their standards of faith or symbolical books, which, when pushed to an extreme, could not fail to lead to mischievous results.

One of these defects was their immoderate number and length, consisting, as they did, of all the following: The Augsburg Confession; Melancthon's laboured Apology, or Defence of it; the Articles of Smalcald; Luther's two Catechisms—a Larger, chiefly designed for students and preachers, and a Shorter, for schools; to which were afterwards added, by most of the German churches, the Formula of Concord. These documents were too numerous and lengthened to serve the proper ends of a confession or creed; for entering, as some of them did, into many minute details, and mixing up with articles of faith the grounds and reasons for holding them, they were more fitted to provoke disputations than to secure cordial agreement; at least, they were ill fitted to form a rallying point for binding together the members of a common Protestantism. But worse than that, these symbolical books, too hastily composed, and too early adopted as permanent standards of doctrine, contained some doubtful and some erroneous statements, which could not stand a searching investigation and the growing light of a sound scriptural interpretation. This was especially the case in regard to certain explanations given concerning the freedom of the will, predestination, &c., and the assertion of Christ's real or bodily presence in the sacrament; which gave rise to many lengthened and subtile disputations, intended to prove the ubiquity or universal presence of Christ's body. The Calvinistic Churches reclaimed against this latter doctrine, as contrary alike to reason and Scripture; and not a few of those who at first belonged to the German or Lutheran Church went over to their views, while others sought to modify the objectionable and doubtful statements. But this was vehemently opposed by the great majority of the Lutheran divines, who warmly resented any deviation whatever from the sentiments or words of their great Reformers. And so high did the spirit of controversy run on these points, that the authority of the standards was frequently backed by imprisonments and exile; and for a long period little was to be heard from the pulpits but dry and barren speculations upon the doctrines of the standards, coupled with fierce denunciations against the persons and Churches that in the least dissented from them. As an example of the style prevalent in the Church of Luther at that time, we may take the following commencement of a sermon on the Lord's supper, one of a volume published at Koeningsberg, in 1590: "Two furious hosts of incarnate devils dispute about the Lord's supper; on the one side, stand the impious Papists; on the other, fierce and carping Calvinists. Our miserable Heathen Ovid, is a better divine than these Calvinists," &c.

We speak only, of course, of the general character of the times. There were, no doubt, honourable exceptions; and of these, one in particular deserves to be mentioned—John Arndt, who died in 1631; a man of devoted piety, who gave himself in earnest to the work of the ministry, and laboured with unceasing diligence for the salvation of souls. His work on "True Christianity" is one of the best specimens of a sound, healthful, and living piety, which Germany has ever produced; and occupies, to this day, in that country, much the same place that "Boston's Fourfold State," or "Dodridge's Rise and Progress" does in this. But he was so unlike the generality of his age, that he was reviled as an evil-doer, and denounced as a heretic. The stricter portion of the Lutheran Church—the zealots for Lutheran orthodoxy—were too much set upon their favourite work of running down Calvinism, and upholding Lutheranism in its few distinctive peculiarities, to sympathize with a man whose great object was the spread of Gospel truth and the salvation of sinners. Their calling, as they conceived, lay in preserving, whole and unimpaired, the creed of Luther—in maintaining every part and parcel of the system of doctrines which he delivered to them, without caring even to explain and illustrate these, far less to have the spirit of them carried home to the hearts and consciences of their hearers.

The inevitable consequence of all this was, a great impoverishment and leanness of soul throughout the land. Many extreme views and false principles had been taken up in this intemperate zeal for the symbolical books, which could not stand a calm and impartial investigation; and which, when a spirit of philosophical inquiry awoke, about the beginning of last century, recoiled with disastrous effect upon the authority of the symbolical books themselves: and the spiritual life sunk so low, under the general lack of proper food, that when the enemy began to come in like a flood, there was little strength left to lift up a proper standard against it. Lutheranism fell an easy prey into the hands of the adversary. Great,

however, as the decay of spiritual life was, God did not suffer it entirely to go out. There were pious members of the Church scattered over the land, who mourned in spirit over the degeneracy, and kept alive in their own souls the flame of piety, by the reading of the Word of God, and such books as Arndt's "True Christianity." And not very long after Arndt's death a number of men in the ministry were raised up, of like spirit to himself; at the head of whom was Spener, born in 1635, whose labours were blessed by God, to produce an extensive revival of religion. Spener saw that an idolatrous regard to their symbolical books—a disposition to make everything of these—was at the bottom of the prevailing deadness in true spiritual religion; and that it was necessary to call away men's minds in some measure from these to the living Word of God, which had been too commonly used as a mere instrument for supporting a barren orthodoxy according to the standards. His chief aim was to correct the evil of the times, by awakening serious religion through a more faithful and earnest preaching of the Gospel, and meetings for spiritual conference and prayer; which came by degrees to be attended by many students, as well as persons of weight and influence in society generally. In this work Spener was afterwards joined by Franke of Halle, well known from his connection with the Orphan Hospital in that place—the fruit of his remarkable faith and many prayers—and also by various other active and devoted labourers. Like Arndt, they were assailed by many hard speeches, charged with heresy on all hands, and branded with the name of Pietists; showing, as all experience indeed does, that those who set themselves in earnest to reform the manners of the age, and revive the life of godliness among their countrymen, are sure to be railed at as fanatics, and have their good in some way evil spoken of. The work, however, being of God, it made steady progress; its promoters were felt to be the salt of the earth, and those whom it sent forth to preach the Gospel were eagerly heard by the people. One of its off-shoots was Count Zinzerdorf, first the scholar of Franke, afterwards the founder of the community of the Moravians; who, from their first foundation to the present times, have always been distinguished for their pure, simple, and devoted Christianity. Indeed, it is scarcely possible to tell how far the influence of Spener and his associates extended itself; for, in course of time, it exerted a salutary effect even upon those most violently opposed to them, and recalled them, in some measure, from their unprofitable courses. And the leaven might have gone on spreading till the whole was leavened, had not a portentous evil arisen from another quarter—a false philosophy, shaking the foundations of the ancient faith, and leading to much practical Infidelity.

Of this new turn of affairs we shall have occasion to speak in our next article. Meanwhile we may say, that in respect to that coming evil, it was unhappy that the Pietists, as they were called, improperly decried the use of human reason and learning, and also weakened the confidence of the Church in standards of doctrine, insomuch that the custom came to be introduced of taking subscription to these in a qualified sense, and the way was prepared for their practical abolition altogether. Hence, in one sense, these good men were far from raising an effectual bulwark against the introduction of error and apostasy. And we may learn, on the whole, from this brief sketch of the first period of the Lutheran Church, first, how much depends, in the long run, on the right constitution of a Christian Church—a flaw there being like a corruption in the seed-corn, which, to a greater or less extent, vitiates the whole crop that springs from it; and, secondly, how impossible it is for a Church to live and thrive merely on the creed and faith of its founders; if it has not life and faith for itself, its ancestral glory may be a snare rather than a blessing to it; and it is not in the power of the purest creed, and the soundest orthodoxy, to keep up a healthful and living Christianity, without a constant supply of the spirit of grace, and a faithful application to the Word of Salvation.

SABBATH SCHOOLS IN THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

(From Pritchard's Missionary's Reward.)

I. HOW CONDUCTED.

Sabbath Schools have been established at all the mission stations. Almost all the children on the islands where they have received the Gospel attend these schools. They meet twice on the Sabbath; about an hour and a-half prior to the forenoon service, and two hours in the afternoon. They usually commence with singing. A short address is then given, and prayer offered. After this they read and repeat what they may have learned during the preceding week. They then walk into the chapel, two by two, with the teachers at the head of their respective classes, and take their seats in the house of God. Their behaviour there is quite as good as that of the children in Great Britain. In the afternoon they are interrogated upon what they have heard in the morning. Their retentive memories have frequently surprised and delighted me. One will repeat the text; another, something stated in the introduction to the discourse; another, the first division of the subject; another, the first subdivision under that; and thus go on from one particular to another, till, in the course of a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, they have given back to the missionary all the leading ideas which he had delivered in the morning. They commit to memory catechisms and large portions of the Sacred Scriptures; and thus get their minds well stored with important truth. Three little girls and two boys repeated to Mr Pitman one Sabbath three hundred and fifty-six verses, and his own servant-girl, eighty-seven, which they had learned during the preceding week.

II. THEIR SUCCESS AND INFLUENCE.

When captains of ships of war, and other gentlemen,

have called at Tahiti, I have frequently taken them to the school, and requested them to ask the children any questions they chose. In several instances they have been so pleased with what they saw and heard, that they have sent on board their vessels for little articles to give to the children, as presents to encourage them in the acquisition of knowledge. I have proposed to them questions relative to the character of God, the creation of the world, man's original state, the fall, the history of the children of Israel, Scripture characters, the prophecies concerning the Messiah, the way of salvation, death, judgment, a future state, and various other topics, and have received from boys and girls, averaging from six to fourteen years of age, such answers as have proved, that many of them, though young, have clear, correct, and extensive views of divine truth.

Great good has already been effected by these schools. A very large amount of valuable information has been communicated. Hence those who have received it must be better prepared for the business of life. We cannot for a moment question the necessity of civil magistrates to act as a terror to evil-doers; but we clearly perceive that these schools are exerting such a degree of moral influence over the minds of the rising generation, as to prevent more crime, and raise these people higher in the scale of nations, than could possibly be effected by the best of laws and most vigilant police. Children who would otherwise have been living in the love of sin, and the practice of open and flagrant vices, have learned to love one another—to honour and obey their parents—to fear God, and keep his commandments.

III. INDIVIDUAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

A girl in the school, at the station where I reside, was so ill as to make it necessary to have persons to sit up with her. A school-fellow offered to sit up with her one night. It is customary at Tahiti to erect a kind of summer-house, at a little distance from the proper dwelling, for any member of the family that may be ill. The sick girl was in a place of this description when her school-fellow sat up with her. About twelve o'clock that night she was taken with a rattling in her throat, and was evidently much worse. The young friend who was with her was alarmed, and first thought of running to call the father and mother, and the other members of the family; then she thought it was not improbable that before she could return her friend might be dead; therefore, instead of leaving her, she knelt down by the bedside, and by prayer commended to God her dying school-fellow. While she was thus engaged, the spirit departed. Her bereaved relatives had not to sorrow as those who have no hope. There was something very pleasing about this girl when in health. She was cheerfully resigned to the divine will in her affliction. She had clear views of the way of salvation as revealed in the Scriptures, and appeared deeply concerned about her eternal welfare.

One Saturday evening, two boys, about the age of fourteen, belonging to the same school, left Tahiti, in a large sailing-boat, with a view of going to Eimeo, an island about fifteen miles distant. They left Tahiti with a fair wind, expecting soon to be at anchor in the harbour at Eimeo. They had only got about half way across the channel when the heavens began to gather blackness; the wind blew, the sea rose, and in a short time they were in the most imminent danger. The boat not being decked, she was soon nearly half full of water, and lying over almost on her beam-ends. The lad who was steering said to his companion, "Can you pray?" "No," was the reply. Then said he, "You come and steer, and I will pray." He knelt down and prayed that God would preserve them, and deliver them from their perilous situation. God heard his prayer; but did not immediately answer the request by working a miracle for their deliverance. For some hours they appeared to be left to the mercy of the raging elements, expecting every moment to be buried in a watery grave. Early on the Sabbath morning, the wind moderated, and the sea went down considerably. A breeze now sprung up from another quarter, which enabled them to run for the port they had left the preceding evening; but when they arrived near the harbour, they found the sea was breaking violently all across the opening in the reef through which they had to pass. They were afraid to venture, lest the boat should be swamped. One said to the other, "Let us pray again, before we attempt to go through." They again called upon God, entreating him still to preserve them. They then headed for the opening, and, in a few minutes, were carried safely through, and got on shore in time for public worship. When I went into the chapel I was surprised to see them seated in the gallery with the other Sabbath-school boys. They had hastened from the boat to the house of God, to thank him for the deliverance they had experienced.

THE FOOLISH LOVE OF THE WORLD.

JUDGE in thyself, O Christian! is it meet
To set thine heart on what beasts set their feet?
'Tis no hyperbole, if you be told
You delve for dross with mattocks made of gold.
Affections are too costly to bestow
Upon the fair-faced nothings here below:
The eagle scorns to fall down from on high,
(The proverb saith) to pounce a silly fly;
And can a Christian leave the face of God
To embrace the earth, and dote upon a clod?

FLAVEL.

EXTRACTS FROM A TRAVELLER'S NOTE-BOOK.

THE SEMPLON.

THE ascent of the Semplon begins at the village of Brigue, one of those little towns which promise so much when seen from a distance, but which are repulsive in their interior, by the filth, the poverty, and disease, that abound in them. Gilding and gewgaws decorate the walls of its churches; and as we turned from the ruined castles of feudal lords, so numerous in the valley, to visit some of these temples, we could not help thinking of Popery as just a kind of spiritual feudalism, where saints are the chieftains, and the superstitious are the vassals—a vassalage more grinding and deadly than that of the body, as involving the interests of eternity, and the slavery of an immortal being's soul.

The pass is fourteen leagues in length; but, jaded and worn down as we were by climbing the Swiss mountains, we crossed the Semplon in a car of the country. Few travellers approach this mountain (Mons Sempronius) without high expectations regarding the magnificence of the route. The halo of Napoleon's unquestionable genius adds to its other points of interest, as it was the first of the great passes which he constructed. The work was commenced in 1801, when that remarkable man— in one point of view the

scourge of Europe, in another, its undoubted benefactor—was first consul, and flushed with the success of his recent Italian campaigns. He was reluctant that even the barrier of the Alps should impede his rapid evolutions, or hinder the accomplishment of his plans. His resolution, therefore, was to make Piedmont, or Lombardy, and the Vallais one; in other words, to unite the Rhone and the Po.

Passing from north to south, the first two hours of the ascent present nothing at all corresponding to the excited expectation; and could we forget that this route was the first formed, it would rank, perhaps, on the same level with the St Gothard, or the Splugen Trap. But as *the first*, and as a work of gigantic labour, even where great genius was not requisite for its formation, the Semplon is a nobler monument to Napoleon than any that could be reared on the field of Marengo, or at Lodi, or at Wagram. Though we describe it as not remarkable near the beginning of the ascent, the observation does not apply to the route as we draw nearer to the summit. The galleries, formed at one place through a glacier that crosses the path; the bridges thrown over chasms, unfathomable even by the eye; the houses of refuge, for relieving the weary, or rescuing the dying; and the convent now reared by superstition, on the summit, for the consecrating of the whole, render the stupendous undertaking as complete as avalanches and winter torrents will allow, and do nearly all that man *can* do to level Mons Sempronius.

But it is at the village of Semplon, on the Italian side of the mountain (four thousand five hundred and forty-eight feet above the level of the sea) that the peculiar marvels of the route begin. At other places there are giddy paths overhanging precipices which occasion an instinctive fear to the traveller—there are glaciers impending over the route which, at certain seasons, may send down detached masses, at once to overwhelm the traveller, and sweep the path itself into the abyss below. But these may be seen on any of the passes; and it is when we approach Italy that the genius that planned, and the resolution that persevered with, and completed such a work as this, are most conspicuously seen. See that precipice, perpendicular as a wall. How do we pass it? You must go through it. Surely that torrent rushing down the mountain side, in one sheet of foam, is impassable! You will cross it by a bridge as firm as the rock that bears it, and as level as Princes Street or Pall-Mall. But now, there is both a rock to be climbed and a river at its base to be passed. How can that be achieved? The rock is tunnelled, and the bed of the river is lowered by long and laborious excavation, so that, without one moment's divergence, you can move comfortably forward to the plains of Italy.

As we thus descend into the Valley of Gondo or Variola, we pass there the gallery pierced in the solid granite—reckoned the greatest marvel of the route. Its length is six hundred and eighty-five French feet; and an inscription tells, that after the labour of eighteen months, continued by night and day, it was completed "with Italian money, in 1805, Napoleon being emperor." He was citizen Bonaparte, or little more, when the work was commenced; but ere it was completed, he had vaulted into a throne, and placed a diadem on his own brow with his own right hand. Anarchy, as ever, ended in despotism, and the labour of thirty thousand men for four successive years, helped, by the formation of this route, to establish the throne, and consolidate the power of the usurper. Altogether, the Semplon path deserves the name it has acquired—"The eighth wonder of the world, if not the first."

As we crossed the mountain, our attention was, for the most part, drawn away from the works of God to those of man. Occupied in marvelling at the colossal results effected by the boldness of one daring mind, we forgot, at least we could not simultaneously take in, all the vastness of the Alps. Yet does it speak at once to the eye and to the soul, by its magnificence. The roar of cataracts; the close contiguity of summer and winter on the mountain; the sense of danger, just deep enough to stimulate without overpowering; and the ever-varying aspects of all around, at each short distance of the climb or the descent, render it such an adventure as fastens the remembrance in the mind, like a nail fixed in a sure place. The Semplon route, prior to the formation of the present pass, must, at some places, have resembled, in its perils, the Ladder Hill in St Helena.*

It was our lot here to witness a snow storm among the Alps, without being much incommoded by the tempest; and amid the storm one could understand better than ever a remarkable passage in the life of him whom Robert Hall has called the "greatest of the sons of men." In his diary, Jonathan Edwards says, that *after his conversion*, "the appearance of everything was altered—there seemed to be a calm, sweet cast of divine glory in almost all he saw. God's excellency, his wisdom, his purity, and love, appeared in the sun, moon, and stars; in the clouds and blue sky; in the grass, flowers, trees; in the water, and all nature; which greatly fixed his mind." "I often used to sit," he says, "and view the moon for a long time; and in the day spent much time in viewing the clouds and sky; to behold the sweet glory of God in these things; in the meantime giving forth, with a low voice, my contemplations of the Creator and Redeemer. *And scarce anything among all the works of nature was so sweet to me as thunder and lightning; formerly nothing had been so terrible to me.* Before, I used to be uncommonly terrified with thunder, and to be struck with terror when I saw a thunder storm rising; but now, on the contrary, it rejoiced me. I felt God, if I may so speak, at the first appearance of a thunder storm, and used to take the opportunity, at such times, to fix myself, in order to view the clouds, and see the lightnings play, and hear the majestic and awful voice of God's thunder, which oftentimes was exceedingly entertain-

* This hill rises sheer above James Town, to the height of about eight hundred feet. An enormous ladder guides to the top; but so giddy is the height, and so perilous the ascent, that sentinels are stationed both at the base and the summit, to prevent any but those acquainted with the place from attempting it. Many lives have been lost on this ladder, particularly those of passengers to India, whom curiosity tempted to try the ascent. How meet an emblem of the career of him who died in corroding bondage on the Rock of St Helena!

ing, leading me to sweet contemplations of my great and glorious God."

It was the same with Henry Martyn, a kindred, though far inferior spirit. In reference to painting or music, in which he excelled, he records that, subsequent to his conversion, his relish and enjoyment became deeper and more intense; because his mind, no longer disordered or darkened by unforgiven sin, but rectified by God's Spirit, could now enjoy the Giver as well as his gift. Neither Edwards nor Martyn could savingly know Jehovah by any *natural* power; but when they had been taught, by the process of conversion, to "acquaint themselves with God"—with God in Christ, according to the Gospel—all his gifts, and all his doings—all the terror of the tempest, and all the serenity of sunshine—all the grandeur of an Alpine thunder storm, or the quiet beauty of a Swiss valley, became the means of connecting them more closely with the "Father of lights, from whom cometh down every good, and every perfect gift." These could not reveal Him—that is the work of the Son (John i. 18); but when He is once known, such scenes as we have traversed tend to connect the regenerated soul more closely with the fountain of being—God over all—the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. The Christian traveller among the Alps must be able to look back on many spots consecrated by the remembrance of such experiences as have now been referred to—experiences which stand out before the mind, like monuments at sacred places, hallowing and solemnizing them, and which leave impressions on the soul which will outlive the scenes that produced them; because the effects of these impressions will last for ever.

Domo D'Ossola, the Lago Maggiore, with its Borromean Isles, should all be noticed here, were we writing an Itinerary for Italy; but on subjects so prolific we cannot enter. Two little incidents, however, we would notice, because of the simple lessons which they convey. At the period when we crossed the Semplon, the "uneasy heads" that "wear crowns" were perplexed by rumours of war, and each nation's hand was against its neighbour. The Vallais dreaded the King of Sardinia, and the King of Sardinia dreaded the Vallais, while the Emperor of Austria looked with suspicion upon both. At the frontier bridge, between the two former, over a deep gorge, a solitary centinel was stationed, whose sworn duty it was, had danger or invasion appeared, to blow up the structure, by igniting the gunpowder deposited there for the purpose, and thus throw an impassable gulf between the enemy and his country. He might himself have perished in the explosion; but then, that would have been renown!

The other little incident illustrates the aphorism: "There are sermons in stones." Between the Bridge of Crevola, where we emerged from the wilderness of granite precipices, through which the engineers had bored, or hewn the pass, and Domo D'Ossola, we noticed by the wayside a mass of marble roughly hewn into a column, so large as to prompt inquiry regarding it. It was designed for the grand triumphal arch reared by Napoleon at Milan, to commemorate all his victories; but had been arrested in its progress by the despot's own downfall, and now lies precisely on a level with himself—occupying a few feet of earth, and nothing more. But the moral is not exhausted. The very triumphal arch which this pillar was designed to decorate, has had its destiny changed. It does not commemorate the victories of Napoleon, but of the Emperor of Austria; and effigies designed to represent the mareschals and generals of France, now represent, equally well, the mareschals and generals of the country that hates her.

We dare not linger here, to describe even the beauty of the Isola Madre, in the Lago Maggiore. The scene is magnificent, and stereotypes itself in the mind. The Semplon Alp shuts up the view to the north. The Rhetian Alps are on the east. On the south is the outspread of the lake—about sixteen leagues in length; and past associations combine with present grandeur and luxuriance to invest the whole with a character of surpassing interest. But here, as ever, degraded man forms the dark shade of the scene. Were it not for the Bible's light, it would be a riddle beyond the power of solution, how man, once godlike, could be so wretched amid so much magnificence, and all but spontaneous productiveness. Peaches, apricots, and similar fruits, were brought to us in baskets, and offered wellnigh for the taking; but the poverty-stricken people that brought them, contrasted strangely with the luscious luxuriance of their gardens.

The Pass of Mont Cenis yet remains to be described. Meantime, amid all this tossing to and fro, one is prepared with keener relish to rejoice in the saying: "There *remaineth* a rest for the people of God," in a home "whence men go no more out"—"the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

LIFE UNCERTAIN AND DEATH SURE.

BY THE LATE DAVID WELSH, D.D.*

When we consider that our continuance in this world can only be for a limited period, and that it is not even desirable that it should be otherwise, it is indeed astonishing that so many live as if they were to live, and as if it were their wish to live, alway. This remarkable fact cannot be fully explained, without taking into account the fallen state of our nature, by which such a predominance over our feelings is given to the things of time and of sense. There is also a deceit which the soul practises upon itself, in consequence of the uncertainty in which we are left respecting the time when our connection with this world is to terminate. In the eye of reason, the sure knowledge that we are to die ought to be sufficient to teach us to apply our hearts unto wisdom. When the day of death is to come signifies nothing; *come it must*, and when it does, what will the longest lease of life appear?—but as a short hour that is past—a fleeting shadow—a vapour—a drop in an ocean that is without a shore! But such is the deceitfulness of the human heart, that because there is no fixed point upon which we can place our eyes as that at which we are to be called away from this world, many connect with death itself the feeling of uncertainty that belongs only to the time of its approach; and when they do think of death as sure, they think of it also as distant.

Thus it is that the uncertainty of life, the very circumstance which ought to lead to constant watch-

* From "Practical Sermons." Edinburgh: W. Whyte & Co.

fulness, is that which tempts many to forget their latter end altogether; or, at least, to consider it *so* as *not* to "apply their hearts unto wisdom." This arrangement of Providence, by which we are left in ignorance respecting futurity, has often been referred to as wisely calculated for promoting the interests of society. But what tends to the welfare, perhaps to the very existence, of the community, often, through the perverseness of man, leads to the ruin of the individual, who dies in the midst of his occupations, the results of which continue to benefit those whom he leaves behind him, while he himself has made no provision for his reception in another world.

Brethren, let it not be your condemnation, that you refuse to work while it is day, forgetting that the night cometh—no one knoweth how speedily. You cannot but know that the hopes of a prolonged existence can in no instance be built upon a solid foundation; and that life is never for a moment secure. For everything under the sun a particular season is appointed; but to Death every season belongs. At every period of the year, at every hour of the day, his arrows are abroad on the earth. In winter the earth is desolate, and before the withering blast the aged and infirm are swept away from the face of creation. In spring nature again revives, and the world seems to open into a new existence, and rejoices in the beauty of its youth; but the springtime of nature is the harvest-time of Death; for then his reapers go abroad into the fields, and fill his garners with unripe and untimely fruit. The summer's sun burns with a deadly heat, and the strength of man is dried up before it. And in autumn, the season of beauty and of happiness, when a rich feast is spread forth on the earth, and when smiling Plenty with lavish hand pours forth her golden stores over every clime, alas! even in that season, when corn and wine do most abound, and when man asks "where he will bestow all his fruits and goods," who is there that can be assured he will live to eat of the fruits that he then gathers, and that he himself will not be gathered for eternity! Different periods of life are appropriated to different pursuits, and subjected to peculiar calamities; but death is incident to every period. Different fates await those in different situations; but one fate, at last, awaits us all; for the rich and the poor lie down together, and the small and the great are there. We can calculate upon the time of many other events; but Death mocks all our attempts at calculation. We have, in this case, nothing upon which to form our judgment. The frail and the diseased linger on for years in life, while the vigorous and healthy are crushed before the moth. Those who are daily and hourly exposed to dreadful dangers, are preserved, as if by miracle; while he who is living at ease and in quiet, with no evil to come nigh his dwelling (the fountain of life drying up from within) dies as the fool dieth. Those who are useless to themselves, and pernicious to others, may continue long a blot and burden upon creation; while he whose life is the life of many, and who toils unrepining, that he may supply the wants of those he loves, is cut down like the flower of the field, and leaves his children to want and misery. What, then, is it that leads any of you to suppose that he has yet a number of years or of days to live? what title has any one to presume that there is more than a step between him and death? It is not to be denied that your days may be prolonged; but be assured, that when the approaches of Death are first perceived by you, they will be as unexpected, and excite as much surprise, as if you were at this moment to hear his summons sounding in your ears. If the question were put to any of you: Will you be alive at the distance of a year? who is there that would dare to say he is confident that he shall? This at least I know, that no father would risk upon such a supposition the fortune or happiness of his child—no friend, that of his benefactor; and yet will you stake upon a wretched probability like this your own immortal soul? Nay, if any one were asked if he were fully assured that he would live to see to-morrow's sun, none, surely, would say that his assurance was wholly undoubting. If I am mistaken, and if there be among you all any one who would be so bold, may there not be reason to dread that to presumption like his the voice may go forth: "Thou fool, *this night* thy soul shall be required of thee?" If, then, such be the uncertainty of life, surely the consideration of it should dwell with you continually. Though you were to live a thousand years, it could not be productive of harm to suppose every day might be your last; but if you die a single hour sooner than you lay your plans for preparing for death, then you may rue your miscalculation throughout eternity.

Brethren, let me beseech you to lay these things to heart. When you are falling into the snare which Satan prepares for you—giving yourselves up to the influence of the things which are seen—resting in the pleasure, distracted by the care, absorbed in the pursuit—consider the uncertainty of life—consider, further, if you would be willing thus to live always; and let such views lead you to use the world as not abusing it, and to devote the strength of your powers to those things that may endure for ever.

I cannot conclude without addressing myself to the young. You are entering upon existence, and enjoying, I trust, many of its blessings, and it may seem severe to single you out, and to force upon your thoughts that you, alas! must die; nay, to urge it upon you as a duty to learn such views of life as may lead you in truth to say, "I would not live alway." But, be assured my young friends, that the advice is indeed kind, notwithstanding its apparent severity. It is essential to your best, to your everlasting interests. Everything belonging to you gives you a place in my warmest affections; the very thoughtlessness, or fearlessness, or joyousness, with which you look forward to the future, increases my interest and concern. But it must not be forgotten that the blight of sin is upon you, and that there is a worm in the bud. And therefore it is that I bid you remember, that the youngest are not secure from the inroads of disease and death, and that the same hand that lays the axe to the root of the aged tree, often tears away the tender branches, and crushes the blossoms of the spring. Be wise, then, and be instructed. Remember your Creator in the days of your youth. Consider your condition as sinners, and as mortal; and come to Him who can pardon your sins and give you life. Nor will you find this course destructive of your happiness. On the contrary, it will multiply and enlarge your sources of enjoyment. It has been justly said, "that life has not a true joy but what death improves; nor has life any bliss till death can give a greater." This is a truth which I would urge also upon those of riper years, who, in the vigour of their health, and in the ardour of their pursuits, are so prone to forget that they are mortal. Let the warnings of the Word and the calls of Providence, teach you that none are secure in this warfare, that there may be but a step between you and death. And ye, my aged friends, tell us if you have found aught in life that would lead you to wish to live alway. And if you would not, as you cannot, live alway, let me beseech you to double your diligence in preparing to die.

Brethren, let us all live as those who are dying creatures, and who wish not to avoid our doom. In this way, and in this way only, we will escape the bitterness of our fate;—but in this way we will escape

it, and be enabled to say: "O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?"

Death is the crown of life.——
Were death denied, poor man would live in vain;
Were death denied, to live would not be life;
Were death denied, even fools would wish to die.
Death wounds to cure—we fall—we rise—we reign.
Death gives us more than was in Eden lost.
The King of Terrors is the Prince of Peace.
When shall I die to vanity—pain—death?
When shall I die?—when shall I live for ever?

Thus it is that the greatest evil is converted into the greatest good; and such is the perfection of the redemption purchased by Christ, that the original curse of life is converted into its blessing.

WHAT IS THE USE OF NATURAL HISTORY?

In vindicating the study of natural history, the *Christian Treasury's* page is not quite the place to deal with those who put the *cui bono* question, on the score of pounds and pence. We would send them to the man who, from hopeful appearances, as he thought, in his fields, was led to dig for coal till he had sunk his property in debt, though he found abundance of what seemed to have all the properties of coal, except inflammability; and who has learned, after he has been reduced to beggary, that a little knowledge of geology would have convinced him that he might as well have sought for coal, in any workable quantity, in a wreath of snow, or in the waters of the deep. Or if this will not satisfy them, we shall introduce them to the person to whom his father had given a good education; more valuable even in a pecuniary point of view than the few hundred acres eventually left to him; for it comprehended so much of the knowledge of geology as enabled him to ascertain that the rock in his property was neither trap nor schist, but rich ironstone, it may be black-band; so that the mineral treasures under ground yielded a hundred times more than the richest crops that ever grew on the surface. And if scientific knowledge is necessary for the proprietor, it is not less necessary for those who either in the employment of others, or in speculations at their own risk, take the charge of mining operations. We shall only add, that if it be granted that the knowledge of geology may in many cases be useful, because it proves lucrative, it must be borne in mind that a person cannot now hope to make much progress in geology unless he make himself well acquainted with almost every branch of natural history. The different formations cannot, with certainty, be distinguished but by the fossils which they contain. The organic remains, whether animal or vegetable, become thus the alphabet by which we learn to read the disinterred records of the remotest periods of this world's history. Botany, and zoology in its various branches, such as conchology, ichthyology, and zoophytology, must no longer be regarded as pursuits to amuse the idle. They are, to change the figure, pleasant handmaids, whose acquaintance must be cultivated; as, without their guidance, we could not find our way to the heights and depths of a most interesting department of science. In proof of this we may mention Lyell's arrangement of the strata of the tertiary formation. In older formations there are abundance of organic remains; but it is very remarkable that, numerous as they are, they are all different from the living creatures now found in the waters, or on the face of the earth. In the tertiary formation we find, for the first time, the remains of creatures identical with existing species. But the strata of this formation are far from being all of the same antiquity, judging from the organisms they contain. By a minute examination of the *fauna*, and particularly of the *testacea* or shells found in these strata, and compared with the *testacea* found at present in the sea, Mr Lyell, aided by the minute and extensive knowledge of M. Deshages, has arranged the tertiary strata in four groups of different ages. These he distinguishes by names, according to their age, viz., Eocene, Miocene, Pliocene, and Newer or Upper Pliocene. The *Eocene* is the oldest. The name is derived from ηως (*eos*), *dawn*, and καινος (*cainos*), *recent*, because the fossil shells of this period contain a very small proportion of living species—about five per cent.—and may be regarded as indicating the dawn of the recent state of the testaceous fauna. The other terms, *Miocene* and *Pliocene* are comparative; the first meaning less recent—from μειον (*meion*) *less*, and καινος, and the other more recent—from πλειον (*pleion*), *more*, and καινος; and they express the *more* or *less* near approach which the deposits of these eras, judging by the shells they contain, make to the present state of creation. The Miocene group contains about twenty per cent. of recent shells, the Older Pliocene about forty-one, and the Newer Pliocene about ninety-four per cent. of the same species as are now found in a living state. We see the value, then, of a minute knowledge of extinct and recent shells; and as there are about nine thousand recent species in the collections in European countries, and probably about four thousand extinct species, it is evident, not to speak of the other branches of natural history, that the conchological knowledge which the accomplished geologist would require is not the flimsy acquisition of a day.

We ought all to study the Sacred Scriptures; and a knowledge of natural history often throws a beautiful light on many of the richest passages of the Inspired Volume. In a very able and learned article "On Biblical Literature in Scotland," in No. 5 of the *North British Review*, there is a precious passage bearing on our subject, of which, however, we shall quote but a few sentences: "The interpretation of Scripture also gathers assistance from every quarter. . . . . The researches of physical philosophy excite us, in studying the inspired annals of creation, to feel yet more intensely that 'the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork.' . . . . The man who travels in the East, and notes its herbs and flowers, its jewels and minerals, its quadrupeds and birds—who relates its customs, its dresses and ceremonies, its festivities at births and marriages, its funeral dirges and religious rites, yields us the means of accurate statement, and interesting verification. . . . . All science pays homage to revelation. The Inspired Book receives illustration from every province of human

study. The promotion of biblical science is accelerated by contributions from the vast encyclopædia of recorded human attainment. Most earnestly do we wish that a taste for these studies should prevail among us, not to displace or corrode our religion, but to give it a new pabulum. The Bible is surely worthy of all that investigation which we commend."

The study of natural history, if rightly conducted, leads to deeper impressions of the wisdom and goodness of God. It is possible to study the works of creation without any reference to the great Creator. How sinful, however, to shut out God from his own world, and to deny him the praise proclaimed by his own works! Not so our first parents in their primeval innocence. Their adoring song, according to the bard of Paradise, was:—

> These are *thy* glorious works, Parent of good!
> Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
> Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous, then!—
> Unspeakable—who sit'st above these heavens,
> To us invisible, or dimly seen
> In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
> Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.

Alas! in our fallen state, how apt are we to rest satisfied with admiration, without once considering that it should excite in us the spirit of adoration! But are there not many who do not even admire the works of nature? If they are filled with adoring admiration of the greatest of all God's works—the work of redemption through Jesus Christ his Son—then are they answering the great purpose for which they were created, and glorifying the Lord in the manner most acceptable in his sight; but even in the case of devout and pious Christians, we would regard indifference to the wisdom and goodness of God, manifested in the beautiful works of creation, as a considerable blemish in their character, as well as a considerable diminution of their own happiness. Of all the creatures who inhabit this world, man, and man only, can think of God; man, and man only, can trace the power, and goodness, and wisdom of God in the works of his hands. The inferior animals can look no higher than man—man can look up unto the Eternal. Man alone can know that the Lord cares for him, and consults his happiness in the works of creation, and calls on him to praise Him: "Kings of the earth, and all people; princes, and all judges of the earth; both young men and maidens, old men and children; let them praise the name of the Lord; for his name alone is excellent; his glory is above the earth and heaven." A well known writer speaks of the person who is a stranger to vernal delight amidst the beauty and freshness of spring, as guilty of sullenness against nature. Can he altogether clear himself of ingratitude, however unintentional, towards God, who derives no pleasure from beholding the wonderful works of his hand. If the rose, according to the Persian poet, fills with love the heart of his *bulbul*, the nightingale, can man be blamelessly dead to its beauty, and regardless of its fragrance, though that beauty and fragrance were intended to yield him delight, and to speak to his heart of the loving-kindness of the Lord?

> "But the gems of life—
> The fly, the bee, the butterfly, the worm—
> To me they are the characters of heaven—
> The writing of Jehovah, on the Book
> Of Nature, ...
> I've learned to meditate thereon, and turn
> Thence to the contemplation of my God—
> The all-wise, almighty Author of the whole—
> To love, to fear, to worship, to adore!"

Want of interest in the works of creation is no proof of superior piety, nor is a deep interest in them a symptom of deficiency of pious feelings. The venerable Carey, who spent a life of devotedness in India in the service of his Master, had great delight, in his few moments of leisure from more important matters, in prosecuting the study of botany, in which he had made great proficiency. When some of his worthy associates, who had no taste for these pursuits, expressed their wonder at his zeal, and intimated that his great delight in flowers was beneath a person of his talents and piety: "Shall I," said he, "think it beneath me to admire what my God did not think it beneath him to create, and beautify, and cherish?" Ray, in his "Wisdom of God in Creation," says: "Think not that anything God has vouchsafed to create is unworthy thy cognizance—to be slighted by thee. It is pride and arrogance, or ignorance and folly, in thee so to think. There is a greater depth of art and skill in the structure of the meanest insect than thou art able to fathom or comprehend." "How much of God," says a talented writer, "may be seen in the structure of a single leaf, which, though so fragile as to tremble in every wind, yet holds connections and living communications with the earth, the air, the clouds, and the distant sun, and, through these sympathies, with the universe, is itself a revelation of an omnipotent mind."

One other quotation, and we have done. It is from Paley; and yet we cannot adopt the sentiments it breathes without great qualifications, such as he himself, we trust, would have been willing to allow: "In a moral view, I shall not, I believe, be contradicted when I say, that if one train of thinking be more desirable than another, it is that which regards the phenomena of nature with a constant reference to a supreme intelligent Author. To have made this the ruling, the habitual sentiment of our minds, is to have laid the foundation of everything which is religious. The world thenceforth becomes a temple, and life itself one continued act of adoration." This sounds well; but it will not stand examination. It must have been written inadvertently. It might suit a Heathen moralist, but is it what might be expected of an intelligent Christian? There is the shadow of religion; but no more of the substance than might be looked for in an amiable Theist. It may be the religion of nature; but it wants the living breath of that blessed religion which came as a revelation from God. Christ is not there. It points out to us, however, the hidden rock on which sentimentalists are apt to split; though Paley cannot be ranked in the tribe of sentimentalists. They are apt to think themselves religious, because they admire nature, and can speak of the wisdom and goodness displayed in the works of God. Could nature have made us religious, would Christ have suffered?—would the Holy Spirit have descended?—would a revelation

have been granted to the children of men? When did nature ever convert a sinner, or fill the heart with an acceptable song of gratitude to the Lord? Will nature humble him before God, and tell him how sin can be blotted out, and how "man can be just before his God?" By grace the sinner must be led to say: "Behold I am vile;" and to cry: "What shall I do to be saved?" And by grace the answer must be brought home with power unto his heart: "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Then the humble, grateful language of the believer is: "O Lord, I will praise thee; for, though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou hast comforted me." "By grace we are saved, through faith; and that not of ourselves, it is the gift of God." "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me." Then, having experienced the mercy, he can rejoice in the numerous manifestations of the wisdom, and goodness, and power of the Almighty; he can delight himself in God, as his reconciled God and Father through Christ Jesus. Giving this the merited prominence, it is most desirable to acquire the habit of "regarding the phenomena of nature with a constant reference to a supreme intelligent Author;" that "the world may become a temple, and life itself one continued act of devotion." Seeing God in all things, not merely as the God of nature, but still more as the God of grace and peace, we are not without songs in the house of our pilgrimage; and we are pruning the wing for flight, and learning to sing the song of songs in our Father's house above: "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

Stevenston. D. L.

YOUTH AND AGE.

THE seas are quiet when the winds are o'er—
So calm are we when passions are no more!
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.

Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age descries:
The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light thro' chinks that Time has made.

Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home;
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

WALLER.

MISSIONS.

HOW THEY MIGHT BE SUPPORTED, AND THE RETURNS THEY BRING.

(From "Christian Missions to Heathen Nations"—an admirable work—by the Rev. Baptist Noel.)

SELF-DENIAL may form yet, as the Bishop of Chester once said, a vast fund for the cause of God. If the lovers of pleasure will give nothing, because they want to spend all that they can get; and the lovers of wealth will give nothing, because they want to save all that they can get; if the lovers of power will give nothing, because they are too busy with their politics to think of religion; and the lovers of distinction will give nothing, because missions are unfashionable; still, the disciples of Christ may perhaps find, that, by more simple habits and more conscientious economy, they may save much for religious objects which is now wasted. Rich wines, expensive delicacies, superfluous servants, unused carriages and horses, magnificent furniture, useless journeys, unnecessary visits to fashionable watering places—all the expenditure which is for ostentation, and not for comfort—which tends to enervate, not to improve—may, as our religious light and grace increase, be sacrificed to the love of doing good; and Christians may find that, without leaving their stations in society, they may, by a Christian-like moderation, of immense benefit to themselves, to their children, and to their whole circle of friends, secure considerable funds for all the highest purposes to which wealth can be applied.

Here it may occur to some, that the country could not bear this abstraction of its wealth. "Numbers (as they think) would be thrown out of employment, and much misery would ensue. Charity must begin at home, and we must not attempt universal schemes of benevolence, while we leave numbers to starve at our doors." The general principle is true; but the application of it to missions is false.

For how is the missionary income of this country employed? Part is spent in the outfit of missionaries—that is, in the purchase of British manufactures; part goes to their passage—which is spent on British shipping; part is spent in the printing of Bibles and tracts—which goes to maintain British paper makers, printers, and bookbinders; part is spent on those supplies of European commodities, shoes, clothes, furniture, and books, which missionaries yearly receive at their stations; and the rest, which is spent among the heathen, is more than repaid by the European tastes which are thus created, and the trade with England which invariably follows. Should it be said that the various classes of shopkeepers and artisans who supply the luxuries of the rich must be maintained, and hence that Christians, by adopting simpler habits, would throw them out of employment, I answer, that they would bring almost an equal number into employment, and therefore would not really throw any out of employment, but would only change their occupations; and they would serve the interests of the community just as much by employing missionaries, schoolmasters, printers, bookbinders, cotton spinners, and manufacturers, as they would by enriching jewellers, supporting tragedians, or by keeping a useless number of grooms and footmen.

If it be said that the money spent upon missionaries is spent on unproductive consumers, and, therefore, withdraws from the nation all the wealth which would be created by an equal number of operatives, I answer, that actors and domestic servants, post-boys, and ostlers, hotel keepers and waiters at fashionable watering places, are also unproductive consumers; and, therefore, whatever is drawn from the theatre and the gambling-house, from useless journeys and from expensive establishments, for the support of missionaries, is only given to one unproductive class instead of to another.

In the next place, we must remark, that there are classes which, though not directly productive of wealth to the nation, do, perhaps, more than all the rest to enrich the nation, both physically and morally. Wise legislators, acute lawyers, able physicians, well-principled authors, good schoolmasters, and pious ministers of Christ, do, in reality, contribute to the intelligence, health, morals, and religion of a nation—

to the security of its property, to the stability of its freedom; and, therefore, eventually to its actual wealth and prosperity, far more than they possibly could contribute by the labours of their hands: and the same is true of missionaries.

If, lastly, it be objected that all this missionary income is spent abroad, we must recollect that it relieves the community, to a certain extent, of its superfluous hands, just as emigration to Sydney or Upper Canada; that it there maintains Englishmen who would have been maintained at home; that much is spent in English manufactures; and that the remainder is originating in many places a trade with England, which will be soon worth much more than the whole sum employed in the enterprise. Who reckons the money spent by British merchants at Smyrna or at Singapore as money lost to their country, since, in truth, that expenditure is annually adding to our wealth? And just as the British trade at Smyrna and at Singapore more than repays the nation for what its merchants spend in these places, so the trade with the South Sea Islands, with New Zealand, and with the native tribes of South Africa, is beginning to repay to the nation the cost of those missions.

Assuming, then, that we have enough of men and money most materially to extend our missions, we are further encouraged to extend them by other great advantages which we possess. Never was printing so cheap and expeditious as it is now; every year is steam lessening the distance between the nations of the earth; our commerce affords a safe and regular conveyance for missionaries to every part of the world; larger numbers continually are fitting for this work by education, which now descends to the poorest of the community, and to the necessity of which among all classes, the nation is now, for the first time, awakening; the name of England is a safeguard to English travellers and settlers everywhere; and almost every important place of trade in the world has a British consul, who may employ the influence of the British Government to protect his fellow-subjects; so that, in ordinary circumstances, Englishmen are as safe in Cairo, Constantinople, or Canton, as they would be in London. To this let us add the influence which Englishmen possess among the heathen, by that superiority in the arts of civilized life, which often attracts their attention to the Christian teacher, no less than miracles would. Multitudes of the South Sea Islanders, witnessing the increased comforts which the Christian islands obtained from their teachers, were strongly induced by that circumstance, united with others, to relinquish their own idolatry; and the same result may be expected wherever the arts and commodities of civilized countries are introduced among savages in conjunction with the Gospel.

Lastly, it should never be forgotten that, in addition to whatever influence we may possess in other heathen nations, by our superiority in arts and arms, we possess in India the influence of absolute dominion. In that country a hundred millions of idolaters have been placed under the British Crown, upon whom the Indian Government acts with incomparably greater force than a Government can ever exert upon an educated people, accustomed to free institutions. The Government there is everything; and that Government is Christian. There the European is reverenced, and the missionary is protected. Multitudes are eager to learn the English language. Knowledge fatal to their superstition is rapidly gaining ground; and there is nothing to hinder us, if we pleased, dividing the whole country, for missionary purposes, into contiguous parishes, and giving to each parish its missionary; supposing these missionaries to be maintained, not by taxation of the Hindus, but by our Christian zeal.

Our numbers, our wealth, our wide-spread education, our superiority in arts and arms, our universal commerce, and our dominion over a hundred millions of the heathen, give us a power to do good which is incalculable; and we want nothing but more piety to enable us to evangelize a large portion of the world.

"YOUR EYES SHALL BE OPENED, AND YE SHALL BE AS GODS, KNOWING GOOD AND EVIL."

His eyes indeed were ope'd,
And then he had the skill
To know the difference
Between the good and ill.

Then did he know how good
Good was, when he had lost it;
And evil too he knew—
But, ah! how dearly cost it!

CANAAN'S FLOWINGS.

Anecdote.

REV. GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

THE cold, philosophic, and sceptical Dr Franklin bears the following testimony to the effects of Mr Whitefield's oratorical powers:—Mr Whitefield rejected my counsel (to build an Orphan House in Philadelphia, rather than in Georgia), and I therefore refused to contribute. I happened soon after to attend one of his sermons, in the course of which I perceived that he intended to finish with a collection, and I silently resolved that he should get nothing from me. I had in my pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and five gold pistoles. As he proceeded, I began to soften, and concluded to give the copper; another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of that, and determined me to give the silver; and he finished so admirably, that I emptied my pocket wholly into the collector's dish—gold and all! At this sermon there was also one of the club, who being of my sentiments respecting the building in Georgia, and suspecting a collection might be intended, had, by precaution emptied his pockets before he came from home: towards the conclusion of the discourse, however, he felt a strong inclination to give, and applied to a neighbour, who stood near him, to lend him some money for that purpose. The request was made to, perhaps, the only man in the company who had the firmness not to be affected by the preacher. His answer was: "At any other time, friend Hopkinson, I would lend thee freely, but not now; for thee seems to me to be out of thy right senses."

Fragments.

THE APOSTLES.—The secretaries of heaven.—*Dr Barrow.*

A POSITIVE ARGUMENT IN THE NEGATIVE FORM.—When a man has not a good reason for doing a thing, he has one good reason for letting it alone.—*Rev. Thomas Scott.*

ST JOHN THE BAPTIST.—Gregory Nazianzen says of John the Baptist (who is called "The voice of one crying in the wilderness"), that he was all voice: a voice in his habit, a voice in his diet, a voice in his dwelling, a voice in his conversation, and a voice in his preaching.—*Dr Calamy.*

Daily Bread.

FRIDAY.

"Grace to help."—Heb. iv. 16.

The boundless love that found out me
For every soul of man is free;
None of thy mercy need despair:
Patient, and pitiful, and kind,
Thee every soul of man may find,
And, freely saved, thy grace declare.

There is a throne of grace erected for us to come to; a Mediator of grace appointed, in whose name to come—the Spirit of grace given to help our infirmities, and an answer of peace promised to every prayer of faith: and all this that we might fetch in not only sanctifying, but comforting grace, "in every time of need."—Heb. iv. 16.—*Henry.*

SATURDAY.

"In all these things we are more than conquerors, through Him that loved us."—Rom. viii. 37.

Now before my face ye fly;
More than conqueror now I am;
Sin, the world, and hell defy,
In Jesus' powerful name.

Are you called to exercise self-denial? Abraham looks down from heaven upon you, and tells you that he was ready to sacrifice his beloved Isaac. Are you afraid of the scoffs and jeers of a fleering world? Noah builded an ark; Moses relinquished the honours of Pharaoh's court, and met with as many persecutions and afflictions, and underwent as many taunts and flouts, as you are like to do. Are you called to lay down your lives for the testimony of Jesus and a good conscience? Stephen tells you a storm of stones fell upon him, and brake open the prison, and set the prisoner free: his soul escaped; it broke out of the cage, and as a bird, took wing, and flew to heaven. Are you assaulted with temptations? St Paul looks down, and tells you that he had much stronger temptations than you have, and yet he got safe to heaven.—*Hopkins.*

SABBATH.

"Who hath believed our report?"—Isa. liii. 1.

Long do men sit beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord;
But still how weak their faith is found,
And knowledge of thy Word!

Where is the preacher, the close of whose Sabbaths is not imbittered by the review of unprofitableness? You invite us to your tables—you crowd us in our temples; but you compel us to retire from both, complaining: "Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" We condemn your practice: you thank us for our good sermons, and proceed. Your approbation does not hinder your sinning, nor your sinning your approbation. Where are the evidences of our success? Are they to be heard in the inquiry: "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" Are they to be seen in your deadness to the world—in your self-denial—in your taking up the cross—in your heavenly-mindedness—in serving your generation according to the will of God—in being examples to others?—*Jay.*

MONDAY.

"With great mercies will I gather thee."—Isa. liv. 7.

Leave to God's sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou, wondering, own his way—
How wise, how strong his hand!

The Almighty may appear to be thine enemy for a time, that he may be thine everlasting friend. His glory is seen when he works by means; it is more seen when he works without means; it is seen, above all, when he works contrary to means. It is a great work to open the eyes of the blind—a greater still, by applying clay and spittle, things more likely, as some think, to take away than to restore sight. He sent dreadful darkness on Abraham, when he was preparing to give him the best light. He fearfully shook Jacob, when he was going to bless him. He smote Paul with blindness, when he was intending to open his mind. He refused the request of the woman of Canaan for a time; but afterwards she obtained her desire.—*Rowlands.*

TUESDAY.

"He that humbleth himself shall be exalted."—Luke xviii. 14.

My trespass was grown up to heaven;
But far above the skies,
In Christ abundantly forgiven,
I see thy mercies rise.

Those who are accustomed to play ball, know, that according to the force with which they strike it on the ground, will be its rebounding upwards. So it is with men; those commonly who are struck down with the greatest force, and the lowest, as to the view of their own misery, rise the highest in glory. They to whom much is forgiven, will love much; but they who see and feel but little of their own sin and misery, will not see nor feel but little of God's mercy and goodness. He who slowly goes down into a right view of his own wretchedness, will rise but slowly to a clear view of God's glory; and he who will not thus go down at all, will never rise.—*Ibid.*

WEDNESDAY.

"Happy is the people whose God is the Lord."—Ps. cxliv. 15.

Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train:
His truth for ever stands secure:
He saves the opprest, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

How happy, O Lord, is the man that hath thee for his God! He can want nothing that is good; he can be hurt by nothing that is evil: his sins are pardoned; his crosses are sanctified; his prayers are heard: all that he hath are blessings; all that he suffers are advantages: his life is holy; his death comfortable; his estate after death glorious!—*Hall.*

THURSDAY.

"Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."—2 Pet. i. 11.

All the names that love could find,
All the forms that love could take,
Jesus in himself hath join'd,
Thee, my soul, his own to make.

Christ executes the office of a prophet in our calling; of a priest in our justification; and of a king in our sanctification. Let us, then, hear him as our prophet, rely on him as our priest, and obey him as our king. Think not the worse of him for his manger or his cross. As he ceaseth not to be man in his highest estate, so he was God in his lowest. His words were oracles, and his works miracles. His life was a pattern; his death a sacrifice; his resurrection glorious; his ascension triumphant; his intercession prevalent; and his coming again will be magnificent. All the angels in heaven adore him, and all the devils in hell fear him, and all the sons and daughters of Adam must stand before him.—*Mason.*

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RESURRECTION-POWER.

BY THE REV. HORATIUS BONAR, KELSO.

"The exceeding greatness of his power to us-ward who believe, according to the working of his mighty power, which he wrought in Christ, when he raised him from the dead."—EPH. i. 19, 20.

ALL God's doings upon a fallen earth are for the end of bringing the good out of the evil—the good which he eternally purposed out of the evil which man has introduced. He allowed the evil to enter for the very purpose of educing a far greater amount of good than could otherwise have been done, and showing forth *himself* in a way which no mind could have conceived of before. He lets evil flow in, that he may show his power to meet it, overcome it, and deliver from it. He lets sin, in all its hideous forms, display itself, that he may show what infinite resources of grace, and power, and wisdom are in him to cleanse it away; nay, to bring up its objects, its victims, to a far higher level of holiness and honour than that from which they had sunk down; nay, still further, to fasten a redeemed creation so indissolubly to Godhead, that it can never fall again, nor crumble away into ruins.

An unfallen creation could tell us only half of God. His power could only half exhibit itself; for to bring a world out of nothing is a lesser stretch of power than to bring it out of that which is lower still than nothing—sin. His love could play but half the compass of its music; for there would have been none but the holy to love; and it is on the unholy that he is pouring forth all "the exceeding riches of his grace." His wisdom would have remained half hidden; for whatever may have been the stores of wisdom lavished on the formation of the world at first, far greater stores have been brought out in the *reconstruction* of that fabric which sin had broken in pieces. "O the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!"

The whole process of restoration now going on, may be called a process of *resurrection*. It is through resurrection out of corruption and decay that God is building up all things anew, and adorning them with a glory and a beauty which would not have belonged to them but for this strange process through which he is bringing them. It is through resurrection that this body is to be perfected and adorned; and it may be said to be through a species of resurrection that this material creation is to be beautified in the day when Christ is to make all things new—"the times of the *restitution* of all things."

Resurrection is always spoken of in Scripture as a far higher display of power than creation. It required vast power, indeed, to create a world; but it requires vaster still to make it new when ruined and defiled by sin. Now, it is this *resurrection-power* that is referred to by the apostle, in Eph. i. 19, 20, quoted above. It is called "the exceeding greatness of his power;" and it is said to be put forth "to us-ward who believe, according to the working of his mighty power, which he wrought in Christ, when he raised him from the dead." Here, then, we learn—

1. What resources of power are in store for the recovery of this ruined creation. Its restoration requires infinite power—power of a peculiar kind—resurrection-power. But all this is to be found in God. However deep it may be sunk, there is a power that can raise it up. However low the state in which any soul may be fallen, however deep the grave of sin in which it may be buried, still there is power enough in God to effect its resurrection from that hideous tomb.

2. It is by this resurrection-power that a soul is quickened and enabled to believe. The passage quoted does not mean that this "greatness of power" is put forth after, or in consequence of believing, but previously, and in order to believing; for believing is the act of a living soul. But how is this power put forth?—through the Word? Certainly in inseparable connection with the Word, but still directly upon the dead soul. But is it not said, "Faith cometh by hearing?" Certainly; and hence, if we were illustrating that point, we would take up such a passage, and many others, dwelling at length upon it, in order to clear up the mysticism of some who seem to make faith a thing got up by some mighty effort of their own, and unconnected with the truth believed. While, however, maintaining that "faith cometh by hearing," let us remember that this is but a part of the question before us. The question is, How are the dead, diseased, disorganized faculties of our soul to be made to perform one spiritual function aright? There must be the *direct* touch of the divine hand—the quickening power of the Holy Spirit coming into immediate contact with the soul. With the one hand the Spirit quickens the soul, and with the other he applies the Word, and then the soul believes. For the bringing the soul into contact with the Word, he uses human instruments; but for the other, his own living hand, in which lies the resurrection-power, must be put forth with direct and divine energy.

But is this not a hard saying? No, surely; it can be no hard saying to tell a helpless world of resurrection-power, when telling them of their utter helplessness.

Deny that helplessness, and there is no need of resurrection-power, or of a Holy Spirit at all. Admit it, and nothing less than these will do for the restoration of the soul.

But do we not get the Holy Spirit after or upon believing? Certainly; but before it, and in order to it also. If I need the Holy Spirit afterwards to carry on the work, much more do I need him to begin the work. If I need him to keep me alive, much more to make me alive.

But does not this supersede the Gospel altogether? No, by no means. We are not the less to proclaim the *truth;* for it is in connection with the truth that the Spirit works. We need not be afraid to tell men that faith cometh by hearing, or that the Gospel maketh wise unto salvation. We need not be afraid to press the Gospel upon sinners, or to say: "Hear, and your souls shall live." We need not shrink from calling on men to believe; nay, it is at our peril if we do not. The one part of this mighty question does not neutralize the other. "God commandeth all men everywhere to repent;" and yet we know that it is Christ who is exalted to give repentance. We need not shrink from speaking of being sanctified through the truth. Scripture abounds in such language: and nothing can be more absurd than to suppose that, because we tell men that "faith cometh by hearing," we thereby deny the "exceeding greatness of that power which is put forth to us-ward who believe."

It is no slight responsibility that is laid on ministers to preach the very truth of God—"the word of the truth of the Gospel." There is a danger of imagining, that since it is the resurrection-power of God that alone can accomplish the soul's regeneration, it is of less consequence what is preached. Nothing can be more dishonouring to God or more grieving to the Spirit. While believing in the necessity of the Spirit's quickening power, we are at the same time called to state, illustrate, simplify, press home the truth, in every form and by every means, knowing that it is then that souls are saved, just as it is "through lack of knowledge that so many perish." While believing in the bondage of man's will, and the corruption of his entire nature, we are not to shrink from taking up the free proclamation of the glorious Gospel, and saying: "Whosoever WILL, let him take the water of life freely."

Biographical Sketch.

THE REV. GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD was born at the Bell Inn, in the city of Gloucester, at the close of the year 1714. In his own account of his life, he confesses that his childhood was marked with every petty crime of which early years are susceptible; yet he had a devout disposition, and a tender spirit, and could recollect that even in his early days he had been put upon "great searchings of heart," such as indicated the character of his future experience. He was sent to the grammar school at Gloucester, where he made some progress in classical learning; and his talents for elocution enabled him to appear to advantage in the speeches which he delivered before the corporation on their annual visitation. He was taken from school before he was fifteen; and as his mother's circumstances were by this time much reduced, he began to assist her in the business of the tavern. Even in this unfavourable situation, he composed several sermons; and the romances, in which he had formerly delighted, gave place to the study of Thomas a Kempis.

At the age of eighteen he was entered as a servitor at Pembroke College, Oxford, where he formed an acquaintance with Charles Wesley, and several other young men under the influence of religious impressions, who "lived by rule and method," and were therefore called Methodists.

At this period religion was in a very low condition in England—a darkness that might be felt, which was the very shadow of death, brooded over its perishing millions. The higher classes gloried in open infidelity and unblushing vice. The mass of the people were immersed in gross ignorance and superstition. "In this we cannot be mistaken," says Archbishop Secker, in 1738, "that an open and professed disregard to religion is become, through a variety of unhappy causes, the distinguishing character of the present age; that this evil is grown to a great height in the metropolis of the nation—is daily spreading through every part of it; and bad in itself as any can be, must of necessity bring in all others after it. Indeed, it hath already brought in such dissoluteness and contempt of principle, in the higher part of the world, and such profligate intemperance and fearlessness of committing crimes in the lower, as must, if this torrent of impiety stop not, become absolutely fatal." The clergy themselves had not escaped the general contamination. Ignorance, negligence, and immorality, characterized no inconsiderable portion of them. "The Church," said the excellent Leighton, "was a fair carcass without a spirit." The preaching of the Gospel had, in most of the pulpits, given place to a meagre system of feeble morality. "Dissent, too, in its several sections, was not uninjured. Where the Gospel was, in the main, dispensed, the allowance was ofttimes 'short,' sufficing for life, but not for health and vigour; and, in not a few cases, it was mixed with poisonous ingredients of Antinomianism." At this gloomy period, the sovereign Head of the Church raised up Whitefield and Wesley, to give a new impulse to religion, and to awaken the dormant zeal of its professors.

About a year after Whitefield went to Ox-

ford, he was introduced to the brothers, Charles and John Wesley, who, with other members of the university, had formed themselves into a little fellowship, for their spiritual improvement. He speedily adopted their pious views and manners; and so far did his enthusiastic disposition carry their method of life, that he describes himself as lying whole days and nights on the ground, in silent or vocal prayer—leaving off the fruits of the earth—choosing the worst sort of food—thinking it unbecoming a penitent to have his hair powdered; and wearing woollen gloves, a patched gown, and dirty shoes, to acquire a habit of humility. These excesses seriously injured his health; and after a severe illness, which brought him to the brink of the grave, he found it necessary to retire to Gloucester, for the benefit of his native air. His general character there—his demeanour at church—his visiting the poor, and praying with the prisoners—attracted the notice of Dr Benson, bishop of Gloucester, who informed him, that although he had resolved to ordain none under three-and-twenty (and Whitefield was only twenty-one), he should think it his duty to ordain him, whenever he should apply for holy orders. This offer Whitefield accepted, and was made deacon in 1736. It had been his intention, he says, to prepare one hundred and fifty sermons with which to commence his ministry; but at his ordination he found himself with only one. With this sermon he appeared in the pulpit, in the Church of St Mary de Crypt, where he had been baptized. Curiosity had brought together a large congregation; and so powerful was the impression produced by the fervency of his manner, that complaint was made to the bishop that fifteen persons had been driven mad by the sermon; on which the worthy prelate calmly observed, that he hoped the madness would not be forgotten before the next Sabbath.

The week following Whitefield returned to Oxford, took his degree, and diligently employed himself in the instruction of the prisoners and of the poor. During the two succeeding years, by his preaching in Bath, Bristol, and other places, his fame became widely diffused; immense multitudes everywhere attended upon him, and his discourses produced the most extraordinary impression on their minds.

In the year 1736, he went to officiate at Dummeer, in Hampshire; but being invited to join the Wesleys, and other friends who had gone out as missionaries to a new colony in Georgia, he went to London to wait on General Oglethorpe and the Trustees for Georgia. During his residence in the metropolis he preached and administered the Lord's supper nine times a-week, to the most crowded assemblies. He was invited by the managers of the various charities to preach for them; and as his stay was to be so short, they obtained the use of the churches on week-days. It was necessary to place constables at the doors, within and without, such multitudes assembled; and on Sabbath mornings, in the latter months of the year, long before day, the streets were filled with people going to hear him, with lanterns in their hands. Some hung by the rails outside the churches, others climbed upon the leads, and still thousands went away unable to get within hearing distance. The nearer the time of his departure approached, the more eager the people grew to hear him. They stopped him in the aisles of the churches and embraced him; they waited upon him at his lodgings to ask his advice; and when he preached his farewell sermon, high and low, young and old, burst into tears. In the latter end of December, 1737, he left London, and embarked for Georgia.

Whitefield sailed from the Downs a few hours only before the ship which brought Wesley back from Georgia cast anchor there. When Wesley landed, he learned that his colleague was on board the vessel in the offing, and immediately sent him a letter containing these words: "When I saw that God by the wind which was carrying you out brought me in, I asked counsel of God: his answer you have enclosed." The enclosure was a slip of paper, with this sentence: "Let him return to London." But Whitefield, who seems never to have fallen into this superstition, in which the stronger mind of Wesley was unhappily involved, refused to comply. He betook himself to prayer. The story of the prophet, in the Book of Kings, came forcibly to his recollection, how he turned back from his appointed course, because another prophet told him it was the will of the Lord that he should do so; and for that reason a lion met and slew him on the way. He therefore proceeded on his voyage. He endured much distress at first, from the profligate spirit and conduct of the crew; but in a short time his presence and counsel produced a wonderful change in their behaviour.

He reached Georgia in May 1738; and after a residence of three months there, found it necessary to return to England, in order that he might receive priest's orders, and raise contributions for founding and supporting an orphan house in the colony. Accordingly, he sailed for Europe, and after a long and dangerous voyage, reached London in safety. He was favourably received by the bishop and the primate; the trustees highly approved of his conduct, and he was ordained priest by his venerable friend the Bishop of Gloucester. "God be praised," says he, "I was praying night and day, whilst on ship-board, if it might be the divine will, that good Bishop Benson, who laid hands on me as a deacon might make me a priest; and now my prayer is answered."

The separation of the Methodists from the Church, and their organization as a distinct sect, was daily becoming more inevitable; for after his return the clergy received him with

great coldness, and excluded him from most of the parochial pulpits. He was, therefore, compelled to adopt some new plan, to prevent his usefulness from being totally destroyed. He had often heard that the colliers, in the vicinity of Bristol, were a numerous race of lawless barbarians, who had no place of worship, and were, therefore, ignorant as heathens, and so savage, that no one durst venture among them. Whitefield had long felt his heart yearn towards these poor neglected people; and after fervent prayer, and many inward conflicts, he one day went to a mount, in a place called Rose Green, his "first field pulpit," and preached to about two hundred colliers, who came to hear, attracted by the novelty of such an address. "I thought," says he, "it might be doing the service of my Creator, who had a mountain for his pulpit, and the heavens for a sounding-board, and who, when his Gospel was refused by the Jews, sent his servants into the highways and hedges."

The second and third time of his preaching out of doors his audience greatly increased, till it amounted to twenty thousand persons. "The first discovery of their being affected," says Whitefield, "was by seeing the white gutters made by their tears, which plentifully fell down their black cheeks—black as they came out of their coal pits. As the scene was quite new to me, and I had just begun to be an extempore preacher, it occasioned many inward conflicts. Sometimes, when twenty thousand people were before me, I had not, in my own apprehension, a word to say; but I was never totally deserted, and frequently (for to deny it would be lying against God) so assisted, that I knew by happy experience what our Lord meant by saying: 'He that believeth in me, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living waters.' The open firmament above me—the prospect of the adjacent fields, with the sight of thousands and thousands, some in coaches, some on horseback, and some in trees, and at times all affected, and drenched in tears together, to which sometimes was added the solemnity of the approaching evening—was almost too much for me, and quite overcame me."

On his return to London, the Vicar of Islington lent him his pulpit; but the churchwarden forbade him to preach there, unless he could produce a license. He went out, therefore, after the communion service, and preached in the churchyard. On the following Sabbath he resolved to attack Satan in one of his strongholds, by preaching in Moorfields, at that time a great resort of the idle, the dissolute, and the reprobate. Many persons told him that if he attempted it, he would never come away from the place alive. But his impassioned eloquence was the means of enabling him to obtain such an ascendency over the mob, that they listened to him with the most respectful attention. On week-days he preached at Kennington Common, where prodigious multitudes assembled to hear him. He had sometimes fourscore carriages, a great number of horsemen, and upwards of forty thousand persons on foot, in attendance; and he states, that both there, and in his Sabbath preachings in Moorfields, when he collected for the orphan house, so many halfpence were given him by his poor auditors, that he was wearied in receiving them; and they were more than one man could carry home.

To be continued.

BLIND DIVINES.

(From "The Lost Senses—Blindness," by Dr Kitto, in Knight's Weekly Volume.)

UNDER the Law of Moses, blindness was a disqualification for the services of the altar. For this there were obvious reasons. The ministrations of a priest consisted of manual acts which needed the guidance of the eye. He inspected victims, to see that they were without blemish; he offered incense, oblations, and sacrifices; he inspected lepers, to ascertain their condition; and generally had to take careful notice that all things were done correctly. It was therefore physically impossible that a blind man should discharge the duties which belong to such an office. No such grounds of disqualification from blindness exist where the services of a minister are entirely oral. In those Churches which do not use written formularies, there is no reason why a blind minister might not pray and preach as well as one who can see; and in those which use written formularies, the difficulty is not insuperable, as the clergyman might learn the services by heart. But difficulties would begin in the administration of sacraments; and blindness would be an obstacle of some consequence to those ministers who feel that the sick and afflicted require much of their care.

But there have not been wanting instances of blind clergymen who have overcome all these difficulties, and have, in their sacred functions, served God worthily and well. But all or most of these are such as have become blind *after* they had taken the office of the ministry upon them; and it is doubtful whether one previously blind would be encouraged (if not formally forbidden) to take that office upon him. The case has so seldom arisen that a blind man has qualified himself for, and aspired to, the clerical office, that the question can scarcely be considered as settled by precedent. At the outset, however, the candidate would have to encounter a feeling derived from the practice of the Mosaical law, that a minister should be perfect in all his organs and faculties; and the vague sense of his general deficiency, from blindness, would, in the minds of men, be transferred to, and concentrated upon, the question of his fitness or unfitness for the clerical office, although it might not be in the exercise of that office so much as in other matters that his deficiency would really operate.

There are notices of one or two blind theologians of considerable reputation in the patristic ages. But it does not appear whether they were in orders, or whether, like most of the great doctors and professors of theology in modern Germany, they cultivated and taught theology without assuming any pastoral charge or clerical office. We incline to think, however, that blindness was not, in those early ages, considered a disqualification for orders; for we know that Origen was not precluded by a still greater privation from acting as presbyter.

Of the names to which we refer, one is that of Didymus, who died at an advanced age in A.D. 395. He is said to have become blind at the age of five years. He early addicted himself to theological

studies, which he followed by employing persons to read to him. He eventually became the head of the celebrated catechetical school of Alexandria, which in his time sent forth several illustrious pupils, among whom was Jerome, who edited and translated into Latin more than one of his master's works. These works were numerous, and evince the zeal and industry with which their author devoted himself to theological pursuits. His pupils were apt to think that his blindness, by concentrating his attention upon the subject of his meditations, was an advantage rather than a calamity to him. But Didymus was not himself of that opinion; for St Anthony is recorded to have been much disappointed that he could not prevail upon so wise a man to say that he did not regret his want of sight. Didymus was an Origenist; and, according to the account of his opinions given by Guerike ("De Schola Alexand."), his theology was considerably tainted with the fantastic notions of that school. Some of his works are lost, including a Commentary on the Bible; but we still possess his work on the Holy Spirit, in the Latin translation of Jerome; his book against the Manichees ("Lib. adv. Manichæos," Gr. and Lat.); his work on the Trinity ("De Trinitate, Lib. III."); and his "Compendious Exposition of the Canonical Epistles" (Brevis Enarratio in Epist. Canonicas).

In the same century (the fourth) a person named Eusebius is mentioned by Cassiodorus, but not otherwise described than as an Asiatic. He became blind at five years of age. He acquired vast knowledge and profound erudition, and taught with great ability and success. In that age there were several persons of the same name—respectively bishops of Cæsarea, of Nicomedia, of Emesa, and of Vercellæ; but the blind Eusebius was neither of these; nor are we aware that there is any other mention of him than that to be found in Cassiodorus.

In the following ages there were doubtless many blind theologians, chiefly, no doubt, such as became blind late in life, after they had taken orders, or after their habits of study had been fixed. History has perhaps even preserved the name, and time has possibly spared the labours, of many of them; but the fact of their blindness not having been recorded, we are unable to distinguish them from others.

In the seventeenth century we meet with the names of the Rev. Richard Lucas, D.D., and of the Rev. John Troughton.

The former was born in 1648, and, after a proper foundation of school learning, was sent to Oxford, and entered a student of Jesus' College. After taking both his degrees in arts, he entered into holy orders in 1672, and was for some time master of the grammar school at Abergavenny. In 1683 he was elected Vicar of St Stephen's, Colman Street, London, and Lecturer of St Olave's, Southwark. His sight, which began to fail him in his youth, soon after departed entirely from him. But although he felt this privation most acutely, he lost not heart or hope. He continued to discharge his sacred duties with unabated zeal and diligence, and it may also be observed that most of his numerous and useful works were composed after he became blind. His learning, his talents, and his affliction, procured for Mr Lucas the esteem and patronage of the leading men of his time, who were anxious to reward merits so uncommon. He took the degree of D.D., and was installed prebendary of Westminster in 1696. In 1715 he died, and was buried in Westminister Abbey, where, however, no stone marks his resting-place. Of his able and well written works, his "Inquiry after Happiness" has been the most popular. The present writer remembers well that on being first introduced in his youth to the wide range of a library of thirty thousand volumes, this work was the first which was selected for his perusal; and to the beautiful and affecting passage in which the author speaks of his blindness, the first idea of this little book may perhaps be ascribed. His other works were "Sermons" in five volumes; "A Treatise on Practical Christianity;" "The Morality of the Gospel;" "Christian Thoughts for Every Day in the Week;" "A Guide to Heaven;" "The Duty of Servants;" and a Latin translation of the "Whole Duty of Man." The following just and discriminating character of his writings is given by Dr Doddridge:—"His style is very peculiar; sometimes exceedingly fine, nearly approaching to conversation; sometimes grand and sublime; generally very expressive. His method not clear, but his thoughts excellent; many are taken from attentive observations of life. He wrote as entirely devoted to God, and superior to the world. His 'Practical Christianity' is most valuable, and also his 'Inquiry after Happiness,' especially the second volume." Job Orton, who published this opinion of Doddridge, speaks of having read the last-named work a sixth time. Hervey, the author of the "Meditations," recommends, "as a treasure of inestimable value, Dr Lucas's 'Inquiry after Happiness'—an author in whom the gentleman, the scholar, and the Christian, are most happily united—a performance which, in point of solid argument, unaffected piety, and a vein of thought amazingly fertile, has perhaps no superior; nor can I wish my reader a more refined pleasure or a more substantial happiness than that of having the sentiments of this pathetic writer woven into the very texture of his heart."

The Rev. James Troughton was a native of Coventry; in which city his father was a clothier. He became blind from small-pox, at the early age of four years; but was educated in the free school in his native place, and in 1655 became a scholar of St John's College, Oxford, of which he became a fellow, and took the degree of B.A. This was during the commonwealth and the ascendency of the Puritans, to which body he belonged; so, on the restoration of Charles II., he was ejected from his fellowship, to make room for one who had been expelled by the visitors of 1648. He then retired to Bicester, where he lived as a moderate Nonconformist, earning a comfortable subsistence by imparting academical instruction to young men, and sometimes preaching in private. When the declaration for religious toleration was issued in 1671, Troughton and others, bachelors in divinity, proceeded to the city of Oxford, to establish preaching there. They commenced in a private house, and many of the university students attended from curiosity; and by them Blind Troughton was deemed by far the best preacher. He was, in fact, as Anthony à Wood, who had no liking for Puritans, admits, "a good school divine and metaphysician, and much commended while he was in the university for his disputations." He adds, after his own manner: "He was not of so busy, turbulent, and furious a spirit as those of his persuasion commonly are, but very moderate."

He died in Oxford, August 20, 1681, at the age of forty-four years. His body was taken to Bicester, and buried in the church there. His funeral sermon was preached by a blind man, named Abraham James, formerly of Magdalene Hall, but at this time master of the free school at Woodstock.

Troughton wrote several books; but none of them have lived to the present day. From the list of them given by Wood, they appear to have been all doctrinal and controversial. The short titles will suffice to indicate their character: "The Protestant Doctrine of Justification by Faith only, Vindicated;" "Popery the Grand Apostasy;" "An Apology for the Nonconformists;" "A Letter to a Friend, touching God's Providence."

Mention is made in Toplady's works (vol. iv., p. 166) of a Dr Guyse, who lost his eyesight in the pulpit while he was at prayer before the sermon. It seems, however, that, with great and almost unexampled self-command, he preached a sermon, though unable to use the written papers which he usually took with him. As he was led out after the service, he could not help lamenting his sudden and total blindness. An old lady of the congregation hearing him deplore his loss, thus strove to comfort him: "God be praised," said she, "that your sight is gone. I think I never heard you preach so powerful a service in my life. Now we shall have no more notes. I wish, for my own part, that the Lord had taken away your sight twenty years ago; for your ministry would have been more useful by twenty degrees." This is questionable.

In the *Morning Chronicle* for January 21, 1791, there is an account of a tourist's encounter with a blind clergyman in Wales. It seems to be copied from some published book which we have not met with. It is interesting, as showing the course which may be taken by such a person in the discharge of his pastoral duties, which has not sufficiently appeared in any of the preceding notices.

"In my rambles," says the writer, "last summer, on the borders of Wales, I found myself, one morning, on the beautiful river Wye, alone, without a servant or guide. I had to ford the river at a place where, according to the instructions given me at the nearest hamlet, if I diverged ever so little from the marks which the rippling of the current made as it passed over a ledge-rock, I should sink twice the depth of myself and horse. While I stood hesitating on the margin, viewing attentively the course of the ford, a person passed me on the canter, and the next instant I saw him plunge into the river. Presuming on his acquaintance, I immediately and closely followed his steps. As soon as we had gained the opposite bank, I accosted him with thanks for the benefit of his guidance; but what was my astonishment when, bursting into a hearty laugh, he observed, 'that my confidence would have been less had I known that I had been following a blind guide.' The manner of the man, as well as the fact, attracted my curiosity. To my expressions of surprise at his venturing to cross the river alone, he answered, that he and the horse he rode had done the same every Sabbath morning for the last five years; but that in reality, this was not the most perilous part of his weekly peregrinations, as I should be convinced if my way led over the mountain before us. My journey had no object but pleasure; I therefore resolved to attach myself to my extraordinary companion, and soon learned, in our chat as we wound up the steep mountain's side, that he was a clergyman, and of that class which is the disgrace of our ecclesiastical establishment; I mean the country curates, who exist upon the *liberal* stipend of thirty, twenty, and sometimes fifteen pounds a year! This gentleman, of the age of sixty, had, about thirty years before, been engaged in the curacy to which he was now travelling; and though at the distance of eight long Welsh miles from the place of his residence, such was the respect of his Sabbath flock towards him, that at the commencement of his calamity, rather than part with him, they sent regularly every Sabbath morning a deputation to guide their old pastor along the road; which, besides the river we had just passed, led over a craggy mountain, on whose top innumerable and uncertain bogs were constantly forming; and which, nevertheless, by the instinct of his Welsh pony, this blind man has actually crossed alone for the last five years, having so long dismissed the assistance of guides. While our talk beguiled our road, we insensibly arrived in sight of his village church. It was seated in a deep and narrow vale. As I looked down upon it, the bright verdure of the meadows, which were here and there chequered with patches of yellow corn; the moving herds of cattle; the rich foliage of the groves of oak, hanging irregularly over its sides; the white houses of the inhabitants, which sprinkled every corner of this peaceful retreat; and, above all, the inhabitants themselves, assembled in their best attire, round their place of worship—all this gay scene rushing at once on the view, struck my senses and imagination more forcibly than I can express. As we entered the churchyard, the respectful 'How do you do?' of the young, the hearty shakes by the hand of the old, and the familiar gambols of the children, showed how their old pastor reigned in the hearts of all. After some refreshment at the nearest house, we went to church; in which my veteran priest read the prayers, the psalms, and chapter of the day, and then preached a sermon in a manner that would have made no one advert to his defect of sight. At dinner—which, it seems, four of the most substantial farmers of the vale provided in turn—he related the progress of his memory. For the first year, he attempted only the prayers and sermons; the best readers of the parish making it a pride to officiate for him in the psalms and chapters. He next endured the labour of getting these by heart; and at present, by continual repetition, there is not a psalm or chapter of the more than two hundred appointed for the Sabbath service, that he is not perfect in. He told me also that having in his little school two sons of his own intended for the university, he has, by hearing them continually, committed the greatest part of Homer and Virgil to memory."

PRISON MEDITATIONS.

Alas! they little think what peace
They help me to; for by
Their rage my comforts do increase;
Bless God, therefore, do I.

If they do give me gall to drink,
Then God doth sweet'ning cast,
So much thereto, that they can't think
How bravely it doth taste.

For as the devil sets before
Me heaviness and grief,
So God sets Christ and grace much more,
Whereby I take relief.

Though they say, then, that we are fools,
Because we here do lie,
I answer, Jails are Christ his schools—
In them we learn to die.

'Tis not the baseness of this state
Doth hide us from God's face—
He frequently, both soon and late,
Doth visit us with grace.

Here come the angels, here come saints,
Here comes the Spirit of God,
To comfort us in our restraints
Under the wicked's rod.

God sometimes visits prisons more
Than lordly palaces—
He knocketh at our dungeon door,
When he our house would miss.

The truth and life of heavenly things
Lifts up our hearts on high,
And carries us, on eagle's wings,
Beyond carnality.

* * * *

To them that here for evil lie,
The place is comfortless;
But not to me, because that I
Lie here for righteousness.

The truth and I were both here cast
Together, and we do
Lie arm in arm, and so hold fast
Each other; this is true.

This jail to us is as a hill,
From whence we plainly see
Beyond this world, and take our fill
Of things that lasting be.

From hence we see the emptiness
Of all this world contains;
And here we feel the blessedness
That for us yet remains.

* * * *

Know then, true valour there doth dwell
Where men engage for God,
Against the devil, death, and hell,
And bear the wicked's rod.

These be the men that God doth count
Of high and noble mind;
These be the men that do surmount
What you in nature find.

First they do conquer their own hearts,
All worldly fears, and then
Also the devil's fiery darts,
And persecuting men.

They conquer when they thus do fall,
They kill when they do die;
They overcome then most of all,
And get the victory.

BUNYAN.

THE JESUITS.

BY THE REV. THOMAS M'CRIE, EDINBURGH.

FRANCIS XAVIER.

ON the Feast of Assumption, in the year 1534, seven individuals might have been seen surrounding the altar in the Church of Montmartre, near Paris, and receiving the sacrament from the hands of one of their number. After mass, the whole seven, with a loud voice, made a solemn vow to undertake a voyage to Jerusalem for the conversion of the Infidels. These were Ignatius Loyola and his first associates, Francis Xavier, Le Fevre, Laynez, Salmeron, Rodriguez, and Bobadilla. The largest enterprises in the moral and religious worlds have been frequently the result of very small beginnings; and, in this case, certainly, there was nothing, either in the appearance of the self devoted missionaries or in the circumstances of the scene, which could betoken it as the commencement of an enterprise destined to fill the world with missionaries. A late writer in the *Edinburgh Review* has attempted to throw an air of romance over the scene to which we have referred, by giving an exaggerated picture of the chief mover in the undertaking. He has described Ignatius as marching at the head of his companions "with a stately, though halting gait—his deep-set eyes glowing as with a perennial fire, from beneath brows which, had Phrenology then been born, she might have portrayed in her loftiest style; but which, without her aid, announced *a commission from on high* to subjugate and to rule mankind!"* This may be very fine writing, and corresponds with the "King Cambyses' vein," in which the whole of the article is written; which, no doubt, was all meant to be very fine too, though to us it appears throughout to be a piece of the most wretched fustian that ever was employed to deck out imposture and dignify superstition. Nor is our disgust at the style of stilted panegyric in which the learned and honourable gentleman to whom the article is ascribed has chosen to indulge, at all lessened by the conviction, that he must despise in his heart the mummery which he has thus sought to embalm in literary spices and frankincense. The foppery which appears in the dressing of the article we might despise; but the hollow praises bestowed on what he must believe to be a mere fictitious religion—the tithe of which praise he would have disdained to offer to religion in its purer and more rational form—must excite a deeper feeling in the breasts of all who know anything of the real history and character of the Jesuits. Even his picture of Loyola outrages all historical propriety. He seems to have mistaken the *halo*, which is generally painted round the head of Ignatius in the books of his followers, for a portion of the bald and commonplace frontispiece which it encircles. To our eye, certainly, nothing can be more unlike the "imperial countenance" which he portrays, than the smooth Jesuitical visage, with that expression of subdued ferocity and canine cunning lurking about the eyes and the corners of the mouth, which might be expected from one who, in his boyish days, used to threaten to snap off the limbs of his play-fellows—who, when a man, delighted in blood for his own glory—and who, when a monk, inspired his order with the same inhuman propensities, for the glory of the Pope. With his shrunken limb and shaven crown, reduced by penance to a state verging on madness, "the perennial fire glowing under his brows," suggests to us rather the idea of a half-crazed pedagogue—the fit prototype of a sect which Sir James Macintosh has called "a society of missionaries and schoolmasters."†

Francis Xavier, who has been termed by his admiring biographers the Apostle of the Indies, was, in various respects, a much more interesting and amiable character than his master. Born in 1506, of illustrious lineage, sprightly, ardent, and accomplished, his early life was spent amidst the gaities of high life, and in the pursuits of philosophy. He was,

* Edinburgh Review, July 1842.—Article, *Ignatius Loyola and his Associates.*

† Macintosh's History of England, vol. ii., p. 357.

of all men, the last who might have been expected to revolve as a satellite around the saturnine Ignatius; and yet that stern enthusiast, by dint of perseverance, succeeded in obtaining a complete mastery over the gay but susceptible Xavier. It is said that, wherever he found him, and whatever might be the theme of conversation, Ignatius kept ringing in his ears the question: "What doth it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" The effect of this perpetual iteration of an awful sentiment, passing over a system of nervous sensibility, resembled the marvellous results of modern mesmerism. The patient was rivetted, thrown into a dream of enthusiastic rapture, and thenceforth followed, with instinctive and implicit readiness, all the motions and directions of his magnetizer. By him he was commissioned to India (for the Pope merely confirmed his nomination), to him he sent his reports, and by his orders was he regulated in every step of his mission. And here let us do all justice to the missionary and the man. Putting out of sight the views of Christianity which Xavier held, and held, we doubt not, most sincerely, as divine, we can admire the self-devotion and the self-denial with which he conducted his enterprise, as we would admire the same qualities displayed by one of the heroes of antiquity. Do we see him setting out on his distant mission, passing the Pyrenees within sight of the home which he was destined never again to behold, and yet steadily refusing to visit it—to waste a single hour, or shed a parting tear over the mother and sister whom he loved, and whose hearts he knew were yearning over him? Do we follow him in his dauntless career, in spite of all obstacles, fighting his way to the scene of his labours; rushing, apparently, to the rescue of a perishing world; literally standing between the living and the dead, in the plague hospital, and fearlessly performing the lowest offices of the menial along with those of the minister of religion, to the sick and dying; passing from village to town, in the garb of a mendicant, ringing his bell to summon the natives to his preaching; and submitting to hardship and danger in every form? Or, do we view him in his lofty moods, at one time playing the monarch in rich robes, and with splendid retinue; at another, acting the warrior, leading on a dispirited army to victory; and again, assuming the lofty port of an ancient prophet, loosing his shoes from his feet and casting them into the sea, while he leaped barefooted into the boat which bore him from the shores where he was forbidden to labour? Or, do we follow him to the closing scene of his brief but eventful career, and see him, wasted with fever, expiring on the shores of China—leaning on his crucifix, and exclaiming: "In thee, Lord, have I put my trust; let me never be confounded?" In all these scenes, we cheerfully award him the praise due to a generosity as disinterested, and a zeal as fervent, perhaps, as ever actuated the breast of man.

But to form a proper estimate of the character of Xavier, there are circumstances to be taken into account which have never, we conceive, been duly exhibited, and which will go very considerably to modify the admiration due to him. That he was sincere, there can be little doubt; and that, though a Jesuit, he had none of those odious qualities by which the order was afterwards distinguished, must also be admitted. In common with the earlier followers of Ignatius, he seems to have adhered rigidly to the rule of poverty, which, in subsequent times, the Jesuits entirely disregarded. But, alas! this is all the length that the truth of history permits us to go in his favour. It is all very well to talk of "the thirst of his soul for the conversion of mankind," and of his going "with tidings of mercy to a lost world;"* and it is astonishing how finely such phrases sound, even in the ears of the literary sceptic, really dissociated from the Gospel, and applied to the religion of mere sense and ceremony. But what are the facts? We have no intention to insist here on the miserably defiled and degraded form in which alone Xavier could present Christianity to a lost world: suffice it to say, that, according to his estimation, Heathens became Christians by virtue of submitting to the rite of baptism; that for any of them to receive the consecrated wafer from his hands he held to be equivalent with receiving the Saviour himself, into whose body, blood, and divinity, he had transfused it; and that to administer to them extreme unction was, in his eyes, a sure passport to eternal glory. Such were "the tidings of mercy to a lost world" which poor Xavier had to communicate. Nor are we stating this hypothetically; the fact appears from his own correspondence, and that of his companions and successors in the Indian mission, which abounds with rapturous bulletins of the thousands which they converted every year. It was no uncommon thing for a single "missioner" to boast of five or six hundred "conversions to the faith" *per annum*. Father Laynez, who succeeded Xavier, was particularly successful in this mode of conversion. We are assured that, in six months, he baptized no fewer than *fifteen thousand* Infidels![†] The kind and measure of *instruction* given to such converts, may be easily imagined; and of the wheedling and unworthy means adopted by the Jesuits to prevail on the ignorant natives to submit even to the rite of baptism, and their other ceremonies, we may afterwards have to speak. "The conversion of mankind," indeed! Xavier may, in all good faith, have regarded it as such; but for any writer, pretending to enlightened views of Christianity and human nature, to represent it in this light, is (to say the least of it) a piece of very pitiful foolery, for the perpetration of which no ambition to shine in literary description can furnish any apology.

We have another remark to make in reference to Xavier, which applies equally to him and to all the first earnest missionaries of Rome. The grand secret of the zeal and enthusiasm which they displayed in encountering so many dangers and hardships in the work of foreign missions, is to be found in the superstitious virtue which they attached to all that they suffered in such a cause. This idea was founded on an entire misconception of the truth. Our Saviour, it is true, taught his disciples, that when per-

* Edinburgh Review, as above.

† Letters from Missioners of the Society of Jesus, pp. 4, 5, 15.

secuted for his sake, they should rejoice, for great was their reward in heaven; and that he that loseth his life for his Master's sake, will find it. But such promises imply that the sufferers are his genuine disciples—that they are suffering for righteousness' sake, and suffering in the faith, as well as for the faith of the Gospel. Nor is the blessedness of heaven held forth as a meritorious reward purchased by the pain endured or the loss sustained in his service; but merely as a gracious recompense, to counterbalance the evils and losses of the present life, and reconcile us to sacrifices which are painful to flesh and blood. In this light did Paul glory in his sufferings, and teach the primitive Christians to rejoice in theirs. We are aware, that at a very early period of the Church, Christians began to attach merit to their sufferings; and, interpreting our Lord's language literally, to imagine that by simply suffering the death of the body for his sake, they would secure the salvation of the soul. Hence they actually courted the crown of martyrdom, and wept when, through the cruel clemency of their persecutors, they were spared from the doom of their companions. But from the beginning it was not so; and this strange hallucination was only the dim foreshadowing of the monster heresy of human merit, which was fast growing to its height in the Church. Years rolled on, and the Church in her turn becoming the persecutor, such modes of acquiring salvation had become obsolete, though still enshrined in the traditions of the Church, which had canonized the early martyrs of the faith, and taught her children to worship their images, and invoke their intercessions. Such was the state of matters when the sphere of foreign missions was opened to the ecstatic gaze of Xavier. He saw before him a rich field, untrodden since the days of Constantine, where death would be martyrdom, and martyrdom the sure road to canonization. His rising ambition was condensed into fanatical resolution, by a visionary sister, who foretold him of the high vocation that awaited him. Thenceforth the more perilous his duties, so much the more welcome; the more nauseous to the flesh, so much the more desirable; the nearer death, so much nearer the wished-for apotheosis. Temples would be built in his honour; altars consecrated for his supplicants; he would be worshipped in all succeeding ages as *Saint* Xavier! Hence his fearlessness in the presence of sword, famine, and pestilence. "They will destroy me, you say, by poison," he wrote to his friends. "*It is an honour to which such a sinner as I am may not aspire.* It is easy to understand the evangelical maxim, that he who will lose his life shall find it."* And is this the species of enthusiasm which our literary star-gazers are disposed to admire?† or can they make no distinction between this spurious zeal and the genuine heaven-inspired enthusiasm which burned in the soul of Paul, and even in the breast of a devoted Martyn, a pious Brainerd, or a philanthropic Williams? If they cannot, we beg to say that they are totally disqualified for writing on the subject, and may easily find some fitter scope for their genius, than extolling the profitless triumphs of superstition, or the senseless ravings of Popish zealotry.

With respect to the success of Xavier, even in inculcating a corrupted form, not of Christianity merely, but even of Catholicism, it has been also grossly exaggerated. The fact is, his converts were chiefly among the fishermen on the southern coast of India. After some time, indeed, he addressed himself to natives of the higher castes; but so invincible was their determination not to listen to his instructions, that he soon desisted from all endeavours to conciliate them. Among the poor his success was *numerically* great; but notwithstanding all the Jesuits' loud commendations of him as "the Apostle of India," he himself considered his endeavours to convert the natives to anything worthy of the name of Christianity as a total failure. The Abbé Dubois, himself a Jesuit missionary, acknowledges that Xavier "soon discovered, in the manners and prejudices of the natives, an insurmountable bar to the progress of Christianity among them, as appears from the printed letters still extant, which he wrote to St Ignatius de Loyola, his superior." And with regard to the Jesuit missions in India generally, the same writer ingenuously says: "I will declare it with shame and confusion, that I do not remember *any one* who may be said to have embraced Christianity from conviction, and through quite disinterested motives."*

THE STRICKEN DEER.

THE silly hind, among the thickets green,
While nought mistrusting, did at safety go,
Her mortal wound received, with arrow keen,
Sent singing from a shepherd's secret bow;
And, deadly pierced, can in no place abide,
But runs about with arrow in her side.
So oft we see the man, whom conscience bad
Doth inwardly with deadly torture wound,
From place to place to range, with fury mad,
And seek his ease by shifting of his ground;
The mean neglecting which would heal the sin,
That hourly rankles more and more within.

PEACHAM.

* In the *Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses*, we find the same principle operating on other members of the Society. "Good God!" exclaims one of the brethren, after stating that he was in danger of being murdered, "may I ever hope for such a favour!"

† Our readers may form some idea of the style of commendation to which we refer from the following extract: "Enthusiasm! there is indeed the lackadaisical enthusiasm of *devotional experiences*, and the sentimental enthusiasm of religious bazaars, and the oratorical enthusiasm of charitable platforms, and the tractarian enthusiasm of well-beneficed ascetics; but in what, except the name, do they resemble '*the God-in-us*' enthusiasm of Francis Xavier?—of Xavier the magnanimous, the holy and the gay—the canonized saint, not of Rome only, but of universal Christendom!" &c., &c.—*Edin. Review, ut supra*, p. 335. We say nothing of the contemptible fallacy involved in this extract, in which, for the sake of a sarcasm at the expense of evangelical religion, two things are compared so dissimilar as the enthusiasm of the missionary, and that of a missionary *meeting!* But it may serve to explain the predilection of some of our legislators for Jesuitical institutions, and may even account for the petulant, the conscience-writhing sneer at "the bray of Exeter Hall."

* Letters on the State of Christianity in India. By the Abbé Dubois, pp. 3, 134.

REVIVAL OF RELIGION IN GENEVA.*

ROBERT HALDANE, L. GAUSSEN, AND MERLE D'AUBIGNE'.

UNTIL the commencement of the present century, there was little to distinguish the professors, and pastors, and polished inhabitants of Geneva, from a heathen city in the darkest and most heathen age.

But God would not leave this once highly favoured city in this state of spiritual destitution. In his good pleasure he presented the signs of a second Reformation—a reformation from a false and misnamed Protestantism to the knowledge and the faith of pure Christianity. Near the commencement of the present century, when the spirit of revival was poured out on our own and other countries, one or two ministers of Geneva began to preach the doctrine of salvation by faith in Christ Jesus, through the sovereign grace and mercy of God. The people listened with astonishment; some of them were irritated against the preachers; and one of these (Dr Malan) was interdicted and driven from Geneva. But the truth continued to excite attention, and, it is believed, savingly converted some to the faith and obedience of Christ. The pastors and professors apprehended the revival of evangelical doctrine, and the subversion of their influence, and on the 3d of May 1817, ordained the following regulations to be signed by every minister before he should be allowed "to exercise the pastoral functions," and by every student, before he should be "set apart for the Gospel ministry:"—

"We promise, as long as we reside and preach in the canton of Geneva, to abstain from discussing, either in whole discourses, or in parts of our discourses, the subjoined topics:—

"*1st*, The manner in which the divine nature is united to the person of Jesus Christ.

"*2d*, Original sin.

"*3d*, The operation of grace, or effectual calling.

"*4th*, Predestination.

"We engage, also, not to oppose, in our public discourses, the sentiments of any minister or pastor on these subjects.

"*Lastly*, We promise that, if we should be led to mention these topics, we will do so without expatiating on our own views, or departing more than is unavoidable from the words of the Holy Scriptures."

The mention of the last three topics as doctrines which their ministers were forbidden to preach, affords sufficient proof, to those who are acquainted with the doctrine of the Geneva Reformers, that the Compagnie had entirely abjured the faith which these venerable men taught and professed; and with regard to the first, there is something extremely disingenuous in the manner in which they virtually prohibit the declaration of that mysterious, but most important and fundamental truth of Christianity—the doctrine of our Saviour's divinity. It was well known to every person in Geneva, that they never taught that doctrine in their pulpits or in their schools. It was not the "manner" of the union to which they objected, but the fact of the union of the divine and human natures in the person of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Before adverting to another mournful proof of the rejection of pure Christianity by the professors and pastors of Geneva, I am called to bear a willing tribute to the memory of a countryman of our own, not long deceased, to whom, as one of the most eminent instruments, under God, of the late revival in Geneva, the Christian men of that city and canton owe a debt of gratitude which they have not been slow to acknowledge.

The person to whom I refer is Mr Robert Haldane. From the time when he was himself awakened, he felt a strong desire to impart the knowledge of the truth to others in his own and in foreign countries. Prevented by the timid and now happily altered policy of Britain, from going to India with that object in view, he directed his attention to the Continent. He went thither about thirty years ago, chiefly, I believe we may say entirely, with the intention, if God should bless his labours, of reviving Protestantism, and winning souls to Christ. As the best mode of accomplishing that end, he made it his endeavour, wheresoever he travelled in France and Switzerland, to gain the acquaintance, and influence the minds, of the so-called Protestant pastors. For some time he met with little success—but, coming to Geneva, he was unexpectedly encouraged to remain there, as he himself states, by a visit from a young man, a student in divinity, who called in place of M. Moulinié, one of the pastors in Geneva, to conduct Mr and Mrs Haldane to see a model of the mountains a little way out of town. With him Mr Haldane immediately entered into conversation on the subject of religion, on which he found him willing to receive information. The student returned with him to the inn, and remained till late at night. He came back next morning with another student, equally ignorant with himself of the Bible and its precious truths. These two brought six others in the same state of mind, with whom Mr Haldane had many and long conversations. Their visits became so frequent that it was at length arranged that they should meet with him at a fixed hour, three times a-week, with a view to conversation. Mr Haldane took the Epistle to the Romans as his text, and continued to expound that portion of Scripture during the whole of the winter of 1816–17, and until the termination of their studies in the following summer; during which period almost all the students in theology regularly attended. Besides these, some who did not wish to appear with the students came at different hours; and several of the inhabitants of Geneva, unconnected with the schools of learning, and of both sexes, occasionally visited him in the afternoon, to receive instruction respecting the Gospel.

The result of these truly Christian and beneficent efforts was, that out of eighteen students who attended, sixteen were truly converted. Several have entered into their Master's joy; the remainder, dispersed in different parts of the Continent as pastors of congregations, are preaching with fidelity and ardour the uncorrupted Gospel of Christ; and two of them—Dr Merle d'Aubigné, the well known author of the "History of the Reformation;" and Dr Gaussen, ex-pastor of Satigny, and author of a recently published work on Inspiration—are professors in the new theological college at Geneva. Besides these blessed fruits of Mr Haldane's self-denied and devoted efforts, a very considerable impression was made on the other inhabitants of Geneva; so great, as truly to amount to a revival of spiritual religion. In 1827, a venerable Christian layman, now deceased, referring to the happy change thus produced, told the author that, if Mr Haldane were then to revisit Geneva, he would not know it for the same place. The regulations of the Compagnie, previously mentioned, owed their origin, in a great measure, to the success which accompanied the labours of our much honoured Scottish evangelist.

We return to the case of Dr Gaussen.

At the time of Mr Haldane's arrival in Geneva, he

* From "Lectures on Foreign Churches." Edinburgh: W. P. Kennedy.

was ordained pastor; but was one of those who attended Mr Haldane's expositions, and were savingly benefited by them. Appointed to the parish of Satigny, a few miles distant from the town of Geneva, he devoted himself with the zeal and energy of one who knew the truth, and felt its power, to his pastoral duties. The Geneva Catechism (Calvin's), one of the standards of the Protestant Church there, and one of the best summaries of Christian doctrine, had, in a variety of successive editions, been gradually and surreptitiously altered, till every one of the great doctrines of Christianity, viz., the divinity of our Saviour, the fall of man, justification by faith, and regeneration by the Holy Spirit, were excluded, and it had become utterly useless, or rather pernicious, as a book of elementary religious instruction—"so abstract and so dry, that it produced in the youth a disgust of religion, and never spoke to the heart." Not long after M. Gaussen received the deep impressions of religion to which we have alluded, he ceased to teach this catechism to the youth of his congregation, or in his examinations with a view to the admission of communicants; and, that he might give the least offence possible to his colleagues, confined himself to expositions of the Sacred Scriptures. He pursued this course for eleven years, having no other ambition, as himself declares, than to preach the Gospel in the rural district in which his lot was cast, and to bring souls to the knowledge of the Saviour—abstaining from controversy and from personalities, and contenting himself with publishing, in the least offensive manner, and in concert with his father and friend, the pastor Cellerier, an exposition of his faith, that his flock might know, from the time of his entrance into the ministry, what he believed, and what he preached.

After performing in this manner the duties of a faithful minister for fourteen years, not, it is hoped and believed, without some seals of his ministry, the Compagnie, offended by the progress which evangelical religion and true piety were making in the town and canton of Geneva, and by the share which M. Gaussen had, as a servant of Christ, in effecting this blessed change, in the month of October, 1830, whilst they acknowledged the numerous defects of their own Catechism, and intimated to M. Gaussen that they were employed in correcting it, insisted on his resuming the use of it in the school of his parish, and in his own instructions; a demand which M. Gaussen mildly, but firmly and decidely, refused.

This demand on the part of the Compagnie, and M. Gaussen's refusal, gave rise to proceedings against him, on the part of the Compagnie—the narrative of which presents, on the one hand, one of the finest displays of argumentative eloquence, conjoined with Christian firmness and moderation; and, on the other, the most reckless disregard of common justice and the forms of law, which are anywhere to be found. In his letters to the Compagnie, M. Gaussen denies the right of the pastors to insist on his teaching any other catechism or formulary but those which had received the sanction of the State and people of Geneva; boldly claims, as the minister of an Established Church, the liberty, under laws (*ordonnances*) unrepealed and in force, of teaching his parishioners the truth of God according to the Scriptures and the recognised standards of the Church; and declares his determination to submit to any sacrifice, rather than betray his Master's cause and wound his conscience. The Compagnie, on the other hand, conscious of the weakness of their cause, conduct their discussions with shut doors, afford M. Gaussen no opportunity of defending himself, insist on his withdrawing the letters which he had been compelled to publish in his own defence; and, on his refusing to comply with their demand, terminated their illegal and informal proceedings, by the following sentence:—

"1. M. Gaussen is censured.

"2. He is suspended for a year from the right of sitting in the Compagnie, except in cases where he shall be specially sent for," &c.

We have given this brief narrative of the proceedings in the case of Dr Gaussen, partly with the view of showing the un-evangelical character of the pastors at Geneva, and partly for the purpose of adverting to one of the most important events, in modern times, in the history of evangelical religion on the Continent of Europe—we mean the establishment of the Evangelical Society of Geneva.

About the time of M. Gaussen's censure and suspension, M. Merle d'Aubigné, who had for some time been officiating as pastor in one of the Protestant Churches in Brussels, returned to Geneva. Offended with the heretical opinions of the pastors, and encouraged by the progress of truth and vital piety in the canton, he resolved, in concert with M. Gaussen and M. Galland, also a pastor at Geneva, to establish a society having for its object the dissemination of Gospel truth. In a short time the society was formed, including, as a part of its plan, the institution of a school of theology; and its formation was announced by public circulars. The Compagnie complained to the consistory, demanding of that court that M. Gaussen should be deprived of his office as pastor of Satigny, and that he and MM. Galland and Merle, ministers, should be interdicted from preaching in the churches and chapels of the canton. The consistory in a summary manner complied with the request of the Compagnie, and the Government soon after sanctioned and confirmed their sentence.

Happily for Geneva, and for the Christian world, there is a greater measure of political freedom there than in the other cantons. The Government, though it confirmed the sentence of the consistory, did not interfere to prevent the establishment or continuance of the Evangelical Society. It pursued its bold and Christian course with indomitable firmness and energy, and stands forth at the present moment the honoured instrument of training men for the ministry in Switzerland, France, Germany, and Italy, and even in Canada, and of distributing in the former of these countries Bibles and tracts, on which the divine blessing has rested in a very remarkable degree.

Fragments.

INFIDELITY.—There are no Infidels in hell. There all believe without a doubt, while they tremble without a hope.—*Newton.*

DIVERSITIES OF GIFTS.—The Lord hath saints enough to divide into three bodies; some to suffer for him, some to destroy Babylon, and some to be for seed-corn to sow again in the earth.—*Powell.*

THE BIBLE THE BEST CASUIST.—Our Saviour's great rule, that we should love our neighbour as ourselves, is such a fundamental truth for regulating human society, that by that alone we might, without difficulty, determine all the cases and doubts in social morality.—*Locke.*

CHARITY.—Such is the charity of some, that they never owe any man any ill-will, making *present payment* thereof.—*Fuller.*

FASTING AS OPPOSED TO INDULGENCE.—When the body is filled and feasted, the soul is in no fit posture to hunger and thirst after righteousness. Herod, after his feast, is fit to behead, but not to hear, John the Baptist.—*South.*

Daily Bread.

FRIDAY.

"I will sing of judgment."—Ps. ci. 1.

'Tis my happiness below
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss:
Trials must and will befall:
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

The Christian improves by trial; and is so far from being damaged, that he is benefited by it, in so far as it discovers what hold the soul has of Christ, and what hold Christ has of the soul. And as the wind in the bellows which would blow out the candle, blows up the fire; even so it often comes to pass, that such temptations do enliven the true Christian, awakening the graces of the Spirit in him; and by that means discovers both the reality and the strength of grace in him.—*Boston.*

SATURDAY.

"Leaning on the Beloved."—Cant. viii. 5.

In Jesus is our store—
Grace issues from his throne;
Whoever says, "I want no more,"
Confesses he has none.

There are many weights hanging upon and pressing down the branches in Christ, the true vine; but ye know, whatever weights hang on branches, the stock bears all—it bears the branch, and the weight that is upon it too.—*Ibid.*

SABBATH.

"Commune with your own heart."—Ps. iv. 4.

Since all our secret ways
Are mark'd and known by thee,
Afford us, Lord, thy light of grace,
That we ourselves may see!

Self-communing is a most important duty, and nearly concerns our eternal wellbeing; but yet it is a duty very much neglected. Many have lived fifty or sixty years in the world, who never spent one hour in communing with their own hearts. There are many going out of the world, who never yet began to inquire why they came into it, and never yet asked the question at their souls, Are you to flit hence, or live here for ever? Why came you hither, and where are you to lodge when you go hence? Many live in a crowd of worldly business—are hurried from one thing to another—leap out of their beds to the world in the morning, and from the world to their beds again at night, and so never find one minute on the week-days to take their soul aside; and, for the Sabbath, though they have time for it, yet such is their aversion to the work, they shift it all they can, and avoid meeting with themselves; they rather converse with any in the world, than with their own hearts.—*Willison.*

MONDAY.

"They that were foolish took their lamps, and took no oil with them."—Matt. xxv. 3.

The Lord receives his highest praise
From humble minds and hearts sincere;
While all the loud professor says
Offends the righteous Judge's ear.

Counterfeit piety can never bring in true pleasure. He that acts a part upon a stage, though it be the part of one that is never so pleasant, though he may humour the pleasantness well enough, he doth not experience it. The pleasures of God's house lie not in the outer courts, but within the veil. They that aim at no more but the credit of their religion before men, justly fall short of the comfort of it in themselves.—*Henry.*

TUESDAY

"The Lord will give grace and glory."—Ps. lxxxiv. 11.

Grace tills the soil, and sows the seeds,
Provides the sun and rain,
Till from the tender blade proceeds
The ripen'd harvest grain.

'Twas grace that call'd our souls at first,
By grace thus far we're come,
And grace will help us through the worst,
And lead us safely home.

O sirs, what a rare jewel is grace! The Lord of grace calls it glory. Mark, "from glory to glory;" that is, from one degree of grace to another. Grace is glory militant, and glory is grace triumphant; grace is glory begun, and glory is grace made perfect; grace is the first degree of glory, glory is the highest degree of grace; grace is the seed, glory is the flower; grace is the ring, glory is the sparkling diamond in the ring; grace is the glorious infant, and glory is the perfect man of grace; grace is the spring, glory is the harvest.—*Dyer.*

WEDNESDAY.

"Not many mighty, not many noble, are called."—1 Cor. i. 26.

Lord, make us truly wise,
To choose thy people's lot,
And earthly joys despise,
Which soon will be forgot:
The greatest evil we can fear,
Is to possess our portion here!

It is seldom that the sparkling diamond of a great estate is set in the gold-ring of a gracious heart. A man may be great, with Saul, and graceless; rich, with Dives, and miserable. The richest are oftentimes the poorest, and the poorest are oftentimes the richest. O how many threadbare souls may there be found under silken coats and purple robes! They who live most downward, die most upward.—*Ibid.*

THURSDAY.

"Sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death."—James i. 15.

Shall men pretend to pleasure
Who never knew the Lord?
Can all the worldling's treasure
True peace of mind afford?

Come, turn your thoughts to Jesus,
If you would good possess;
'Tis He alone that frees us
From guilt and from distress.

Consider that there is more bitterness following upon sins ending, than ever there was sweetness flowing from sins acting. You that see nothing but well in its commission, will suffer nothing but woe in its conclusion. It is better here to forego the pleasures of sin, than hereafter to undergo the pain of sin. You that sin for your profits, will never profit by your sins. He that likes the works of sin to do them, will never like the wages of sin to have them. Sin is both shameful and damnable—it shameth men in this world, and damneth them in the other world. It is like Judas, that at first salutes, but at last betrays us; or, like Delilah, to smile in our face, and betray us into our enemies' hands. O! sinners, think of this, and part with your sins, that you may meet with your Saviour.—*Ibid.*

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THE DAY OF THE REDEEMER'S POWER.

BY THE REV. ANDREW ELLIOT, FORD.

That the 110th Psalm is prophetic of our blessed Lord, and contains a direct and explicit prediction of his exaltation and glory, can be doubted by no well-informed Christian. In the first verse, which is frequently quoted in the New Testament, the Eternal Father himself is introduced as addressing the Son, and promulgating the decree by which the Saviour is appointed to his mediatorial dominion: "The Lord," or Jehovah, "said unto my Lord, Sit thou at my right hand, until I make thine enemies thy footstool." By this we are to understand our Lord's advancement to supreme power and authority—his elevation in the human nature to the throne of heaven, and to a full participation of all the ineffable felicities and dignities of the Godhead. In the second verse, the means are stated by which the spiritual conquests of the Messiah were to be achieved, and his gracious power displayed: "The Lord shall send the rod of thy strength out of Zion: rule thou in the midst of thine enemies." The Word of the Lord—the Gospel of his grace—is the rod or sceptre of his strength. It is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; and by its instrumentality is the kingdom of Christ established and maintained in the world. It is the rod of the Redeemer's strength; for, by his divine influence and the energy of his Spirit alone, can this sceptre be blessed, and the Word of the Lord not return to him void. In the third verse, the success which was to attend these means is foretold; and it is promised that the Saviour, *in the day of his power*, should have a people—a willing, a holy, and a numerous people: "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power, in the beauties of holiness from the womb of the morning: thou hast the dew of thy youth." Reserving, at present, the explanation of the glorious promise contained in these words—it may be the subject of another paper—we wish to fix the attention of our readers on the *period specified*, and which is here characterized as the day of the Redeemer's power.

What, then, are we to understand by this period? It is to be remembered that David, speaking by the Spirit of Inspiration, celebrates in this psalm, as we have already observed, the exaltation of the Saviour to his mediatorial throne, when he was constituted the heir of all things, and made higher than the heavens. This is the leading design of this divine song; and this circumstance, taken in connection with what is said in the two preceding verses, will enable us to determine what is meant by the day of the Redeemer's power. It is the day of *his exaltation to the right hand of his Father*, and the day *when he sends the rod of his strength out of Zion.*

1. The day of the Redeemer's power is the day of his exaltation to his Father's right hand, when, as mediator, he received his kingdom, and was invested with supreme and universal dominion. The day of his humiliation was emphatically the day of his weakness. Then, instead of regal honours, he met with reproach and scorn. Then, instead of being clothed with glory and majesty, and swaying the sceptre of sovereign power, he was despised and rejected of men; and, instead of ruling in the midst of his enemies, he was oppressed and he was afflicted, and at last cut off out of the land of the living. View him at his first appearance in our world. Go with the shepherds, to whom his advent was first announced, to the city of David; and you behold him who was destined to fill the throne of the universe, in all the feebleness of infancy. He whose coming was foretold by ancient prophecy, and to whom the faith of the fathers was directed from the earliest times, is a helpless and persecuted child. Follow him through life, and you find him in a state of the lowest abasement, and subjected to the greatest sufferings and privations—"a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." It is true, he performs the mightiest and most astonishing miracles—miracles which evince at once omnipotent power and boundless benevolence; but these miracles are performed for the benefit of others, and to prove his divine mission—not to supply his own wants, or to better his own circumstances; and he who gives eyes to the blind, and life to the dead, and controls at his pleasure the highest and most firmly established laws of nature, is himself in the most dependent and indigent condition. His life was a life of labour, and trial, and affliction; and, when journeying from place to place, proclaiming the glad tidings of salvation, and performing his works of power and mercy, the languor and exhaustion which he manifested, and the hunger and thirst which he felt, showed that his nature was like to ours, and that he was compassed about with similar infirmities. Follow him to the termination of his course. Go into the garden of Gethsemane. Under the pressure of divine wrath, that now falls heavy upon him, and in the prospect of the horrors that await him, and are thickening around him, his human nature is ready to be crushed and overwhelmed. His soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death. He is thrown prostrate on the ground—agony preys upon his spirit—his whole frame is violently convulsed, and he is bathed in a bloody sweat. Ascend

Mount Calvary, and view him on the cross. It is the hour and the power of darkness. His enemies prevail against him—his friends abandon him—the light of his Father's countenance no longer beams upon him—and he is *crucified through weakness.* He who saved others, appears now unable to save himself; and, after hanging in unspeakable anguish on the accursed tree, as if a weak and helpless mortal, he bows the head, and gives up the ghost!

This was the day of his weakness; but this day of weakness was to be followed by a day of power. This life of humiliation was to be succeeded by a life of glory. He is no longer a suffering, but a triumphant Redeemer. He came from heaven to expiate his people's guilt, and to lay the foundations of his mediatorial throne; and he has returned to heaven, to reign, and to enjoy the reward of his labours. Having finished the work which his Father had given him to do—having made a perfect atonement for sin, and obtained eternal redemption for us—from that Mount of Olives, which had often witnessed his tears, and agonies, and groans, he ascended up far above all heavens, that he might fill all things. He ascended in triumph, "leading captivity captive," and, as the conqueror of death and hell, entered his Father's courts. Then were his claims allowed—his infinite merits were acknowledged and proclaimed in heaven; and as the reward of what he had done—as the recompense of what he had accomplished by his vicarious obedience and sufferings—he was advanced to the highest honours, and invested with supreme and universal authority. The decree was then declared, constituting him "Lord of all;" and he sat down on the right hand of the majesty in the heavens. This was the day of his power, and well may it be so denominated; for then he was seated on the throne of the universe, and all power was committed to him in heaven and in earth. He was then "exalted far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come; and had all things put under his feet, and was made head over all things to the Church, which is his body, the fulness of him that filleth all in all."

And let it be observed, that we are not to confine the expression, "the day of his power," merely to the day of his inauguration, and entry on his kingdom. We are to consider it as including the whole period of his rule. It is still the day of his power; for his power still continues, and will continue for ever. Still is he seated on the right hand of his Father, and still does he sway the sceptre of universal dominion. He still reigns, and will reign, till all enemies are put under his feet. And while he occupies his heavenly throne, and exercises his mediatorial authority—so long as he sits King on God's holy hill of Zion, so long will the day of his power continue. And, oh! let us pause, and think how different he is now from what he was in the days of his flesh. He who endured the contradiction of sinners against himself, and was scorned, and insulted, and reviled, is now enjoying the high praises of eternity. Him whom men reproached, angels and the spirits of the redeemed in heaven adore. The once despised, and rejected, and crucified Jesus, is now honoured and worshipped, even as the Father is honoured and worshipped. The hands that were once nailed to the accursed tree, now sway the sceptre of heaven and earth; and on his head, once encircled with thorns, are now many crowns; and on his vesture and on his thigh a name is written: "King of kings, and Lord of lords." "Having overcome, he is set down with his Father on his throne." But,

2. The day of the Redeemer's power is the day of his saving power, when he achieves the triumphs of his grace. It is the day when he sends the rod of his strength out of Zion, and by means of it rules in the midst of his enemies. He is exalted to be both a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance unto Israel, and the remission of sins. He is not only a Sovereign, but a Redeemer; and is advanced, not only to a throne of glory, but to a throne of mercy and grace. While he has a universal dominion, which extends over all worlds, and comprehends alike all creatures in heaven and in earth, he has also a spiritual kingdom, composed of redeemed men, brought under the influence of the truth—sanctified by the Spirit of all grace, and restored to the knowledge, and love, and service of God. He is made head over all things; and has all things, both in this world and in that which is to come, put under his feet; but it is for the benefit of the Church—for the establishment, and enlargement, and prosperity of that kingdom of grace which he has founded on earth, and over which he reigns by his Word and Spirit, that all the power committed to him is employed; and when he puts forth his saving energy—when he sends forth the rod of his strength, and accompanies it with the influences of his Spirit, humbling and converting sinners, and making them his willing subjects—when, in the preaching of the Gospel, he goes forth in his redeeming might, conquering and to conquer, subduing the people under him, and enthroning himself in the hearts of multitudes, and is thus seen extending and enlarging the boundaries of his kingdom, then it is that we recognise the day of his power. Now, it was not till after the Saviour's death, and his exaltation to his mediatorial throne, that this power was signally manifested, and the Gospel was attended with any remarkable success. During his abode on earth, he had but few followers, and his doctrines were but little known and regarded. He spake, indeed, as never man spake; but he spake to a disobedient and a gainsaying people. Few believed his report, and to only a few was the arm of the Lord revealed. But when he left the

world, and took to himself his great power and reigned, what a mighty change took place! The Holy Ghost was sent from on high, and his influences were communicated in richer abundance. Mightily, in consequence, grew the word of the Lord, and prevailed. It spread rapidly from city to city, from province to province, and from kingdom to kingdom, till it reached the utmost boundaries of the Roman Empire. Idolatry and superstition, and wickedness of every kind, were smitten down before it; and, in an inferior sense at least, the kingdoms of this world became the kingdoms of our God and of his Christ. The Gospel was everywhere successful, and multitudes were daily added to the Church of such as should be saved. We would here make two remarks:—

We would remark, *first*, that we may consider the whole period of the Gospel dispensation as the day of the Redeemer's saving power; for during all that period does he exercise and display his power to save. It was at the commencement of this period that the Gospel was manifested, in the most signal manner, to be the rod or sceptre of the Saviour's strength. Then the ambassadors of Christ began to publish the glad tidings of salvation unto all nations, beginning at Jerusalem; God also bore them witness, both with signs and wonders, and divers miracles and gifts of the Holy Ghost; and the most pleasing and astonishing success attended their labours. What multitudes, in a short space of time, were brought to own Messiah's sway! what multitudes were blessed in him! and what multitudes called him blessed! To how many thousands did the Gospel prove itself to be the power of God unto salvation! and in how many different cities and kingdoms was the banner of the cross triumphantly unfurled! Then the Saviour, victorious by his Word and Spirit, made bare his holy arm, and ruled in the midst of his enemies. And still is that Gospel, which is mighty through God, preached; and still is it attended with power from on high. The rod of his strength is still wielded by the Redeemer; and still it bends the people in willing subjection under him. The same measure of success, it is true, does not uniformly attend the preaching of the Gospel. The divine blessing is sometimes partly withheld, and then the prosperity of Zion languishes, and the ministers of Christ complain that they labour in vain, and spend their strength for nought, and in vain. But never are the influences of Heaven entirely withdrawn from the Church; and never does the Saviour cease to give testimony to the Word of his grace. His power and grace as Redeemer are immutable. He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. His arm is never shortened that it cannot save, and his ear is never heavy that it cannot hear. And though he may not always, in the same visible manner, and to the same extraordinary degree, manifest his power to save, yet is he still watching over the interests of his Church and kingdom, and carrying forward the grand purposes for which he has been exalted to his mediatorial throne. Wherever his Gospel is preached in simplicity and truth, success, greater or less, is made to attend it. Sinners are converted, and saints are edified and built up in their most holy faith. And so will it be to the close of time. His faithful servants in every age may rely on his word of promise: "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Never will the Gospel be preached in vain, and never will it cease to be the power of God unto salvation. The Word of the Lord will never return to him void, but it shall accomplish that which he pleases, and prosper in the thing whereto he sent it. Distant, unborn generations shall yet be made to hear the voice of the Son of God speaking in his Word, and be quickened to spiritual life and energy.

We would remark, *secondly*, that while the whole period of the Gospel dispensation may be called the day of the Redeemer's power, *particular seasons* may especially be so denominated. We refer, of course, to seasons in which the grace and saving power of Christ are more signally and efficiently displayed. Such seasons there are to *individuals*. A man may have sat long under a Gospel ministry; he may have heard the terrors of the law denounced with startling energy by a son of thunder; he may have heard the grace of the Gospel displayed in all its attractive sweetness, in all its engaging tenderness, and in all its infinite richness and fulness, by a son of consolation; arguments the most powerful may have been addressed to his understanding, and appeals the most tender and affecting may have been made to his heart and his conscience; but all in vain. He has remained stupid and insensible, and heard as though he heard not. The waters of the sanctuary continued untroubled, and communicated no healing virtue. But at length the Gospel does come to him, not in word only, but in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance. The understanding that was shut before, is now opened to receive the truth; and the heart that was formerly harder than the nether millstone, now melts under the power of the Gospel, and all is attention, and desire, and affection. The Saviour, by his grace and Spirit, has made his Word the rod of his strength to that man, and he sees and feels as he never saw and felt before. Thus the day of conversion is to every believer the day of the Redeemer's power; and to that period of redeeming power and love will every believer look back with feelings of gratitude and praise. Such a season did Paul enjoy, when, on the way to Damascus, the Saviour met with him and made himself known to him; and when, in one blessed moment, the proud Pharisee and cruel persecutor was changed into an humble suppliant and prayerful disciple. And there are seasons, too, which the believer experiences and can distinguish after conversion, in which the same power that saved him at first

is again more abundantly displayed towards him, and he enjoys fuller and richer communications of his Saviour's grace refreshing, comforting, and invigorating his soul.

And such seasons there are to *Churches*, as well as to individuals. There are times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord enjoyed by the Church at large, or by particular Churches, when a spirit of grace and of supplication is more abundantly poured out—when both ministers and people feel more sensibly that the hand of the Lord is with them and upon them, and when the Gospel is rendered more extensively efficacious and saving. Such a season was that of which the day of Pentecost was the commencement. With what power and energy divine was the Gospel then carried home to the hearts and consciences of men! and how mighty and how blessed were the effects produced! Then were the arrows of the King sharp in the hearts of his enemies, whereby the people were subdued under him. Then the Holy Spirit descended in his richest effusions—in all his miraculous and saving influences; and the power was seen at once to be of God, and not of man. What a season of the Redeemer's power was that, when in one day, and by means of one sermon, three thousand—three thousand bigoted Jews—three thousand murderers of the Prince of Life, were converted, and added to the Church! and when, in the space of a few years, multitudes of all kindreds, and nations, and tongues, were turned to the Lord, and made obedient to the doctrine of Christ, and great grace was upon them all! Not to mention seasons of revival—many of which, however, might be mentioned, and might well be considered as days of the Redeemer's power—I cannot omit noticing the period to which the hopes and expectations of believers are directed forward—the glorious era that is to usher in the millennium. Then more than ever will the Saviour appear in his mediatorial glory. Then, indeed, will be the reign, the spiritual and the blissful reign, of the Redeemer on earth. Then the everlasting Gospel, the rod of his strength, shall be sent unto all nations, and be attended with a power and an efficacy that nothing shall be able to gainsay or resist, and prove everywhere sucessful. Then shall be the day of the Redeemer's power, when all opposition shall be put down, and his sceptre of righteousness shall command the world; for then that song of rejoicing and praise shall be raised, and be echoed through heaven: "Now is come salvation, and strength, and the kingdom of our God, and the power of his Christ. The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ, and he shall reign for ever and ever!"

Reader, how do you stand affected to this glorious and exalted Redeemer? Have you experienced his grace? Have you been made willing in the day of his power? Are you rejoicing in his salvation? All dominion is his. His is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory; and to him every knee must bow. If you receive him not as your Saviour, you must meet him as your Judge. If you embrace not his mercy, you must sink beneath his righteous indignation. Remember that while he is omnipotent to save, he is also strong to smite. "Be wise, now, therefore; be instructed. Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in him."

Biographical Sketch.

THE REV. GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

PART II.

In 1739 Whitefield embarked a second time for America. He erected an orphan house in Georgia, and succeeded in placing the institution in a flourishing condition; and after making a tour through the whole of North America, as far as Boston, preaching, as usual, with extraordinary earnestness and success, he returned to England in the spring of 1741.

During his long absence, however, his popularity had sensibly declined at home. The Moravians had made inroads upon the society, and John Wesley had preached and printed a sermon in favour of sinless perfection, and universal redemption, and had exerted himself still more earnestly against the Calvinistic doctrines of election and reprobation—to which Whitefield was strongly attached. Upon both of these subjects Wesley wrote to his old friend, wishing to obtain his acquiescence in his opinions. But Whitefield, though he could yield to him upon neither, desired earnestly to avoid all disputes. "My honoured friend and brother," said he in reply, "for once hearken to a child who is willing to wash your feet. I beseech you, by the mercies of God in Christ Jesus our Lord, if you would have my love confirmed towards you, write no more to me about misrepresentations wherein we differ. Why should we dispute when there is no probability of convincing? Will it not, in the end, destroy brotherly love, and insensibly take from us that cordial union and sweetness of soul which I pray God may always subsist between us? How glad would the enemies of the Lord be to see us divided! How many would rejoice should I join and make a party against you! And, in one word, how would the cause of our common Master everyway suffer, by our raising disputes about particular points of doctrine." But these exhortations to brotherly kindness and forbearance were given in vain; and on his arrival in London he found that the conduct of injudicious partisans, on both sides, had rendered a separation inevitable. "Ten thousand times would I rather have died," says he, "than part with my old friends. It would have melted any heart to have heard Mr Charles

Wesley and me weeping after prayer, that if possible the breach might be prevented." But the breach grew wider every day. Some of Wesley's adherents sent threatening letters to Whitefield, intimating that God would speedily destroy him, and that his fall was as great as Peter's. His celebrity also seemed to have passed away. The twenty thousand who used to assemble at his preaching had dwindled down to two or three hundred. Worldly anxieties, too, were fretting him; for he was above a thousand pounds in debt, on account of the orphan school in Georgia. He called it truly a trying time; and it required all his zeal and intrepidity to encounter the numerous difficulties with which he found himself surrounded.

Shortly after his separation from Wesley, his friends built a large shed for him near the Foundery (Wesley's Church), upon a piece of ground which was lent for the purpose till he should return to America. As it was merely a temporary structure, to screen the audience from cold and rain, he called it the Tabernacle, in allusion to the movable place of worship of the Israelites, during their journey in the wilderness. A fresh awakening immediately began, immense congregations were formed, and new scenes of usefulness opened upon him daily. Having been earnestly invited to visit Scotland, by Ebenezer and Ralph Erskine, the founders of the Secession Church, he accepted the invitation in the year 1741. On his arrival in Scotland he proceeded immediately to Dunfermline, and preached in the Secession Meeting-house belonging to Ralph Erskine. Whitefield, however, was too liberal in his principles to limit the benefit of his services to any sect. "In every building," he said, "there were outside and inside workmen, and the latter was his province." And having differed from his new associates on this ground, he made a tour through the country, and, with the greatest success, preached in all the large towns to immense crowds. A large sum of money was contributed for the support of his orphan school; and he was presented with the freedom of the towns of Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Stirling, Paisley, and Irvine.

From Scotland he went, at the end of October, into Wales, where he married Mrs James, a widow. His marriage, like Wesley's, was not a happy one; and the death of his wife is said, by one of his friends, to have "set his mind much at liberty."

On his return to London, he engaged in a singular contest with the showmen and mountebanks, who then exhibited in Moorfields during the Whitsun holidays—when, as he said, "Satan's children kept up their annual rendezvous there." "This," says Mr Southey, "was a sort of pitched battle with Satan; and Whitefield displayed some generalship upon the occasion." Attended by a large congregation of "praying people," he began at six o'clock in the morning. Thousands who were waiting there for the usual sports flocked around him. "Glad was I to find," says he, "that I had for once, as it were, got the start of the devil. Being thus encouraged, I ventured out again at noon, when the fields seemed all white—ready, not for the Redeemer's, but Beelzebub's harvest." Thinking that, like St Paul, he should now, in a metaphorical sense, be called to fight with wild beasts, he took for his text, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." "I could scarce help smiling," says he, "to see thousands, when one of the choicest servants of Satan was trumpeting to them, upon observing me in my black robes and my pulpit, all, to a man, deserting him and flocking to hear the Gospel. But this, together with a complaint that they had taken many pounds less that day than usual, so enraged the owners of the booths, that when I came to preach a third time in the evening, in the midst of the sermon, a merry-andrew got upon a man's shoulders, and, advancing near the pulpit, attempted to slash me with a long heavy whip several times. Soon afterwards they got a recruiting sergeant, with his drums and fifes, to pass through the congregation; but I desired the people to make way for the king's officer, which was quietly done." When the uproar became, as it sometimes did, so great as to overpower his single voice, he called the voices of all his people to his aid, and began singing, and thus, what with singing, praying, and preaching, he continued upon the ground till the darkness made it time to break up. So great was the impression produced in this extraordinary scene, that he received one thousand notes from persons under conviction, and soon after, about three hundred and fifty persons were received into the society in one day.

In 1744, Whitefield embarked a third time for America, and remained there for upwards of three years. On his return to England, with a constitution shattered by his incessant labours and the unfavourable climate, he found his congregation at the Tabernacle nearly dispersed; and such was the depression of his own circumstances, that he was obliged to sell his household furniture to pay his orphan house debts. At this juncture, however, his cause was adopted by the celebrated Countess of Huntingdon, who appointed Whitefield one of her chaplains, and gave most efficient support to the Calvinistic Methodists, as his adherents were called, by building and endowing chapels for them in various parts of the country, and by erecting a college for training up young men for the ministry. At the house of the Countess at Chelsea, Whitefield preached to a large circle of the nobility, among whom were Lords Chesterfield and Bolingbroke. The former complimented the preacher with his usual courtliness; the latter is said to have been much moved at the discourse.

We cannot enter into a minute detail of the

incessant labours in which the remaining years of Whitefield's life were spent. He made seven successive voyages across the Atlantic, and pilgrimages incalculable to every part of Great Britain, and of the North American Continent from Georgia to Boston. He visited Ireland twice, and, on the second expedition, narrowly escaped with his life from the fury of a Roman Catholic mob. It is stated by one who knew him well, that "in the compass of a single week, and that for years, he spoke in general fifty hours, and in very many sixty, and that to thousands." These unremitting labours at length completely exhausted his vigour. On his return from America to England for the last time, "he seemed," says Wesley, "to be an old man, being fairly worn out in his Master's service, though he had hardly seen fifty years." He died at last somewhat suddenly, at Newbury, in New England, on the 30th of September 1770, in the fifty-sixth year of his age. He preached in the fields on the Saturday, and died of a fit of asthma early on the Sabbath morning. According to his own desire, he was buried before the pulpit in the Presbyterian Church of the town where he died.

The strictly intellectual character of Whitefield was perhaps not of a very high order. But his genius as a preacher was unrivalled. His oratory displayed unparalleled energy. He was thoroughly and continually in earnest. There was in all his discourses a force and vehemence of passion, a fervent and melting charity, and an earnestness of persuasion, which produced the most extraordinary effects upon hearers of every rank of life, and of every variety of understanding. "In Europe, in America, on board ship, in the workhouse, the bridewell, the barracks, the mansions of nobles, the parish church or Dissenting chapel, the street, the market place, or the bowling-green—addressing the slave, the mariner, the emigrant, the poor, the prisoner, the soldier, the peer, wits, philosophers, statesmen, and mixed multitudes—his power was everywhere acknowledge and felt." The testimony of Hume, who said it was worth while to go twenty miles to hear him, and the transient delirium of Franklin, attested by the surrender, on one occasion, of all the contents of his purse at a charity sermon, contrary to his predetermined resolution, are remarkable proofs of Whitefield's powers as an orator. His knowledge of human nature was evidently profound, and he showed great sagacity in the adaptation of his addresses to the character and circumstances of the various classes whom it was his business to impress. "Neither English reserve, nor the theological discrimination of the Scotch, nor the callous nerves of the slave-dealers of America, nor the stately self-possession of her aborigines," could resist the fascination of his eloquence.

"Taking his stand," says an eloquent writer, "on some rising knoll, his tall and graceful figure, dressed with elaborate propriety, and composed into an easy and commanding attitude, Whitefield's 'clear blue eye' ranged over thousands and tens of thousands, drawn up in close files on the plain below, or clustering into masses on every adjacent eminence. A 'rabble rout' hung on the skirts of the mighty host, and the feelings of the devout were disturbed by the scurrile jests of the illiterate, and the cold sarcasms of the more polished spectators of their worship; but the rich and varied tones of a voice of unequalled depth and compass, quickly silenced every ruder sound—as, in rapid succession, its everchanging melodies passed from the calm of simple narrative to the measured distinctness of argument—to the vehemence of reproof and the pathos of heavenly consolation." "Sometimes," says his faithful adherent, Cornelius Winter, "he wept exceedingly; stamped loudly and passionately; and was frequently so overcome that, for a few seconds, you would suspect he never could recover; and when he did, Nature required some little time to compose herself. The agitated assembly caught the passions of the speaker, and exulted, wept, or trembled at his bidding. The thoughtful gazed earnestly on a scene of solemn interest, pregnant with some strange and enduring influence on the future condition of mankind. But the wise and the simple alike yielded to the enchantment, and the thronging multitude gave utterance to their emotions in every form in which nature seeks relief from feeling too strong for mastery."

We shall conclude our sketch of the character of this distinguished evangelist—whose piety, self-denial, zeal for the truth, benevolence, and boundless charity, and unwearied diligence in doing good, entitle him to a place among the greatest benefactors of the human race, with the just and beautiful eulogium of Cowper:—

> He loved the world that hated him: the tear
> That dropped upon his Bible was sincere.
> Assailed by scandal, and the tongue of strife,
> His only answer was—a blameless life.
> And he that forged, and he that threw the dart,
> Had each a brother's interest in his heart.
> Paul's love of Christ, and steadiness unbribed,
> Were copied close in him, and well transcribed.
> He followed Paul; his zeal a kindred flame;
> His apostolic charity the same:
> Like him, crossed cheerfully tempestuous seas,
> Forsaking country, kindred, friends, and ease;
> Like him he laboured, and like him content
> To bear it, suffered shame where'er he went."

THE WORLD'S HONOURS THE BELIEVER'S HINDRANCES.

> GIVE me honours;—what are these
> But the pleasing hindrances?
> Stiles, and stops, and stays, that come
> In the way 'twixt me and home;
> Clear the walk, and then shall I
> To my heaven less run than fly!
>
> HERRICK.

THE MISSIONARY.*

A STORY OF THE AMERICAN FOREST.

It is a number of years since a cool October night found me travelling in our western wilderness. I had rode all day through an almost trackless wild, having little else but trees, with a part of their bark hewn off, to guide me; and it was now just on the edge of evening. The forests had already felt several frosts, and the various trees were assuming different shades—red, brown, and yellow. Though wearied, and on a wearied horse, I saw no prospect of a shelter for the night, save the foliage of the trees, and the canopy of heaven. By the murmur of waters, I knew I could not be far from some great river, and hoped that I might possibly find a habitation on its banks. A full moon now rose through the trees, chequering the woods, as a stream of silver light was here and there poured through the branches, and giving it a wild, romantic appearance. I soon came near the river, and a small light, twinkling between the trees, gave the cheering assurance that human beings were near. I rode up to the door, and found the light came from a rude log-house, small, and hastily put together, with clay between the logs, and a chimney built at one end, on the outside. A little barn, a small garden, and a pretty grass-plot in front of the dwelling, seemed to indicate that the occupants, if poor, were not entirely without industry or taste. When I knocked, the door was opened by a venerable-looking man, who was bending under the weight of many years. I told him my situation — that I was a stranger, weary, benighted, and needing his hospitality. "I am alone," said the old man, "and have but poor accommodations; my dwelling is a house of loneliness and sorrow; but if you can put up with my few conveniences, you are welcome;" and with that he led the way to his little stable for my horse. While thus employed, the peculiar appearance and silence of the old man, together with a few slight hints which fell from him, excited my curiosity to study his character. On entering the cottage, I noticed that it was divided into two small rooms; and although the furniture was poor and coarse, yet everything was neat and in order. After partaking a hasty meal of plain food, I felt a desire to draw the old man into conversation; but to this he seemed unaccountably averse. He appeared kind and obliging; yet there was a melancholy hanging around him that was inexplicable. I imputed this to his solitary life, and we both sat silent. At the season of rest, he pointed to a rude bed, covered with bear-skins, in one corner of the room.

"I am not able, sir, to give you a better bed; you will please to occupy that couch; I shall sit up."

Surprised at such a proposal, I said: "Your bed, kind friend, is more needed by you than by me. But have you no bed in the other room, that I can occupy?"

He shook his head. I continued, "I am young—I can lie on the floor in my cloak—a worthier Being than myself had not where to lay his head."

I saw the old man's countenance brighten at this; and I knew that I had touched a string in his heart that would vibrate. We sat down, and religion was introduced. I found him intelligent, clear, decided, and very pious. At my particular request, he gave me a brief history of his life, bringing his narrative to the present time. He was born and educated in New England. In the morning of life, he was tempted to leave his native village for what was considered a good offer in the new settlements. For many years his worldly concerns were thriving and prosperous; but at length, by some quibble of the land jobbers, the deed by which he held his land was discovered to be defective; and in an hour he was reduced from comparative affluence to poverty. His wife died soon after this event; and he then retired to this lonely spot, intending to spend his life alone, living on what he could take by fishing and hunting.

"It will be five years the coming winter," said he, "since I was sitting here one evening, all alone, save my dog, which lay beside me. He was great company, and is now." Here he stroked the head of a large mastiff, who looked up, as if understanding the subject of conversation. "I was saying, it was in the evening, and in the middle of the winter. I had noticed, as the sun set, that he went down gloomy and red. It was not long before the winds began to rise, and sweep through the forest with a roaring truly dreadful. A darkness soon spread over the face of the heavens, so thick that not a star could glimmer through it. A storm was coming. It was a cold and piercing evening. The mighty trees bent before the wind, while their limbs and branches either broke and fell, or loudly creaked. Soon the snow began to fall—like feathers at first, but presently in thickening sheets, whirling in eddies, and curling in wreaths, and whistling shrill, as it coiled around the roots of the trees. I looked out of my little window, but could see nothing—all was darkness. I could hear nothing but the howling of the tempest and the loud yell of the wolves, which came mingling with almost every blast. It seemed as if the spirit of the storm was striding through the interminable forest in the greatness of his power.

"I was preparing to go to rest, when my dog suddenly leaped up and barked violently. I listened, and could plainly hear cries of distress. I kindled up my fire, took my lantern, dog, and double-barrelled gun, and went out. I fired my gun to frighten the wolves, and to give notice that assistance was near. I listened attentively, but heard only one faint cry for help—distant and indistinct. I called, but no one answered. I had searched a long time, was nearly numb with the cold, and about to return, when my dog came bounding through the snow, bringing a pocket-handkerchief in his mouth. I took the handkerchief, and followed him. At a short distance I found a horse's bridle and saddle; and after searching farther, I found, almost buried in the snow, an old man, with a child in his arms, about twelve years of age. The old man was faint, and almost stiff with cold; while the child, who lay upon his breast, with her arms about his neck, was yet able to cry, though her tears were frozen on her face. With much difficulty I took them to my dwelling; and, in the course of the night got them warmed and revived. The next morning was dark without, but still more sad within. The old man whom I had rescued from death was too feeble to rise; and the little girl had almost forgotten the horrors through which she had so lately passed, in her anxiety for him. She was a beautiful little creature; but thinly clad. I wondered how so frail a flower came to be taken from its proper soil, and exposed to such severities. She seemed to know but little about the old man, in whose protection she unhesitatingly relied, though it was easy to see that she regarded him with peculiar affection. I tried to amuse my guest, and, in the course of a few days, he was so much revived, that he could give me something of his history.

"I now learned what gave me but little pleasure—that my guest was a missionary sent out into the new settlements from New England. I had often heard his name mentioned as I went into a village somewhat distant, though I had never before seen him. He was peculiarly venerable and dignified in his look, with grey hair, and a wan countenance, though it was cheerful and calm. I hated the very name of a missionary; but the helpless situation of this old man, his interesting manners, kindness, and benevolence of

* From "Simple Sketches," by the Rev. John Tod, Philadelphia.

expression, together with the pretty child, soon wore off my prejudices. He informed me that the day he arrived at my cottage, he was going a journey through the wilderness, when he met with a party of Indians just returning from plundering and massacring a small neighbourhood of whites about sixty miles distant. They were warm from their work of blood, and partly intoxicated; yet they knew him, and respected him, as one who held communion with the Great Spirit. They were laden with plunder, with scalps, and the little girl. As soon as he met them, the child stretched out her hands in supplication, and wept in the fulness of her grief. His heart was touched with pity. The strength of the little captive was nearly exhausted by hard usage; and he tried to purchase her of the Indians. They demanded fifty dollars as her ransom, and would not abate their demands. He had no property but his horse, and about twenty dollars, which had lately been sent to him from the north. He offers his money, but the savages refuse. He shows his watch and penknife. They saw it was all he had, and gave the child into his hands. She clung to him as to a parent, having no other earthly friend—her parents having fallen victims to the cruelty of the Indians. He was thus bearing this lamb, rescued from the jaws of the wolves, when night and the storm came on, and overwhelmed him as I have described; for just before reaching my house, his horse stumbled and was too feeble to rise.

"I was extremely interested in the situation of the missionary, and in that of the child—so young, so beautiful, so helpless. I could afford but poor accommodations to my guest during his sickness which followed; yet I never heard him complain, or utter a wish for anything better. He had been sick several days when he one day called me to his bed, and told me he should probably never recover; and began to converse on the subject of religion. He had never mentioned the subject so directly to me before, though I had often heard him talking to the little girl as she leaned over his bed, and teaching her to pray. I frankly told him that I was a firm and staunch *Universalist*, and wished for no personal conversation on religion. But his gentle and insinuating conversation took hold of me; and I finally consented coolly to give him my reasons for believing in universal salvation, and assured him that it was impossible for him or any other man to set them aside:—

"'God,' said I, 'is a merciful being—is a father to his creatures; and never made any beings for the purpose of damning them for ever. My reason and the light of nature teach me this.'

"'Your reason and the light of nature,' said the good man, 'independently of the Bible, could never teach you whether or not the soul survives the body; much less that it could be happy after death. As to your reason, that would as soon teach you that a benevolent God should exclude all evil from his works, as that all will be happy in eternity. Now, your reason might teach you that a merciful God would not permit plagues to desolate cities—wars to ravage kingdoms—earthquakes to swallow up thousands—revenge and murder to fill the earth with devastation. But you see that all this takes place. As to your reason's saying that it is inconsistent with the benevolence of God to create beings in order to punish them, a child might make the same objection against the probability that a merciful judge would condemn a criminal to be hanged. The reason of the child is equally against this seeming cruelty. But the reason of a child cannot determine such matters; he cannot see all the bearings of laws and governments. So, with regard to your reason, in respect to the proceedings of God. You say God is a father, and will not punish for ever. So is a good king a father to his people; and yet his very benevolence requires him to punish the guilty. Perhaps the inhabitants of the old world, and of Sodom and Gomorrah, argued in the same way; that because God was a father, and was merciful, he would never fulfil his threatenings, and bury them—his children—in a flood, and in showers of fire and brimstone; and yet these threatenings were executed. As to God's not making men in order to destroy them, it is equally true that he did not make angels to destroy them; and yet when angels sinned and became devils, he thrust them down to hell. They were created by a merciful God; they sinned, and they are to be punished for ever. Judas was created by the same Being; he sinned, and went to his own place; 'and it would have been better for him had he never been born.' Do not deceive yourself; there *may* be deception in your reason. The Bible declares, that 'he that believeth not, shall be damned.' All who are impenitent, will be punished as long as they sin. If they sin a thousand years, they will be punished so long; if they sin for ever, they will be punished for ever. Now, unless you can prove that every one will certainly stop sinning under punishment in the world to come, do not be satisfied with a belief which *may* ruin the soul for ever.'

"It was by such arguments, and by a calm appeal to the Bible, that the foundations of my faith began to be shaken. But it was not till the old missionary was no more, that I obtained the hope which I now cherish. He lived but a few weeks after this conversation. He was sensible of his approaching change, and spoke of it with great freedom. As his body grew more and more feeble, his mind seemed to become more clear and heavenly. The morning that he died, he called me to him—the little girl never forsook his bed-side—he called me to him, took my hand, pressed it, and said: 'In a few hours, my spirit will be gone. I trust to my Saviour. I have laboured for him many years in this new part of the country; and though little known, and little thought of, and though but a poor sinful creature, yet I hope my Saviour will pardon my many imperfections, and receive my departing spirit to himself. I have but a few words to say; for I am very low. I wish you to take good care of my faithful horse. You might think I should not mention him on such an occasion; but for many years he has been a faithful friend to me—sometimes for months together my only earthly friend. He is a good creature; take good care of him. I wish you would bury me under the great oak tree which stands on the bank of the river near by. Probably no one will ever know or inquire where my bones are laid. I must commit that pretty innocent child to your care; be a father to her, and she will ever love you and repay you by her gratitude. And now, my dear friend, only a word more: make sure of your own salvation; lay aside all your false notions; repent of your sins; believe on the Saviour, and he will save you. I have prayed for you, and cannot but hope we shall meet in heaven.'

"He then called the child to him, who kissed him, and began to weep. 'Do not cry, my dear Harriet—though I should be glad to live for your sake, yet I am going to a better—a happier world. We have been acquainted but a short time, my dear; yet I have offered many prayers for you. Take my Bible and hymn-book, and keep them to remember me. It is all the legacy I can leave my dear Harriet. Take them, my girl—read them, pray over them, and God will bless you. Be a good girl, and this man will be your father; be a good child, and God will be your father; and the Saviour will be your friend. Pray for yourself, and live near to God, and we shall meet again, and be separated no more. Farewell, my dear Harriet, I cannot talk more—to God I commend you.'

"He ceased to speak, while the poor child wept as

if her heart would break; and I wept too: but there was no need, for the good missionary was happy. Even with his last words he breathed out his soul to God; and I have no doubt ascended to heaven. He died so calmly, and with such a sweet smile on his face, that I did not know the exact time of his departure. We buried him under the oak tree, according to his wishes. You may see his grave in the morning. It is now almost level with the ground, and can hardly be noticed. My poor Harriet grieved as if her own father had died."

The cottager here ceased his history—put his hands before his face, and wept bitterly. His frame shook, as if all the agonies of the past were again pressing upon him. After he had become somewhat calm, I asked where was now that interesting child—that little Harriet?

"Ah! sir, she lies beside the missionary, under the oak tree!" and again he burst into tears; and I could now see and feel how lonely and how afflicted was the poor old man before me. I could almost anticipate the sequel, which he gave me as follows:—

"The little orphan was the loveliest flower you ever saw. As soon as the missionary was gone, she made me her father; and truly she was the best child in the world. I never shook off the impression made on my mind by the last words, and especially by the death of the missionary. I felt that my system would not enable me to meet death in such a way. For some weeks I was in great distress of mind; but finally, as I humbly trust, I gave my proud and sinful heart to God. After this I enjoyed myself very much. Harriet would read to me from her Bible, sing from her hymn-book; and then we used to pray together night and morning. I never knew any particular time when she is supposed to have been 'born again;' but that there was such a time, I have no doubt. She was ever kind, dutiful, and ready to converse on the subject of piety—especially the last year of her life. Oh! sir, could you have seen her life and her death, you could not doubt that she was a child of God. She was always very delicate as to health. But about nine months ago she had a cough commence. It was but a slight cough, but could not be removed. She gradually wasted away; but as every morning her cheeks were red and her eye bright, I did not suspect that the worm was already at her vitals. She was sensible of her situation, and did all in her power to give me consolation. When I have sat and looked at her, and when neither dared to speak what we feared, she would turn the subject of our thoughts into some other channel, better fitted to prepare us for separation. I cannot now bear to tell you how she died; it would overcome me too much. It will be enough to say that she died as a Christian. Yesterday she was buried, and buried, too, as she desired; but I have told you that she lies by the side of the missionary. Ah! I am left alone, old and desolate. But the will of God be done! We will go and see their graves in the morning."

"Let us go now," said I, and gave my arm to the old man. He led me to the spot. They were laid side by side. The river was murmuring at their feet. The great oak was spreading its branches over them. The leaves were falling around. One grave was fresh—one was grown over with moss. The old man leaned on my arm and wept.

ON THE SWALLOW.

THIS pretty bird, oh! how she flies and sings!
But could she do so if she had not wings?
Her wings bespeak my faith, her songs my peace;
When I believe and sing, my doubtings cease.

BUNYAN.

EXTRACTS FROM A TRAVELLER'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY THE REV. W. K. TWEEDIE, EDINBURGH.

MONT CENIS.

THE passage of Mont Cenis may be said to commence at Turin; and after making all the arrangements which experience suggested as needful for climbing what was to be to us the last of the Alps, we started from that capital on the 2d of April. There is no adventure in the journey for some miles after its commencement, and one had leisure calmly to survey the beauty of the country around the capital of Sardinia. Turin stands at the confluence of the Dora and the Po; and, like all Italian towns, is a striking compound of palaces and hovels—of profusion and poverty—of elegance and filth. Placed near the centre of a vast valley, begirt by the maritime and inland Alps, its position is magnificent; and in everything but art and climate, we thought it more than a rival to Florence. Alfieri has sarcastically called it a "microscopic city;" but that is no just epithet for a capital containing nearly one hundred and thirty thousand inhabitants, in a kingdom which counts four millions and a-half of souls, with a standing army of one hundred thousand men.

The King and Queen of Sardinia went in procession to hear a Lent sermon on the day before we left Turin, and we mingled in the crowd. His majesty is well known to be reckoned a political apostate by the carbonari of his kingdom; but even in Italy, the land of superstition and homage to external things, we have seen few worshippers more apparently devout than Charles Albert. The expression of his countenance is that of severity or harshness, rather than of dignity; yet did it appear that he engaged in "the functions"—the Italian title for worship—with the consciousness that they level all ranks, and present the despot and the slave in the same native character to the eye of the Eternal. Some of the political friends whom he deserted, and whose principles he is alleged to have betrayed, did not hesitate to aver, when they could do it with safety, beyond earshot of the police, that they regarded Charles Albert either as perfidious or childish—perfidious, because he violated his most solemn engagements; or childish, because he could not distinguish his friends from his enemies. We leave the despot of Sardinia—for his people hang upon his nod, and are protected by no constitution, to settle the question with his murmuring subjects; but we saw nought in him different from the bearing of other Italian monarchs, while he and his unpretending queen worshipped side by side in the royal Allogio of the cathedral. It is possible for a Christian to get possession of a principle which guides him to a right judgment, amid all that might otherwise fascinate or bewilder him; and Charles Albert of Sardinia, neither as a man nor a monarch, possesses any charm that would throw that principle off its guard.

Aloise Franzoni, the newly elected archbishop of Turin, was that day installed in office; and the ceremony, regarded as a scene, or a piece of acting, was

gorgeous—it might have been interesting, could one have forgotten that it was meant to be religious. Amid the blaze of torches, and other kinds of light, so planned as at times to carry a lambent flame round the entire cathedral, two little incidents occurred which told more upon the mind than all the pomp and glare of the festival. A child was brought for baptism, and simultaneously, a corpse to be prepared for interment, amid the ceremonies which superstition suggests with the design of rivetting its fetters, or which wealth purchases as a substitute for devotion. The muffled nuns, and the cowled monks chanting their dirges or their requiem, would have been imposing, could one have forgotten that God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth—not with the glare of flambeaux, and the pomp with which even the grossest sinner may be gratified. True religion—the religion which the Spirit of God has revealed in the Bible, and teaches from it—consists *in having to do with God;* not with the Church, not with the priest, not with outward ordinances, not merely with the emotions of our own excited souls—but *with God;* and Popery, from its simplest to its most gorgeous ceremony, is all deeply planned to hide Him from the sinner's view —to conceal the fact that it is with *God* himself we have to do. Amid all the gaud of the cathedral of Turin, with crowned heads for our fellow-worshippers, we felt a deeper and more touching lesson conveyed to us by the meeting of extremes—the little child about to be baptized, and the corpse about to be prepared for burial—than in all the circumstance and stage effect of that superstition which so utterly supersedes the first and great command: "Thou shalt worship THE LORD THY GOD with all the heart, and all the soul, and all the strength, and all the mind."

But the scenes now around us, among the Alps, prevent the necessity of drawing on the remembrance of the past for thought. We have reached Suza, at the base of the Alps (another scene of the triumphs of Augustus), and begin the ascent which is to conduct us to Savoy and France. Val Perosa, one of the valleys inhabited by the Waldenses, lay just to the right, and a few hours might have carried us into the heart of that peeled and afflicted region; but we could not now diverge. Death had been doing its work in distant lands upon some who were dear to us, and we must hasten away to mingle with the mourners. And as we ascended this pass, formed by Napoleon about the same time as that of the Semplon, we soon began to feel that we had left the spring, and all its attractions, in the valley behind us. Winter was still reigning in all its sternness, on the mountain, and not even the Great St Bernard occasioned such toil and exhaustion as this ascent. The traffic upon the Cenis is greater than on any of the other passes; and the three staple commodities of France and Italy—corn, wine, and oil—are transported in great quantities upon mules. Train after train of these we met, conducted by muleteers—the most ferocious men we have encountered. Accustomed to severest labour, and often exposed to utmost jeopardy, they acquire a hardihood or atrocity of character which has few rivals; and neither the muleteers of Palermo, nor the lazaroni of Naples, nor perhaps even the brigands of Terracina and Itri, surpass them. We saw them beat their overladen mules till tears of rage flowed from their eyes—uttering the while the most horrid imprecations, and mingling them with prayers to "Jesu e Maria," to come to their help. As we struggled up the mountain, these scenes were witnessed oftener than once, while another specimen of the sad effects of Popery occurred in yet another form. Two Italians, on foot, were relieving the toils of the ascent by rehearsing a travesty of the confession. One of them personated a priest—the other a penitent sinner; and statements were made by the man in the confessional, too gross and revolting even for ears which have little sympathy with Popery. This might be the native dictate of the evil heart scoffing at all that is called sacred; but it is also the native result or tendency of that system in which a poor mortal exalts himself above all that is called God—first degrading, and then trampling on man.

This pass is, at the summit, upwards of eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. Along the line there are thirty-seven houses of refuge; and they are not too many on a route begirt with such perils as this. Though not so noble a pathway as the Semplon route, Mont Cenis is still a stupendous monument of Napoleon's daring power. No rocks, no ravines, no rivers, not even the resistless avalanche, could impede his plans, or turn him from his purpose; and by such routes as we are now traversing, he unconsciously took a mighty step in the direction of levelling those national distinctions, or abolishing those hot animosities, which the Over-ruler will gradually remove, preparatory to the latter day glory.

On the dreary summit of Mont Cenis, and not far from the lake which crowns it, we witnessed an avalanche, the noblest we had seen among the Alps. Though brief, or almost momentary, it swept trees and masses of rock before it, acquiring fresh momentum from each new addition to its mass; a vapour rose from the earth along its track like mist above a cataract, or sea foam in the wake of a vessel, marking for some time the line of its havoc; and nothing in nature gives one so vivid a notion of resistless power, or of almightiness, as such a descent. Standing by the Falls of the Rhine at Schaffhausen, one feels the puniness of man's power, compared with that still undescribed, because indescribable, tempest of waters; yet neither that, nor the Falls of Giesbach, nor any of the falls of Switzerland, convey such a notion of resistless, impetuous, all-destroying force, as the rush of the Lawin. The hosts of Marengo and Waterloo would be swept into annihilation before it; and perhaps nothing but the thunder or the earthquake can match its devastating power.

Before we had climbed half the height of the mountain, it became too apparent that we could not cross it, as we had designed, in the vehicle which had conveyed us from Turin. The snow grew deeper and deeper, as we mounted—at last we entered the region where it continues to fall, from time to time, throughout the year, and found ourselves for hours beset with a snow storm. We knew where it had commenced, and where it would terminate on the other side of the mountain, could we reach the spot; but we

must, in the circumstances, either abandon our conveyance or return to Suza. The former was resolved on, and near the Convent of Mont Cenis we were transferred to sledges, to cross the highest part of the mountain. This mode of travelling was new, and gave much of the character of adventure to our journey. The sledge is drawn by light and nimble horses, trained for the work; and, either by instinct or education, they glide rather than run down the steep parts of the route, with a celerity that makes the traveller nervous. The motion is at first unpleasant—resembling that of a steamer in a head wind, and leading to the same results as steam travelling often does—nausea, sickness, and all that follow in its train. This effect is produced by the peculiar motion of the horse which draws the sledge: when it sinks into the snow, it extricates itself by a peculiar jerk, which imparts a corresponding motion to the sledge. A succession of these proves too much for the uninitiated traveller, and, amid his sickness and exhaustion, he laments, as we did, that he has left the plains of Italy, with the sunshine and the beauties that are there.

We were benighted on Mont Cenis; and this did not add to our comfort. But by the good hand of God upon us—to whom the darkness is as light, and who forgets not us, amid all our forgetfulness of him—we mastered all our difficulties—supped about midnight at Lans-le-bourg—slept a few hours in a carriage, because we could find no better bed; and then, through the Valley of the Arva, amid vine trees, cretins, goitres, beggars, and superstition, we hurried into France, which we entered at the Bridge of Beau-Voisin, the frontier between that kingdom and Savoy.

It was thus that we concluded our wanderings among the Alps. Our next endeavour shall be to lay before our readers some account of THE CITIES OF ITALY, beginning with MILAN, the capital of Lombardy.

TO DEATH.

POOR, uncreated nothing! to contend
To make all things like thee, yet miss thy end!
Canst thou hold him one hour, O envious Death!
Or touch his last, yet everlasting breath?
Oh! no; *that* fled where thou shalt never come,
Though here a while thou triumph on his tomb.

HARRINGTON.

A WALDENSIAN MARTYR.

BARTHOLOMEW COPIN was a Vaudois merchant in the Valley of Lucerne, and had come, in the way of his business, to the fair of Aost. When at supper with some other merchants, one of the company began to inveigh, in the most insulting terms, against the inhabitants of the valleys. Copin, provoked at his insolence, spoke up in their defence. "What!" said the reviler, "are you a Vaudois?" He acknowledged he was. "And do you not believe that God is in the host?" "No," said Copin. "Faugh!" replied the other. "What a farce of a religion is yours!" "My religion," said Copin, "is as true as that there is a God, and as sure as death." The next day he was summoned before the Bishop of Aost, who told him that he must confess his crime, or suffer for it. The honest merchant refused to acknowledge any fault. He had some property, he said, with a wife and children, but he would sacrifice all for a good conscience. He pled, too, that he had not violated any civil law. The bishop, however, would hear of nothing but submission. He was thrown into prison; there he was visited by an inquisitor, who tried him first with honied speeches, but finding him obdurate, ended with curses. "Begone, thou cursed Lutheran," cried the enraged monk; "thou shalt go to the devil, and, when tormented by unclean spirits, thou shalt repent of thy obstinacy in choosing to go to hell, rather than be reconciled to the holy mother Church." "It is a long time now," said Copin, since I was reconciled to the holy Church." To subdue his fortitude, his wife and son were permitted to see and sup with him in prison; but he spent the time in reconciling them to their approaching loss; and having blessed his son, he took an affecting farewell of his wife, exhorting them to live in the fear of God. Their cries and tears, on leaving him in the prison, were enough to melt a heart of stone. But Copin withstood the temptation. "My dearest companion," he wrote to his wife, "I received much consolation from your visit. I feel persuaded we shall never meet together again. May God comfort you and bless you! Be not concerned about me; for if it please God that I have reached the end of my days, and that I now render back the soul he has lent me so long, I trust he will receive it into heaven, through his divine mercy, for the love of his holy Son Jesus Christ, through whose holy death and passion I believe that our sins are washed away." One morning, sometime afterwards, the body of the martyr was found strangled in prison, lest his confession and constancy should be publicly known, and thereafter it was dragged from the dungeon, and committed to the flames.—*Rev. Thomas M'Crie.*

Fragments.

CARDS.—They were too trifling for me when I was grave, and too dull when I was cheerful.—*Johnson.*

BIGOTRY.—The University of Paris in 1360, in some remonstrances to the Pope, recommended that Greece should no longer be considered as part of Europe, *because it was a schismatical country.—Gifford.*

CENSURE PECULIAR TO THE CENSURABLE.—He that complains most, is most to be complained of.—*Henry.*

AMBITION.—Ambition often puts men upon doing the meanest offices; so climbing is performed in the same posture with creeping.

THE DUTY OF IMPARTING KNOWLEDGE.—The next best thing to laying up knowledge, is to lay it out.

CHRISTIAN CONTENTION.—God grant that we may contend with other Churches as the vine with the olive—which of us shall bear the best fruit; and not as the brier with the thistle—which of us shall be most unprofitable.—*Bacon.*

DIVINE GRACE.—A true Christian is like a flint-stone, which, though it falls into water, yet it retains fire in it still; so doth he retain his grace, notwithstanding his corruption.—*Powell.*

CHRISTIANITY MORE THAN A NAME.—Christianity was some time in the world before the name of Christian; perhaps to convince the world that religion is not a bare name, and that men might be Christians before they were called so, as daily experience demonstrates that they are often called so before they are.—*South.*

Daily Bread.

FRIDAY.

"It is the Lord: let him do what seemeth him good."—1 Sam. iii. 18.

Fierce passions discompose the mind,
As tempests vex the sea;
But calm content and peace we find,
When, Lord, we turn to thee.

What uncomfortable lives do they live that are continually fretting at that which cannot be helped—quarrelling with the disposals of Providence, when they cannot alter them; and thus by contracting guilt as well as by indulging grief, doubling every burden! But how pleasantly do they travel through the wilderness of this world that constantly follow the pillar of cloud and fire, and accommodate themselves to their lot, whatever it is!—that, like Paul, through Christ strengthening them, have learned "in every state to be content—know how to want, and how to abound!"—Phil. iv. 11-13.—*Henry.*

SATURDAY.

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness."—Prov. iii. 17.

Great the comforts I possess,
Which God shall still increase—
All his ways are pleasantness,
And all his paths are peace.

It adds to the pleasure of a journey, to be furnished with all needful accommodations for travelling. They that walk in the way of God, have wherewithal to bear their charges, and it is promised them that they shall "not want any good thing."—Ps. xxxiv. 10. If they have not an abundance of the wealth of this world—which perhaps will but overload a traveller, and be an encumbrance rather than any furtherance—yet they have good bills; having access by prayer to the throne of grace wherever they are, and a promise that they shall receive what they ask; and access by faith to the covenant of grace, which they may draw upon and draw from as an inexhaustible treasury.—*Ibid.*

SABBATH.

"Thy commandment is exceeding broad."—Ps. cxix. 96.

A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun;
It gives a light to every age—
It gives, but borrows none.

Where is the end or boundary of the Word of God? Who can ascend to the height of its excellency? Who can fathom the depth of its mysteries? Who can find out the comprehension of its precepts, or conceive the extent of its promises? Who can take the dimensions of that love of God to man which it describeth, or that love of man to God which it teacheth? The knowledge of one thing leadeth us forward to that of another, and still, as we travel on, the prospect opens before us into eternity, like the pleasant and fruitful mountains of Canaan, rising on the other side of Jordan, when viewed by Moses from the top of Pisgah. O! happy region of celestial wisdom, permanent felicity, true riches, and unfading glory; while we contemplate thee, how doth the world lessen, and shrink to nothing in our eyes.—*Horne.*

MONDAY.

"Mortify the deeds of the body."—Rom. viii. 13.

I thirst, but not as once I did,
The vain delights of earth to share;
Thy wounds, Immanuel, all forbid
That I should seek my pleasures there.

Endeavour to cut off the suckers, as gardeners do, that their trees may thrive. These are unmortified lusts: therefore, "mortify your members that are upon the earth." When the Israelites got meat to their lusts, they got leanness to their souls. They must refuse the cravings of inordinate affections, who would have their souls to prosper.—*Boston.*

TUESDAY.

"Be not conformed to this world."—Rom. xii. 2.

As in the desert's dreary waste,
By magic power produced in haste
(As ancient fables say),
Castles, and groves, and music sweet,
The senses of the traveller meet,
And stop him in his way;

But while he listens with surprise,
The charm dissolves, the vision dies—
'Twas but enchanted ground:
Thus, if the Lord our spirit touch,
The world, which promised us so much,
A wilderness is found.

Think what folly it is to dig for dross with mattocks of gold—to bestow the precious affections of our souls on white and yellow clay. How monstrous is it to see a man with his head and heart where his feet should be!—to see the world in the heart and on the throne, and Christ at the footstool!—to see the world possessing God's room both week-day and Sabbath-day, and getting the service which is due to him alone! How many are they who, on the Sabbath-day, worship the trinity of this world, mentioned 1 John ii. 16, more than the Trinity of heaven!—*Willison.*

WEDNESDAY.

"The Lord Jesus Christ be with thy spirit!"—2 Tim. iv. 22.

Yes, Jesus, let me freely yield
What most I prize to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

As Christ is the root on which a saint grows, so he is the rule by which a saint squares; if he be not thy Jacob's staff to guide thee to heaven, he will never be thy Jacob's ladder to mount thee up to heaven. We should be as willing to be ruled by Christ, as we are willing to be saved by Christ. God made one Son like to all, that he might make all his sons like to one.—*Dyer.*

THURSDAY.

"They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house; and thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures."—Ps. xxxvi. 8.

O glorious hour, and blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

In heaven alone the thirst of an immortal soul after happiness can be satisfied. There the streams of Eden will flow again. They who drink of them shall forget their earthly poverty, and remember the miseries of the world no more. Some drops from the celestial cup are sufficient, for a time, to make us forget our sorrows, even while we are in the midst of them. What, then, may we not expect from full draughts of those pleasures which are at thy right hand, O Lord, for evermore?—*Horne.*

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THE SUPERIORITY OF A FREE GRACE TO A SELF-RIGHTEOUS SALVATION, PROVED BY RECENT FACTS.

BY THE REV. J. G. LORIMER, GLASGOW.

NO. I.

THE BEST BOOK HATED, AND THE WORST PRIZED BY ROME.

We have not, for some time, read anything more interesting, in the department of the conversion of sinners to God, than a little tract of forty pages, entitled "Rome Judged by Herself; or, The United Testimony of Four Priests, who have recently Renounced her Communion. Translated from the French." The tract gives a brief and simple, but withal a graphic and instructive, narrative of their conversion to God. Such accounts are at all times interesting. They substantially describe what passes in every heart which is made new. It is useful to see the same divine grace reflected in the experience of others, which has been felt in our own. But it is particularly interesting to mark the work in the case of Popish priests, and especially at the present time, in connection with the existing state and prospects of Popery. From a variety of causes, priests are the most unlikely men to be moved. The triumph of divine grace in their case is the more signal. In apostolic times, one of the most indisputable proofs of progress which is stated is, that "a great company of the (Jewish) priests were obedient to the faith."—Acts vi. 7. The conversion of the same class of men has been most important to the cause of the Gospel ever since, as in the days of the Reformation, both in this country and on the Continent; and, in the present case, the interest is not small. Here are four of them—not old, superannuated, ignorant men, but young men, with life before them, as intelligent and accomplished as Rome usually makes her sons, and who had practical experience of her system as priests—no mere novices. It is believed that there are many more throughout the dominions of the Romish Church who feel all the misery which they describe, and though not, it may be, spiritually enlightened in the same degree, would fain break off from the anti-christian and oppressive communion to which they belong. Intelligent men, among means of religious good, have suggested the propriety of providing a Refuge for priests anxious to abandon the Church of Rome, but meanwhile restrained by the prospect of starvation, and have expressed their persuasion that were such a temporary provision made, not a few would be encouraged to follow out their convictions more rapidly than can be otherwise expected. The deeply interesting movement which has recently taken place in the Popish Church of Germany, and which is still in extensive progress, originated with, and has been carried forward by, priests of different ages, particularly men in early life. Ronge is but thirty-one years of age. These things all confer great interest upon the conversion of the four priests to whom reference is made. Two of them are Frenchmen, one of them a Belgian, the other a Spaniard.

I. Various important points might be extracted from their "United Testimony." It may be regarded as a confession, and that by the most competent parties, to disputed points between Papist and Protestant. For instance, the priests, from their own experience, vindicate the truth of what Protestants allege of Rome's indifference or hostility to the Scriptures. She denies this: but whether the versions of the Word be her own or those of Protestants, her disregard and dislike are apparent. Thus the young men, though priests, and at a period of life when study could not be supposed to be dismissed, do not seem ever to have read the Scriptures, even in Roman Catholic versions; at least, not to have read them with any regularity. M. L'Hote, the converted priest of Villefavard, when his soul became awakened (for down to this period he had been strong in Infidelity), says: "I drew out from its *long accumulated dust* a Bible which I had procured in Paris." M. Stilmant, the Belgian priest, gives a similar testimony: "Every true Catholic, of whatever rank or position, was obliged to learn it (a catechism of a few pages), or at least the part of it which had reference to the sacraments, under pain of being deprived of the communion all their lifetime. Thus prepared, they were admitted to the communion at the age of eleven or twelve; *after which the catechism is laid aside, and they, for the most part, never think of opening the Old or New Testament all their lives.*" Again, referring to the counsels which the young men received from their bishop as to their Sabbath preaching and the books which he recommended, M. Stilmant adds: "I do not remember that, *in a single instance*, he ever urged us to open the Sacred Scriptures." Nay, at a later period, the same priest informs us that he and his colleagues considered the Word of God a very dangerous book, and used active means to destroy it. What will those who deny that Rome is the enemy of the Scriptures, and who allege that all the accounts of Roman Catholic priests burn-

ing or burying the Scriptures are Protestant fabrications, say to such a confession as the following :—

"One of my principal cares was to prohibit the circulation of bad books; amongst which I placed the Holy Bible in the vulgar tongue. This book caused me much disquietude. I saw with pain that of late years, and especially since the establishment of the fairs of Houdremont, which the colporteurs frequented, the Holy Scriptures began to be widely disseminated. My colleagues and myself were of opinion that all our efforts should be turned in that direction. Some days after one of those fairs, we assembled at the house of the dean of the canton, where we composed a sermon to be preached the following Sabbath in each of our churches. After dwelling at some length on the beauty, the excellence, and the divinity, even of the Scriptures, we added these words : 'We prohibit your reading the Bible in the vulgar tongue; because such is the commandment of the Church; and he who does not obey the Church, who does not regard her as a good mother, will never have God for a father, and ought to be held as a heathen, excluded from the kingdom of heaven. We prohibit your reading the Bible; because, being an obscure book, it only belongs to the Church to explain it, and to give the meaning of it to the people. We prohibit your reading the Bible; because it is not the authority to be appealed to for the settling of controverted points, nor is it the complete rule of faith. We command you, then, for your soul's good, to bring to us these Bibles, under pain, in case of refusal, of being deprived of the sacraments during life, and of ecclesiastical burial after death.' Immediately after I had preached this sermon they brought me ten Bibles, and I had the audacity to commit them to the flames in the presence of my parishioners! Lord, enter not into judgment with me! Little did I then imagine that God would one day give me grace to read and understand those divine words : 'The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.'"—Ps. xix. 8.

Why does Rome hate the Scriptures, but because she knows they are fatal to her entire system? and what an awful position, for a professed Church of God to be in terror at his Word, and to labour for its extinction!

II. Another point brought out in the confessions of these young men is, the abominable character of the books in which they are instructed at college. Roman Catholics deny this, and charge Protestants, when speaking on this head, with calumny; but what say the priests themselves? They are not old men, who have forgotten what they were trained in when young; they are lately from the Popish college, and the following is their testimony. M. Rouaze says :—

"Having received the order of deacon, I was obliged to pass through a preparatory class for the ministry. I had escaped the pollutions of the world, and had been preserved from dangerous reading. How sad was it then for me, to be obliged to learn by heart the work of M. Bouvier, entitled 'Dissertation upon the Sixth (or according to the Bible, the Seventh) Commandment'—to be under the daily obligation of storing my mind with a book repugnant to every ingenuous heart, in which things were revealed to me with which I was hitherto unacquainted! What conflicts for the imagination and the heart! Many a priest has, I am sure, deplored this grievous trial."

We may well exclaim, What a preparation for the Christian ministry! Who can suppose that Christ, the pattern of purity, meant his servants to be prepared for his work by such pollution, and that all of them, especially young men, should be required to pass through such a school? What notions must Rome entertain of salvation, if this be part of the preparation of its heralds!

M. Stilmant confirms and enlarges the testimony of his brother. Let the reader mark the boasted unanimity of the Romish fathers, and recollect how stoutly a few years ago many Roman Catholics denied that the *Theology of Dens* was an authority in the Romish Church.

"The Theology of Dens, which *we had most minutely studied in the seminary*, much embarrassed me in practice. This author, himself very rigid in his sentiments, quotes, in the answers which he gives to his questions, the opinions of Thomas, Billuart, Collet, Sylvius, Antoine, Steijaert, Suarez, Daelman, and Busembaum; and there is very little accordance between all these theologians—some being very severe, and others very lax. Amongst others, I recollect that the last-mentioned author, wishing to lay down a certain rule to indicate the degree of drunkenness to which a man must arrive in order to constitute it a mortal sin, says : 'I think that a man is perfectly drunk, and in mortal sin, when he can no longer distinguish between another man and a load of hay.' And as this theologian is not condemned by Rome, he is an authority to be followed. On the sixth commandment (the seventh of the Bible) we were to be guided by the rules given by Bouvier in his treatise on that precept. *A more abominable book I believe does not exist, and its study was not to be entered upon till we had received those orders which bound us to the Romish Church for life.*"

No wonder that the same witness, at a later date, should say : "I visited the dean and the other priests of the canton, and *charity forbids me to reveal all that I saw and heard in their social intercourse;* suffice it to say, that after continuing to frequent their society for some time, I found myself completely unhappy." What could be expected from such training? M. Stilmant was by this time spiritually awakened, and therefore, happily for him, he was miserable; but how many young men would first be seared and then take pleasure in wickedness! Yet these are

the instructors of millions bearing the name of Christ! The instructors systematically made worse than the people to be taught! How truly is there here "the working of Satan," under the name of religion!

Had we nothing else, the two classes of facts to which we refer would stamp the *character* of Rome, and, be it remembered, stamp it not in the obsolete past, but in the living present, and that in two of the most important countries of modern Popery—Belgium and France. Here young men training for the ministry are denied the best of books—the Book of books—the Word of God; yea, taught to despise and destroy it; while they are sedulously and minutely instructed in the worst, the most polluting of books, from which they should shrink with horror; nay, are taught to esteem and reverence them; and all this under the pretence of religion! What can better proclaim the character of Rome? Surely there is nothing in the religions of heathenism more contradictory—morally and spiritually more fatal. Well might Cecil declare Popery "Satan's master-piece." It is at every point the antagonist of Christ; and yet, after all the struggles of the Reformation, in the midst of the light and freedom of the nineteenth century, the leading statesmen of Britain and the great mass of her legislators, in spite of every remonstrance, welcome Popery anew into the constitution of these lands, and bestow upon her power and permanency, as if she were the very pillar of divine truth. What good can be expected from such a course?—rather, what evils may not be dreaded? Meanwhile, it is well to know the true existing character of Rome.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS;
OR,
THE VOYAGE OF THE "MAYFLOWER."

[This admirable sketch of the sufferings and hardships of the first emigrant Puritans, compelled by persecution to leave their native land, is understood to be from the pen of the Rev. Dr Vaughan of London. It forms part of a singularly interesting article in the first Number of the *British Quarterly Review*.]

On the 6th of September, 1620, the "Mayflower" sailed from Plymouth, and made her way, with a fair wind, to the south-west, until the faint headlands of Old England became to the pilgrims like so much faded cloud, and at length wholly disappeared. They had most of them sighed farewell to the coast of their mother country before, when they had fled from her shores in search of a resting-place in Holland; but this farewell must have been uttered with a deeper feeling, as being more like their last!

The voyage was long, rough, and painful, and at more than one time perilous. In the ninth week the pilgrims came within sight of land, which, on a nearer approach, proved to be that of Cape Cod. The Hudson River, their place of destination, lay farther southward. But the weary voyager, on regaining the sight of the green earth, is eager to plant his foot upon it. The pilgrims yielded to this impulse, and as they reached the shore, "fell upon their knees, and blessed the God of heaven, who had brought them over the vast and furious ocean, and delivered them from many perils and miseries." It is not too much to say, that in that first prayer from the soil of the New World, ascending from so feeble a brotherhood amidst a wilderness so desolate, there were the seeds of a new civilization for mankind, the elements of all freedom for all nations, and the power which in its turn shall regenerate all the empires of the earth. Half a day was thus spent. The pilgrims then urged the captain to pursue his course southward. But the Dutch had resolved to establish settlements of their own in those parts, and had bribed the commander to frustrate the purpose of the colonists in that respect. This he did by entangling the ship amidst shoals and breakers, instead of putting out to sea, and foul weather coming on in the early part of the second day, they were driven back to the Cape. It was now the middle of November. The shelter offered at the Cape was inviting. The captain became impatient to dispose of his company and return. He admonished them that nothing should induce him to expose himself and his men to the hazard of wanting provisions. Unless they meant, therefore, that he should at once set them and their goods on shore and leave them to their course, it would behove them to adopt their own measures and to act upon them without delay. They knew that the documents they had brought with them from England gave them no authority to attempt a settlement on the land now before them; but the plea of necessity was upon them, and was more than enough to justify them in selecting a home wherever it might be found. The voyage had reduced most of them to a weak and sickly condition. The wild country, as they gazed upon it from their ship, was seen to be covered with thickets and dense woods, and already wore the aspect of winter. No medical aid awaited them on that shore—no friendly greetings; but hardship and danger in every form. They felt that their safety, and such poor comfort as might be left to them, must depend in their power to confide in God and in each other. Hence, before they left the "Mayflower," they constituted themselves, as subjects of "their dread sovereign lord, King James," into a body politic, and bound themselves to such obedience in all things as the majority should impose. The men all signed the instrument drawn up for this purpose; but they did not exceed forty-one in number—themselves and their families numbering one hundred and one.

Mr John Carver was chosen as their governor for one year, and the first act of the new chief was to place himself at the head of sixteen armed men, for the purpose of exploring the country. When they had extended their inspections to somewhat more than a mile from the coast, they discovered five Indians, whom they followed several miles farther, in the hope of bringing them to some friendly communication; but without success. Directing their steps again towards the shore, they came to a cleared space, where some families of Indians had been not long since resident. But no spot proper to become their home presented itself. One of their number saw a young tree bent down to the earth, apparently by artificial means, and being curious to know what this thing meant, the white man ventured near, when on a sudden the tree sprung up, and in a moment our good pilgrim was seen suspended by the heel in the air. He had been caught in an Indian deer-trap, and we can suppose that even so grave a company would be somewhat amused at such an incident, especially when they had fully extricated their incautious brother without further mischief.

The Bay of Cape Cod is formed by a tongue of land, which juts out from the continent for thirty miles directly eastward into the sea; it then curves

to the north, and stretches as a still narrower strip in that direction to about the same extent. The bay itself, accordingly, is somewhere about thirty miles across either way; being bounded by the mainland on the west, by a curved tongue of land on the south and east, and being open to the sea, in its full width, on the north. The second exploring expedition from the "Mayflower" was made with a boat, under the direction of the master, and consisted of thirty men. They sailed several leagues along the coast without discovering any inlet which could serve the purpose of a harbour. In running up a small creek, sufficient to receive boats, but too shallow for shipping, they saw two huts, formed with stakes and covered with mats, which, on their approach, were hastily deserted by the natives who inhabited them. Some of the company would have attempted a settlement at that point, the ground being already cleared, and the place being such as promised to be healthy, while it admitted of being put into a posture of defence. The setting in of winter, of which the colonists were made more sensible every day, manifestly prompted this counsel. But others advised that an excursion should be made twenty leagues northward, where it was certain they might secure good harbours and fishing stations. The boat, however, returned, and a third expedition, which should go round the shores of the whole bay, was resolved upon.

The chief of the colonists were of this company; Carver, Bradford, Winslow, and Standish—all afterwards men of renown—were of the number, with eight or ten seamen. It was the 6th of December when they descended from the deck of the "Mayflower" to the boat. So extreme was the cold, that the spray of the sea, as it fell on them, became ice, and was shaken in heavy fragments from their apparel, which at times was so overlaid as to give them the appearance of men clad in mail. The landscape, as they coasted along, presented little to attract them. Its forests were black and leafless, and its open spaces were covered with snow more than half a foot deep. As they looked round on that scene, they had to remember that they were five hundred miles from the nearest English settlement, and that Port Royal, the nearest French colony, was at a still greater distance. In prospect of such a region, they might well have prayed that their landing might not be in winter—but such was their lot. That day they reached the spot now known by the name of Billingsgate Point, at the bottom of the bay. Landing in the evening, they passed the night on shore without disturbance. In the morning they divided their company, and directing their course westward, some coasted along in the boat, and others explored the land, crossing its snow-covered hills, and threading its dells and forests with no little difficulty. But this second day was as barren of discovery as the preceding. In the evening, they ran the boat into a creek, and constructing a barricade of trees and logs, they all slept on shore.

They rose at five in the morning, and continued in their prayers till daybreak, when suddenly loud and strange cries were heard, and a shower of arrows was poured in upon them. The Indians had attacked them. They seized their arms; but had not more than four muskets with them, the remainder being left in the boat. The assailants did not disperse on the first fire. One of them, with great courage and dexterity, took his position behind a tree, withstood three volleys, and discharged three arrows in return. But the object of the enemy was to scare rather than to conquer, and when they had retired, the pilgrims again bowed themselves in prayer and thanksgiving before God. They now committed themselves to their third day of search.

Nearly fifty miles of coast they inspected; but the long-sought good—a convenient harbour—was still undiscovered. The pilot, however, had visited those regions before, and assured them, that if they would trust themselves to his guidance, they would reach a good haven before night. But the elements did not seem to favour this prediction. The heavens became dark; heavy rain and snow begin to fall; the wind becomes boisterous; the sea swells; and in the tossings which follow, the rudder is broken, and the boat must now be steered by oars. The men look with anxiety to the sky, the sea, and the land; but all is gloomy, pitiless, and menacing. The storm increases. It is perilous to bear much sail; but all that can be borne must be spread, or it will be in vain to dream of reaching the expected shelter before night. A sudden wave throws the boat upon the wind; in a moment her mast is rifted into three pieces. Mast, sail and tackling are cut away with the utmost speed, and are seen floating on the distant waves. The tide, however, is favourable; but the pilot in dismay would now run the boat on shore, in a cove full of breakers. The moment is as the hinge of life to all on board. A stout-hearted seamen exclaims: "If you are men, about with her, or we are gone!" The words are electric; the prow of the boat is again turned to the elements; they make their way through the surf; and within an hour they enter a fair sound, and shelter themselves under the lee of a small rise of land. It is now dark; the rain beats furiously; that dimly seen shore is the home, probably, of savage men; to descend upon it and to kindle a fire must be perilous—may be fatal. But the men are so wet, so cold, so exhausted! They resolve to land. With difficulty the newly-gathered wood is made to send forth its welcome glow, and then they make such provision as they may for the night.

As the day began to dawn, they found the place on which they had landed to be a small island within the entrance of a harbour. This day was Saturday, and many of their company were so weak and sickly that the greater part of it was given to rest, and to such preparations as were necessary for exploring the country. But the next day, being the Sabbath, could not be so employed. The pilgrims felt the advancing season, knew the haste of the captain and crew to return, and remembered the suspense of their families and brethren, from whom they had now been absent three days; but nothing could induce them to overlook the claims of the Christian's day of rest. On the morning of Monday, the 11th of December (old style), these fathers landed at a point, to which they gave the name of New Plymouth, in grateful memory of the hospitality shown them in the last English port from which they sailed. On that spot they resolved to fix their settlement. The anniversary of their landing still calls forth the gratitude and reverence of their posterity, and the rock on which they first planted their foot may be seen within an appropriate enclosure in front of a building of the modern town, which bears the name of the Pilgrims' Hall.

In a few days the "Mayflower" entered the harbour of New Plymouth; but the shore was such, that in landing their goods it was necessary the men should wade considerably in water; which added greatly to the subsequent sickness among them. On the 19th, all quited the ship, and were immediately employed in building a storehouse—in raising small dwelling-houses, and in disposing of the adjacent ground.

But intent as the settlers were on raising their places of abode, their labour in that respect proceeded slowly. The season of the year left them only short days, and often on those days only brief intervals, between the storms of sleet and snow, that could be so employed. Nearly all were suffering from fevers, and coughs, and general sickness,

brought on by long exposure to unwonted hardships. As the cold increased, disease strengthened, and deaths became frequent. The comparatively healthy were little able to bestow the required attention on the sick, and every funeral was as if the dying had been called to the burying of the dead. At one season, there were not more than seven persons capable of performing such offices. Among those who were the earliest cut off, was a son of Carver, the governor. His own sickness and death soon followed, and then his affectionate wife sunk broken-hearted to the grave. Carver was a man of a noble and generous nature. He had sold considerable estates, and had assigned the whole value to the benefit of his companions. In all their trouble, no man descended more readily to the humblest service in behalf of the meanest. The mourning colonists buried him with such military honours as they could command, discharging several volleys of musketry over his grave. William Bradford, the subsequent historian of the colony, was chosen his successor. But in the course of this melancholy winter, of the hundred and one settlers, fifty were removed by death!

In March the cold abated; the wind came from the south, and "the birds sung pleasantly in the woods." The "Mayflower" now left the harbour, and returned to England. But after so many had fallen victims to exposure and climate, the remainder were in danger of perishing from want. In the autumn new emigrants arrived. They came without provision. The pilgrim families could not see them die of hunger, and, during six months, they all subsisted on half allowance only. "I have seen men stagger," says Winslow, "by reason of faintness for want of food." At one juncture, it appeared to be their doom that famine should destroy them. They were saved by the compassion of fishermen, whom foul weather had driven to their coast. Nor did these things soon end. Even in the third year of their settlement, their provisions were so far spent, that, in their own language, "they knew not at night where to find a bit in the morning." It is said, that in the spring of 1623, they were reduced to the last pint of corn. That precious pittance, we are told, was parched, and distributed equally among them, and yielded them five grains a-piece. In the summer of that year they had no corn whatever, during a space of three or four months. When some of their old friends from Leyden arrived to join them, a piece of fish, with a cup of spring-water, but without bread, was the best supply to which they could bid them welcome. Yet their heart drooped not. The God who had tried them would not forsake them. Such was their faith, and such has become their history.

One cause of this protracted suffering was the common property system, on which the settlement had been founded. Even in a colony of pilgrims, such a merging of the individual in the general interest was found to be too large a demand on the self-denial of human nature. Religion and philosophy may dream of communities as prospering on such a basis, but it will be all a dream. Amidst the extreme privations of the spring of 1623, it was resolved that this policy should be abandoned. Each family was in future to possess its own piece of land, and to reap the fruit of its own toil. Contentment and general activity were the result. Even women and children went into the work of the field, and before many more springs had passed, the corn raised in the neighbourhood of New Plymouth became an important article of traffic.

Happily, the danger of the colonists from the Indians in those early days was not considerable. Had they proceeded, according to their original intention, to the Hudson River, the tribes in possession of those parts were so powerful as to leave little room to doubt that the fate of so feeble a company would have been to perish by the weapons of the natives. But in the neighbourhood of New Plymouth, the tribe which had for some time peopled that district had been of late almost wholly swept away by the ravages of the small-pox. Some small groups of Indians hovered at intervals in the neighbourhood of New Plymouth, from the time when the pilgrims took up their abode in it; but it was not until the 16th of March, about three months after their landing, that the first conference took place between the strangers and a native. On that day an Indian, who had learned a little English from some English fishermen, entered the town. His bow and arrows were in his hand; but his manner, while erect and self-possessed, was peaceful. He exclaimed, and repeated the exclamation: "Welcome, English!" The name of this man was Samoset; the country of his tribe extended to about five days' journey distant. The settlers showed their best hospitality to the visitor, and obtained from him information concerning the nature of the country, and the number and condition of its inhabitants. Some days afterwards, Samoset revisited the colony, bringing along with him several of his countrymen. The chief of this company wore a wild cat-skin on his arm, as the badge of his superiority; the rest were partially clothed in deer-skins, but Samoset was naked, with the exception of a garment of leather worn about his waist. Their hair was short in front, but hung a great length down their backs. They are described as being tall, well-formed men, of a gipsy-colour in complexion. The colonists feasted their visitors, and their visitors, in return, amused them with some Indian dances; and, on taking their leave, promised to bring Massasoiet, their king, to pay his respects to his new neighbours very soon.

[Massasoiet soon visited them; and treaties being made with the Indian chiefs, the colony, under the Divine blessing, prospered beyond measure.]

"Friendly and prosperous colonies rose at convenient distances on either side of them; and before the oldest of the pilgrims was removed by death, it became manifest that the small company which left England in the 'Mayflower,' had been the means of founding a new empire in the New World—an empire not only additional to all that had gone before, but different in its spirit, its institutions, and its religion, from all that had hitherto obtained a place in history."

FAITH, PRAISE, AND PRAYER.

Each branch of piety delight inspires:
Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next,
O'er death's dark gulf, and all its horror hides;
Praise, the sweet exhalation of our joy,
That joy exalts, and makes it sweeter still;
Prayer ardent opens heaven—lets down a stream
Of glory on the consecrated hour
Of man in audience with the Deity.
Who worships the great God, that instant joins
The first in heaven, and sets his foot on hell.

YOUNG.

THE TRIAL OF GALILEO.

WHEN Galileo first announced his discovery of the satellites of Jupiter, the majority of the astronomers of the age refused to believe in its truth; and, even when these were shown to them through the telescope of the philosopher, they asserted and maintained it to be a mere optical delusion. "There are only *seven*

apertures in the head," argued Sizzi, an astronomer of Florence; "*two* eyes, *two* ears, *two* nostrils, and *one* mouth; there are only *seven* metals; there are only *seven* days in the week; from which we gather that the number of planets is *necessarily* seven. Moreover the satellites are invisible to the naked eye, and, therefore, can exercise no influence on the earth, and *therefore*, would be useless, and, *therefore*, do not exist." * The principal professor of philosophy at Padua, having by similar arguments come to a similar conclusion, refused to look through the telescope at all. "O my dear Kepler," says Galileo in a letter to his enlightened and generous cotemporary, "how I wish that we could have one hearty laugh together. Here, at Padua, is the principal professor of philosophy, whom I have repeatedly and urgently requested to look at the moon and planets through my glass, which he pertinaciously refuses to do. Why are you not here? What shouts of laughter we should have at this glorious folly! and to hear the professor of philosophy at Pisa labouring before the grand duke with arguments, as if with magical incantations to charm the new planets out of the sky!"

Again, when he turned his telescope to the moon, and discovered that it, so far from being smooth and polished, as the philosophy of the schools had taught, and as was universally believed, really resembled our earth in its structure—being made up of mountain ranges, and valleys, and lesser inequalities—the whole herd of so-called philosophers took up arms against him. The moon, they said, *was* smooth and spherical, and Galileo, in asserting it to be rugged and unequal, was impiously taking delight in "distorting and ruining the fairest works of nature." It was to no purpose that he reasoned from the analogy of the structure of our earth, and maintained that absolute smoothness and sphericity would make it "not only less perfect than it is, but as far from being perfect as possible." "What else," he exclaimed, "would it be, but a vast unblessed desert, void of animals, of plants, of cities, and of men—the abode of silence and inaction—senseless, lifeless, soulless, and stripped of all those ornaments, which make it now so varied and so beautiful?" To all this the philosophers of the schools said: "No; such things are not, and cannot be." One opponent of Galileo, Ludovico delle Colombe, having looked through the telescope, perceived that, if his senses were to be believed at all, the irregularities alleged by Galileo were actual and undeniable. But, so far from abandoning the old theory in consequence, he held it as firmly as ever, maintaining that every part of the moon which to the terrestrial observer appeared hollow and sunken, was in fact entirely and exactly filled up with a clear crystal substance, perfectly imperceptible by the senses, but which restored to the moon her accurately spherical and smooth surface!

When, at a later period, he announced his discovery of spots on the sun's disc, the same blind and irrational denial was given, and the same keenness of hostility manifested. Determined to adhere in all points, great or small, and in the face of all evidence, to the lessons and deductions of the Aristotelian system, the philosophers and ecclesiastics of the day reckoned and attacked as the enemy of truth and of the Church, any man who—shaking himself free of restraints which compelled all whom they held in bondage to consecrate errors because of their antiquity—dared to think, and observe, and philosophize for himself. Galileo altogether baffled his opponents; and, feeling his superiority, held them in contempt. "Your Eminence," wrote Querenghi to the Cardinal d'Este, "would be delighted with Galileo if you heard him holding forth, as he often does, in the midst of fifteen or twenty, all violently attacking him, sometimes in one house, sometimes in another. But he is armed after such fashion that he laughs all of them to scorn; and even if the novelty of his opinions prevents entire persuasion, at least he convicts of emptiness most of the arguments with which his adversaries endeavour to overwhelm him." And yet, in the end, Galileo became the victim of their ignorance and bigotry. The Pope of Rome took up the quarrel against him; and he who, with both the truth and the talent on his side, had scattered on the field of argument the whole host of his adversaries, at last fell before the power of the Church, and under the terrors of the Inquisition.

It was the belief of the age that the earth was immovably fixed in the centre of the universe, and that the sun, and moon, and planets were carried round it, fixed each to a separate orb of solid but transparent matter. Towards the beginning of the sixteenth century, Copernicus had discovered and proclaimed the incorrectness of this belief, affirming that, instead of the sun moving round the earth, the earth itself was but a planet revolving round the sun, which, and not the earth, was the centre of the system. The speculations of Copernicus had excited no small attention at the time; but when Galileo first embraced them, they were scouted by almost all as the mere fancies of a star-gazer; so much so, that, for some years, even he was afraid to own himself a convert. At length, however, he did so. The excitement occasioned was immense. The defenders of the ancient philosophy and faith rose on every side, and showered on the philosopher their arguments and invectives. "The Aristotelian professors, the temporizing Jesuits, the political Churchmen, and that timid but respectable body who at all times dread innovation, whether it be in religion or in science, entered into an alliance against the philosophical tyrant who threatened them with the penalties of knowledge." * It was in vain. In argument, they were as nothing in his hands, and even the fierceness of their invective was more than matched by the keenness of his sarcasm. Every opponent whom he encountered he vanquished, and that so evidently, that large numbers of the more intelligent and unprejudiced were attracted to his standard, and every successive year the reign of the old philosophy seemed nearer to its close.

But Rome took the alarm. From the beginning she had regarded the conflict with uneasiness. She dreaded anything that tended to unsettle the minds of her adherents on doctrines which had hitherto been among those most surely believed. The ghost of Martin Luther seemed to rise with every theory, whether in philosophy or religion, which at all clashed

* Drinkwater's Life of Galileo, p. 28.

* Martyrs of Science. By Sir David Brewster, p. 58.

with previous belief, or seemed to contradict the decrees of the Church. She saw that if Galileo succeeded in convincing the popular mind that the philosophy of the Church had been false, it might, without any great effort, go further, and suspect that the same might hold good of her theology, the more especially as that philosophy was made by her to rest upon the authority of Scripture, of which she declared herself the sole and infallible interpreter. Such consequences she thought she could prevent by now interposing against the philosopher, before his theories made further progress. Accordingly, his case was taken up by the Inquisition, whose duty it was to "search out and punish all heretical pravity." Proofs of his heresy were collected from his published works and other sources, and in the year 1616, while Galileo was at Rome, the Lords of the Inquisition came to the following decision on the subject:—

"1. The proposition that the sun is in the centre of the world, and immovable from its place, is absurd, philosophically false, and formally heretical; because it is expressly contrary to the Holy Scripture.

"2. The proposition that the earth is not the centre of the world, nor immovable, but that it moves, and also with a diurnal motion, is also absurd, philosophically false, and, theologically considered, at least erroneous in faith."

And this decision they followed up by ordering him "to relinquish altogether these false opinions, and in future neither to defend nor teach them in any manner." To have refused to obey this order would have been certain death; for the Inquisition was never opposed without involving such an end; and for the time Galileo submitted.

"It is in vain," said Pascal, in one of his celebrated Provincial Letters, "it is in vain that you have procured against Galileo a decree from Rome, condemning his opinion of the earth's motion. Assuredly, that will never prove it to be at rest; and if we have unerring observations that it turns round, not all mankind together can keep it from turning, nor themselves from turning with it." With a similar thought Galileo consoled himself when condemned, yet unconvinced, he returned home to Florence. Here he resumed his astronomical observations, and in a short time, confirmed in his conviction of the truth of the theory which he had espoused, and of which he considered himself the depositary, resolved on preparing a work, in which, collecting all the physical proofs of the motion of the earth, and the constitution of the heavens, he might make one last attempt to silence, and, if possible, convince his adversaries. He was engaged for sixteen years in its preparation; and, at the end of that period, he gave it to the world. "All that the finest genius could imagine in point of ingenuity, or the purest taste admit in point of elegance, he employed to render the truth attractive."* And, in order to shield himself, if possible, from persecution, he published it in the form of a dialogue between three individuals, one of whom strongly maintained the old Peripatetic theory.

But such precautions did not avail him. The Inquisition was again upon him; and in the beginning of 1633, he was summoned to appear at Rome, to answer for his temerity. He was then an old man, bordering on seventy years of age, and wasted and broken down by disease. Nicolini, the Tuscan ambasador at the Court of Rome, interceded for him, that when so old and so infirm, he might be spared, in the midst of winter, the fatigue and pain of such a journey—the more especially as to these would be added the discomfort incident on keeping quarantine, which, owing to the breaking out of the plague, had been established between Rome and Florence. But no; Rome, determined on victimizing him, was inexorable. He must appear personally and immediately. Accordingly, Galileo left Florence, and arrived in Rome at the beginning of February. His arrival was announced on the 14th, to the assessor and commissary of the holy office; but he was not called before them to be examined till April. His examination, when entered on, lasted ten days, and the decision of the Inquisition was not pronounced till about two months afterwards. During that time, Galileo resided with Nicolini, but was allowed to do so only on the condition that he would live in strict seclusion—not being allowed at any time to leave the house, unless special permission were obtained. On the evening of the 20th of June, he was again summoned to the "holy office," and on the 22d his case was brought to a conclusion. In the morning of that day, he was visited by one of the keepers, who brought with him a penitential dress, with which the venerable philosopher had to invest himself. It consisted of a black garment, stripped with white lines, denoting his grief and repentance, and covered by a habit of sackcloth marked with a red cross on the back and breast. A rope was also put round his neck, and an extinguished taper placed in his hand;* and, thus arrayed and accoutred, the sage was led into the presence of the Inquisitors. The chief of them, then, commanding his attention, read the following sentence, upon which, after so long deliberation, they had resolved, viz.:—

"We, the undersigned, by the grace of God cardinals of the holy Roman Church, inquisitors general throughout the whole Christian Republic, special deputies of the holy Apostolical Chair against heretical depravity.

"Whereas you, Galileo, son of the late Vincenzo Galilei of Florence, aged seventy years, were denounced in 1615 to this holy office, for holding as true a false doctrine taught by many, namely, that the sun is immovable in the centre of the world, and that the earth moves, and also with a diurnal motion; also, for having pupils whom you instructed in the same opinions; also, for maintaining a correspondence on the same with some German mathematicians; also for publishing certain letters on the solar spots, in which you developed the same doctrine as true; also, for answering the objections which were continually produced from the Holy Scriptures, by glozing the said Scriptures according to your own meaning; and whereas thereupon was produced the copy of a writing, in form of a letter, professedly written by you to a person formerly your pupil, in

* Encyclopædia Britannica—art. *Galileo.*

* The rope tied round the neck of the penitent signified that his mind, possessed by the craftiness of the devil, had been given to sin, as his body was tied with ropes. The extinguished taper signified that the light of the faith had been altogether extinguished in the penitent's mind, by the sin of heresy and infidelity.—*Limborch's History of the Inquisition.*

which, following the hypotheses of Copernicus, you include several propositions contrary to the true sense and authority of the Holy Scripture: therefore this holy tribunal being desirous of providing against the disorder and mischief which was thence proceeding and increasing, to the detriment of the holy faith, by the desire of his Holiness, and of the most eminent lords cardinals of this supreme and universal Inquisition, the two propositions of the stability of the sun, and motion of the earth, were *qualified* by the *theological qualifiers* as follows:—

"1. *The proposition that the sun is in the centre of the world, and immovable from its place, is absurd, philosophically false, and formally heretical; because it is expressly contrary to the Holy Scripture.*

"2. *The proposition that the earth is not the centre of the world, nor immovable, but that it moves, and also with a diurnal motion, is also absurd, philosophically false, and, theologically considered, at least erroneous in faith.*"

"But whereas being pleased at that time to deal mildly with you, it was decreed in the Holy Congregation, held before his Holiness on the 25th day of February 1616, that his eminence the Lord Cardinal Bellarmine should enjoin you to give up altogether the said false doctrine; if you should refuse, that you should be ordered by the commissary of the holy office to relinquish it, not to teach it to others, nor to defend it, nor ever mention it; and in default of acquiescence, that you should be imprisoned: and in execution of this decree, on the following day at the palace, in presence of his eminence the said Lord Cardinal Bellarmine, after you had been mildly admonished by the said lord cardinal, you were commanded by the acting commissary of the holy office, before a notary and witnesses, to relinquish altogether the said false opinion, and in future neither to defend nor teach it in any manner, neither verbally nor in writing; and upon your promising obedience you were dismissed.

"And in order that so pernicious a doctrine might be altogether rooted out, nor insinuate itself further, to the heavy detriment of the Catholic truth, a decree emanated from the Holy Congregation of the Index, prohibiting the books which treat of this doctrine; and it was declared false, and altogether contrary to the holy and divine Scripture.

"And whereas a book has since appeared, published at Florence last year, the title of which showed that you were the author—which title is: *The Dialogue of Galileo Galilei, on the two principal systems of the world, the Ptolemaic and Copernican;* and whereas the Holy Congregation has heard that, in consequence of the printing of the said book, *the false opinion of the earth's motion and stability of the sun is daily gaining ground*, the said book has been taken into careful consideration, and in it has been detected a glaring violation of the said order, which had been intimated to you; inasmuch as in this book you have defended the said opinion, already and in your presence condemned; although in the said book you labour with many circumlocutions to induce the belief that it is left by you undecided, and in express terms probable; which is equally a very grave error, since an opinion can in no way be probable which has been already *declared and finally determined contrary to the divine Scripture.* Therefore by our order you have been cited to this holy office, where, on your examination upon oath, you have acknowledged the said book as written and printed by you," &c., &c.

The sentence then proceeded to cite his excuses as aggravations of his crime, and concluded thus:—

"Therefore, having seen and maturely considered the merits of your cause, with your confessions and excuses, and everything else which ought to be seen and considered, we have come to the underwritten final sentence against you:—

"Invoking, therefore, the most holy name of our Lord Jesus Christ, and of his most glorious virgin mother Mary, by this our final sentence, which, sitting in council and judgment for the tribunal of the reverend masters of sacred theology and doctors of both laws, our assessors, we put forth in this writing touching the matters and controversies before us, between the magnificent Charles Sincerus, doctor of both laws, fiscal proctor of this holy office of the one part, and you, Galileo Galilei, an examined and confessed criminal from this present writing now in progress, as above, of the other part, we pronounce, judge, and declare, that you, the said Galileo, by reason of those things which have been detailed in the course of this writing, and which, as above, you have confessed, have rendered yourself vehemently suspected by this holy office of heresy; that is to say, that you believe and hold the false doctrine, and contrary to the holy and divine Scriptures, namely, that the sun is the centre of the world, and that it does not move from east to west, and that the earth does move, and is not the centre of the world; also, that an opinion can be held and supported as probable after it has been declared and finally decreed contrary to the holy Scripture; and consequently, that you have incurred all the censures and penalties enjoined and promulgated in the sacred canons, and other general and particular constitutions against delinquents of this description. From which it is our pleasure that you be absolved, provided that, first, with a sincere heart and unfeigned faith, in our presence, you abjure, curse, and detest the said errors and heresies, and every other error and heresy contrary to the Catholic and Apostolic Church of Rome, in the form now shown to you.

"But that your grievous and pernicious error and transgression may not go altogether unpunished, and that you may be made more cautious in future, and may be a warning to others to abstain from delinquencies of this sort, we decree that the book of the Dialogues of Galileo Galilei be prohibited by a public edict; and we condemn you to the formal prison of this holy office, for a period determinable at our pleasure; and, by way of salutary penance, we order you, during the next three years, to recite, once a-week, the seven penitential psalms, reserving to ourselves the power of moderating, commuting, or taking off the whole or part of the said punishment and penance.

"And so we say, pronounce, and by our sentence declare, decree, and reserve, in this and in every other better form and manner, which lawfully we may and can use.

"So we, the subscribing cardinals, pronounce.

FELIX, *Cardinal di Ascoli.*
GUIDO, *Cardinal Bentivoglio.*
DESIDERIO, *Cardinal di Cremona.*
ANTONIO, *Cardinal S. Onofrio.*
BERLINGERO, *Cardinal Gessi.*
FABRICIO, *Cardinal Verospi.*
MARTINO, *Cardinal Ginetti.*"

There are not wanting suspicions that Galileo was brought to abjure the truth which he held, by means of the torture. At all events, there can be no doubt that had he refused to do so, he would have been consigned forthwith to the stake. He did abjure. He was ordered to fall on his knees before his judges. Before him was placed the book of the Gospels, and putting one hand on it, he, at their command, read his deed of abjuration. A friend was beside him; and, it is said, that rising from his knees and turning to him, the philosopher, in an earnest whisper, ex-

claimed: "Still it moves." And he was right. If heresy there was at all, the universe was the heretic, and not Galileo.

Copies of his sentence and abjuration were dispersed over all the Continent, and ordered to be publicly read at several universities. His works were placed in the list of those forbidden. The exultation of his enemies was great; and thus, for a time, the false philosophy triumphed over the true. Galileo, afterwards struck with blindnesss, spent the remainder of his life in the prison of a forced retirement, and, oppressed with the weight of years and misfortunes, died in 1642.

DEATH OPENING THE GATE OF LIFE.

DEATH, the old serpent's son,
Thou hadst a sting once, like thy sire,
That carry'd hell and ever-burning fire:
But those black days are done;
Thy foolish spite bury'd thy sting
In the profound and wide
Wound of our Saviour's side.
And now that thou art become a tame and harmless thing;
A thing we dare not fear,
Since we hear
That our triumphant God, to punish thee
For the affront thou didst him on the tree,
Hath snatch'd the keys of hell out of thy hand,
And made thee stand
A porter at the gate of life, thy mortal enemy.
O Thou, who art that gate, command that he
May, when we die,
And thither flie,
Let us into the courts of heaven through thee!
Hallelujah.

TAYLOR.

THE CHRISTIAN SLAVE.

BY THE REV. JOHN TODD, PHILADELPHIA.

THE sun had set, and I began to be anxious to find a place of rest for the night, after a day's ride under a sultry sun. I was travelling in South Carolina, and was now not far from a branch of the Cooper River. The country here is a dead level, and its surface is covered with thinly scattered pines. I came to an old church—it stood solitary; not a house in sight: it was built of wood, and much decayed. The breezes of evening were gently sighing through the tops of the long-leafed pines which stood near; while, still nearer stood several large live oaks, which spread out their aged arms, as if to shelter what was sacred. On their limbs hung in graceful folds the long grey moss, as if a mantle of mourning, waving over a few decayed tombs at the east side of the church. These oaks give the place a very sombre and awful appearance; they seemed to stand as silent mourners over the dust of generations that had sunk into the grave, and waiting in solemn expectation that others would soon come and lie beneath their shade in the long sleep of death. The time of day, and the sacredness of the spot, were so congenial to my own feelings, that I involuntarily stopped my horse.

My curiosity was now excited by seeing a very aged Negro standing and gazing steadily on a small decaying tomb; he seemed to be intent, and did not observe me; his woolly locks were whitened by age; his countenance was manly, though it bore the marks of sorrow; he was leaning on his smooth-worn staff, the companion of many years. I was somewhat surprised on seeing this aged African silently meditating among the vestiges of the dead, and accordingly roused him from his reverie. He started at first, but his confidence was soon gained. There is a spring in the bosom of every Christian, which throws a joy into his heart whenever he meets a fellow-Christian during his pilgrimage here below. I found the old Negro to be an eminent Christian, and we were soon acquainted. I inquired what motive induced him, at that hour of the day, to visit these tombs. Instead of answering my question directly, he gave me the following account of himself in broken language:—

About sixty years ago this Negro was living under his paternal roof in Africa; he was the son of a chief of a small tribe—the pride of his parents, and the delight of his countrymen. None could more dexterously throw the dart; none more skilfully guide the fragile canoe over the bosom of the deep. He was not far from twenty years of age, when, on a fair summer's morn, he went in his little canoe to spend the day in fishing. About noon he paddled his bark to the shore, and under the shade of a beautiful palmetto tree, he reclined, till the heat of noonday should be past. He was young, healthy, and active; he knew none whom he dreaded; he was a stranger to fear, and he dreamed only of security, as he slept under the shade of his own native tree. Thus, while our sky is encircled with the bow of happiness, we forget that it may soon be overspread with darkness. When this African awoke, he found his hands bound behind him—his feet fettered, and himself surrounded by several white men, who were conveying him on board of their ship;—it was a slave ship. The vessel had her cargo completed, and was ready to sail. As they were unfurling the sails, the son of Africa, with many others of his countrymen, for the last time cast his eyes upon his native shores. Futurity was dark, was uncertain—was despair. His bosom thrilled with anguish, as he threw his last farewell look over the plains of his native country. There was his native spot where he had lived; there the home of his infancy and childhood; there the place where he had inhaled his earliest breath; and to tear him from these, seemed like breaking the very strings of his heart.

After a melancholy passage, during which this African was forced to wear double the irons, and to receive double the number of lashes that any of his companions received, on account of his refractory spirit, he was at length landed, and sold to a planter in the place where he now resides. There is nothing new, nothing novel or interesting that ever takes place in the life of a slave—describe one day, and you write the history of a slave. The sun, indeed, continues to roll over him; but it sheds upon him no new joys, no new prospects, no new hopes. So it was with the subject of this narrative. His master was naturally a man of a very humane disposition, but his overseers were often little else than compounds of vice and cruelty. In this situation, the Negro lost all his natural independence and bravery. He often attempted to run away, but was as often taken and punished. Having no cultivated mind, to which he could look for consolation—knowing of no change that was ever to take place in his situation, he settled down in gloominess. Often would he send a silent sigh for the home of his youth; but his path showed but few marks of happiness, and few rays of hope for futurity were drawn by Fancy's hand. Sunk in despondency and vice, he was little above the brutes around him.

In this situation, he was accidentally met by the good minister of the parish, who addressed him as a

rational and immortal being, and pressed upon him the first principles of religion. This was a new subject; for he had never before looked beyond the narrow bounds before him, nor had he ever dreamed of a world beyond this. After a long conversation on this subject, the minister made him promise that he would now "*attend to his soul.*"

The clergyman could not, for many months after this, obtain an interview with his new pupil, who most carefully shunned him. But though afraid to meet his minister, he still felt an arrow of conviction in his heart. Wherever he went, whether asleep or awake, to use his own words, his promise—"Me take care of soul"—stuck close to him. He now began in earnest to seek "the one thing needful." By the kindness of his master he learned to read his Testament, and to inquire more about Jesus. He was now very desirous to see his minister; and before a convenient opportunity occurred, he was in such distress of mind as actually to attempt, two several times, to kill himself. His minister visited him—conversed and prayed with him.

"Oh!" he would say, "God never think such poor Negro—he no love so much sinner—he no before ever see such bad heart!" The mercy of Christ, and his compassion towards sinners, were explained to him, and his soul was filled with "joy and peace in believing." He now rejoiced and thanked God that he was brought from his native shores, as he had a fairer country and purer enjoyments presented to his view, after the scenes of this transitory world shall be over. He now became more industrious and more faithful. By uncommon industry he raised money sufficient to purchase his own freedom. He next bought the liberty of his wife, and had nearly completed paying for that of his only daughter, when she was liberated by the hand of death. His wife soon followed her, and left this world a perfect void to the husband and father. His every tie that bound him to earth was now broken. Having no earthly enjoyment, he now placed his affections on heaven above. It is easy for the Christian to make rapid progress in holiness when not fettered by worldly cares.

It was now dark, and I must leave my new acquaintance. I left him with his face wet with tears, still standing beside the tomb—the tomb of his old minister! This good man had been his faithful and constant guide, and though his ashes had been slumbering for years, the Negro had not yet forgotten how to weep at their urn. I could not but admire the goodness and the wonderful dealings of God, in order to bring men to himself. Happy minister! who hast been the instrument of covering multitudes of sins! Happy Negro! his is not this world. Though no sculptured marble may tell the traveller where he may shortly lie—though he never trod the thorny road of ambition or power—though the trumpet of fame never blew the echo of his name through a gaping world, still those eyes, which will soon be closed in death, may hereafter awake, to behold, undaunted, a world in flames, and these heavens fleeing away.

ON CHRIST'S COMING TO JERUSALEM.

LORD, come away;
Why dost thou stay?
Thy road is ready, and thy paths, made straight,
With longing expectation wait
The consecration of thy beauteous feet.
Ride on triumphantly; behold we lay
Our lusts and proud wills in the way.
Hosannah! Welcome to our hearts! Lord here
Thou hast a temple too, and full as dear
As that of Sion, and as full of sin;
Nothing but thieves and robbers dwell therein.
Enter, and chase them forth, and cleanse the floor;
Crucify them, that they may never more
Profane thy holy place,
Where thou hast chose to set thy face,
And then if our stiff tongues shall be
Mute in the praises of thy Deity,
The stones out of thy temple wall
Shall cry aloud, and call,
"Hosannah!" and thy glorious footsteps greet.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

LYING WONDERS—THE HOLY FIRE.

THE miraculous Greek fire (says Mr Calman),* which takes place on the Saturday of the Greek Easter week, serves, in the hands of the Greek and Armenian priests, the same purpose that the keys of Peter do in the hands of his skilful successors, the Popes; it unlocks every coffer and purse of the pilgrims, and renders them at the disposal of the inventors and perpetrators of this lying wonder.

To notice all that was passing within the Church of the Holy Sepulchre during the space of more than twenty-four hours, would be next to impossible; because it was one continuation of shameless madness and rioting, which would have been a disgrace to Greenwich and Smithfield fairs. Only suppose, for a moment, the mighty edifice crowded to excess with fanatic pilgrims of all the Eastern Churches, who, instead of lifting pure hands to God, without wrath and quarrelling, are led, by the petty jealousies about the precedency which they should maintain in the order of their processions, into tumults and fighting, which can only be quelled by the scourge and whip of the followers of the false prophet. Suppose, further, these thousands of devotees running from one extreme to the other—from the extreme of savage irritation to that of savage enjoyment—of mutual revellings and feasting; like Israel of old, who, when they made the golden calf, were eating, and drinking, and rising up to play. Suppose troops of men, stripped half naked to facilitate their actions, running, trotting, jumping, galloping to and fro, the breadth and length of the church; walking on their hands with their feet aloft in the air, mounting on one another's shoulders, some in a riding and some in a standing position, and by the slightest push are all sent down to the ground in one confused heap, which made one fear for their safety. Suppose, further, many of the pilgrims dressed in fur caps, like the Polish Jews, whom they feigned to represent, and whom the mob met with all manner of contempt and insult—hurrying them through the church as criminals who had been just condemned, amid loud execrations and shouts of laughter; which indicated that Israel is still a derision amongst these heathens, by whom they are still counted as sheep for the slaughter. All these, and similar proceedings, marked the introduction of this holy miraculous fire; and when questioned about the propriety of such conduct within a Christian place of worship, and with the name of religion, the priests will tell you, that they once tried to get quit of these absurdities, and the holy fire was withdrawn in consequence of it!

About two o'clock on Saturday afternoon, the preparations for the appearance of the miraculous fire commenced. The multitude, who had been heretofore in a state of frenzy and madness, became a little more quiet; but it proved a quiet that precedes a thunder-storm. Bishops and priests, in their full

* A highly respectable Jewish convert residing at Jerusalem, and well known to many in this country.

canonicals, then issued forth from their respective quarters, with flags and banners, crucifixes and crosses, lighted candles and smoking censers, to join, or rather to lead, a procession which moved thrice round the church, invoking every picture, altar, and relic in their way, to aid them in obtaining the miraculous fire. The procession then returned to the place from whence it started, and two grey-headed bishops, the one of the Greek, the other of the Armenian Church, were hurled by the soldiers through the crowd into the apartment which communicates with that of the Holy Sepulchre, where they locked themselves in; there the marvellous fire was to make its first appearance, and from thence issue through the small circular windows and the door, for the use of the multitude. The eyes of all, men, women, and children, were now directed towards the Holy Sepulchre with an anxious suspense, awaiting the issue of their expectation.

The mixed multitude, each in his or her own language, were pouring forth their clamorous prayers to the Virgin and the saints, to intercede for them on behalf of the object for which they were assembled; and the same were tenfold increased by the fanatic gestures and the waving of the garments by the priests of the respective communions who were interested in the holy fire, and who were watching by the above-mentioned door and circular windows, with torches in their hands, ready to receive the virgin flame of the heavenly fire, and convey it to their flocks. In about twenty minutes from the time the bishops locked themselves in the apartment of the Holy Sepulchre, the miraculous fire made its appearance through the door and the two small windows, as expected. The priests were the first who lighted their torches, and they set out on a gallop in the direction of their lay brethren; but some of these errandless and profitless messengers had the misfortune to be knocked down by the crowd, and had their firebrands wrested out of their hands; but some were more fortunate, and safely reached their destination, around whom the people flocked like bees, to have their candles lighted. Others, however, were not satisfied at having the holy fire second-hand, but rushed furiously towards the Holy Sepulchre, regardless of their own safety, and that of those who obstructed their way; though it has frequently happened that persons have been trampled to death on such occasions. Those who were in the galleries let down their candles by cords, and drew them up when they had succeeded in their purpose. In a few minutes thousands of flames were ascending; the smoke and the heat of which rendered the church like the bottomless pit. To satisfy themselves, as well as to convince the Latins (who grudge so profitable as well as so effectual a piece of machinery being in the hands of the schismatical Greeks and Armenians, and one which augments the power of the priests and the revenue of the convents, and who, therefore, exclaim against the miraculous fire), the pilgrims, women as well as men, shamefully expose their bare bosoms to the action of the flame of their lighted candles, to make their adversaries believe the miraculous fire differs from an ordinary one, in being perfectly harmless. The two bishops, who a little while before locked themselves in the apartment of the Holy Sepulchre, now sallied forth out of it. When the whole multitude had their candles lighted, the bishops were caught by the crowd, lifted upon their shoulders, and carried to their chapels amidst loud and triumphant acclamations. They soon, however, re-appeared, at the head of a similar procession as the one before, as a pretended thank-offering to the Almighty for the miraculous fire vouchsafed; thus daring to make God a partaker in their lie. An express messenger was immediately sent off to Bethlehem, the birth-place of Christ, to inform the brethren there, and to invite them also to offer up their tribute of thanks for the transcendent glory of the day. Thus closed the lying wonders of the holy week of Easter.*

CONFESSION OF SIN OFTEN NOT SINCERE.

A LADY came to Charles Wesley, complaining that she was the chief of sinners—the worst of transgressors—utterly lost and helpless. "I have no doubt, madam," replied he, "that you are bad enough." She instantly flew into a passion, declared that she was no worse than her neighbours, scolded the preacher as a slanderer, and, it is thought, would have boxed his ears if he had not quitted the apartment.—*The Bishop; or, Letters to a Prelate.*

A parallel passage occurs in Mrs Hannah More's "Cœlebs:"—

In the evening Mrs Ranby was lamenting, in general and rather customary terms, her own exceeding sinfulness. Mr Ranby said: "You accuse yourself rather too heavily, my dear; you have sins to be sure." "And pray what sins have I, Mr Ranby?" said she, turning upon him with so much quickness that her husband started. "Nay," said he, meekly, "I did not mean to offend you; so far from it, that, hearing you condemn yourself so grievously, I intended to comfort you, and to say that, except a few faults——" "And pray what faults?" interrupted she, continuing to speak, however, lest he should catch an interval to tell them. "My dear," replied he "as you charged yourself with all, I thought it would be letting you off easily, by naming only two or three, such as——" Here, fearing matters would go too far, I interposed; and softening things as much as I could for the lady, said: "I conceive that Mrs Ranby meant, that though she partook of the general corruption——" Here Mr Ranby, interrupting me, said: "General corruption, Sir, must be the source of particular corruption. I did not mean that my wife was worse than other women. As she is always insisting that the whole species is corrupt, she cannot help allowing that she herself has not escaped the general infection. Now, to be a sinner in the gross, and a saint in the detail—that is to have all sins and no faults—is a thing I do not quite comprehend."

Fragments.

CONVERSION TO POPERY.—A servant girl consulting Mr Rowland Hill about changing her religion to Popery, he observed to her, that he did not know before that she had any religion to change.

RICHARD BAXTER.—He talked in the pulpit with great freedom about another world, like one that had been there, and was come as a sort of an express from thence, to make a report concerning it.—*Calamy.*

ASSURANCE.—A man may have the root of saving faith within him, though he do not perceive it; as the grass that is trodden upon has as much a root as the finest flower.—*Bishop Wilson.*

THE BIBLE.—Take a plain man with an honest heart, give him the Bible, and make him conversant with it, and I will engage for him he will never be at a loss how to act agreeably to his duty in every circumstance of life.—*Warburton.*

* Herschell's Visit to my Fatherland in 1843, pp. 173-180.

Daily Bread.

FRIDAY.

"As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."—Ps. ciii. 13.

God knows the pains his servants feel,
He hears his children cry;
To help in weakness and in want,
His grace is ever nigh.

Go and ransack thy heart, Christian, from one end to the other; find out thy wants, acquaint thyself with all thy weakness, and set them before the Almighty, as the widow her empty vessel before the prophet. Hadst thou more than thou canst bring, thou mayest have them all filled. God hath strength enough to give, but he hath no strength to deny; here the Almighty (with reverence be it spoken) is weak: even a child, the weakest in grace of his family, that can but say, "Father," is able to overcome him. —*Gurnall.*

SATURDAY.

"Be ye holy, as I am holy."—Lev. xi. 44.

Still, O Lord, our faith increase;
Cleanse from all unrighteousness;
Thee the unholy cannot see;
Make, O make us meet for thee!

"Men compare themselves with men, and readily with the worst, and flatter themselves with that comparative betterness. This is not the way to see our spots, to look into the muddy streams of profane men's lives; but look into the clear fountain of the Word, and there we may both discern and wash them; and consider the infinite holiness of God, and this will humble us to the dust.—*Leighton.*

SABBATH.

"Wait on the Lord."—Ps. xxvii. 14.

Wrestling on in mighty prayer,
Lord, we will not let thee go
Till thou all thy mind declare—
All thy grace on us bestow;
Peace, the seal of sin forgiven,
Joy, and perfect love, impart—
Present, everlasting heaven—
All thou hast, and all thou art!

The richest saint must be, and is, a humble beggar at Grace's door all his days; and Christ, the Lord of the house, and the dispenser of the alms: and as the alms is too good not to be patiently waited for, so the Lord is too good and too great to be quarrelled with; and never did a believer get any good by complaining of him. Complain to him, and pray and ask largely; but still with faith and patience. Knock at his door, but stay, and bless him that ever he gave you any crumbs of his grace; mix your prayers for new wanted grace with praises for his old dispensed grace. Christ loveth you, and hath proved it. Believe it, and bless him for it, and wait for his renewing his love to you; and in due time you will find that he will not only answer, but outdo your desires to him, and all your expectations from him.—*Trail.*

MONDAY.

"I wound, and I heal."—Deut. xxxii. 39.

Cast on the fidelity
Of my redeeming Lord,
I shall his salvation see,
According to his word.

The man whom he chooses to make truly godly, he causes first to feel himself almost a despairing sinner; whom he chooses to make wise, he first makes a fool; whom he chooses to make strong, he first renders weak. He delivers to death the man whom he means to quicken; he depresses to hell whomsoever he intends to call to heaven. . . . . This is that *Wonderful King*, who is nearest to those from whom he seems to be the most remote.—*Luther.*

TUESDAY.

"Their rock is not as our Rock."—Deut. xxxii. 31.

Jesus protects; my fears, be gone!
What can the Rock of Ages move?
Safe in thy arms I lay me down—
Thy everlasting arms of love.

What a poor shelter is everything but Christ! To see the delusion and dying nature of all earthly comforts, it should wean our hearts from them. What are they all but vanities and shadows! They are alluring to our senses, and we earnestly covet them, and, for a time, enjoy them with pleasure and delight; but they soon vanish, and then we lie down in sorrow. But in Christ Jesus we find a safe shelter, and a durable felicity. He is the only Rock—the Rock of Ages, which endureth for ever!—*Jones.*

WEDNESDAY.

"Christ is all, and in all."—Col. iii. 11.

Jesus, my all in all thou art;
My rest in toil; my ease in pain—
The med'cine of my broken heart;
In war, my peace; in loss, my gain;
In want, my plentiful supply;
In weakness, my almighty power;
In bonds, my perfect liberty;
My light in Satan's darkest hour.

To win Christ, is the greatest gain; to know Christ, is the sublimest knowledge; and to live upon Christ, is the happiest life below: and it is the same enjoyment, life, and knowledge, carried on to the highest perfection of nature and place, which thou shalt partake of above.—*Serle.*

THURSDAY.

"The exceeding riches of his grace."—Eph. ii. 7.

The boundless love that found out me,
For every soul of man is free;
None of thy mercy need despair;
Patient, and pitiful, and kind,
Thee every soul of man may find.
And, freely saved, thy grace declare.

Free grace is the foundation of all spiritual and eternal mercies; free grace is the solid bottom and foundation of all a Christian's comfort in this world. Were we to measure the love of God to us by our fruitfulness, holiness, humbleness, spiritualness, heavenly-mindedness, or gracious carriage towards him, how would our hope, our confidence, every hour, yea, every moment in every hour, be staggered, if not vanquished!—Rom. iv. 16. But all is of grace, of free grace, that the promise might be sure, and that our salvation might be safe.—*Brooks.*

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THE CHURCH OF LUTHER.

BY THE REV. PATRICK FAIRBAIRN, SALTON.

SECOND ARTICLE.

Two fundamental errors have already been mentioned as cleaving to the Church of Luther, which operated with an unhappy effect upon its future history. But, in truth, there was another more fundamental still, and of which these ought properly to be regarded as the two principal manifestations. This most radical of all errors was their not adopting the Word of God as their sole warrant and authority in all that concerns the doctrines, the discipline, and government of the Church. That which had been the very nerve and sinew of Luther's reformation proved here its stumbling-block. He had justly taken the doctrine of justification by faith as the central principle of the Bible, and used it as a weapon of mighty and resistless energy in overthrowing the superstitions of Rome; but because that weapon had served him so well in his great conflict, he very naturally fell into the error of making it everything. Justification by faith was in his view the one article of a standing or a falling Church; grant him but that, and he was content to let other things stand as they were. Hence the Lutheran Church was never thoroughly reformed—many fragments of Popery, both in its doctrines and observances, were allowed to hang about it; and though it avowedly regarded the Word of God as the supreme authority in all matters of faith and practice, yet in those things which did not directly affect the article of justification by faith, it left great liberty and latitude to the Church. These were called "indifferent things," which might lawfully be retained, and included not a few of the objectionable rites and observances of Popery. The principle was, ere long, extended even to what is moral, which "the orthodox," says Tholuck, "permitted to sink into the mere heathenish form of rules of duty. They confined their attention to gross and open sins, paying little regard to those which consist in a state of mind not conformed to the Gospel standard. They were thus led to maintain that many things in the Christian life were perfectly indifferent, and did not come within the view of a teacher of morals. In this class they included all the common occupations of life—eating, drinking, playing, dancing. The school of Spener, on the other hand, taught that nothing was indifferent—that the most common things may assume a moral character, their being good or evil depending on the state of mind in which they are performed."*

Thus we see again how much depends upon a Church having for its foundation a sound scriptural constitution; and how sadly productive the seeds of error which may be implanted there are of future evil. We search in vain, among the leading principles of the Lutheran Church, for any such full and express recognition of the authority of Scripture as that contained in our Shorter Catechism: "The Word of God is the *only rule* to direct us how we are to glorify and enjoy him." It was not this Word of God, but the statements contained in the symbolical books, to which, practically, the chief place was given. Hence an imperfect reformation at the first; afterwards, an undue exaltation of these human standards, and the men who composed them—a cold subtle controversial handling of the whole subject of religion; and, in the long run, a fearful dearth, both among ministers and people, of a scriptural and living piety.

A partial check and reformation, as we have seen, was effected by Spener and his school. But while this was making progress, a new source of danger arose, which the principles of that school were not properly adapted to meet—a danger springing from the learning and wisdom of this world. "Beware lest any man spoil you," says the apostle, "through philosophy and vain deceit." It had been well for the early Church, if she had been as mindful as she ought to have been of this caution; for one of the first and most fruitful sources through which corruption flowed into her, was from the Gentile philosophy of the East, which had a share in almost every heresy and corruption of the first ages. And about the beginning of the last century a philosophizing spirit sprung up in Germany, which, coming upon the Church when in a comparatively feeble, unfurnished, and lifeless state, was not long in completing her spiritual desolation. In the first instance, philosophy did not wear a hostile aspect toward the truths of religion; and Wolff himself, the man who was the first to revive the study of philosophy, and made it fashionable, lived and died a professed believer in the alone sufficiency of a Saviour's blood. But it produced among the ministers a philosophizing and inquiring spirit, which first appeared in their manner of preaching—ever leading them to reason upon, prove, and demonstrate everything, and to deal little in appeals to Scripture, or addresses to the heart and conscience; and then, set them upon the ardent pursuit of human learning of all sorts, which was regarded, not only as ser-

* Tholuck's Hist. of Theol., &c., in Bib. Rep., iv., 39.

viceable in helping them to understand the meaning of Scripture, but also as qualifying them to decide upon and modify its statements.

There had been no danger and no harm in the new state of things, if the spirit of inquiry had been tempered with sobriety and real wisdom, and kept in subordination to an enlightened and solid piety; for the religion of the Gospel has nothing to fear from the learning of this world in such a case; and hence it is not philosophy at large that Christians are exhorted to beware of, but only a false philosophy, or, what substantially amounts to the same thing, an exalting of true philosophy out of its place, and carrying it over the Word of God, which alone can make wise to salvation. Unhappily it was thus that matters proceeded in Germany. The first system of philosophy paid respect to revealed religion, at the same time, however, lowering its tone, and making it, in a sense, indebted to human reason; but the systems which followed in rapid succession—those of Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel—claimed for reason an authority above revelation—a right to decide upon all things, divine as well as human. They might, therefore, with propriety be classed with what the apostle calls "false philosophy and vain deceit," assuming, as they did, the self-sufficiency of reason to be a rule and guide to itself, and, consequently, leading, by a direct road, to Infidelity or Deism. This result was the more speedily arrived at in Germany, as along with these daring speculations in philosophy, and, indeed, to some extent giving rise to them, a kind of wholesale importation into that country of the Infidel writings of our own took place, from the beginning to about the middle of last century. These had been vigorously met, and triumphantly answered here; but they were translated into German, and widely circulated, while the answers were either not at all, or but very feebly given. Then the well known Infidel opinions of Frederick II. of Prussia, and the pernicious influence exerted by the gay despisers of religion whom he kept about his court; the unprincipled character of the writings of Voltaire, Rousseau, and some others of the like spirit, which spread like wild-fire through the Continent; and, finally, the awful outburst of Infidelity connected with the French revolution, came one after another to help forward the tide of innovation and impiety, till, with only a few rare exceptions, the Church and nation of Luther were found without any settled foundations in religion—Christians only in name—substantially Infidel in sentiment, and with hardly even the semblance of piety.

This melancholy result was not, of course, reached immediately. There were many steps in the process. And it is a somewhat remarkable fact that the man (Semler) who made the first great inroad upon the domain of religion, and did more, perhaps, than any other to unsettle and remove the old landmarks, was bred in the school of the Pietists—educated in that orphan hospital which had been reared by the instrumentality of the pious Franke, and in which he had enjoyed the most religious training that his country could afford. We are told that the serious impressions he received there were never wholly effaced from his mind, and awoke with peculiar force in his old age, when he saw, with deep regret, the evil consequences growing out of his indefatigable but ill-directed labours. Falling short of a true conversion to the faith of the Gospel—being, as he himself confesses, light-minded, and being, besides, a man of superior talents and extraordinary activity—it was rather a misfortune than otherwise, for him to have been connected with Pietism; for, as he could not but dislike it on account of its spirituality, so he soon discovered its deficiency in learning, and the erroneous grounds on which some of its peculiar views were founded. These errors and deficiencies proved fatal to that school, now that the tide for philosophy and human learning had set in so strongly, and caused it to fall into discredit. Semler, especially, having taken up with ardour the new principle, that everything in revelation was to be subjected to the test of reason, and that whatsoever seemed not to square with this was to be explained away, sought, by a mixture of loose reasoning and misapplied learning, to exhibit nearly all that is peculiar in the Gospel as a mere accommodation to Jewish prejudices—a falling in with the popular belief at the time—and, consequently, not to be received as properly a part of revelation. But how reconcile such views with adherence to the doctrines of the Church? "He said there was a public and private religion for the theologian. In public, he was not authorized to reject any received doctrine; but in private he might believe what he pleased. And when the preacher spoke of the 'Son of God,' it was no harm if one part of his audience regarded him as really God, and another as merely a man." Alas! for the Church whose public teachers acted upon such wretched morality, and in whose hands the trumpet of the Gospel gave so uncertain a sound on the most vital and important doctrines of the faith once delivered to the saints. Bad as Semler's views were, however, they were far outdone by many of his successors toward the end of last century and the beginning of this—such as Eichhorn, Gabler, Paulus, Lessing, and many others whose names it is needless to mention. It is sufficient to say, that by such persons—ministers of the Gospel and professors of divinity for the most part—the orthodox faith was wholly renounced, the Bible treated merely as a human composition, full of mistakes and errors, and its peculiar doctrines and miracles utterly exploded. The religion of the country was poisoned at its fountain-head, and the new views (the Neology or Rationalism, as they were called) having much show of philosophy and learning on their side,

by degrees bore down the feeble opposition that was made against them, and met at last with almost universal acceptance.

It is certainly, in any point of view, a melancholy reflection, that the Church of Luther should have sunk into such a condition, and that the country which had been the birthplace of the Reformation should, in little more than two centuries, have become again a spiritual wilderness in itself, and a kind of workshop of heresy and pollution to the other countries of Europe. But it would have been much more melancholy still, if such ruinous defection from the truth and righteousness of God could have been fairly traced to Reformation principles themselves, and not, as was really the case, to the imperfections and errors with which these were intermingled; for the Churches of the Reformation may now learn by the past, and with well-grounded hope may adopt measures to prevent the recurrence of like evils in the future. Even in Germany the darkness and apostasy never became total, as in the days of Popery; a divine seed still remained in it, which, in God's time, sprung forth again into life and fruitfulness; and, as we may perhaps show in another article, a return to the old paths, and a revival of living piety has taken place already to a very large extent. Meanwhile, from the sad history just sketched, the following practical conclusions may safely be drawn :—

1. The insecurity and danger, to a Church, of not having a wholesome discipline as well as a sound faith. That, the Lutheran Church wanted from its commencement. It was too closely bound with the State either to obtain or to preserve, if it had obtained, such a discipline. If it had possessed this, how easy would it have been for the Church courts to have checked the evil in its commencement !—to call Semler, for instance, to account for his Rationalism, and exclude him from the communion of the Church if he persisted in his course ! Instead of that, however, he was allowed freely to spread his opinions far and wide, as were also his still more daring and Infidel successors. Luther should not have stood at the point—What is the article of a standing or falling Church ? but should have proceeded to consider, and settle more definitely than he did, the further point—How may a Church which has that article continue to maintain and preserve it ? She can never do so properly, and may not be able to do so at all, without a vigorous and effective discipline in the hands of the Church herself—her members and office-bearers. Without this, the light may soon become darkness, and the very foundations get out of course.

2. We may learn, again, the danger of neglecting, among those who are the lights and pillars of the Church, a solid and extensive learning. This was what the school of the Pietists for the most part did. And hence, when such men as Baumgarten, Semler, Michaelis, Eichhorn, &c., poured forth their stores of learning in support of their new views, the only men who had any religious life wanted the weapons for the warfare, and true religion soon came to be looked upon as an ignorant, narrow-minded, and despicable thing; while those heroes of Neology were regarded as giants, whom it was vain to think of opposing. A more extensive learning, and a more thorough, scientific investigation of the points at issue, has already in great measure dispelled this idea. Learning and philosophy, when fairly applied, have been found not against, but on the side of sound orthodoxy; and the most profoundly learned and able divines of the present day in Germany treat the writings of the Rationalists as shallow and superficial productions. Even on the score of learning they have fallen into the background, insomuch that some of the leading apostles of heresy have lived to see and openly retract the errors into which, by a too hasty and superficial consideration, they had fallen. It is not the orthodox Churches who have to fear the progress of enlightenment and research; and they act most unwisely for the interests of the truth, when they do not encourage and promote true science and learning among their students and ministers.

3. Still it must be remembered, as a further lesson arising out of the past history of the Lutheran Church, that without a healthful and living piety, nothing can secure stedfastness in the faith. It is only where that is, that man can have a real discernment of the doctrines of the Gospel, and a relish for them. The carnal mind will be ever apt to misapply its resources, when it comes into contact with the great things of God; and learning in its hands must always be a dangerous weapon. The state of the Lutheran Church was equally distinguished for its deficiency in genuine piety and the scarcity of solid and useful learning, when the great apostasy from the faith began; and the first broachers and future disseminators of the spiritual poison were remarkable for their destitution of personal godliness—some of them even for their gross immorality. Churches, therefore, as well as individuals, should be brought to feel, that if the truth is to be held in purity it must also be held in righteousness. Every safeguard against deadly error will fail, if they who are the teachers of others are not themselves taught of God. And whatever other efforts are made by evangelical Churches to promote among themselves the cause of truth, they should especially see to it, that the work of personal religion be maintained in life and vigour.

DEATH FAMILIAR.

We always should remember death is sure—
What grows familiar most, we best endure;
For life and death succeed like night and day,
And neither gives increase, nor brings decay.
We must all pass through Death's *Dead-Sea* of night
To reach the haven of eternal light. Howard.

EXCURSION TO ARRAN.

It is well that, in promising to furnish some sketches from nature, I did not promise to confine myself within the bounds of one parish; for I feel disposed at present to give some proof of my erratic tendencies. The Island of Arran lies most temptingly before us; the steamer from Ardrossan offers to convey us to it any summer's day in little more than an hour; it is endeared to me by many associations; and yet so much have I been professionally engaged, that for three years I have not been in it, except on one occasion for a day, and at another time for an hour. On the 9th of June, however, being free from any special engagements for nearly a week, off we set, *en famille*, for this favourite island. Though the day was both wet and windy, we found ourselves, in the afternoon, comfortably located in the pleasant village of Lamlash. Next morning was the commencement of delightful weather, and at an early hour we set out to enter on the enjoyment of it. Every parent knows how much the pleasure of any little excursion is enhanced when his family share in it along with him. And yet in the happiest circumstances there is often a tinge of melancholy. How often, in these little excursions, in looking back on the past, are we reminded of the valley of tears we have passed through, and of the pangs of separation we have experienced! Mournful must be the gathering of the heath fowl at the close of an autumnal day, when the destroyer has been among the hills—when the brood has been widely scattered, and when the sheltering wings under which they had been accustomed to collect and *cower*, are in the possession of the sportsman, cold and bloody, and lifeless. We mustered pretty strong—a son and three daughters were along with me. But one was not—the beloved mother of the children—and three dear lads, who had at times spent delightful days among these hills and glens, were on the opposite side of the globe, tending their flocks and herds in the distant wilds of Australia. May we all be diligent in preparing for that happy land where no dear fellow-traveller drops by our side, and where no intervening seas separate the members of God's ransomed family!

The early days of June had been cold and stormy, which made us more highly prize the lovely day that now shone forth on us. Our first walk was to Clachland Point, and thence along the rocky shore towards Corriegils. As we had all a turn for natural history, we found much to interest us. At the outset we kept close by the shore, and gathered a few good shells, especially one which is not found with us, but is very common here, *Cardium læviyatum*, the smooth cockle, of which we collected some large specimens. By the clothed appearance of the ancient sea-cliffs, we were induced to diverge from the shore. The space betwixt the sea and the cliffs must once have been under the dominion of the sea; for in some places the soil is quite marly—made up of the common coral (*Millepora polymorpha*), and small marine shells, and sand. The other side of the bay is evidently a raised beach, as there is a deposit of marine shells about thirty feet above the present level of the sea. A pretty numerous list might be made of the plants which we found in this part of our walk. There are some fine mosses on the moist cliffs; the rarest of which are *Entosthodon Templetoni* and *Jungermannia Hutchinsiæ*. The latter was new to Scotland when I found it about seven years ago in a dripping cave at this place. We found on the rocks several specimens of the royal fern, *Osmanda regalis*, a magnificent plant, the fronds of which, in Arran, are sometimes almost a dozen feet in length. I shall certainly not speak of the wild hyacinth, wood anemone, and primrose, as rare; for much of their beauty consists in their great profusion. The last, in such a situation as this, is exceedingly lovely; a sweet emblem of modesty, purity, lowliness of mind, and cheerful, smiling happiness. The primrose season was about over. Though we are not sure about "*modest pride*," the following sonnet must have been written by a primrose lover:—

> "How sweet thy modest, unaffected pride
> Glows on the sunny bank and wood's warm side!
> And where thy fairy flowers in groups are found,
> The school-boy roams enchantedly along,
> Plucking the fairest with a rude delight:
> While the meek shepherd stops his simple song,
> To gaze a moment on the pleasing sight;
> O'erjoyed to see the flowers that truly bring
> The welcome news of sweet returning spring."

The moist ground at the base of the rocks was adorned with marsh plants of great beauty—*Sundew*, *Anagallis tenella*, *Samolus valerandi*, and *Myosotis palustris*—so exceedingly fine, that instead of saying, beseechingly, "Forget me not," it said, as plainly as its lovely blue eyes could say it, "*Can* you forget me?" The hawthorn and the honeysuckle were sending forth their fragrance from the copsewood; the mavis and the sooty merle were contending in song; the latter striving to make up, in mellowness, for the evident superiority of the former in variety and liveliness. The cuckoo, though she had but two notes, seemed well aware that they were welcome ones; for she accompanied us in our walk, as if unwilling that a voice which is always heard with pleasure, and which was soon to be silent, should be wasted in solitude, where there was no ear by which its music could be appreciated. The cows, after browzing on the green sward, were indulging in sweet and peaceful rumination; and the little boy that tended them, taking advantage of their repose, was enjoying still higher happiness in wantoning amongst the briny waves. What a happy world would this be were there no sin in it! When creation groans, it is because of sin. When the believer, in the struggle with sin, cries out: "O wretched man that I am! who will deliver me from the body of this death?" God in his mercy teaches him to say: "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord." How much greater happiness might we enjoy even in this world, were we more grateful to this spiritual Deliverer; were we to walk more closely with God; were we to see more of his hand in the lovely garniture of the earth, and more of his goodness in the happiness enjoyed by the inferior animals, and in causing the beauty of external nature, and the enjoyments of so many living creatures, to contribute, when the heart is renewed, to the higher happiness of man!

As soon as we reached the Clachland Point, which is the north-east extremity of Lamlash Bay, we turned down to the sea, being chiefly in search of marine productions. One of the living varieties to be found among these rocks is *Asterina gibbosa*, the gibbous starlet, a pretty little star-fish, which I have not seen mentioned as found anywhere else in Scotland, except by Professor Edward Forbes, among the gneiss rocks of Ross-shire. We were, however, chiefly in search of the finer algæ, which are either got among the coarser sea-weeds, cast out by the tide after a breeze, or in settled weather must be sought at low water mark, where they grow on rocks, or as parasites on the larger algæ. Rare kinds are often got by dredging, as they adhere to shells and other substances brought up from the deep. Rich are the groves which in many places clothe the bottom of the sea. Few, perhaps, have been out in a boat in calm weather without admiring the beauty of these submarine forests. It is delightful to observe the elegance of the algæ in their native element, and to see fishes, and various other inhabitants of the deep, playing amongst their fronds, as birds among the branches. These sea-plants not only afford food and shelter to innumerable living creatures, but they are of immense benefit to man, when they are torn up by the storms, and cast out by the tide. The agriculturists at Lamlash are fully aware of their value, and the shore is divided into lots, according to the number of tenants of ground in the neighbourhood; and that they may not complain that their neighbours' lots are richer in sea-wrack than theirs, the lots, instead of being assigned to them in perpetuity, are given to them in rotation, the exchanges being made once a-year. We see how easily the Lord can make the war of elements to serve the purposes of his benignant providence, and cause the spoils of the ocean to increase the fertility of the dry land.

But it was the small and delicate algæ, or sea-weeds, that we were in search of; and we were not altogether unsuccessful. As the study of marine botany is becoming much more general than it once was, it is probable that some of our readers would be disappointed were we vaguely to say that we got some beautiful plants. We shall, therefore, name a few of them. We found, in pools among the sandstone rocks, what is rather rare, and, at all events, very beautiful—*Bryopsis plumosa;* well named specifically *plumose*, for the frond is the exact resemblance of a fine glossy green feather. Some of the others I shall merely name: *Conferva melagonium*, growing along with the *Bryopsis; Ceramium ciliatum*, on the rocks, and *Ceramium diaphanum*, or the stronger algæ; *Polysiphonia Brodiæi*, *Polysiphonia fibrillosa; Callithamnion Hookeri*, *Callithamnion polyspermum*—all on the rocks. In a little boat creek, near the point, we found, among the weeds that were drifted in, two that were rare. The one was *Rhodomenia sobolifera*—parasitical on the stem of *Fucus serratus*. It is somewhat like *Rhodomenia palmata* (dulse), but too unlike, both in texture and form, to be only a variety of it. The other was still rarer — *Laurencia tenuissima;* which I do not think had been got in Scotland before, and I got only one drifted specimen. I may mention that all the sea-weeds are cryptogamic plants, destitute of flowers, but having, instead of flowers, capsules and granules, which are called their fruit or fructification; and it is often by these minute parts alone that they can with certainty be distinguished.

Some may wonder that there should be eagerness displayed, and pleasure enjoyed, in making diligent search for diminutive sea-weeds. Were they to see them floating in their native element, they would not be surprised that they are sought after for their beauty; and were they to consider how, by their structure, they are so well suited, with all their delicacy, to live and thrive amidst the restless billows, they would acknowledge that they furnish a proof of the wisdom of God. But it will perhaps go farther to reconcile them to what they consider trifling, if we tell them that the most flimsy of them can be converted into good hard cash; and that the weed-gatherers of this household have raised from them upwards of £40, to aid in paying off the debt on our Free churches; and though the debt on *our* two churches is paid off, there are other churches and manses to which they wish to contribute. They have become very dexterous in preparing them; and, when spread on paper, they are so delicate and beautiful, that few will believe, when they first see them, that they are not elegant paintings.* They have become much more clear-sighted in their walks on the shore, since they discovered that weeds could be converted into gold and silver. It was amusing to hear even the youngest, a year ago, when nine years of age, saying: "O I have got a beautiful *Callithamnion* in fine *fortification*" ("*fructification*, Janet"). It is no small gratification to make the spoils of the deep, while they show forth, by their beauty, the praises of Him who made them, instrumental, in these times of great emergency, in furthering the erection of churches, in which not only the works of creation and providence may be spoken of, but in which the wonders of redeeming love may be loudly proclaimed.

Arran has been said to be the epitome of the geological world; and I believe that it is not possible to find any place where, in so narrow limits, there is such noble scope for the study of geology. This study may be abused, and has by some been made to serve the purposes of the sceptic; but this is not the fault of geology, but of the evil heart of unbelief. The wasp, it has been alleged, can extract poison from the very flower from which the happy bee extracts delicious, nutritive honey. When the eye is single, there is nothing in nature, with the exception of astronomy, so well fitted as geological researches to fill the mind with adoring wonder, and to give us exalted ideas of the wisdom, and power, and goodness of God. Though "the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork," there have been those who, with wicked ingenuity, have attempted to show that the discoveries of astronomy are at variance with what is taught in the Bible; but they spoke in ignorance. When Halley, in the presence of Sir Isaac Newton, ventured to sport some of his sceptical opinions, that great and

* Specimens of these beautifully prepared sea-weeds may be seen at the shop of the Publisher.—Ed.

good man, interrupting him, said: "Mr Halley, when you speak respecting astronomy, I listen with pleasure, for it is a subject that you understand; but when you speak of religion, you speak of what you do not understand, and have never studied; but I have." How many sceptical theories have fallen into merited neglect and contempt, and have only shown how ignorant the theorists were both of true philosophy and of true religion!

That part of the Island of Arran where we were then rambling, is not the best for the geological student; but still it is far from being devoid of interest. A sight of the great pitchstone vein, which manifests itself so boldly on the face of the hill after passing Clachland Point, would, of itself, reward the geologist for a walk of several miles. Pitchstone is found in several localities in Arran; but I saw it in our walk where, I think, it had not been observed before—cropping out above the cliffs on the south-west side of the point, and not far from Clachland farm-house. After turning the point, there is a long range of new red sandstone rocks, belting the shore in rugged grandeur. These are penetrated by several trap dykes, principally greenstone, indurating the sandstone which they intersect. Farther on, the rocks are conglomerate, and intersected by a few porphyritic dykes. The heights above the sandstone and pitchstone, are surmounted by a dark range of rock, assuming a columnar aspect, and which I thought might be basalt; but it turns out to be syenite, which seems to have been sent up from the bowels of the earth in a state of fusion, so as to overflow the other strata through which it had pierced. The Lord has many arrows in his quiver. The covenant-bow in the clouds tells us that water is not again to be employed in the work of general destruction. But has he not said that "the heavens and the earth, which are now, are reserved unto fire, against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men, ... in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up?" When the thunder-clouds are struck, sending forth a blaze of lightning to fill the world, and when the fountains of the great deep are broken up, to pour out a flood of fire on the guilty inhabitants of the earth, must all perish? Is there no refuge? He who so often hid his people, in the day of danger, in the hollow of his hand, will no longer hide them, but will bring them forth before assembled worlds as those whom he delights to honour. Then shall it be said of them: "Are these they who once lay among the pots, who are now as the wings of a dove, covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold?" Then will their King say: "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." Then, with a burst of rapture shall they exclaim: "This is our God; we have waited for him, and he will save us: this is our God; we have waited for him, and now we are glad and rejoice in his salvation.'

Stevenston. D. L.

To be continued.

FISHING.

Of recreation there is none
So free as fishing is alone;
All other pastimes do no less
Than mind and body both possess.
My hand alone my work can do,
So I can fish and study too.

I care not I to fish in seas—
Fresh rivers best my mind do please;
Whose sweet calm course I contemplate,
And seek in life to imitate.
In civil bonds I fain would keep,
And for my past offences weep.

And when the timorous trout I wait
To take, and he devours my bait,
How poor a thing, sometimes, I find
Will captivate a greedy mind:
And when none bite, I praise the wise,
Whom vain allurements ne'er surprise.

But yet though while I fish I fast,
I make good fortune my repast,
And thereunto my friend invite,
In whom I more than that delight·
Who is more welcome to my dish
Than to my angle was my fish.

As well content no prize to take
As use of taken prize to make;
For so our Lord was pleased, when
He fishers made fishers of men;
Where (which is no other game)
A man can fish and praise his name.

The first men that our Saviour dear
Did choose to wait upon him here,
Blest fishers were; and fish the last
Food was that he on earth did taste;
I therefore strive to follow those
Whom he to follow him hath chose.

WALTON.

THE WIDOW'S SON.

BY THE REV. JOHN TODD, PHILADELPHIA.

In one of our little villages which stands on the seashore, there lately lived a widow and her little son—a lad of about ten years of age. She had formerly seen better days. Her husband was a respectable sea-captain, and supported his family in ease and affluence. But amidst his own and the hopes of his family, he was lost at sea. The widow had two little sons, one of six years old, and the other above mentioned, then an infant. She retired from the circle in which she had so long moved with esteem, and purchased a neat little cottage, which stands by the water's side. Here she brought up her little boys, and early endeavoured to lead them "in the way they should go." She felt herself to be a pilgrim below, and taught her sons that this world was never designed for our home.

In this manner this little family lived, retired, beloved, and respected. The mother would often lead her children on the hard sandy beach, just as the setting sun was tipping the smooth blue waters with his last yellow tints. She would then tell them of their father who was gone, and with her finger would often write his name upon the sand; and as the next

wave obliterated every trace of the writing, would tell them that the hopes and joys of this world are equally transient. When the eldest son had arrived at the age of twelve, he was seized with an incurable desire of going to sea. He had heard sailors talk of their voyages—of visiting other climes and other countries, and his imagination threw before him a thousand pleasures could he visit them. The remonstrances and entreaties of a tender parent and an affectionate little brother were all in vain. He at length wrung a reluctant consent from his mother, and receiving from her a Bible—a mother's blessing and prayers, he embarked on board a large brig. He promised his mother, as he gave a last parting hand, that he would daily read his Bible, and as often commit himself to God in prayer. A few tears and a few sighs escaped him as he saw the last blue tints of his native land fade from his sight—for there was the cottage of his mother, and all the joys of his childhood; but all was novelty around him, and he soon forgot these pangs amidst other cares and other scenes. For some time he remembered his promise to his mother, and daily read his Bible; but the sneers of the wicked crew recalled his mind from reviewing the instructions of his pious mother, and he placed his Bible in the bottom of his chest, to slumber with his conscience. During a severe storm, indeed, when it seemed as if destruction was yawning to receive every soul on board, he thought of his mother, his home, and his promises, and, in the anguish of his heart, resolved to amend, should his life be spared. But when the storm had subsided, the seas were smooth, and the clear sun brought joy and gladness over the great waters, he forgot all his promises, and it now seemed as if the last throb of conscience was stifled. No one of the crew could be more profane—no one more ready to scoff at that religion which, in his childhood and innocence, he had been taught to love and revere.

After an absence of several years, he found himself once more drawing near his native land. He had traversed the globe over, but during all this time he had neither written to his mother nor heard from her. Though he had thrown off restraint, and blunted the finer feelings of his nature, yet his bosom thrilled with pleasure at the thought of once more meeting his parent and brother. It was in the fall of the year that he returned, and, on a lovely eve in September, walked towards his long-deserted home. Those only are acquainted with the pleasures of the country, who have spent their early days in youthful retirement. As the young sailor drew near the spot where he spent his early days—as he ascended the last sloping hill which hid from his sight the little stage on which he had acted the first scenes in the drama of life, his memory recalled to his mind all the scenes of his "happier days," while Fancy whispered deceitfully that hours equally agreeable would again be realized. He now saw the rising hills over which he had so often roamed, the grove through which he had so often wandered while it echoed with the music of the feathered tribe, the gentle stream on whose banks he had so often sported, and the tall spire of the temple of Jehovah—all tended to inspire the most interesting sensations. He drew near the cottage of his mother, and there all was stillness; nothing was to be heard save the gentlest murmurs of the unruffled waves, or the distant barking of a village dog. A solemnity seemed to be breathed around him, and, as he stopped at his mother's door, his heart misgave him, though he knew not why. He knocked, but no one bade him enter; he called, but no answer was returned save the echo of his own voice: it seemed like knocking at the door of a tomb. The nearest neighbour, hearing the noise, came, and found the youth sitting and sobbing on the steps of the door. "Where," cried he with eagerness, "where is my mother, and my brother?—Oh, I hope they are not"———

"If," said the stranger, "you inquire for Widow ———, I can only pity you. I have known her but a short time, but she was the best woman I ever knew. Her little boy died of a fever about a year ago, and in consequence of fatigue in taking care of him, and anxiety for a long absent son at sea, the good widow herself was buried yesterday."—"Oh, heavens!" cried the youth, "have I stayed just long enough to kill my mother! Wretch that I am! Show me the grave—I have a dagger in my bundle—let me die with my poor mother—my broken-hearted parent!"

"Hold, friend," said the astonished neighbour; "If you are this woman's eldest son, I have a letter for you, which she wrote a few days before she died, and desired that you might receive it, should you ever return."

They both turned from the cottage, and went to the house of the neighbour. A light being procured, the young man threw down his bundle and hat, and read the following short letter, while his manly cheeks were covered with tears:—

"My dearest, only son! when this reaches you, I shall be no more. Your little brother has gone before me, and I cannot but hope and believe that he was prepared. I had fondly hoped that I should once more have seen you on the shores of mortality, but this hope is now relinquished. I have followed you by my prayers through all your wanderings. Often, while you little suspected it, even in the dark cold nights of winter, have I knelt for my lost son. There is but one thing which gives me pain at dying; and that is, my dear William, that I must leave you in this wicked world, as I fear, unreconciled to your Maker! I am too feeble to say more. My glass is run. As you visit the sods which cover my dust, oh! remember that you too must soon follow. Farewell—the last breath of your mother will be spent in praying for you—that we may meet above."

The young man's heart was melted on reading these few words from the parent whom he so tenderly loved; and I will only add, that this letter was the means, in the hands of God, of bringing this youth to a saving knowledge of the truth "as it is in Jesus;" that he is now a very respectable and pious man; and that we may learn from daily experience, as well as from Scripture, that "*praying breath*" shall never be spent in vain.

THE JESUITS.

BY THE REV. THOMAS M'CRIE, EDINBURGH.

MISSIONS AND MERCHANDISE.

In our last paper we gave an account of Francis Xavier, who has been termed (with how little reason it is needless to repeat) the Apostle of the Indies. Xavier, with all his faults, was the type of Jesuitism in its infancy—of "the infant tiger," ere advancing years have developed its latent ferocity—ere it has learned to lurk for the prey, and to suck blood. False as was his theory of religion, and fanatical as he was in practice, he was, at least, a stranger to mercenary motives or disengenuous artifices. The conversion of the heathen was the sincere aim, the crown of martyrdom the high reward, of his multifarious toils. He failed in gaining his benevolent object; but the failure arose from no want of zeal in the labourer; it was owing to the character of his implements, and to

the absence of those divine influences which, indispensable even to the success of the truth when faithfully preached, can never be expected to descend from heaven to bless error or to sanction delusion. Popery, itself a system of superstition grafted on Christianity, is but ill adapted for the conquest of superstition, and, even in establishing its own power in heathen countries, can only succeed by becoming, in its turn, amalgamated with the idolatries which it seeks to supplant.

And so it fared with the Jesuits after the death of Xavier. The successors of that missionary, Robert de Nobili and his colleagues, who, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, founded the Madura mission, determined to avoid his mistaken policy, as they deemed it, and to adopt an opposite course. Instead of wandering about like mendicants among the degraded castes of India, they confined their attentions to the Brahmins, and other Hindus of the highest classes; and, in order to obviate the prejudices of these haughty men, they denied that they were Europeans, and pretended to be Brahmins from the West, of a higher order than any in India. To stop the mouths of all who treated him as an impostor, Robert de Nobili produced an old dirty parchment, in which he had forged, in ancient Indian characters, a deed, showing that the Brahmins of Rome, in other words, the Jesuits, were descended, in a direct line, from the god Brama. In for a penny, as the saying is, in for a pound. Robert, on his manuscript being questioned, solemnly declared upon oath, before the assembled Brahmins, that he derived his origin really and truly from the god Brama! And to clinch this *pious fraud* beyond the possibility of doubt, the Brahmins having four Vedas, or sacred books, which they regard as revealed and immortal, the Jesuits of Madura actually forged a fifth Veda, which they asserted to be of the same authority with the other four; and in which, of course, their pretensions were fully made out. So artfully did they imitate the style of the genuine Vedas, that it imposed even on the Brahmins; and the imposture was discovered only about twenty years ago. By these stratagems, which have been applauded rather than denied by their own writers, and by adopting many of the idolatrous ceremonies of the country, the Jesuits at length obtained a footing in India.*

But for the choicest specimen of the ingenuity of the Society in accommodating themselves to the practices of idolatry, we must follow them to China. Matthew Ricci, an Italian Jesuit, was the first who attempted the conversion of the Chinese, the renowned Xavier having died in the attempt. Ricci, with his companions, seems to have been at first sincerely scandalized at the gross idolatries of the natives; but finding that he must either permit his converts to practise them or abandon the spiritual conquest of that vast continent, he pretended to have discovered, after carefully consulting the writings of their learned men, that the Xamti and Cachinchoam of the mandarins, were merely other names for the King of Heaven, and that the worship paid to Confucius and their other hero-gods were harmless civil ceremonies. In course of time, the Jesuits made no scruple of allowing their professed converts to pay to their idols their wonted homage, merely stipulating with them that they should conceal under their clothes a crucifix, to which they should really direct, by mental reservation, those acts of adoration which they apparently rendered to the idols of their fathers. By virtue of this expedient—by carefully concealing, too, the humiliating doctrines of the cross, as well as its outward emblem, and by accommodating their moral lessons to the prevailing standard of the country—they prodigiously augmented the number of their proselytes, and procured many solid establishments. To us, who regard Catholicism as in itself a mixture of Pagan and Christian rites, this compromise between the idolatry of Rome and of China may not appear so very unnatural; and we may feel disposed to place it in the same category with the other tricks to which they resorted in order to gain credit—such as foretelling eclipses and performing miraculous cures. Not so, however, was the practice regarded by the monks of St Dominic and St Francis, who came to China in 1633, to share in the glory of the enterprise. These simple zealots, shocked at what appeared in their eyes a monstrous corruption of the faith, began to inveigh, in unmeasured terms, against the deified heroes of China, and all who symbolized with their worship. But it forms no part of the policy of the Ignatians to admit of rivals or coadjutors in the fields which they have chosen; and they soon found means to rid themselves of these troublesome intruders, by inflaming the prejudices of the natives, who expelled them from the kingdom. Incensed at this treatment, the Dominicans and Franciscans carried their complaints to the Pope, and disclosed to the Christian world the whole system of trickery which the Jesuits were practising. The issue of the contest, and it was a long one, is highly characteristic of the politics of Rome and of Loyola. One Pontiff thundered a bull against the Jesuits; before it could well reach the shores of China, his successor in the Papal chair had published another bull in their favour; and a third Pope, in the true spirit of Roman infallibility, declared that both bulls should be held in force as perfectly consistent with each other! The Jesuits, taking advantage of the doubt and the distance, continued their old practices, in spite of the Popes and their bulls. One unfortunate legate, De Tournon, who had been sent out to China to ascertain the state of matters, they effectually prevented from telling tales against them at home. They first attempted to poison him, and failing in this, succeeded in obtaining his arrest at Macao, where he perished in a dungeon.*

The mention of missions in connection with merchandise, in the title of our present paper, may sound strange in the ears of those who have been accustomed to associate missionary efforts with all

* Asiatic Researches, vol. xiv., p. 57. Dalton's Jesuits, p. 138. Since writing the above, I have been gratified to find the statements made above confirmed in an interesting pamphlet, lately published here, entitled "A Warning from the East; or, the Jesuits as Missionaries in India. By the Rev. W. S. Mackay, of the Free Church of Scotland Mission, Calcutta."

* Norbert, tom. i., liv. 2-7; History of Loyola, pp. 97-112; Pascal, Lettres Provinciales, Let. v.

that is sacred in purpose, and all that is disinterested in endeavour; but before our readers have finished our article, they will acknowledge that its designation, so far as Jesuit missions are concerned, is not inaptly chosen. The leading principle of this order—the aggrandizement, by every practicable means, of the Society—very soon began to develop itself; and their missionary stations, in all parts of the world, became, in point of fact, so many mercantile firms and money-making depôts. For this purpose they obtained a grant from the Pope to carry on merchandise in the places where they planted their missions; which they always took care to do in those countries only where they expected a rich harvest. "We go to the Indies," said Ignatius, "because there the task of conversion is more difficult than in Turkey." "That is to say," replied the University of Paris, "you go to the only places which are useful for commerce, abandoning the northern countries where nothing is to be got."—"Only imagine," exclaims Coudrette, "twenty thousand traders, dispersed over the world, from Japan to Brazil, from the Cape of Good Hope to the north—all correspondents of each other—all blindly subjected to one individual (the general), and working for him alone; conducting two hundred missions, which are so many factories; six hundred and twelve colleges, which are so many depôts; and then let us form an idea, if we can, of the produce of a commerce so vast in extent."*

In Europe, they seem to have preferred the banking business; though they sometimes condescended to sell drugs, and even turn a penny as bakers and confectioners. In China, the missionaries were in the habit of lending money at exorbitant interest. Some have asserted that they gained *cent. per cent.*; which they maintained to be quite legitimate, on the ground that they gave on credit. This, they said, was only a *material interest*. "They are quite right," says our author; "it is so *material*, that the most stupid clown sees it to be only a piece of notorious swindling."† But the most productive of all these mercantile missions was in South America, where their achievements, being on a larger scale, deserve something more than a passing notice.

The first Jesuits that visited America, crossed the Atlantic in 1549, with a Portuguese expedition to Santa Cruz. From this point they penetrated into the interior, where they fell in with numerous tribes of wandering, but peaceful, Guarini Indians, to whom they began to preach. Here they put in practice the same pious frauds on the simple Indians as their brethren in India played on the Hindus. They set themselves up as the descendants of St Thomas, by whose authority, they said, they were delegated with a message of eternal peace and happiness to the Indian race. Nay, so pertinaciously did they ring in the ears of their converts the story of St Thomas, that, in a few years, they were enabled to palm it on them as a tradition which they had received from the Indians themselves, that St Thomas had actually landed in America, shortly after Pentecost, on the coast of Brazil; had travelled through the desert with a cross in his hand; and had left, as he proceeded, upon the very rocks the indelible marks of his large naked footsteps. Finding that the credulous Indians not only swallowed this story, but were proud of it, they easily convinced them that an old cross, which they had deposited in a lake, and then pretended to discover for the first time, was the identical cross borne by the apostle, and, of course, endowed with most miraculous powers. In short, by the most extraordinary combination of imposture and worldly tactics, they gradually acquired the complete ascendency over these untutored savages, and established themselves as the lords spiritual and temporal of the rich and extensive territories of Paraguay.

Of this establishment of the Jesuits in Paraguay the most flattering and fallacious pictures have been drawn, not only in their own writings, but in some of our own standard works. It has been represented as a perfect paradise—a fairy land, where the happiest dreams of the poet and the fondest projects of the philanthropist were literally realized—where men were made wise without the trouble of learning, and virtuous without the fear of punishment. The Jesuits have been described as the most generous and indulgent of rulers—introducing among their Indian subjects the blessings of knowledge and religion, and the arts of civilization. The jealousy they manifested in resisting interference on the part of other governments, and keeping their dominions secluded from all intercourse with strangers, has been held forth as the results of a wise policy which dreaded contamination; while the harmony, "the community of goods," and the constant religious observances that prevailed, suggest all that was holy and blessed in the primitive Church. How far all this was from being the truth may be estimated from the following facts, which have been brought to light by recent investigations. "The traffic of the Jesuits with Buenos Ayres, Assumption, and Corientes," says a late traveller, "was very great. Affecting to govern all their establishments on the principle of a community of goods, and having persuaded the Indians that they participated equally with their pastors in the advantages derived from their labour in common, the Jesuits made subservient to their own aggrandizement the toil of *a hundred thousand Indian slaves*. They instructed them in agriculture and in the mechanical arts; they made of them soldiers and sailors; and they taught them to herd cattle, prepare yerba (tea), and manufacture sugar and cigars; but while the churches and their own residences were built with elaborate splendour, the Indian architect and mason occupied mud hovels; while the padres had all the conveniences, and even luxuries that could be furnished by the carpenter and upholsterer, the Indian workman had scarce a table and a chair, very seldom a bed, and never any other coverlet in his hovel than a coarse poncho. The Indians *made* shoes; but the padres alone *wore* them, and exported the surplus. Plenty of sugar, maté, cigars, sweetmeats and Indian corn, were annually sent to Buenos Ayres; but the poor Indian could with difficulty get a meagre supply of salt to his yucca root, and to his occasional meal of beef. The

* Coudrette, iv. 269-275.

† Jesuites Marchands, p. 125-131. Coudrette, iv. 277.

soldiers were without pay, and the sailors without reward. The barks constructed by one class of missionary subjects were first employed in carrying away the articles produced by the sweat of the brow of another, and then in bringing back, as a return, finery for the churches, and luxuries for the padres and their friends. It is true that the Indian was fed and clothed out of the common stock of produce, but so scantily and disproportionately, that while his earnings might amount to a hundred dollars (£20) a-year, his food and raiment never cost one-half of the sum. He was allowed two days in the week, latterly three, on which to cultivate a small patch of ground for himself; but whatever this produced went in diminution of the supplies issued to him from the public stores. So that, after all, it came to the same thing—the community, that is, of the padres, was still the gainer by the personal labour of the Indian. Public expenditure was diminished by his individual labour on his own account; and while the padres claimed and received great credit for this liberal extension of time to the Indian for his own benefit, they knew that their practical sophistry went still in support of their fundamental principle—aggrandizement of the body."*

From this extract the reader will readily form a correct opinion of the system pursued by the Jesuits. He will see that it was nothing more than one vast system of slavery, practised, under the guise of religion, for the purpose of worldly gain; that its civilization consisted in learning the slaves those arts only by which they might become instruments of profit to their masters; and that its boasted community of goods was a mere pretext for enriching themselves, and keeping their victims on one unvarying level of debasing servitude. The whole of their subordinate arrangements were conducted on the same policy. They appointed nominal tribunals among the Indians; but not a single act of authority could be exercised without the sanction of the ghostly fathers; and the lord mayor and *his lady*, the aldermen and their *wives*, on leaving the court of justice, were required to appear foremost in the field of labour, at the appointed hour, clad exactly like the rest of the labourers, without shoes, or any distinctive badge of authority. The whole was a mere farce. Their grand object was to keep the Indians aloof from every thing that could tend to rescue them from ignorance and degradation. And in this they succeeded to their hearts' content; for after having been one hundred and fifty years under the absolute sway of the Jesuits, the poor Indians had not made the advance of a single step in the acquisition either of knowledge or of property.

It may afford the reader some amusement, after reading the above well-authenticated account, to peruse the glowing picture drawn of the same establishment by Principal Robertson, who seems to have depended on Charlevoix, one of the Society's historians: "The Jesuits set themselves to instruct and civilize these savages. They taught them to cultivate the ground; they trained them to arts and manufactures; they made them *taste the sweets of society;* and accustomed them to the blessings of security and order. These people became *the subjects of their benefactors*, who have governed them with a *tender attention*, resembling that with which a father directs his children! Respected and beloved *almost to adoration*, a few Jesuits *presided* over some hundred thousand Indians. They maintained a perfect equality among all the members of the community. Each of them was obliged to labour, not for himself alone, but for the *public!* By this institution, almost all the passions which disturb the peace of society, and render the members of it unhappy, were extinguished!"* The manifestoes of the King of Portugal, and the documents published by the Portuguese Government, sufficiently show what sort of masters these poor savages had to deal with.†

It may be some consolation to the feelings of our readers, shocked as they must be by the exposure of such villany, to learn the subsequent fate of these consecrated swindlers. We have the pleasure, therefore, of informing them that, in consequence of their insolent treatment of the Spanish Government, against which they had the assurance to rise in arms, Charles III., the king of Spain, resolved to expel them from his dominions, in the year 1767. Secret orders were despatched to the viceroy in South America, Bucareli, to take immediate measures for the simultaneous seizing of the Jesuits in their various strongholds, and for shipping them off to Europe. So well concerted were the plans of Bucareli, that on the 21st of July his sealed despatches were opened at every point where there was an establishment of "the holy fathers;" and on the 22d they were pounced upon, generally at midnight, by the civil and military authorities. Early next morning, they were sent off to Buenos Ayres, as a point of general rendezvous. In a few months most of them were shipped off for Spain—*remitted*, as Bucareli express it, by forties, fifties, and a hundred at a time, to be, by the King of Spain, sent to Italy, as a present to Pope Clement XIII. Thus a government, the most extraordinary that ever existed, a community that had gone on gathering wealth and power for more than a hundred and fifty years, was overthrown in a single night. Their goods, houses, and churches—their land and cattle—their silver and gold—their subjects and slaves—all, all were inventoried, and taken possession of by the Crown. How far the poor Indians were bettered by a change of masters is another question; but over the fate of those who formed them for slavery, and had so long revelled in the produce of their groans and sweat, no wife or mother ever shed a tear, and no friend of humanity can utter a sigh of regret.

* Letters on Paraguay. By J. P. and W. P. Robertson, ii. 46-48. London, 1838. The Messrs Robertson were the first Englishmen who had visited Paraguay, and gathered their information from the best authorities, ancient and modern.

* Robertson's Charles V., vi., 6.

† The documents to which we refer, and which afford undeniable evidence of the facts given above, may be found in "Memoires Historiques sur les Affaires des Jesuites avec le Saint Siege; Par M. L'Abbé C. P. Platel, ci-devant Missionaire Apostolique," &c. A Lisbonne, 1766. 7 vols. 4to. Southey, in his History of Brazil, has indulged in representations almost as fanciful as his "Tale of Paraguay."

BE A CHRISTIAN.

THINK of *the danger of hesitation*. If you stop without a full decision, the impressions you feel will soon diminish and decline. And are not some of you instances of this? You were once easily alarmed; but your tremblings have ceased. You have not, perhaps, assassinated your convictions—but you have starved them. Oh! had you nourished them, oh! had you yielded to them—what might you now have been?

They will leave you worse than they found you. You will be less receptive of pious influences. The heart, too hard before, is now more hardened through the deceitfulness of sin, and familiarity with the means of grace, and the judicial impenitence to which provocation induces God to leave a man, so that in seeing, he sees not, and in hearing, he hears not; and the savour of life unto life becomes the savour of death unto death.

They will increase and aggravate your final condemnation. In themselves these excitements were blessings. They had a merciful design. They were calls of love; but they were not answered. They were visitations of grace; but they were rejected. Therefore, says the insulted Sovereign and Benefactor: "Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded: but ye have set at nought all my counsel, and would none of my reproof: I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh; when your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind; when distress and anguish cometh upon you. Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me: for that they hated knowledge, and did not choose to fear the Lord: they would none of my counsel: they despised all my reproof. Therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices." And, therefore, a thousand times better would it have been for you if you had never known such thoughts and feelings as you have neglected and abused. O how dreadful will it be to see the glory of the saints, and to know that you might have shared it, and were just within reach of it! In a word, though you hover between sin and holiness, religion and the world now, you will not be left in a middle state when you come to die, but be turned into hell, with all the nations that forget God. Though enlightened and convinced, you will have your portion in the same misery with the vilest profligate; yea, it will be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment than for you.

Can you be satisfied with the acknowledgment of this poor, wretched portion; and behold, and wonder, and perish?

If *you* can be satisfied, your *preacher* cannot. He therefore beseeches you not to give sleep to your eyes, or slumber to your eyelids, till you have some reason to conclude you are Christians in truth.

How long halt you between two opinions? Who is on the Lord's side? Who will consecrate his services this day unto the Lord?

Will any of you, my dear *children*? You remember little Samuel, who, when the Lord called to him, said: "Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth." The same Lord, though invisible, is not far from any one of you. Go to him by prayer, and say: Lord, receive me graciously, and make me and keep me thine for ever. In the days of his flesh he rebuked those who would have hindered them, and said: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Yea, he showed not only his tenderness towards them as infants, but his regard for them as disciples, and therefore said: "Whoso receiveth one of these little ones in my name, receiveth me."

Will any of you, my *youthful* friends? O that *you* would exemplify the language of the prophet, and show that the eye of inspiration saw you, and you, and you, when it pronounced: "One shall say, I am the Lord's; and another shall call himself by the name of Jacob; and another shall subscribe with his hand unto the Lord, and surname himself by the name of Israel!" O how lovely would you appear, dedicating to the Lord the best of your time, and the prime of your affections, dressed in all the graces of the Spirit! How useful would you prove in beginning so soon to serve your generation by the will of God! What distinguished regards would you acquire from Him who has said: "I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall peculiarly find me!" Thus, if your days should be prolonged till time shows upon you, the hoary head shall be a crown of glory, being found in the way of righteousness; or if a mortal messenger should early call for you, you will the sooner only leave a vale of tears and enter the joy of our Lord.

Or will any of you, my *old* friends? *You* should seriously and earnestly have thought of this a great while ago. How sad and sinful is it that you have allowed so much of your threescore years and ten to run to waste! Your life is nearly ending, and your work is not even begun! What can you see in looking backwards, but guilt; or in looking forward, but gloom? Need I tell you what everything else tells you—that there is but a step between you and death? It is time, it is high time to awake out of sleep; and let me add, with hope and trembling, that it is not too late. You cannot, like Mnason, be an old disciple in grace; but you may be an old disciple in age, and be accepted at the eleventh hour. But today, if you will hear His voice, harden not your heart, lest this should be the last call, and you should suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.

Or will none of you who are in the *midst of life*, with all its engagements around you? We do not ask you to abandon society, and resign your secular concerns; but we beseech you to remember that you have souls as well as bodies, and that you are heirs of eternity as well as citizens of time. "Be not slothful in business," is a divine command; but no less binding is the added injunction: "Be fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." The hand of the diligent maketh rich; but with all your gettings you will be poor and miserable without the one thing needful. Labour, therefore, not only or chiefly for the meat that perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life.—*Jay's Works.*

Fragments.

CALMNESS IN COMMOTION.—Robert Hall said of John Wesley: "The most extraordinary thing about him was, that while he set all in motion, he was himself perfectly calm and phlegmatic; he was the quiescence of turbulence."

ATHEISM.—Swift (borrowing the idea from Cicero) says, that he will no more believe that the universe was formed by a fortuitous concourse of atoms, than that the accidental jumbling of the letters of the alphabet could fall by chance into an ingenious and learned treatise of philosophy.

A POOR BISHOPRIC.—Henry VII. made Fisher Bishop of Rochester. He would never exchange that for any other. He said his church was his wife, and he would not part with his wife because she was poor. —*Burnet.*

Daily Bread.

FRIDAY.

"Thou gavest them bread from heaven for their hunger."—Neh. ix. 15.

God reigns on high, but not confines
His bounty to the skies;
Through the whole earth his goodness shines,
And every want supplies.

If a friend give us our bread for a month or two, we think ourselves much bound to him; but how much more beholden are we to God, who keeps an open free table for us all the days of the year, and all the years of our life, and even to us when enemies to him! Behold, those who have their mouths opened wide against God, he mercifully puts bread in their mouths. How great is God's goodness to us! and how great is our ingratitude to him! I know not which of them we should most wonder at.—*Willison.*

SATURDAY.

"Call on the name of the Lord."—Ps. cxvi. 17.

Behold the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a gracious face,
And waits to answer prayer.

Consider what a mercy it is, O man, that God is yet calling thee to prayer, and continuing thee in the land of prayer, when so many thousands, as deserving, are beyond prayer, and lost for ever. O, then, pray now, while thou hast time to pray, health to pray, helps to pray, and encouragement to pray. Read the gracious promises of life and salvation to you if you do it.—Ps. lxix. 32; Rom. x. 13. Make this world a time for prayer, and the next shall be a season for praise. Dost thou think to be saved without prayer? Dost thou expect to have thy life without begging it at God's hands? O what oil will it add to thy flames in hell, when conscience will tell thee, If thou hadst prayed, thou hadst not been there! —*Ibid.*

SABBATH.

"My people shall dwell in resting-places."—Isa. xxxii. 18.

My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts opprest;
Appear, and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.

Upon this day of holy rest Christians should be often thinking and speaking of the everlasting rest above, and conferring together of the way to it, and their meeting there. Do you believe you are going to that rest, and yet never speak of it? If two or three of you had entered into an agreement to go to America, and seek the golden mines which are there, would ye never be speaking of that country, or desirous to hear of it before your going? O Christians! are ye shortly to be "caught up together in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air, and so to be for ever with the Lord," and will you not comfort one another with these words?—*Ibid.*

MONDAY.

"In their affliction they will seek me early."—Hos. v. 15.

God, in Israel, sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil;
These spring up and choke the weeds
Which would else o'erspread the soil.
Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

Every affliction is of great benefit to the godly. The prodigal never thought of returning to his father's house, until he was humbled by adversity. Hagar while in Abraham's house was ready to domineer over her mistress; but in the wilderness she was meek and humble. Jonah slept while in the ship; but he watched and prayed in the whale's belly. Manasseh lived at Jerusalem liked a libertine, and practised enormous evils; but when in bonds in Babylon, his heart was turned to seek the Lord his God.—*Rowlands.*

TUESDAY.

"The grave is my house."—Job xvii. 13.

My soul, this curious house of clay,
Thy present frail abode,
Must quickly fall to worms a prey,
And thou return to God.

The grave is a house, a narrow, dark, cold, ill-furnished house; but it will be our residence, where we shall rest and be safe. It is our long home, our own home; for it is our mother's lap, and in it we are gathered to our fathers. It is a house appointed to us by Him that has appointed us the bounds of our habitations. It is appointed for all living. It is the common receptacle where rich and poor meet; it is appointed for the general rendezvous; we must all be brought thither shortly. It is God that brings us; for the keys of death and the grave are in his hand, and we may all know that, sooner or later, he will bring us thither. It would be well for us, if we would duly consider it.—*Henry.*

WEDNESDAY.

"The goodness of God leadeth to repentance."—Rom. ii. 4.

Oh! for grace our hearts to soften;
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a friend we have above.

Have thy near and dear mercies been a star to lead thee to Christ? Have they been a cloud by day, and a pillar of light by night to lead thee towards the heavenly Canaan? Have they been a Jacob's ladder to thy soul? Hast thou by them been provoked to give up thyself to God as a living sacrifice?—Rom. xii. 1.—*Brooks.*

THURSDAY.

"Your names are written in heaven."—Luke x. 20.

Courage, my soul! behold the prize
The Saviour's love provides—
Eternal life beyond the skies
For all whom here he guides.

O, then, let me not droop at present difficulties. Now we are tossed on an ocean of troubles, fears, and temptations; but these tossings will make heaven the sweeter. Cheer up, then, O my soul, yet a few days more, and then comes that blessed day thou hast so long waited and panted for. Oppose the glory of that day to thy present sufferings, as blessed Paul did. Oppose the inheritance thou shalt receive in that day, to thy losses for Christ now. Oppose the honour that will be put upon thee in that day to thy present reproaches, and see how easy it will make them. Come, then, my soul, let us enter upon our inheritance by degrees, and begin the life of heaven upon earth.—*Flavel.*

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ON THE NATURE, VALUE, AND EFFICACY OF FAITH:

A Sermon.

BY THE REV. ED. W. TH. KUNTZE, BERLIN.

(*Translated from the German for the* CHRISTIAN TREASURY.)

"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life."—JOHN iii. 36.

As pilgrims on the way to eternity, all men feel in them the movement of a deep inward desire after happiness. Even he who is most sunk in sin, and the very outcast of men, cannot be brought to forego the thought of this. But we know from the Word of the living God that it is only a few who find the right way, and enter into the door of the heavenly Zion; and all this because the great majority of men turn wilfully away from salvation. They suppose it possible to quiet the longings of their soul after happiness with earthly and outward things—such as riches and pleasure, luxury and honour; as if external respectability and rectitude before their fellow-men sufficed, in their opinion, to make one truly happy. But fearful shall be our awakening on the other side the grave, if we surrender ourselves to these deceptions here, and take our departure hence with the false hope of the fool, and then in the place of torment and anguish, have our eyes opened to the sad reality of our condition—there, where no cry of mercy reaches, and no salvation is offered or found, there to become for the first time aware that we have been here wandering in the ways of error—there to be convinced that here we have deceived ourselves, and must now for ever irrevocably have our place with the worm that never dies, and the fire that is not quenched. This being so, we dare not treat our salvation as a thing of little account, heeding little whether the way we are treading shall lead to this end or not; nay, rather must we search about for a sure leader, and a sure way, in order that we may attain what the soul seeks for. Now the infallible knowledge of the *one* way of salvation we find in the Word of God; which declares, as well in the Old Testament as in the New, as well from the mouth of prophets as of apostles, that *faith is the only sure way to salvation.* Abel gave witness by his faith that he was righteous. Of Abraham it is said that he believed God, and it was counted to him for righteousness. By faith Moses was led to esteem the reproach of Christ greater riches than all the treasures of Egypt: and of the saints in the Old Testament it is declared generally—"These all died in faith;" and thereby alone did they please God. In like manner, the Lord our Saviour announces to distressed souls: "Thy faith hath helped thee;" and the apostles proclaim to all: "He who believeth on Jesus Christ shall not be confounded;" "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou and thy house shall be saved." It is true that this faith is still much reproached by the world; but we can confidently demand of those who are wise in the world's wisdom, to point out to us a surer way of salvation, and they must at once be silenced; for utterly vain is it to comfort any one who has attained to a knowledge of his misery as a sinner, by saying: You must not give way to saddening thoughts—God knows well what we are, and will not judge us too strictly; therefore be cheerful—go into society—enjoy the blessings of life—make right what was previously wrong, and all things will soon be better than your fears have indicated. As well might you go and say to the sick man, who, in his agony, cries out for the physician and relief: Divert yourself—think less of your condition—make yourself happy—you will be presently well; and this at the time when Death has laid his cold hand on him, and is hurrying him away from the land of the living. Here is the balm of Gilead—the Physician and the cure: "He who believes on the Son hath life." Let us direct our thoughts to this faith on the Son of God.

When the new life has begun in the soul which has been awakened by the grace of God in Christ, there commences a struggle of the understanding with doubt—a struggle of the heart with indwelling sin—a struggle of the inward man with the outward world, in which he often cries out: "Wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" and nothing can bring this struggle of the awakened sinner to a happy end, but the faith which the Lord reveals in the text, and which we shall now consider in three particulars:—*First*, As to its *nature; second*, As to its *value; third*, As to its *efficacy.*

I. It is all the more necessary to have a clear conception of the *nature of faith*, as, in the present day, the most perverted ideas are frequently attached to the simplest statements of the Bible. Saving faith has been confounded with that easy belief which, apart from proof and conviction, may credulously receive as true what is most inconsistent and absurd. This sort of belief is as different from faith as night is from day; and as little can we look on Christian faith as the empty opinion, which wants a sure, firm ground to rest on, and is wavering and un-

certain—because, in reality, faith is the true ground for the building of our salvation—it is the root of the tree of life—the anchor of the soul. For faith is the assured confidence of that which one hopes for, and the realizing of that which is unseen. Accordingly, it is this true faith which represents the unseen as real, and the future as present and certain—which the Lord represents as the only means of our salvation, and not to be attained by any teaching of men, but directly by the working of the Holy Spirit. Among the Christians of the present day, there are a great number who suppose themselves good believers, inasmuch as they have learned from father and mother, in the teaching of the school and the church, the great truths of salvation as they are contained in the Bible, and made known by the Church; and it accordingly appears to them that the promise which has been attached to faith belongs peculiarly to them, as a reward for this faith, which obtains eternal life as a reward given to faith. This, indeed, were nothing else than the dispensation of the old covenant of works, with a slight alteration, in the room of the New Testament dispensation of grace; seeing that in the former, salvation was to be secured by the full obedience of the law—and, in this supposed case, by the acceptance of certain truths. From such a faith, the faith which the Bible requires of all who will be saved is as far as possible at variance. A man may have an orthodox creed, and yet be unconverted, unsanctified, and be going headlong on the way to hell; because he is satisfying himself with the mere appearance, and not the reality of faith. True, living faith can only take root in the heart which has been awakened by the Holy Spirit. See that person who, like all men, has been begotten in sin, walking, in the vanity of his mind, estranged from the life that comes from God, in the ignorance and blindness of his heart. A ray of divine light comes across the darkness of his soul—the call of God, and the revelation of his glory, sounds not only in his ear, but pierces his heart. Then scales fall from his eyes—he thinks no longer of standing before God on the ground of his own righteousness. He becomes conscious that he has no claim on the mercy of God; but justly merits his anger and wrath, his punishment and exclusion from his presence. He does not try to conceal from himself the greatness of his sin, or the justice of God in the event of his being condemned. He sees how impossible it is for him to save himself, and to make atonement for his sin; and so, with a deep feeling of abasement, he casts himself down before the throne of grace—supplicates nothing but mercy—and receives with joy salvation in Christ. He builds and rests on the word of God, that he wills not the death of the sinner; he rests on the promise of his grace in Christ—of the atonement by him who is the one mediator; he accepts with joy the assurance of the forgiveness of his sins in the blood of Jesus. Here is living faith —the work of God by his Holy Spirit. Has then, faith become living in the heart of such an one?—if so, no mere knowledge of the doctrines of salvation can be entitled to the name.

Moreover, living faith has this peculiarity, that it acknowledges and rests on, as its *object*, the Son of God as the Saviour of the soul. The Apostle James says, accordingly: "Thou believest that there is one God: thou doest well. But this is not the faith that leads to eternal life; for the devils also believe, and tremble." And many there are who allow themselves to be deceived in thinking that, if they only acknowledge God, the Creator of all things, they are virtually believers and saints; and this, while they are utterly destitute of any true belief on the salvation which a holy God has wrought out by Jesus Christ. Accordingly, in our text, peculiar emphasis is laid on the words: "He that believeth *on the Son*;" for he who believes not on the Son has not the Father who hath sent him; he who has not attained salvation in Christ, flatters himself in vain that he belongs to the number of believers.

But if you are sensible of the state of misery and corruption into which sin has thrown you —if you really feel your just exposure to condemnation—if you are penetrated with the thought that neither you yourself, nor man, nor angel, can deliver you from the sad slavery of sin, and the threatened execution of the curse, unless Jesus Christ, the God-man, does, even he who has entered into the holiest of all, and has wrought out an everlasting righteousness—if you look with true confidence to Christ crucified, as Israel in the wilderness looked to the brazen serpent, that they might be healed—if you are willing to be delivered by him, even as he who had fallen among the robbers willingly suffered his wounds to be dressed and his personal safety to be secured by the good Samaritan—if Christ is to you the pearl of great price—your one treasure—your wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption—if you are from the heart persuaded that Christ has not only died for your offences, but has been raised again for your justification —if you have confidence and trust in everything which God reveals in his Word—then, in such a case, have you the true faith, and you appropriate the means which the Lord, who alone is willing and able to save, has presented for your salvation. It is Christ — a whole Christ, with his Word, and grace, and salvation—that is the object which faith apprehends. Such has been the experience of all those who, from the beginning of time, have entered into the gates of the heavenly Zion. Abraham saw the day of the Redeemer, and was glad; and accordingly, with Isaac and Jacob, he longed for the city which had foundations, whose builder and maker was God. And thus, too, Moses rested by faith on him, as though he saw him who was not yet revealed.

II. It is this faith alone which has *value* in

the eyes of God; and without this faith it is impossible to please him. It is this faith which gives him the glory of which unbelief robs him; for by no other means than by this faith can we so clearly recognise and attest the truthfulness and justice, the holiness, and grace, and mercy of God; or so fully give proof of our entire subjection to the Lord—acknowledging his Word as the truth which governs us, his will as the one rule which we follow, and his promise as that in which we unconditionally rest. It is thereby that we openly declare that we confidently expect all from his hand—even all that we desire for the outward and inward life—for time and for eternity; and that we are fully satisfied with everything that he offers, even although it should not altogether tally with our wishes and desires. Thus it is that we prove that his will is the great rule of our actions.

Now, how manifest is it, that it is unbelief which deprives us of all spiritual blessings, and of eternal salvation! For the unbeliever refuses to be pleased with the ways of the Lord; and, accordingly, walks in his own way. In the strength of his unbelief, he fears neither the holiness nor the stern justice of God; he refuses to know anything either of his own sins or of God's mercy; and in despite alike of his guilt, his daring opposition, and his disobedience to God, and despising of God's scheme of grace, he yet hopes to be able to stand before the judgment-seat of the all holy and righteous God. It is truly marvellous that we, the children of men, cannot be made to see our relation to God in such a light as to feel that without faith it is impossible to please him; seeing, especially, that we have such a vivid picture of this in the relation that subsists between the child and his father. See the child that is accustomed to receive from his parent proofs of his love and good pleasure. On this account it is that he listens to his words. He is led by his hand, even in ways that he is ignorant of; he receives as true what his father's mouth has declared; and most heartily acquiesces in it. Then see the child who heeds not his sayings—who regards his purposes with suspicion, and refuses to be guided by him, except in so far as is agreeable to himself. Tell me whether of these two children will the father honour. On which will his eye rest with delight?—So it is faith that leads to the honour of God, and makes us share in his favour.

Accordingly, faith has to us such a high value, inasmuch as it unites us to God. Unbelief separated the first of men from God; and in a state of sin this separation continues. There is nothing that can fill up the great gulf which lies between the sinful race of Adam and the holy God but the atoning sacrifice of Jesus Christ, which we appropriate by faith. The Scripture declares that our iniquities separate us and God from each other; and it is vain that we strive by our so-called good works to build up a tower whose top shall reach to heaven. As long as we remain in unbelief, guilt rests upon us, and punishment follows our steps like our shadow. In unbelief we raise up the weapons of our rebellion against the Lord, and refuse to follow his holy will. On the other hand, in faith we are led to acknowledge our guilt, to feel our misery, to perceive our alienation, and to take hold of the offer of atonement which Christ makes us from his cross on Golgotha. It is by faith that we appropriate his perfect righteousness, and become clothed with the robe of his salvation, and throw ourselves into his arms, that are stretched out to receive us, like the father's to his lost son. It is by faith that we come, for the first time, into union with the spiritual world; for unbelief neither seeks heaven nor fears hell. They are virtually as if they were not realities. The believer, again, who sees not merely what is visible, but what is invisible—who rests on the promises of God as to the heavenly glory which God has prepared for those who love him—sees already, with Stephen, the heavens opened, and tastes the joys of the future world, and views the crown after which he strives with fear and trembling, as he advances on the way which the Lord has appointed for him.

Let us, then, see to it in ourselves, and in the circles in which we move, whether we have this living faith, which consists in the entire surrender of the heart to that Lord who has loved and redeemed us—whether we have him in daily life, as if he stood at our side—whether we walk with him, as if we beheld him with our eyes—and whether we look upon all the things of time as only steps that lead to eternity. O that we, accused by our conscience, and covered with shame, longed for his redemption—for then would we have made a beginning in that true faith which leads to salvation!

III. Now, the thing that should all the more influence us to this good work, is the thought that this faith proves its *efficacy* in such a remarkable way, seeing that it is thereby that we attain peace of soul, the power of holiness, and the certainty of an eternal life, to which the Lord alludes in the words of the text: "He that believeth on the Son hath *everlasting life*." An everlasting life without this peace of soul is inconceivable. As sin and death, so also are life and peace, closely united together. Accordingly, the Apostle Paul declares, that, "being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Our guilt is atoned for—our sin is cancelled—the handwriting that was against us is taken away and nailed to the cross; so that the believer can ask with joy, "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth; who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died; yea, rather that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us." As long as you expect to be justified by your works before God, you never can attain to permanent peace; for your conscience must

testify that your works are imperfect and corrupt, and you must always be conscious that you cannot satisfy the demands of God in his holy law. But here is what will drive away fear and uneasiness, and will secure this abiding peace to the soul. It is faith on the Lord Jesus Christ. He has fulfilled the law for you in his perfect obedience; and by faith his merit becomes yours. Behold, then, the Lamb of God, who takes away your sins, and, with the forgiveness of sin, gives peace to your poor distracted soul. Would you not, if anything arduous were demanded of you, willingly bear all trouble, and anxiety, and self-denial, if you could only attain peace with the God whom you have offended by your sins? Seek, then, nothing else than faith on the Son of God—in him we have peace—and then will he appear to you, as he once did to his disciples after his resurrection, and say, "Peace be with you." What is to you all that the world can offer as glorious and valuable, if you have not peace with God—if you are ever haunted with anxieties and alarms—if disquietude of spirit agonizes you, and the sad prospect of eternity makes you quail for fear? What though you had the most wished-for lot in everything else? Without peace you are wretched. If, however, you have found peace with God in Christ, then, in the midst of storms can you feel safe, and say: "The Lord is my rock, my fortress. I shall feel secure under the shadow of his wings."

Further: faith influences the new life of the soul, and communicates the power which is unto holiness; for as soon as the soul becomes united to Christ by faith, the power of his life is conveyed to us, making us strong in our walking and acting in the ways of righteousness, according to his will—like the woman who had the issue of blood, and who, in faith, having touched only the hem of his garment, had thereby her health and strength restored. The believer has passed from death to life—is made a living member of the body of Christ—a branch of him who is the true vine, from which he derives sap and growth; so that he is able to manifest his faith by his fruits; for faith without works is dead. This living faith becomes in him such a source and spring of life, that he feels himself compelled to do all to the glory of Him who has loved us, and given himself for us. The believer lives in Christ, and Christ in the believer. How, then, could he find pleasure in that sin which bowed Christ down to the dust, and made him sweat a bloody sweat—which brought him to the cross, and stretched him in death? It is true, that the believer has still many temptations to withstand—many battles to fight; but his faith is the victory that overcometh the world; for it is more powerful than the world, and on the efficacy of it he proceeds from strength to strength, from victory to victory, covered with the shield of faith, by which he is able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. Love to Christ urges him to deny the world, and all sinful things and carnal lusts, and to live soberly, righteously, and godly.

Moreover, he who believes on the Son, has not only the spiritual life as manifested in personal holiness, but he has also a title to *life everlasting*. Although here it is not yet revealed what we shall be, and although the full enjoyment of heavenly blessings—the complete participation in eternal happiness—the entire deliverance from all evils, is first experienced when we put off the earthly veil, and are received by the Lord into his Father's house, and into the fellowship of the righteous, and holy, and happy; still we are, nevertheless, happy, and have already the foretaste and first-fruits of that glory which shall be revealed in the children of God in the communion of life and love with the Lord, seeing we have cast all our cares and sins upon him, and are filled with peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, and are made daily to taste and see how gracious he is. O assuredly, if the unbelievers of the present day, or those half believers who have not yet resolved to give themselves entirely to the Lord, could be made but once to taste the love of the Lord, and the happiness that is in his communion, then would they find it impossible to withdraw any more from him, to feed on the husks of the world, but would remain with him, and live in his grace from this time forth, even until they could enter upon the full happiness of heaven. Amen.

MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ.

[The following well drawn and apparently authentic sketch of the life and labours of the illustrious D'Aubigné will, we are sure, prove interesting to our readers. It is taken from the *Relief Magazine* for July:—]

We have to go back many years, in tracing the history of D'Aubigné's eminence as a Protestant divine. He seems to have received by inheritance, as well as from personal investigation, his attachment to the doctrines of the Reformation. He is descended, we learn, from those famous confessors, the Huguenots of France; his great grandfather, by the father's side, Jean Louis Merle, having fled to Geneva from Nismes, to escape the persecutions which followed the revocation of the edict of Nantes, A.D. 1685. In the city of their adoption, the exiled family seem to have maintained a high standing in society; for, in 1743, we find Francis Merle, the son of the Huguenot refugee, marrying Elizabeth, daughter of George D'Aubigné, a Protestant nobleman then residing in Geneva. From this side of his lineage, the historian of the Reformation draws no small addition to his ancestral interest in the Protestant cause; the D'Aubigné family, like the Merles, having been compelled to flee from France on account of religious persecutions. Theodore D'Aubigné, who was chief of the house toward the commencement of the seventeenth century, has won some reputation as a poet and a historian; and the complexion of his writings may be understood from the fact, that the history of the times speaks of him as *un Calviniste zélé, si onques il en fut*—"a zealous Calvinist, if ever there was one;" while his *Histoire Universelle de la*

fin du 16me Siècle, had the honour of being publicly burnt at Paris, in A.D. 1620, by order of Louis XIII. On the occasion of his obtaining this mark of the royal attention, he not only forfeited his estates in France, but found it necessary to retire from the French dominions; and having in his youth studied at Geneva, then the grand refuge of religious freedom for the Continent of Europe, and a famous seat of Protestant learning, he now returned thither, and purchased the domain of Lods, in the neighbourhood of the city. Here his descendants were residing when Francis Merle became the husband of Elizabeth D'Aubigné. On this marriage, in conformity with a custom common on the Continent, and not unfrequent among ourselves, in cases of alliance between a plebeian and a daughter of nobility, the gentleman added his lady's name to his own; and hence the name, Merle D'Aubigné, by which the family has since been recognised. It would seem, however, that, even now, the latter part of the designation is understood in the neighbourhood as somewhat formal and ceremonious —at least, MERLE is the name in common use at Geneva; and we find that travellers who have visited Switzerland seldom speak of the historian by any other. In a tourist's sketch which appeared in a religious magazine a few months ago, from the pen of a Scotch minister, the writer tells us that he inquired long in the streets of Geneva for the residence of D'Aubigné, without being able to obtain a satisfactory direction, and that it was only after some explanation he was understood to be in search of the historian and professor, Dr Merle, who, of course, is well known in his native city.

A large family was the fruit of the marriage to which we have referred. One of the children, Aimé Robert Merle D'Aubigné, born in 1755, evinced in his early years a strong desire to devote himself to the ministry of the Gospel, and, with the approbation of his parents, was engaged in preparatory studies, with a view to the sacred office; but his father dying while these were in progress, an uncle, who became his guardian, caused him, at the expense of all his deeply-cherished predilections, to change his plans. It seems to have been the desire of advancing the worldly prospects of the youth, that prompted his guardian in using authority to prevent his adopting the poorly-remunerated office of the ministry. The result shows how vain and unprofitable it is to plan against the seeming designs of God. The disappointed student became a merchant, settled at Geneva, and had a family of three sons, of whom John Henry Merle D'Aubigné, the historian of the Reformation, was the second—born in 1794. The awful and tragic circumstances in which the father of this family was taken from the world, must have had some share in forming the character of his sons. During the French war, in 1799, Aimé Robert Merle, returning through Switzerland from a commercial mission to Vienna, was met on the road, near to Zurich, by the remnant of the Russian army, who had recently before been defeated by the French troops under Massena, and, in the madness of their rage at their discomfiture, the peaceful traveller was, with savage atrocity, put to death. The education of his sons now devolved upon his widow, who, having ample means for that purpose, was not neglectful of the trust committed to her. She still survives, we believe, occupying the house on the banks of the Genevan lake in which her children were born. The oldest and youngest of her sons having emigrated to America, where they are now respectable merchants—the one in New York, the other in New Orleans — the professor, John Henry, is left to occupy as a summer residence the house of his birth.

John Henry Merle received his education at the Academy, frequently called the University, of Geneva. At that time, as at the present day, Switzerland was deeply infected with the Neological views which had overspread Protestant Germany; and, in the Theological School of Geneva, the doctrine of the atonement, the divinity of Christ, and other fundamental principles of the Gospel, were openly contemned. It is grievous to think that the institution which can boast of John Calvin as its founder, and which includes the names of Beza, Turretin, and Pictet, in the list of its professors, should have degenerated into a Socinian propaganda. By a striking providence of God, D'Aubigné was saved from this maelstroom of heresy. During the course of his study, Geneva was visited by our countryman, Robert Haldane, whose labours and sacrifices in the cause of evangelical truth are so well known in Scotland and throughout the world. This eminent Christian was, as might be expected, deeply concerned for the low state of religion among the professors and students of the Theological School; and, having obtained the acquaintance of a number of the students, he invited them to meet him from time to time at his rooms in the hotel where he lodged. At these interviews, he commented largely, at first by means of an interpreter, on the Epistle to the Romans. And it was probably in his efforts to bring home to this interesting company the great truths of evangelical religion, so fully exhibited in that Epistle, he was led to those views which have enabled him to give to the world the most valuable commentary on the Romans that has ever appeared in print. His sound expositions and judicious advices have been attended with results scarcely less valuable than were the fruit of his labours in Scotland. Among the students, ten or twelve in number, who received in his society their first serious impressions of evangelical truth, and most of whom are still engaged in preaching the saving Gospel throughout France and Switzerland, were Henry Pyt, the celebrated Felix Neff, and the still more famous Merle D'Aubigné.

On completing the curriculum of study at Geneva, under the favourable auspices we have mentioned, D'Aubigné received ordination as a minister, and shortly thereafter repaired to Berlin, for the purpose of enjoying the further advantages of theological learning afforded at the Prussian capital. It was on his way thither he first conceived the design of writing the work for which he has since become so distinguished—the "History of the Reformation." Having occasion to pass through Eisenach, he visited the Castle of Wartburg, celebrated for the mysterious imprisonment of Luther; and his imagination recalling, by the aid of external scenery, some of the marvellous scenes connected with the life of the great hero of the Reformation, from that day he began to collect materials for a history of the famous struggle with which Luther's name is identified. His stay at Berlin had lasted but a few months, when he received a call to the pastoral office in a French Protestant Church at Hamburg, founded by the Huguenot exiles, at the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and preserved by their descendants to the present day. While residing at Hamburg, his projected work was faithfully kept in sight, and all available sources of information diligently explored, with a view to enrich and authenticate his narrative. After labouring five years in this charge, he was invited by the King of Holland to preach in a church which that prince had erected for the accommodation of French Protestants in Brussels; and having accepted this charge, he repaired to the Belgian capital. There he continued till the Belgian Revolution, in 1830—a movement which had its origin as much in Romish zeal as in political disaffection — compelled him, with other friends of the Dutch Government, to seek his escape by flight. At considerable risk of his life, the Pro-

testant minister found his way to Holland; and, after a brief stay in that kingdom, returned to his native city, Geneva.

How wonderful the ways by which God leads his servants to the position he has assigned for them! How marvellously he over-rules the fires of tribulation to prompt them in the course he intends they should pursue! At the time of John Henry Merle's return to Geneva, the friends of evangelical truth, who, since the visit of Robert Haldane, about fifteen years before, had gradually increased in numbers and influence, were contemplating the institution of a theological school, at which students preparing for the ministry might be educated without the risk of having their religious principles corrupted by the Neological and Socinian teachers of the "Academy." Such a step had long been loudly demanded, by the peril to which Bible truth was exposed from the pestilent heresy on all hands prevailing; and the opportune arrival of M. Merle at once decided the friends to go forward with their plans. Accordingly, in 1831, the Geneva Evangelical Society was formed, with this purpose, among others, to found a divinity school; and M. Merle, whose attainments eminently qualified him for the task, was placed at its head as president, and had assigned to him the chair of ecclesiastical history. His principal associate in the management of the seminary since its commencement, has been M. Gaussen, a minister well known among divines for his admirable work on inspiration, and whom the Government had ejected from his church in consequence of his attachment to evangelical doctrine. Happily, Professor Gaussen was able to devote temporal wealth, as well as high intellectual endowments and ardent piety, to the work into which he now cast himself heart and soul; and, under these distinguished ministers, aided by pious and influential laymen in the city, the Theological School of Geneva entered on its career. All the students mustered at the opening session numbered no more than four; but they have since increased to upwards of forty, including those in the literary and scientific classes preparatory to theology. Several distinguished men have been associated with those already mentioned in conducting the seminary. At present they are aided in the work by Professor Pilet, who, in addition to the duties of his class, sustains the pastoral care of a large congregation, to which he preaches every Sabbath; and by M. La Harpe, a young man who has already attained for himself an extensive reputation, and promises to rise to great eminence in the Church of Christ.

His position at the head of the Geneva Theological School, was no sinecure to M. Merle. In addition to the historical lectures which may be understood to be embodied in his great work, he has furnished the Church with many other publications of a stirring and eloquent character—most of them embodying matter addressed to his class, and the friends of the Evangelical Society. Fourteen different productions of this kind, varying from twenty to two hundred pages, have appeared from his pen. The first volume of his "History of the Reformation in the Sixteenth Century," was published in 1836, and subsequently two additional volumes have issued from the press. The work, which originally appeared in French, the author's native tongue, was speedily translated into English, Dutch, and German; and in these languages obtained a far wider circulation than in its original form; while the glowing and powerful genius it displayed attracted the admiration of all readers. It was the intention of the author to complete his labours in four volumes; and it affords some idea of the celebrity this earlier portion had gained, to know that M. Guizot, the distinguished statesman of France, and himself holding a foremost rank among eloquent historians, expostulated with M. Merle against this design, and entreated him not to compress his work within less than eight volumes. His present plan, we believe, contemplates six volumes, of which the fourth, treating of the Reformation in Great Britain, is expected to appear soon. Hitherto, his description of the great struggle has been marked for its laboured accuracy and correctness in matters of fact, not less than by its warm and brilliant eloquence; and, in all probability, the author's visit to our island, at the time we now write, has been undertaken partly with a view to insure that authentic information and personal knowledge of external scenery, which lend so great a charm to the former portion of his work. It is not out of place to observe, in connection with the fame which immediately followed the publication of M. Merle's "History," that in 1838, the College of New Jersey, U.S., conferred on the author the honorary degree of *Doctor in Divinity*.

TRUE AND FALSE PREACHERS.

O how should preachers men's repenting crave,
Who see how near the church is to the grave;
And see that while we preach and hear, we die,
Rapt by swift time to vast eternity!
What statues or what hypocrites are they
Who between sleep and wake do preach and pray,
As if they feared wakening the dead,
Or were but lighting sinners to their bed!
Who speak of heaven and hell as on a stage,
And make the pulpit but a parrot's cage!
Who teach as men that care not much who learns,
And preach in jest to men that sin in earns!
A proud, unhumbled preacher is unmeet
To lay proud sinners humbled at Christ's feet;
So are the blind to tell men what God saith,
And faithless men to propagate the faith;
The dead are unfit means to raise the dead,
And enemies to give the children bread;
And utter strangers to the life to come
Are not the best conductors to our home:
They that yet never learn'd to live and die,
Will scarcely teach it others feelingly.

BAXTER.

THE CHURCH OF LUTHER.

BY THE REV. PATRICK FAIRBAIRN, SALTON.

Concluding Article.

It is well known that the last days of Luther were imbittered by certain practical disorders, which sprung up around him; arising, in part, from that defective state of organization and discipline which, from the very first, attached to the Churches of the Reformation in Germany.

So much, indeed, was he affected by the state of things in his own city of Wittenberg, that, after having remonstrated with the people in vain, he formed the determination of finally leaving it, and was only induced to change his purpose by the bitter lamentations and importunate entreaties of all classes in the city. He died shortly after, when on a temporary visit to his native town of Eisleben; and during the very brief illness which was the immediate cause of his death, he was heard by his servant, Ambrose, to breathe the following earnest

prayer: "Lord God, heavenly Father, I call upon thee, in the name of thy dear Son, Jesus Christ our Lord, whom I, by thy grace, have acknowledged and preached, that thou wouldst, according to thy promise, and for the glory of thy name, graciously listen to my prayers at this time. Oh! grant, according to thy great mercy and loving-kindness toward me, that the light of the Gospel, which now begins to shine on the earth, may everywhere take the place of the terrible apostasy and darkness of the Pope, before the great day of judgment, which cannot now be far off, but is at the door; and withal, preserve thou the Church of my dear fatherland pure unto the end, in the stedfast profession of the truths of thy holy Word, and graciously keep it; that all the world may know that thou didst send me to do this work. Ah! dear Lord God. Amen, Amen." This impressive and truly characteristic prayer, which may be regarded as the dying breath of the great Reformer, shows how anxiously his heart beat for the full establishment of Gospel truth and principle, gathering, as it did, around it his last and fondest wishes. That the Churches he left behind him were still marred by certain imperfections, which tended to hinder this much desired consummation, only proves that he had not been able to surmount all the obstacles which stood in the way of a complete and thorough reformation; and that the state of matters in his dear fatherland should, in process of time, have become so sadly changed to the worse, as to exhibit an all but universal forsaking of the doctrine he so zealously preached, and a national corruption, both of faith and morals, adds another to the many proofs elsewhere to be found, of the lamentable tendency, even in the most highly favoured Churches, to lose what God has wrought for them, and to fall away from their stedfastness.

It is a consolation, however, to know, that in the very worst times, the Church of Luther has still had its remnant of faithful men, and now presents many symptoms of returning health and vigour—showing that Luther's prayer has not been altogether unanswered. For long the influence of a sounder faith, and the savour of a healthful piety, lingered among the people, after the teachers and ministers had drunk into the cold and corrupting spirit of Rationalism; but at last also the teachers and ministers began, here and there, to become alive to the truth, and to ask for the old ways. We are not sure that this better tendency was actually commenced, but we have the authority of Tholuck for saying that it was at least greatly aided, by the desolations and distresses which were produced in Germany toward the beginning of the present century by the wars of Bonaparte. The calamities which then overspread the whole land, and rent the bosom of a large proportion of its families, called for a far deeper consolation than a shallow and unsatisfactory Rationalism could minister; and as a light-minded, frivolous spirit had been deeply concerned in bringing on the degeneracy, so a thoughtful and earnest spirit, awakened by the painful realities of times of trouble, was much concerned in leading to a better state of things. The Lord brought the Church of Luther, as the Church of Israel, into the wilderness, and there he began to speak comfortably to her, giving her her vineyards from thence, and the Valley of Achor for a door of hope.

1. In proof of this revival having really begun, and awakening good hope as to the future, we may notice, first of all, the general and widespread feeling which exists among the most able and learned ministers, of their sunk and disordered condition, and the desire to have it rectified. Many works of late years have been published, giving expression to such feelings and desires; differing considerably, no doubt, both in the kind of disorders complained of, and the kind of remedies proposed. We shall quote a few passages only from one of them, which cannot be read without begetting a conviction of the writer's own deep spirituality of mind, and unfeigned desire after better days for his Church and people: "Christian ideas appear to have lost their force and vigour; the whole form of public and domestic life does not now, as of old, convey the impression of those ideas. Worldliness, absence of faith and piety, appear to have gained the ascendant, and only perhaps do not show themselves more openly, because concealed under the external veil of received doctrines. Still there exists a soil, which has less need of a new life than of a new impulse given to the life that already exists. As for men of learning and cultivation, there is at least found among them a kind of tolerance for the Christian faith; with many, also, the consideration and the necessity of again returning to it. It is perceived that the course hitherto pursued has not been blessed; the lights have not yielded the fruit that was expected from them; philosophy has not justified the confidence with which it was hailed, after it had succeeded in undermining the foundations of a positive faith in many minds. When this was done, the general truths of a so-called rational religion soon gave way; and men have come to be sensible of the mischievous nature of a scepticism which hides itself, indeed, behind high sounding phrases, but cannot deceive him who has to contend with the troubles of life, and which leaves him without consolation in the hour of death." Then, after mentioning various other favourable circumstances, he proceeds: "The ground, then, is prepared; there has only to be sown in it the seed of a living faith; the fields are ripe for the harvest, would the Lord but send forth his labourers! And why shall we not confide in Him who, through so many difficult circumstances, has established, propagated, and preserved Christianity? He whose aid has sustained, in so many perilous conflicts, our evangelical Church, will not now

abandon it. May he send us some one who, gifted with the spirit and the power of Luther, is able to turn the hearts of men, and bring back the children to the mind of their fathers! or, may it be in his purposes, that the crisis shall develop itself slowly, and that the life of the Church shall return by degrees to its ancient health and vigour! Many symptoms of the time indicate a more deep and general movement than has yet taken place toward the true faith."*

It is gratifying to know, that not a few of the works which have been put forth on this subject have urged the necessity of a new constitution of the Church, and that with an especial reference to its own internal government and discipline. We perfectly concur with the author from whom the above extract is borrowed, that unless the Church can regain her own independence, which she has unwisely sacrificed to the temporal power, it will be vain to hope for the proper triumph of the principles of the Gospel (p. 539). So long as the Church has practically no power to hold her ministers and members bound to the faith and obedience of the Gospel, as set forth in some plain and intelligible standard, and to separate from her communion those who manifestly depart from it, she can never, as a Church, be distinguished for life and purity; what she has in these respects will only be in scattered portions. At present she knows nothing of such independence; but that men feel the want of it, and are sighing after it, is a token for good—a symptom of recovering life, which may yet lead to most important results.

2. As another good symptom, we may mention the distinguished men whom God has been raising up among them, and who are not ashamed to preach and teach the truth as it is in Christ, with fidelity and boldness. One of these is Dr Dräseke, with one of whose sermons we lately presented our readers—a man of eminent talents and unwearied in his labours for diffusing the knowledge of Christ. He holds the office of a bishop and general-superintendent, and has been made the object of satirical remarks for his zeal in bringing in the doctrine of the Saviour during his visitations, where, it is alleged, there was no occasion for his doing so. Though above seventy years old, he is said to pursue his work with unabated strength, and with evident tokens of the divine blessing. Besides him, Krummacher, the author of "Elijah the Tishbite," is well known in this country as a man of superior gifts, and one eminently qualified, both by his writings and his labours in the pulpit, to spread the knowledge of the truth. Olshausen, Tholuck, Lucke, Havernick, Neander, Nitzsch, Hengstenberg, and many others, have acquired for themselves a place among the highest ranks of talent and scholarship, while their gifts have been employed in unfolding and defending the leading principles of the Gospel. Their writings do not always, it is true, come up to the standard of what would be reckoned sound and wholesome divinity in this country; but the great truths of Scripture—those truths which are more immediately connected with salvation, have certainly found in them most able expounders and advocates: and the true light is still, we trust, growing upon them; for some of them are now coming to entertain and express correct views upon a subject on which, till very lately, loose notions were always held, even by men otherwise substantially sound in the faith. We refer to the inspiration of Scripture, apart from which the doctrines of salvation can never be placed on a solid foundation, but which the long prevalent Rationalism of Germany has rendered it hard, even for well-disposed men to admit, in the full and proper sense. On this, however, we find one of the writers above mentioned (Lucke) thus speaking in the preface to the second edition of his Commentary on John: "I have been charged with being too timid and reserved in my expositions; and as the reproach has come from a man whose kindness does me honour, I shall reply with frankness, since his observation seems to reflect upon my moral and scientific character; I say, then, that for me the grand theological element in the exposition of the New Testament is solely the humble and believing knowledge of the true and perfect revelation of God in Christ, and of the clear word of God in Scripture. To that I submit myself willingly, and without reserve. I cannot attach myself to the party of those who tear from the positive word of God in the Scriptures whatever happens to displease them, that there may remain at the last only an abstraction of their own religious philosophy." We may just add, that the most eminently learned and talented of all the living evangelical writers in Germany, is Hengstenberg, who, in a great variety of works, has done, and is still doing, incalculable service to the cause of divine truth, especially with respect to the books of Old Testament Scripture. He has applied his vast learning, and acute, discriminating mind to the illustration and defence of these, not only with triumphant success against the objections of Infidels and Neologians, but also to the clearer explanation of many of the more difficult passages of Scripture. There are certainly some views maintained in his writings which we cannot go along with; but taken as a whole, there is, perhaps, no writer of the present day who has done so much to silence the mouths of adversaries, and has contributed so greatly to the correct and profitable study of the Bible. That such lights are again granted by the Author of all good to the Protestant Church of Germany, and are at this moment occupying some of the posts of greatest influence, teaching the future teachers of the Church, must surely be, to every well disposed

* Twesten's Leçons, as quoted by Amand Saintes in Hist. du Rationalisme, p. 565.

mind, a cause of much thankfulness, and be regarded as a happy omen of better days still to come.

3. We intended to have given, under this last and concluding particular, some facts as to the actual revival of godliness and spread of practical religion through the land. But we have left little space for this; and we have, besides, been able to gather very few tangible and well-authenticated facts bearing on the point, not having access to the proper sources of information. One or two, however, may serve as a specimen of what might be furnished, and an index to the rapidly improving state of things. In Berlin, for example, the centre of the Protestant Church of Germany, we are informed that somewhere about half of the ministers are evangelical preachers of the truth—clearly showing, that even in the high places of the land evangelical principles are gaining strength. In some districts of Saxony there have been very decided revivals of religion; and you cannot travel any distance without finding godly and faithful ministers. As a proof, also, that these principles are there taking a practical direction—which, indeed, they can never fail to do when faithfully preached—we have been informed that a Lord's-day society has been lately instituted in Berlin, with the view of promoting the better observance of that day, and of checking what has ever been one of the greatest hindrances to practical godliness on the Continent—the mis-spending of the day of sacred rest. There are also many Bible societies in different parts of the country, through whose labours many thousand copies of the Scriptures have been circulated. Several years ago the number of evangelical ministers throughout Prussia was estimated at about six hundred; and so decided is the progress of vital religion in some parts, that persons visiting the country, after the lapse of a few years, have expressed themselves as struck with the visible change. Lest, however, too high an idea should be formed from such things, and too sanguine hopes cherished regarding the future, it must not be forgotten, that the interference of the civil power with spiritual things in Prussia exercises a very benumbing influence, and must greatly retard the progress of the truth. For in that despotic country everything is matter of civil statute; the very time people are to be in church is regulated by law; and so strictly are ministers bound to the liturgy, that they cannot offer up an extempore prayer in church without becoming liable to a civil penalty. The Church there, and we believe also to some extent in other parts of Germany, is still in bondage to the elements of the world; and how or when she may attain to real spiritual freedom it is vain to conjecture. In the meantime, the revival is so partial—so many of her ministers and people are yet under the paralyzing influence of Rationalism—that she could not rightly use the freedom proper to a Church of Christ. Perhaps when ripe for it she may be allowed to enjoy a much larger measure of it, at least, than she now possesses; or the real light and life in her may withdraw itself from the mass, and obtain that liberty in separation from the State, which may otherwise be impracticable. At all events, it becomes us to rejoice in what God has already wrought, and to hope that the Church of Luther may yet, in God's good providence, be recovered to what he earnestly sought it might never lose—"the stedfast profession of the truths of God's holy Word."

THE ORPHAN.

It was on a pleasant summer's eve that the pastor of one of our New England villages was taking his usual walk, after spending the day in study. He was a good old man, and had long been faithful to the beloved people of his charge. He had been a successful labourer in the cause of his Master, till his head had become silvered and his tottering frame needed the support of a staff. The sun had already sunk in the west, and was pouring his last rays into the golden sky, as the pastor entered the village grave-yard.

There is something in this hour of the day that gives a pleasing melancholy to the soul—which, added to the place in which he was walking, was peculiarly adapted to assist the holy man in his meditations, and, if need be, to raise his thoughts from this world, and to place them on that which he felt was his home. The good man was pressing beneath his softly trembling steps the sods which covered many of his beloved parishioners, when he came to the spot where lay his wife and three beautiful daughters, whose loveliness, like the opening rose, was blasted ere it was fully exhibited. The pastor leaned on his staff and bent over these graves, and was just marking out by their side the spot where he hoped shortly to lie in peace, when he was startled by hearing the sobs of a child. He turned, and at a little distance beheld a lovely little white-headed boy, who was kneeling and sobbing over the grave of his father, whose ashes had lately been deposited beneath. With a melting heart the good shepherd approached the child of his friend, and with the tenderness of a father he raised and kissed this orphan lamb of his flock, whose face was pallid with grief, and whose bright blue eyes were swollen by weeping. He sat down beside the grave, and pressed the weeping boy to his bosom.

"Oh! Sir," said the child, "let me cry for my father—he lies deep in that grave; they tell me he will never again be my father. I fear that I have offended him—that he will no more be my father; and I want to ask him to forgive me, and to kiss me as he used to do! Oh! if he would once more be my father, I would never again offend him. But they say he is dead! Oh! I would sit here and cry all night—I would never stop, if my poor father would come to me! But he will not come; for, a few days before they put him into this hole he told me—oh! I do remember it—he told me that he was going to leave me, and that I should never have a father any more; and he stroked my hair with his sick hand, and told me that when he was buried in the ground, I must be a good boy and love God—Oh! my poor, good father!"

The feeling pastor pressed the hand of the sorrowing child within his; and ere he could answer him he had wet with his tears the silken hair of the

orphan. His first object was to soothe him into confidence, and then to direct him to a Father who would never forsake him. With patience he satisfied his curiosity respecting death—how it is a long sleep, but that the voice of God will one day awake even the dead. He told him how death was introduced into the world, and made him understand that it was the consequence of sin. He explained to him the natural depravity of the heart—how we, "like sheep, have all gone astray." He laboured to impress upon him a correct view of the character of God—his attributes of love, mercy, justice, &c., and then explained how we might be saved by Jesus Christ. He next strove deeply to impress upon the listening boy what is "the chief end of man," and thus concluded, while his little hearer seemed to hang upon his lips: "And now, my dear little boy, you have indeed lost a tender father, but I have been trying to point you to a Father who has promised never to forsake the poor orphan."

"But," says the child, "what is it to be an orphan?"

"It is to be left destitute of parents while we are yet children."

"Oh, yes, but what is a poor orphan?"

The clergyman was affected, but replied: "It is a child who is left destitute of property, as well as parents."

"Oh! I wish," said the child, in the simplicity of his heart, "I wish that I was a poor orphan, if God would be my father."

The good minister wept; for he knew that the child's wish respecting property would be fully satisfied.

"I trust, my dear child, that God will be your father. You know how short are our lives—how certain our death—how much we have to do to prepare for death; and how we should devote our lives to God, that we may meet death with peace. I hope you will not only be good, and live so as to meet your poor father in heaven, but I hope your life will be spent in trying to do good to others.

The clergyman held the hand of the child, and they knelt in prayer on the grave. The petition was, that God would provide for the little orphan. It was now dark, except what light was afforded by the bright twinkling of the stars. As they left the grave-yard the shepherd directed the attention of his lamb to these wonderful works of God, and his heart beat with joy when he exclaimed: "My Father made them all."

He led the orphan to his place of residence—soothed his grief—assuaged his sorrows, and determined to adopt and make him his child. But God ordered otherwise. The faithful pastor was soon after laid upon the bed of death; and from the chamber which had for many years been the witness of the piety of his heart, and which was "privileged above the common walks of virtuous life," his spirit, as we trust, flew from the snares, the corruptions, and the sins of this transitory world, and found a shelter in the bosom of his Redeemer—and left the child a second time an orphan.

At the death of the clergyman the little boy was thrown upon the wide world with but few friends—his patron was dead, and he was forgotten. Many who saw, felt compassion for him. They saw sorrow often brooding over his countenance, and the big tear often gush from his eyes—they saw and pitied—"hoped he would be provided for," and left him as they found him. But it should be a matter of consolation to dying parents that there is One who heareth even the "young ravens when they cry," and will provide for the fatherless.

I have only to add, that to the subject of this narrative God was ever near. He was placed in many different situations—passed through many trials, but was ever protected by the tender mercy of God. At the age of sixteen it is believed that he experienced the operations of the Spirit of God upon his heart—he thought of this interview with the good clergyman, and of his advice, his prayers and his wishes; and he dedicated his life to the service of God. The hand of charity was extended. He is now a member of one of our most respectable colleges; and it is hoped and believed that this orphan may hereafter be known as a missionary of the cross in some heathen land, where he has determined to spend his days.—*Todd's Simple Sketches.*

THE MARIGOLD.

When with a serious musing I behold
The grateful and obsequious marigold—
How duly, every morning, she displays
Her open breast, when Titan spreads his rays;
How she observes him in his daily walk,
Still bending tow'rds him her small slender stalk;
How, when he down declines, she droops and mourns,
Bedew'd, as 'twere with tears, till he returns;
And how she veils her flowers when he is gone,
As if she scorned to be looked on
By an inferior eye, or did contemn
To wait upon a meaner light than him:
When this I meditate, methinks the flowers
Have spirits far more generous than ours,
And give us fair examples to despise
The servile fawnings and idolatries,
Wherewith we court these earthly things below,
Which merit not the service we bestow.

WITHER.

Missionary Fragments.

"LEANING UPON THE BELOVED."

One day a very old man went into Mr Pitman's study, when the following conversation took place: "Well, my friend, what is your business?" "I wish to give myself to God in baptism." "Is that the real desire of your heart?" "Yes, the real desire." "Do you love God and Christ?" "Yes, I love God. I have been a wretched being, a great warrior in this place, and many a one have I slain in my days of ignorance; but there is a new day. We now hear things that we never heard before. I heard you preach from these words: 'God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.' I thought much about the cross of Christ." "Do you know who Christ is?" "He is the Son of God." "What was his object in coming into this world?" "To be the true sacrifice for sin, that we might be saved." "Do you pray to him?" "Oh, yes." "Do you trust in him?" "Yes, like this," leaning his back, and resting his whole weight against the sofa in the study; "my soul thus leans on Christ."

RETURNING GOOD FOR EVIL; OR, THE SPIRIT OF THE GOSPEL.

When it was known among the islands that Mr Williams had been killed at Erromanga, the first proposition made by the people was of a character worthy of their Christian profession. It was not to

take their clubs and spears and go, in large numbers, to avenge the death of their beloved friend, who had fallen a victim to the cruel savages on that island; but that *native teachers* should be sent to carry to those blood-stained shores the Gospel of peace; believing that to be the best method that could possibly be adopted, to subdue their ferocious spirits, and lead them joyfully to receive and kindly to treat European missionaries, who, at some future period, might go to reside among them. Two natives had the moral courage to offer their services for that particular field of missionary enterprise. They were taken thither by Mr Heath. The chiefs, in whose charge they were left, promised to behave kindly to them, and to attend to their instructions. Instead of this, scarcely had the "Camden" disappeared in the distant horizon, when these chiefs strictly prohibited, on pain of death, the people of Erromanga from giving or selling these teachers any food. Captain Croker having pointed out to them the serious consequences which would follow if they killed any more missionaries, it appears that they were afraid to lay violent hands upon them, but were determined to starve them to death. They were soon reduced to such a state of weakness, that they were confined to their mats, and must have died, had not a kind Providence put it into the heart of a native, living about four miles distant, to pity them in their distress. This man used to take them a small basket of food daily; but he was afraid to go into their little cottage with it, and therefore watched an opportunity, when no one was near, to lift up the thatch, put it over, drop it down inside, and immediately go back to his own dwelling. Thus were these two volunteers in the cause of Christ preserved alive till they were taken off by Mr Murray, who visited that island in the "Camden" about twelve months after they had been taken thither.

"I AM READY NOT ONLY TO SUFFER, BUT ALSO TO DIE."

Among the teachers that went with Mr Williams in the "Camden," with the view of being placed on the New Hebrides, or some of the neighbouring islands, there were two from Rarotonga. Mr Pitman and Mr Buzacott pointed out to them the dangers to which they would probably be exposed in landing among savages. They manifested the greatest willingness to hazard their lives in attempting to plant the standard of the cross on any island to which they might be appointed. When it was intimated that the loss of life might be the result, they replied: "Be it so; it is the cause of God; he will shield us from harm; if not, we cannot die in a work more glorious." One of them said to Mr Pitman: "Look at these scars; these I got in heathen wars. I was marked out, and sought for as a sacrifice; but eluded my pursuers by secreting myself in the mountains. Often have I wondered how I escaped; but now it is all plain—the love of God, through Christ my Saviour. Cheerfully, therefore, will I devote that life to him who has redeemed me with his blood." His parting language to his son and daughter, who remained at Rarotonga, was equally interesting and affecting. After giving them good advice in reference to their future conduct, he said: "Do not be cast down, nor allow of immoderate grief, should you hear I have been killed by the heathen; for I am willing to die in such a cause, if God calls me to such an end. Had not Jesus shown mercy to me, in leading my feet into the path of life, I should have perished. Willingly, therefore, do I go forth to this work of my Saviour. If I die by the hand of the heathen, it will be because God permits it. If I live, I purpose to do what I can to lead their souls to Jesus, who is the Saviour of the world."

ASKING A BLESSING UPON FOOD.

I was on one occasion dining on board an English ship of war with Queen Pomare, other members of the royal family, and several chiefs. A large table was prepared on the quarter-deck. All being seated, the plates were soon abundantly supplied, but not one of the natives attempted to eat. The captain was greatly surprised at this, and said to me: "Mr Pritchard, I fear we have not provided such food as the natives like; I don't see one of them begin to eat." I replied: "You could not have provided anything that the natives would like better; the reason why they do not commence eating is simply this, they are accustomed always to ask a blessing." Before I could say anything more, the captain, evidently feeling a little confused, said: "I beg your pardon, Mr Pritchard; please to say grace." I immediately "*said grace*," when the natives soon gave proof that they liked the food which had been provided. One of the officers from the end of the table looked at the captain very significantly, and said: "We have got it to-day!" and then addressing himself to me, said: "Mr Pritchard, you see what a *graceless* set we are." All the gentlemen seemed to feel the rebuke thus unintentionally given.—*The Missionary's Reward.**

Miscellaneous.

Preparation for Death.—To "die daily" is the only way to be ready for the day of death.

The Importance of Consideration.—Consideration is the first step towards conversion. The prodigal son came to himself first, and then to his father.—*Henry.*

Trifles.—Be not disturbed for trifles. By the practice of this rule we should come, in time, to think most things too trifling to disturb us.—*Adam.*

Contentment.—Nature is content with little, grace with less, but lust with nothing.—*Henry.*

Why should Ministers be kept in Poverty?—It is somewhat hard that a man should be barred the conveniences of this life for helping his neighbours to a better.—*Jeremy Collier.*

A Pious Minister.—The life of a pious minister is visible rhetoric.—*Hooker.*

Fishing for Compliments.—Some people angle for praise with the bait of humility. I hope you will never be caught by it. They condemn themselves, hoping that you will contradict them, and commend them. Rather join them in running them down. It is always better to err on the safe side.—*Jay.*

Earnest Speaking.—"Why," said a Prussian ecclesiastic of high rank to a celebrated actor, "why, when I and my brethren speak the truth, does no one believe us; but when you speak falsehood every one believes you?" "Because," he replied, "we deliver falsehood as if it were truth, and you deliver truth as if it were falsehood."—*Cunningham.*

Education.—The Rev. C. Simeon advised, in reference to the expense of education: "If you have a thousand pounds to give to a child, put it into his head rather than his pocket."

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* By George Pritchard. Snow: London. An admirable little work, which we recommend to all our readers.

Daily Bread.

FRIDAY.

"He that overcometh shall not be hurt by the second death."—Rev. ii. 11.

When from flesh the spirit freed,
Hastens homeward to return,
Mortals cry, "A man is dead!"
Angels sing, "A child is born!"

A believer may feel the stroke of death, but he shall never feel the sting of death; the first death may bring his body to corruption, but the second death shall never bring his soul to damnation; though he may live a life that is dying, he shall die a death that is living; he that is housed in Christ shall never be housed in hell.—*Dyer.*

SATURDAY.

"Peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."—Rom. v. 1.

The peace which man can ne'er conceive,
The love and joy unknown,
Now, Father, to thy servant give,
And claim me for thine own!

We are only acceptable in the Beloved. A Christless man is a peaceless man; he hath no peace with God—no peace with angels—no peace with conscience. Till we be Christ's friends, we are our own foes. It is true, a wicked man may speak peace to himself, but God speaks not a jot of peace to him.—*Ibid.*

SABBATH.

"Esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt."—Heb. xi. 26.

Thy power and saving truth to show,
A warfare at thy charge I go,
Strong in the Lord, and thy great might;
Gladly take up the hallowed cross;
And, suffering all things for thy cause,
Beneath thy bloody banner fight.

Fiery trials make golden Christians; sin hath brought many a believer unto suffering, and suffering hath kept many a believer from sinning. They that here be crossed for well-living, shall hereafter be crowned for well-dying. The losing of our heads makes way for receiving of our crown. God will season our vessels with water of affliction, before he pours in the wine of glory. By this you see, beloved, that the reproaches of Christ are precious. It is better to be preserved in brine than to rot in honey.—*Ibid.*

MONDAY.

"Know ye not that ye are the temple of God."—1 Cor. iii. 26.

Let us never, never rest,
Till the promise is fulfill'd;
Till we are of thee possess'd,
Pardon'd, sanctified, and seal'd;
Till we all, in love renew'd,
Find the pearl that Adam lost,
Temples of the living God,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Every true Christian is a temple to God. If ye look for sacrifices, they are not wanting there: they offer the sacrifice of praise, and they do good; with such sacrifices God is well pleased. Christ himself is the altar that sanctifies the gift. If we look for incense, it is there too. The graces of the Spirit are found in their hearts; and the Spirit of a crucified Christ fires them, and puts them in exercise; like as the fire was brought from the altar of burnt-offering to set the incense on flame; then they mount heavenward like pillars of smoke. But the best of incense will leave ashes behind it. Yes, indeed; but as the priest took away the ashes of the incense in a golden dish, and threw them out, so our great High Priest takes away the ashes and refuse of all the services of the saints, by his mediation in their behalf.—*Boston.*

TUESDAY.

"He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit."—John xv. 5.

Lord, if at thy command
The Word of life we sow,
Water'd by thy almighty hand,
The seed shall surely grow.

The fruits of holiness will be found in the hearts, lips, and lives of those who are united to Christ. The hidden man of the heart is not only a temple built for God, and consecrated to him, but used and employed for him, where love, fear, trust, and all the other parts of unseen religion are exercised. The heart is no more the devil's common, where thoughts go free; for there even vain thoughts are hated; but it is God's enclosure, hedged about as a garden for him. It is true, there are weeds of corruption there, because the ground is not yet perfectly healed; but the man, in the day of his new creation, is set to dress it, and keep it.—*Ibid.*

WEDNESDAY.

"The righteous shall hope in his death."—Prov. xiv. 32.

For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live the life of glory;
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

What harm did the jailer to Pharaoh's butler, when he opened the prison door to him, and let him out? Thus, and no worse, are the souls of the saints treated by death. It comes to the godly man, as Haman came to Mordecai, with the horse and the royal apparel. He whom the king delighted to honour, behooved to be honoured; and Haman, Mordecai's grand enemy, must be the man employed to put his honour upon him. A dying day is, in itself, a joyful day to the godly; it is their redemption day, when the captives are delivered, when the prisoners are set free. It is the day of the pilgrims coming home from their pilgrimage—the day in which the heirs of glory return from their travels to their own country, and their Father's house, and enter into actual possession of the glorious inheritance. It is their marriage-day: now is the time of espousals; but then the marriage is consummated, and a marriage-feast begun, which has no period.—*Ibid.*

THURSDAY.

"Before Him shall be gathered all nations."—Matt. xxv. 32.

Christ shall come, with dreadful noise,
Lightnings swift, and thunders loud;
With the great archangel's voice,
And with the trump of God.

All men must compear before this tribunal—all of every age—quality, and condition; the great and the small, the noble and the ignoble—none are excepted. Even those who refuse to come to the throne of grace, shall be forced to the bar of justice; for there can be no hiding from the all-seeing Judge—no flying from him who is present everywhere—no resisting of him who is armed with almighty power.—*Ibid.*

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THE PASSAGE OF JORDAN.

BY THE REV. JONATHAN WATSON, EDINBURGH.

JORDAN overflowing all his banks is an image of death. The last enemy has long been pictured as a river to be passed by the traveller in his way to the eternal state. The Heathen themselves had something of this kind in their mythology; for they spoke of Styx, a fabled river—of Hades, on which Charon plied his boat, conveying departed spirits to their final abode.

But now, the travelling nation had left the wilderness behind—they encamp beside the stream—the fruitful hills of Canaan tower in the distance, and the valleys wave with luxuriance; this, only this river separates them from the long desired rest. Would that it were fordable; how soon, in that case, had the impatient congregation rushed through the barrier! But that is impossible—it was now harvest, when Jordan overflows all his banks.

Such is the Christian's position on the verge of time. True, all his trials in the wilderness are left behind; but one remains to be surmounted, more terrific than all the rest. Nature shudders at the thought of the encounter. The deep rolling wave, the roar of the billows, the sorrows of parting from all we love—the sounds, the sights, the feelings, the heart-sickening anguish, the throbbing pulse, the clammy brow—all go to spread out a scene before the eyes of the dying altogether overwhelming to poor human nature. Oh! to get away—to surmount the barrier, and reach the farther shore. How can it be? —how can the heart endure—how shall the sorrows of that hour give way before the spirit stretching across the flood? But the passage through is matter of mystery up to the moment of going forward. The command is given: "Speak to the people that they go forward;" and, lo! that which seemed an insuperable impediment passes off—the river divides, and the tribes march along the bed of the stream. So here, up to the hour of departure from the wilderness, all seems dark and mysterious. The eye of the Christian, long before he comes up to Jordan, peers into the distant future; he starts ten thousand difficulties—he propounds ten thousand queries. But, when the moment arrives, the believer finds that his fears were groundless. His guilt is cancelled; his Surety has abolished death by dying; his faith is strengthened for the last solemn march; and his fears flee away as the mists of the morning. They are uniformly scattered, and come to nought. Is there a Christian who ever found it otherwise? Where did he live, and where did he die? There never lived the man who did not realize the truth of the promise: "I am with thee." Yet the timid saint, at some distance from the dreaded river, cannot see the way—cannot comprehend how it is to be. No more could Israel, when a good way off from Jordan; but the feet of the priests once dipped in the brim of the water, all doubt took end; for that instant the prodigy appeared. So now, the feet of the Christian pilgrim must be actually in contact with death's cold flood; and then, oh! then, the dry-shod passage takes place; all that God has spoken is fulfilled—fulfilled *at the time*, and in the manner he had promised it would be.

Now, how does this come to pass? Why, thus: The secret of the marvellous division of the waters lies in the presence of the ark of the covenant. The ark was a type of Christ. *There* was the law deposited—emblem of Him who said: "Thy law is within my heart." *There* was the golden pot of manna—which spoke of Him who is the true bread of life. *There* too, was the rod bearing blossoms and almonds—the figure of the chosen Priest, the rod of whose strength goes out of Zion. On that sacred chest was the mercy-seat; for God is in Christ the true propitiatory: and a golden crown surrounded the mystic seat; for it pointed to the King of Israel, the Lord of Hosts Then, as the ark entered Jordan, the waters were driven back; so Jesus passes on before his chosen: "I come again, and receive you to myself." "Lo, I am with you." "It is I, be not afraid." And, now, 'tis but the *shadow* of death "through which they pass." The bitterness of death is past; and well it may, for the glorious Surety exhausted the cup.

All eyes were to be directed toward the ark; it rested underneath the crystal wall. The whole congregation, in close column, passed before it. Every eye was fixed upon it—every heart did homage to it. Thus the Christian, who has all along the wilderness kept looking to Jesus, must have a special eye to him as the finisher of faith. No respect must be had to works of the creature—to merit of any degree or of any kind. He, like the martyr, must turn from all that he has done or suffered, and cry: "None but Christ—none but Christ." "Ye have not gone this way with your feet," says Moses; but Christ says: "I am the way, the truth, and the life—come to the Father by me."

Then, again, the ark remained in its position until all the people passed over; the least, the feeblest, was not left behind. Some might be faint and weary, or aged and infirm, and unable to keep pace with the rest; no matter, there the glorious safeguard stood till every soul had reached the shore in perfect safety. And it is so still. Yonder has the Mediator planted his

feet, and from the divided stream will he not go up till the last saved sinner has passed into glory. Cheer up, faint heart; cheer up, then; "I will never leave thee," is the watchword. Keep it—bind it to thy heart; it shall be a sweet cordial all the way, and glory at the end!

Pillars of memorial were now to be brought from the midst of Jordan. Twelve stones, built up after the fashion of a monument, were to be placed *in* the river and *out of it*. The first would be visible when the stream was low, and would tell beholders that in that place the Captain of the Lord's host stood while the chosen people marched through on dry ground. But another pillar, on the dry land, always meeting the eye of the traveller, would proclaim this great deliverance, and waken up the gratitude of the hearts of unborn generations. Both were to have an interpretive language, which the ransomed were to make plain to all future inquirers.

Nor are we without somewhat analogous in this age. What is the Lord's-day but a standing memorial of our Lord's victory?—what but a noble, an undecaying, an everlasting and divinely appointed trophy, raised up to tell all the world that death is "conquered"—that it is "abolished"—that it is "swallowed up;" yea, that that dreadful barrier is taken out of the way of all believers—it is dried up, and is no more? And what is the dying experience of all the faithful who have left their testimony behind them, but so many stones of memorial standing, as it were, *in the river of death*, to cheer the spirits of upcoming passengers, by affording growing assurance with their growing numbers, that the "faithful and true Witness" has, in every case, been as good as his word; and that they, too, may venture in the full assurance of faith?

But the thought must needs strike an observer, that of the millions who are constantly coming forward to the river's brink, *all* do not find a comfortable passage and a safe landing. No; he sees multitudes advance before whom goes no ark, and whom the waters of this dark flowing stream know not. They have no ark—they would have none; they scorned a guide—they would have none of Christ; or, despising him through the wilderness, they calculated that he would be at a call by the river's edge. But it is not so: "I called, and ye refused; I stretched out my hand, and ye did not regard; I will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh." So says the rejected Deliverer. They are seen to advance without him; but they are seen no more—the cold rolling wave receives them—they utter the shriek of despair, and are lost for ever!

Thrice happy they who have been made alive to their misery and helplessness, and who have fled to the Friend of sinners; to them life is pleasant—death is welcome—eternity is glorious!

EXTRACTS FROM A TRAVELLER'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY THE REV. W. K. TWEEDIE, EDINBURGH.

THE CITIES OF ITALY—MILAN.

"I HAVE *not* been a *very* great sinner," was the significant remark of Nelson to his chaplain, within an hour of his death, in the cockpit of the *Victory;* and the words often occurred to us as we traversed the scenes over which Popery broods like a dark cloud, or stood in the churches where it so manifestly holds the souls of men under its corroding bondage.

Even amid the gorgeousness and architectural grandeur of the Cathedral of Milan, we could not forget that that was the sentiment by which myriads, as well as Nelson, are deluded; nay, the Cathedral of Milan forced that thought upon the mind. We had reached that city—the first of the great cities of Italy, which we would now attempt to describe—with excited expectations regarding it, and especially regarding its "vast and wondrous fane;" and of all that Italy contains, if we except Rome, this is, perhaps, the most magnificent. Indeed, so gorgeous is the structure, that one would rather wander round and round it to admire, than attempt any description of its details. It was founded in 1386. Its style is Gothic, in the form of a Latin cross. It is composed entirely of white marble. It is decorated by some hundreds of statues of the same beautiful material. Its long drawn aisles, and its roof, lofty to a degree that renders it sublime, are beyond our praise. The original architect is unknown; but the exclamation of the Emperor Joseph II. when he beheld the pile, though exaggerated, is descriptive: "E una montagna d'oro convertita in marmore." If not, like Abbotsford, "a romance in stone and lime," it is better—an epic in Carrara marble. These and similar incidents might be dwelt on at length; but let us look into the interior. Are there "living stones" there?

In the various chapels, you find priests at all hours performing mass, with here and there a worshipper or two—the number increasing or diminishing according to the popularity of the saint who happens to be worshipped as the god or goddess of that particular spot. And as long as men feel that they "have *not* been *very* great sinners," this mass-saying and mummery suffices to keep conscience quiet; the chink is small, and easily stopped. But let conscience be roused by the conviction that "God's law is exceeding broad," and yet, that "cursed is he who continueth not in all that law" (Ps. cxix. 96, compared with Gal. iii. 3, and James ii. 10); that is, just let a man believe God's Word, not merely concerning mankind, but concerning *himself*, then all this delusion is at an end—the earnest soul refuses to be satisfied with such miserable and meagre appliances as either the sentiment of the hero or the delusions of Popery supply.

You accordingly notice, in some of these chapels, some worshippers whose demeanour betokens intensest mental misery. They do not mingle with the crowd, or frequent the more gaudy and attractive

chapels. They are seen rather in some of the darker recesses of the vast and gloomy, though magnificent, pile—prostrate in the very dust—beating their breasts in great apparent anguish, while tears sometimes stream down their cheeks; and in some cases at least, such disquieted spirits *have* found out that they "*are very* great sinners." In spite of all the self-righteousness of Popery and the human heart, which found an expression in the cockpit of the *Victory*, and which reigns with greater or less power in every unconverted soul, such worshippers as we now mention have been "found out" by their sins. (Numb. xxxii. 23.) All the grandeur of the temple in which they worship—all the effect of its music, merely sensual as it for the most part is—all the glare of their high festivals, even when Archbishops preside, are insufficient to still the tumult which the consciousness of sin raises in the soul. While men measure themselves by a graduated scale of sin, as Nelson did, all may seem promising and serene—when *sin as sin* is known, and felt, and mourned for, some other appliance than man invents must be discovered and employed ere true peace be regained. With God the soul must deal; but against that God the soul has offended, and there is but one way—an exclusive, a narrow, and a blood-marked way into his presence with acceptance the way to which the Redeemer points when he says: "I am THE way, the truth, and the life." One could not but hope that minds, exercised as we have seen some on such occasions, will be led by the Spirit of all grace to walk in that way; and then, not in consequence of their religion, but in spite of it—not by its help, but as surmounting all its encumbrances—these souls are safe.

Could one forget eternity, and put the religion of the Bible for a time in abeyance, much that is gratifying might be found in Milan. In the days of Ausonius it was full of wonders—"mira omnia;" and, as an Italian city, it is so still. We would call it, perhaps, the Glasgow of Italy, in point of activity and enterprise; though the comparison will appear ludicrous to those who know that, in such a case, contrast rather than comparison would convey a right notion of Milan. The people are devoted to music, dancing, theatres, and display; and it had not been our home for many hours, when we could perfectly understand why the philanthropist, Howard, when he first travelled in Italy, hastened home to England from Milan, without proceeding farther, when he saw the extent of its Sabbath desecration. He stood in awe lest he should be contaminated by its "evil communications;" and it had, perhaps, been well had thousands of our fellow-countrymen imitated Howard's example; Popery would not have been "first pitied, then embraced," by so many of our travelled men.

To maintain order among our remarks, however, let us point out some of the wonders of Milan in detail:—

I. THE CHURCHES.—It is known that Milan has not been reckoned perfectly orthodox by the Church of Rome. Its religion is called Ambrosian, after the founder of its Church and the framer of its Liturgy. Ambrose held his own opinions, and impressed them on his diocese; and traces of his peculiarities still exist in the creed or the superstition of the city. But whatever sentence would be passed on its religious sentiments, its churches are laden with the tokens of wealth, so profuse is their gold, silver, and precious stones. The wonder diminishes, however, when we read above their porches, in large inviting letters, like the placard of some new player—"Indulgentia plenaria pro vivis et defunctis"—*A plenary indulgence sold here for the living and the dead.* In these circumstances, to build or beautify a church is to purchase a title, at least an immediate entrance into heaven; and who will wonder though the churches be gorgeous there?

The Church of St Ambrose, however, contains one relic which deserves the attention even of those who would not join the throng of starers in the Italian churches. That temple is not merely the most ancient in the city, but contains a pillar of granite said to be Egyptian, having on its summit the figure of a serpent in a metal resembling bronze. This image is alleged to have been at one time worshipped; and antiquarians have published whole quartos on the subject.* The appearance of the figure and the pillar favour the supposition; and, assuming it to be true, we felt it strange to be thus surrounded with such various forms of superstition—that of Popery through all its ramifications in the adjoining churches, and the worship of the serpent represented by the emblem before us. Bryant, and more recent writers, have made it certain that that revolting form of superstition was at one period widely spread throughout the world; in fact, they have found vestiges of it in the superstitions of nearly every age and country; and if so, if we connect this, as some of those authors do, with the history of the fall of man, we have here the hideous truth, that the symbol of all evil has actually been adored by myriads of immortal beings. "Ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil," was the first lure of the father of lies; and that very sentence contained one of the greatest deceptions with which he ever duped mankind. Instead of becoming gods, his victims became the parents of a race, many of whom were so abject and degraded as to worship the symbol of the seducer of their progenitor. It has been remarked that Satan's chiefest victory is to have convinced men that he himself has no existence. We would say that it seems a yet greater triumph to persuade the being who was created in the image of God to believe and to worship Satan; nay, a mere image of the form which he wore when he, and wretchedness with him, first crept into this world.

The gates of the Church of St Ambrose are said to be those which that father shut in the face of the Emperor Theodosius, after he had violently put to death seven thousand of his victims at Thessalonica. Arianism was at that time struggling hard for the ascendency; and its allies, abetted by royalty, sought to substitute it for the religion of God our Saviour; but Ambrose boldly opposed the enemies of God's truth, even though they occupied a throne, and maintained it in spite of all assailants. "I can grieve," he said, "I can weep, I can groan. Against arms

* De Serpente Æneo Ambros. Basilicæ, per P. Paolo Busco.

and soldiers, tears are my weapons—such are the fortifications of a pastor;" and in that devoted spirit Ambrose drove back the battle from the gates—heresy was abashed, and the heretics were vanquished. In those days (about the year 380) even an emperor was no match for a bishop; and Theodosius was obliged to make ample amends for his injuries or insults to the Church in the person of its priest. He passed to the Basilica arrayed in mean garments—submitted to all the awards of Ambrose—prostrated himself in abject humiliation, there repeating the words: "Adhæret pavimento anima mea; vivica me secundum tuum verbum;" and at the Communion, the emperor took his place among the people, instead of on the throne which he usually occupied. Such was the religion of Ambrose; and, judging from the spirit of the proceedings, one is tempted to fear that neither in the bishop nor the emperor did the pure and the spiritual religion of Jesus preside.

We do not attempt a further description of the Duomo or Cathedral of Milan—it must be seen. In examining the interior, however, we were admitted into the crypt—a subterranean den, so rich in gold and silver, the gifts of devotees, as to rival the accounts of Peru and its Incas, when the Spaniards first invaded them. The *modern* saint of Milan, who has somewhat jostled its ancient Ambrose, is Cardinal Carlo di Borromeo. His remains are in the crypt; and the fame of his miracles, alive and dead, has made this one of the richest shrines in Italy. The estimated value of the gifts and bequests appeared fabulous and incredible. Exhibited as they were by the light of lamps perpetually burning, though superstitiously dim, fancy had scope to revel in this Italian Potosi, to which the crown-rooms in Edinburgh Castle, or even the Tower of London, are not a rival; and the thought instinctively occurred, How much better to use all this as the means of feeding the hungry, and clothing the naked, and enlightening the ignorant, and turning men from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God! The "roguish twinkle" in the eye of the monk who escorted us, suggested the thought that he had more admiration for the gold and silver than for the saint.

We had neither gold nor homage to offer at the shrine of San Carlo, and turned to notice another relic of the cathedral—a relic, however, in which genius triumphs over superstition. It was Algrati's famous statue of St Bartholomew. The saint is represented there just after he had been flayed, according to the legend of his death. Every muscle is sculptured in horrid truthfulness—indeed, too minutely and anatomically correct; for, as you gaze on the image, it requires no effort to think—you can scarcely help it—that the muscles are still quivering, as life ebbs away—the fibres and the nerves appear still writhing under the knife, as the bones are distorted with the pain of the martyrdom. Working thus on the feelings of an emotive people, Popery wisely adapts itself to human nature in every phase. In civil society, that most subtle system lays every power and gift of man under contribution. Childhood, womanhood, manhood—every age, rank, condition—the wise and the stolid—the eloquent and the taciturn—the cunning and the bold—all have their part to play. Jesuitism embodies the *subtlety* of the Papacy. The Dominicans long represented its *ferocity* against the truth. The Franciscans brought even poverty and filth to the aid of Popery; in a word, through all its sects—and in spite of its boasted unity, their name is Legion, one principle is acted on—Whatever gift or acquirement we possess, bring all to the aid and upholding of our system. We saw this exemplified in the Cathedral of Milan and elsewhere; for here is Art, exquisite and inimitable Art, consecrating its graces to Superstition, and throwing around it the halo of genius. Artists come to admire Algrati's statue; and as pity is akin to love, admiration in an artist easily becomes homage—idolatry—worship—in the ignorant and the superstitious.

The libraries, with the ancient and the modern embellishments of Milan, remain to be mentioned, and then we proceed, by Brescia, Verona, Vicenza, and Padua, to Venice.

ON MAN'S TWO ENEMIES.

Two potent enemies attend on man—
One's fat and plump—the other lean and wan.
The one fawns and smiles—the other weeps as fast;
The first Presumption is—Despair the last.
That feeds upon the bounty of full treasure,
Brings jolly news of peace, and lasting pleasure;
This feeds on want, unapt to entertain
God's blessings—finds them ever in the wane.
Their maxims disagree; but their conclusion
Is the self-same—both jump in man's confusion.
Lord, keep me from the first; or else I shall
Soar up and melt my waxen wings, and fall!
Lord, keep the second from me; lest I then
Sink down so low, I never rise again!
Teach me to know myself, and what I am,
And my presumption will be turned to shame!
Give me true faith to know thy dying Son—
What ground has then Despair to work upon?
To avoid my shipwreck upon either shelf,
O! teach me, Lord, to know my God—myself.'

QUARLES.

THE MOUNTAIN COTTAGE.

FOR the purpose of enjoying some romantic scenery, on a warm afternoon in June, I left the little village where I had been residing, for a solitary walk. It was in the southern part of New England, about a dozen miles from Long Island Sound. After roaming from hill to hill, now gazing at the fertile plains covered with the richest garments, and now looking at the dark blue waters at a distance, with here and there a white sail slowly moving upon their surface, I found myself among the wildest works of Nature. I had wandered over a mountain covered with timber of different kinds, so steep that it could with difficulty be climbed by seizing the bushes which grew on its sides, and now found myself in a gap, between two ranges of steep mountains. Delayed on the hills in search of minerals, it was not till near sunset that I came into this gap, sometimes known by the name of "The Den." It is a fearful place, extending several miles, with high and steep hills on each side, separated just wide enough to admit a foaming stream between them; while their dark shaggy tops seemed

to scowl, as if in disdain, at the waters that were rushing at their feet. The stream is dark and deep; now whirling in eddies as it bounds and dashes over opposing rocks, and now silently and sullenly moving along, as if indignant at the obstacles which stand in its way. There was a little path along the side of the river, trodden chiefly by single persons, though sometimes passed by a team. Besides this, you could see no traces of man. The frowning pines sighed on the tops of the mountains—the rocks reared their eternal breast-works—the savage stream dashed along in its pride, and all around was solitude. It was just sunset; and there is an indescribable stillness attending the setting of a summer's sun, which every feeling bosom notices. He threw a veil of gold over the heads of the aged pines on the hills at my left, and sank with a stillness that seemed like a stop in the wheels of nature. It seemed as if the wild flood murmured with a less hoarse voice at this moment, and the heron on its banks forgot his screaming. I might not have remembered this moment, had it not, in a measure, prepared me for what followed.

About a mile from the entrance of "The Den" was a little opening on the side of the eastern mountain, and nearly half way up its summit stood a small, but neat cottage. It was in the midst of woods, save a place cleared around it for a little barn, a garden, a sheep-cot, and the little winding path which led to the door. The small habitation, the garden, &c., were not only neat and in good repair, but I noticed that they even had something like ornament; for a lovely honeysuckle was creeping over the mossy roof, and some beautiful flowers were waving in the garden. Though somewhat surprised at seeing these signs of life, I soon recollected that this must be the habitation of James Orwell, "the mountain cottager," whose character I had lately learned, and in whose history I had taken a lively interest.

James Orwell, whose house I was now approaching, was a native of Scotland; he had come to this country some fifty years before, in the hope of becoming rich. This country was then new, and he had but little experience that was of any value. During the revolutionary war, he had a little shop in a village near the sea, where he traded on a small scale. He had acquired a pretty property, when the village was burned by the enemy, and in an hour he lost all his earnings. This stroke was heavy to one who had placed his whole heart upon property, and the more so as it was unexpected. For a time he was cheered with the hope of remuneration by Government; but this hope was soon dashed, and he was discouraged. He gradually became morose and disgusted with mankind; and, with a wife whom he had lately married, and an infant son, he retired to the lowly retreat where his cottage now stands. Here he had lived unmolested for more than twenty years, having little to do with the world, save when he went to the neighbouring village once a fortnight, to dispose of the wooden dishes which he made at home. He was unsocial, and rather repulsive during all this time. But about three years ago his wife was suddenly taken sick, and in a few days died. At the time this event took place there was a revival of religion in the next village. The old man invited the neighbouring minister to attend the funeral of his wife. It was then that the minister endeavoured to soften and sympathize with him; and there are but few whose hearts will not soften at such a season. He gradually gained his confidence, and more gradually drew his attention to the great subject of personal religion. At the time of his wife's death the old man had an only daughter with him, then about fourteen years of age. His only son had the restless disposition of his father, and at the age of fifteen had left his home and gone to sea. Before the close of the revival, the good pastor had the pleasure of numbering the lonely Orwell and his daughter among the subjects of the work, and of rejoicing that these sheep upon the mountains were gathered into the fold of Christ. From this time the appearance of the old man was greatly altered. Instead of sauntering over the hills on the Sabbath, and selecting the best maple trees of which to make his wooden dishes, he was now seen going regularly to the village church, with his cheerful daughter hanging on his arm. Every Lord's-day he was seen in season at his seat, dressed in his threadbare drab coat, with his silvery hair hanging in ringlets over his shoulders. His neck was surrounded by a red silk handkerchief; a black vest and pantaloons, and a smooth-worn cane, completed his dress. As the people saw how great was the change in the old man—how devout was his attention to the duties of religion—and saw his daughter sitting by him, and both mingling their notes of praise in the sanctuary, they all felt that there must be something in religion. I said that from the time of the death of his wife, the old man and daughter were both regularly seen in their humble seats on the Sabbath; but for a few Sabbaths previous to my visit at the cottage, they had both been missing; and the reason was known—because the daughter had been too unwell to go out.

Possessing naturally a slender constitution, she had of late been drooping; and people of the village, who loved her much on account of her many amiable qualities, all shook their heads with a sigh, and declared they feared that she was not long for this world. Her first symptoms were those of a cold; but it was soon discovered that she had a fixed cough; and the little burning hectic spot which played over her cheek in the early part of the day told that the worm of disease was preying at the vitals. Yet this mountain floweret was wasting so gradually, that many of her friends hoped it would recover, and flourish. The father looked upon the decaying form of his child, and saw that her days were marked with the finger of Death, and that she could not pass their limits. From the hour of her close confinement, he scarcely ever left the side of her bed, as if by paternal kindness he wished to ease the last moments of the spirit which he could not detain. The daughter saw that she could not live; but she looked upon the disease, which was fast conquering the body, as a deliverer who was to lead her from captivity to glory. When her father was by, she was cheerful, and apparently composed; yet, when he was absent, a tear was often seen to stand in her eye, as she looked out of her window upon her little garden before the house, and thought how lonely she should leave her poor father. The father, too, seemed occasionally to have the same reflections, as he gazed upon the sunken face of his child with an earnestness that showed how much he felt.

They talked of their little earthly plans, as if each was unwilling to realize that they were soon to be separated. Thus week after week went by, every hour of which left the few moments of her life still fewer, till the afternoon on which I visited them, when it was believed that her last hour had come.

Thus much I knew of the inhabitants of this little dwelling ere I entered it. On entering, I found the daughter lying in one corner of one of the two small rooms which the house contained, on a neat small bed, at the foot of which sat the disconsolate father. The good clergyman was sitting at its head. After a needless apology for my intrusion, I became a silent spectator, and felt how great was the privilege. The pastor was in close conversation with this lamb of his flock which was about to leave him, and he was conversing about her departure. When he ceased, there was silence for a few minutes.

"Just raise my head," said the dying girl, "and let me look out of my little window once more." Then turning to her minister, she said with feeling: "Notwithstanding our troubles, there are many delights in our world. There is my poor flower-garden —it will soon be grown over with weeds; there is the river—it will continue to run and murmur as if I were here. I hoped I should have seen the sun once more before he set; but he is already behind the mountain. Then, there are my two poor pet lambs, that I have fed so long—poor things, they will not have any one to love them, and take care of them as I have done. Oh! it is hard to leave all these; but hardest of all, to leave my poor father! Oh! what will he do when I am gone? who will take care of him when he is sick, and love him as I can? Oh! my dear father, I hoped that I should do all this, and repay some of the many, many kindnesses I have received from you!—but the will of God be done!" "I pray that it may be," said the old man, "though I am stripped of all my earthly comforts. But compose yourself, my dear child; God will provide for me while I stay —it will not be long before I follow you—I am almost ready to be taken. I thought that I could never meet this hour; but God gives me strength according to my day."

"Your father shall never suffer," said the minister, "and God will deal kindly towards him. You are exhausted, and had better be quiet a while."

"But, father, I had forgotten one thing—it is my poor brother Henry. He may not be alive now; and if he is, he is not thinking of us. I cannot remember much about him; but I have often prayed that he might return to you in your old age—that we might both live to see him; but more have I prayed that God would make this wanderer his child. Should he ever return, I wish you to give him my Bible and hymn-book—there they are—they both have his sister's name in them. Tell him that it was my dying request that he would read those places where the leaves are turned down; and tell him that he was made for eternity—to repent, and prepare to follow me. Oh, that we might all meet in heaven! Now, Mr S., I wish you would pray with me; for I am almost gone. Pray for my poor brother—for my father—that my brother, who is far away, might return to him. Oh, pray that Christ would receive my soul, for I have done with earth!"

The clergyman opened the Bible, and read that consoling portion of Scripture which is recorded in the 14th chapter of John. We then knelt by the bedside, and he fervently addressed the throne of mercy.

While we were engaged in this sacred duty, the door softly turned upon its hinges, and a fine, well-dressed young man came in. He looked wild at first; but by the time the prayer was finished, the whole scene before him was fully explained. We arose from our knees, and no one spoke. The stranger was standing and gazing in a kind of stupid surprise: he looked at the old man, and then at the daughter, and his eyes filled with tears.

"It is my Henry!" said the old man, stretching out his aged arms, and unable to rise. "My father! do you live, and do you yet remember me?"—and in a moment he was in his father's arms. The sister gave a hectic sob, and fainted away; but when she revived her hand was within that of her brother's. "My dear Charlotte, I did not expect to find you so sick; but we will nurse you up, and you will be well again in a few days." "You deceive yourself, my dear Henry; I have but a short time to live; but I am glad to see your face once more. Oh! I feel that I have now a new tie to bind me to earth; but it must be broken. Oh, Henry! it would be a dreadful thing to die, but for the hope that I am a Christian, and the Christian can never die. How long is it since you left us, Henry?" "It is six years this spring; you was then a little girl; and I hoped when I kissed you and my poor mother, when we parted, that we should all meet again; but one is gone, and my sister is just going, and I must still be a stranger below—and friendless." "Not friendless, Henry; if you put your trust in God, he will be your friend; and we shall all meet again in heaven." "It is all the hope I have left, my sister!" "It is!—then you are a Christian, Henry?" "I am a great sinner, and a poor Christian." "You are? Oh, Henry, how happy shall I die! But I wish you to promise me one thing; promise that you will stay at home and take care of our poor father, after I am gone." "I will." "Now," said the fainting sister, "am I happy; but, Mr S.," said she, turning to the minister, "will friends in heaven know each other? It seems as if I shall want to know my brother more." "We shall all be happy, and be as the angels in heaven," said the minister.

"Tell me, brother, where and how you became a Christian; for I greatly desire to know."

We all drew our chairs near the bed as the young man related the various situations in which he had been placed since he left his father's dwelling—how he had been a very wicked wanderer from one part of the world to another, alike regardless of home and his Maker—how, at length, he met with a missionary in the East, who had taken great pains to instruct him, and by whose means he had been brought to reflect on his ways and prospects. This missionary had given him a Bible, which had been his constant companion ever since. After his hopeful conversion, he had made several profitable voyages, and had brought home his wages to his poor parents, to comfort them in their age. He had not heard anything from them since he left the little cot on the mountain; but often, as he sat at the top of the mast or clung to the yards, had he prayed earnestly for his friends at home. He concluded his interesting narrative with many tears; partly out of joy that he had been so distinguished by the mercy of God, and partly out of sorrow that he had found none to comfort but his aged father. We were greatly affected at his narration; but still more so as we turned to the dying Charlotte. A smile of joy and hope was still playing over her features, but her heart had ceased its throbbings, and was cold in death. She had listened to her brother's voice, till the blood ceased to flow in her veins, and so peacefully did her spirit leave its tenement, that we knew not the moment of its departure. We saw the body calm and placid, as if laid in slumbers, while the soul had gone to its everlasting rest.—*Todd's Simple Sketches.*

LIFE.

LIKE to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are,
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew,
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood—
Even such is man, whose borrow'd light
Is straight call'd in, and paid to-night.
The wind blows out; the bubble dies;
The spring entomb'd in autumn lies;
The dew dries up; the star is shot;
The flight is past—and man forgot!

KING.

THE SUPERIORITY OF A FREE GRACE TO A SELF-RIGHTEOUS SALVATION, PROVED BY RECENT FACTS.

NO. II.

BY THE REV. J. G. LORIMER, GLASGOW.

THE MISERY OF ATTEMPTING TO PURCHASE ONE'S OWN PARDON.

THE tract to which I lately invited the reader's attention, containing the testimony of four priests who have lately renounced the communion of the Church of Rome, is valuable, not only as establishing important facts against Rome in regard to the Scriptures and polluting class-books, but also for its more general references. It is useful as proclaiming the misery of a self-righteous salvation, contrasted with the happiness of salvation by free grace. This is a truth which is of high interest and importance to many besides the adherents of the Romish communion. Multitudes bearing the name of Protestant are involved in all the darkness and woe of a self-righteous justification. It is well, not merely by statements of Scripture or of reason, but by facts, to expose the folly, and absurdity, and suffering of such a method of acceptance with God. In the Church of Rome, the doctrine is carried out to its extreme limit. This, in one sense, is an advantage, as, with God's blessing, it may enable many to see more clearly the malignity of that disease under which they secretly languish, and lead them to use the appropriate means of deliverance.

The strong self-righteousness of the Church of Rome is apparent in every stage of her dealings with the PRIESTHOOD. She may hold out the prospect of peace and happiness in the years devoted to preparatory study, and array her theological seminaries in various attractions; but facts amply show that her first care is to break down the spirit of the youth, if it be not already sufficiently submissive, and that the smallest spark of independence is trodden out as a crime. Witness the case of Ronge. This springs from self-righteousness. Pride, in regard to one's position before God, renders the soul bitter and over-bearing to others. Doubt and unhappiness respecting one's spiritual prospects operate in a similar way. A soul rejoicing in God's free love, and anxious that other souls should rejoice in the same, and so be the means of extensive usefulness, could have no sympathy with the despotic and cruel, in the treatment of young men preparing for the ministry; yet this is notoriously the spirit of Rome. The misery of the years of self-righteous training is alluded to by more than one of the priests, whose narrative is before us.

M. Rouaze, who was evidently devout and in earnest, tells us that the time passed at the seminary only dwells on his memory "as a season of painful suffering."

"Even in the days of my youth," says he, "I had felt the emptiness of the world; my heart had never found a moment's satisfaction in its pleasures. At length, even in opposition to the wishes of my parents, I obtained entrance into a seminary, to prepare myself for the vocation of the Church. I then regarded seminaries and convents as happy places, where, in solitude and tranquillity, one might enjoy all the blessedness of divine love. But in solitude is man less man? and in flying from the world, had I placed myself in a better state for living in union with God? *Ah! no; I was only preparing for myself greater depths of trouble, from which the hand of the Lord could alone deliver me.*

"Who can unfold the misery brought upon the soul by the dreadful doctrine of Rome, which, rejecting the grace of the Lord, and taking no account of the fallen state of man, yet holds up to him the all-perfect law of God—that law so spiritual, so unchangeable, so inflexible, which makes allowance for no weakness, and which Jesus alone could fulfil—and says to him: 'Do this, and live?' It was in presence of this forlorn doctrine that I found myself in the seminary. I was to save myself without a Saviour—to sanctify myself without the righteousness of Jesus Christ!"

M. Stilmant, speaking of the six years which he spent at a preliminary seminary, says: "My first years at Floresse were very painful;" and then, referring to a young man with whom he was associated, adds:—

"Alas! how shall I attempt to describe the miserable life that we endured for several years? Instead of seeing in God a tender father, who, in commanding what is right and good for his children, regards them with compassionate favour, which increases their joy and happiness, and desire to please him, we could only discover in him a hard and severe master, such as was Pharaoh to the Israelites, when he required of them the tale of bricks without the allowance of straw to make them. We received the commandments of God without love, or a willing mind; *we were bowed down with a yoke under which we could not stand upright. Sadness, and melancholy, and languor, took entire possession of our lives.*"

Who can suppose that this was the sort of training by which the great Head of the Church would have his ministers prepared for usefulness? It may suit a religion of self-righteousness. Surely it is altogether alien to one of free salvation. Christ would not have his youthful servants to be the victims of misery.

Don Pablo Sanchez, the Spaniard, describing the same period of his history, says:—

"Persuaded and convinced that there was no other way of being saved than that taught by our Church, I came to the resolution, at the age of seventeen, to shut myself up in a convent, and give myself up to the most austere mortifications and penances.

"Arrived at the Franciscan Convent of San Diego de Alcala de Henares, the 1st of August, 1826, I began at once to wear coarse sackcloth and a hair shirt, and to flagellate myself three times a-week, and to sleep on the hardest straw mattress, which I would never allow to be stirred, for fear it should become softer. I readily gave myself to the most humiliating offices, with the view of acquiring merit before God, and I carried my abstinence from food to the extent of injuring my health; so that, contrary to my wishes, I was obliged in some measure to abate these austerities. I, however, pursued this miserable course as rigidly as I could, till at length, wearied out with my sufferings, I began to think: Is it possible that God can require of us so painful a life in order to gain heaven? Is it possible that he can exact what is beyond the power of man?"

Even supposing that, as a youth, he had entered the convent with erroneous views, it was the duty of the superiors to have taught him better. But, no; Rome knew that, in this way, she held a power over him which she could not otherwise possess. Moreover, it accorded with her own proud and hard-hearted self-righteous spirit.

To pass on to a more advanced stage in the priesthood's history, when, leaving the seminary, the young man comes to exercise his office—how miserable the self-righteousness which tracks his footsteps! Many imagine that the office of a Romish priest must be one of happiness. He has generally unlimited power—the people of all ranks crouch at his feet. He has every indication of external homage, and, through the confessional, his curiosity is gratified with all the secrets of the parish. But instead of happiness, if possessed of any moral sensibility, how complete his misery! Most of this may be traced to the false position which he occupies as the administrator of a self-righteous system which is utterly repugnant to the religion of Christ.

M. Rouaze, describing his own experience, says:—

"I came, at length, *to the charge of a parish;* and then it was that my disgust reached its height. Although, personally, I had nothing to complain of, and was generally kindly received in my various fields of labour, yet the evils of my position preyed upon my mind, and prepared me for a rupture, which I bless the Lord for having himself accomplished.

"It would be difficult to enumerate all the causes which make the life of a priest a life of wretchedness in a parish. But without going into this catalogue, it may be said, that he lives amidst a host of troubles and annoyances, unbalanced by any consolations.

"Obliged to live alone, what a sword is suspended over his head! what anxieties oppress his mind, when he sees some of his brethren visited with the severity of Episcopal authority without being able to guess the cause! Formerly, the priest had some resource—he could give his reasons, and remove or soften the infliction; but at present he has no such privilege: he may see his prospects at once dashed to pieces; he may be wounded in his honour, in his reputation, without knowing for what cause he is visited with a punishment which, as being indelible, perpetuates his disgrace.

"What peace is there for a priest placed in such circumstances? His life, a life of fear and apprehension, a life of continual distrust, as he may at any moment be the victim of some calumny or detraction! How is it possible that this state of constant restraint should not have the worst influence on his character?

"Thus, disgust with my position soon became my dominant feeling. Surrounded with dangers, always under the dominion of fear, invested with a permanent office, and liable to be disgraced at any moment without cognizance of the cause, I had no one to whom I could communicate my troubles, and no hope of the cessation of this daily martyrdom; for had I unburdened my heart to any one, I might be assured of its reaching the palace of the bishop.

"With a heart thus oppressed, there must be no intermission of duties of the most perilous character; he must listen daily to the minutest details of human depravity; probe the heart of each individual to detect its inmost secrecies; read, without ever saying 'It is enough,' in that endless book in which are displayed the full catalogue of human weaknesses. Who can say to what all this exposes a young priest?

"If the reader fails to comprehend the full danger of such a position, the priest, whose eyes may meet this page, will be at no loss."

M. Stilmant gives a similar melancholy testimony:—

"My sermons, which I made in conformity with the Romish doctrine, the masses which I celebrated for the living and the dead, in short, the whole external administration of the sacraments, left a fearful void in my soul, that made my life miserable. I was sceptical of everything about the Church. Death, judgment, and everlasting condemnation were ever before my eyes, without my being able to apprehend any means of escaping the wrath of God. I saw before me that law which I had a thousand times violated, and which pursued me with its thousand curses; I saw the sword of divine justice suspended over my guilty head; I felt the deadly sting of sin in my members, and my heart was filled with its subtile poison. My conscience was troubled under the conviction of guilt, and yet beset with stupid numbness. Raging lusts, which nothing but the blood of Jesus could subdue, rendered my life intolerable. Satan, that cruel enemy, entangled me every day in new snares; I knew not which way to turn; I was crushed beneath a burden which I could no longer support. In this state I went to consult an old confessor, who dismissed me with the promise that he would say some masses for the tranquillity of my conscience."

Nor is the struggle with self-righteousness the only misery. Oftentimes it becomes the struggle with Infidelity, which is as dreadful. The connection between Popery and Infidelity, the two extremes, has often been noticed. It has appeared in every age, and it is not difficult to trace the relationship. Disgust with blended absurdity and tyranny, creates unbelief. Christianity is confounded with its caricature. But there is another connection. Popery is intensely self-righteous, and disappointed self-righteousness conducts to Infidelity, if not to Atheism. Don Pablo Sanchez exclaimed, in despair, after wearying himself in the fire: "*God is unjust*, to give commandments and precepts that we cannot fulfil. I have renounced all, and given myself up to penances and mortification, and have gained no dominion over my passions—I am continually falling into sin." This is a fearful conclusion; but, in the circumstances, not unnatural. Discouraged and depressed, the self-righteous sufferer, in the sullen spirit of an Infidel, "gave himself up to complete indifference." Ah! for how much is Popery responsible! She is responsible for the Infidelity created by self-righteousness, as well as the Infidelity created by disgust. To turn, for a moment, to the latter, what a striking picture have we of woe! M. L'Hote, after being ten years a priest, says: "It happened to me, as it *usually* does to those who have been brought up in the Church of Rome"—they confound Christianity with the errors and superstitions of the Church, and become Infidels:—

"In this state of Infidelity into which I had fallen, what a frightful void beset my soul! The young man in his Infidelity runs from one pleasure to another—from dissipation to dissipation; giddy and thoughtless, he pursues his shadow. The man of the world in his Infidelity is occupied with speculations—with business—with the care of his family; but the priest in his Infidelity has nothing of all this to relieve his mind; he is alone—always alone; his life is a very hell, unless to Infidelity he adds imposture, and plays upon the credulity of others. He must preach; and

what will be the subject of his preaching? He no longer believes in the superstitions of his Church, and the Bible, that divine book, is nothing to him but a lifeless and obsolete, if not a lying book. Let him become a Deist, and speak of the goodness of God - the wonders of creation—of what is termed morality without doctrines; but it will be without life—without warmth; the intellect alone will speak, and every day he will contradict himself, overturning one day what he established the day before.

"Such was my state. I endeavoured to conceal it from every one. I sincerely regretted having been undeceived with regard to the superstitions of the Church of Rome. 'Better,' said I, 'and more for my happiness, to have remained a superstitous fanatic than to become an Infidel. Oh, my God!' I oftentimes cried, 'deliver me from this dreadful state of Infidelity; I can no longer support it.' Occasionally my occupations proved a distraction, and gave me a breathing-time."

Terrible as these pictures of the misery of self-righteousness, in itself and in its consequences, may be, there is, to a sensitive mind, an aggravation in the woe; and that is, when the poor priest sees friends and members of his flock in wretchedness around, and can only look hopelessly on, unable to suggest the slightest relief. Can this be the religion of the Son of God? Does He design the office of the Christian ministry to be one of acutest misery?

M. Rouaze says:—

"I had no comfort in my ministrations; and what afflicted me still more, was, to see that the means prescribed for me to use had no efficacy in giving peace to hearts burdened and distressed with sin.

"Poor afflicted ones! whose anguish has been so intimately revealed to me, you have confided to me all your terrors; you have told me that you had entire confidence in me; and yet I could do nothing to dissipate your fears; I could do nothing to exempt you from trembling before God. And why? Because a sinner like yourself, disquieted equally with you, I could not give you that which I did not possess myself. I could not direct your hearts to Him who has perfectly saved his Church, who reveals to us by the Holy Spirit, that we only become children of God by faith, and that thus we receive from God himself, through his beloved Son, that peace which man cannot give.

"My heart has often been wrung when contemplating the numerous instances of troubled consciences that the prescriptions of Rome were totally incapable of healing. It was especially among the sick that I perceived that self-righteousness could only tremble before the tribunal of God. How often, after visits in which I have seen the dying expire before my eyes, have I returned home alarmed for myself, and dreading that awful moment in which I too should have to render the account of my ways before the Eternal! And yet, St Paul tells us, that we ought to rejoice in the prospect of our blessed hope.

"I had lost all the illusions of the seminary; the religion of Rome could not respond to the emotions of my heart. I could not serve God from love; it was ever a matter of calculation. Constantly doubting of the pardon of my sin, serving only in the spirit of bondage, witnessing around me others in the same troubled condition; and dreading most of all the moment when I should have to die without any assurance of pardon, I plainly saw that I could not be happy even in the most exact observance of such a religion, and I became disgusted with it."

M. Stilmant individualizes the picture, and makes it still more touching:—

"My friend, after a lengthened series of macerations, fell into an illness which lasted a whole year. After some months of bodily, but especially of mental suffering, this young man perceived his end approaching. He redoubled his efforts to obtain heaven, at whatever cost. He went so far as to deny himself the medicines prescribed for his cure, desiring to create for himself a stock of merits in all circumstances, and by all possible means. At length, the superior of the house, despairing of his cure, thus addressed him: 'Courage, dear friend, you are ripe for heaven. The Lord is about to take you from this world, lest the evil one should sully your mind.' At these words, this gentle youth, clinging to life, and viewing God only as a stern and implacable judge, shed many tears. 'I know,' said he to me repeatedly, 'that I must soon die, but I know not where I am going. After so many mortifications, fastings, and privations of all kinds, I have no peace in my soul. All my confessions and communions leave me only where I was. Wretched as is my present state, what will become of me?' Meanwhile the disease gained ground, and this poor young man breathed his last in the midst of fearful agitation, calling upon the name of his father and his mother. This was not the conception I had formed of the death of a saint; and I began to perceive that it is impossible to be saved by one's works. I resolved to change my manner of life, and to mitigate the rigour of my religious observances."

After such a case as the above, one need not wonder to be told that men are sometimes driven to despair, and occasionally to suicide. This is the natural fruit of self-righteousness on anxious and awakened minds, unrelieved by the hopes of the Gospel.

Such is a graphic picture of self-righteousness. Many may think lightly of its evils, and oftentimes they may be disguised, but they are serious indeed. If even priests, educated men, in the vigour of life, and with manifold advantages for lightening the wretchedness, feel it to be so insupportable, what must it be on the mass of the people, who are strangers to any alleviation? and yet this is the religion of Rome, and so the religion of many millions; and not only of Rome, but of all religions not truly and vitally evangelical. In short, it is the religion of all mankind, whether they bear the name of Christian or not, who have not submitted to a free grace salvation through the righteousness of Christ. This may be a startling statement to many; but it is demonstrably true, from the Word of God, and also from fact and experience. There may be not a little to hide the solemn truth. The very carelessness and insensibility of men in the things of religion, may be a protection against the *felt* wretchedness of a self-righteous salvation; but, the moment they are truly awakened to their real condition and prospects, their misery will, and must, be like that of the four priests of Rome. Not a few know this experimentally; and how sad the state of others, whose religious peace depends upon their continuing thoughtless and dead—whose terrors would be awakened as soon as they became serious and devout! In regard to neither, can it be said that anything deserving the name of happiness is theirs.

Let Christians who are resting on the true, the

free grace foundation, but who are exposed to the temptations of self-righteousness—temptations many and insidious, and which will never abandon them while in the body—be deeply impressed with the misery as well as the sin of self-righteousness. Let them see this fully developed in the religious system of the Church of Rome. Let them remember that its dark, cold, servile spirit as regards God, and harsh and cruel spirit as regards man, must be substantially the same under every form of religion. Let them remember that weariness, unrequited toil, perhaps despair, at least misery ever growing with increased labour, is the melancholy portion of those who make self the centre of their hope. Let them, more warmly than ever, bless God for Christ the Redeemer. Let them study, understand, and appreciate, the gratuitous salvation of the Gospel more and more; and never forget that, under God the Spirit, there is no better way of keeping it fresh and living in the mind, than dwelling on the wonders of free grace, contemplating its amazing proof in the work of the Son, and contrasting His religion with all the religions of men. Let Christians, too, not forget affectionately to feel for those, whether Papist or Protestant, who are involved in the wretchedness of self-righteous schemes of salvation, and to pray and labour, by appropriate means, for their deliverance. What believer does not sympathize with acute mental misery —with misery which is always the most acute to the best and most serious and sensitive minds—with misery which is the natural portion of all, and which yet might all be spared, were the free forgiveness of the Gospel discerned and appreciated?

CHURCH DESPISERS.

THOSE church contemners, that can easily weigh
The profit of a sermon with a play;
Whose testy stomachs can digest as well
A proffer'd injury as a sermon-bell;
That say unwonted prayers with the like wills
As queasy patients take their loathed pills;
To what extremity would they be driven,
If God, in judgment, should but give them heav'n!

QUARLES.

A FAMINE OF THE WORD OF THE LORD.

THE first portion of Sacred Scriptures that was published in Polynesia was printed by the Rev. W. Ellis at Eimeo, an island in the neighbourhood of Tahiti, in the year 1818. Strangers would be surprised at the distance which some of the natives travelled, and the anxiety they manifested, to obtain these portions of the Word of God. The whole of the Sacred Volume having been translated by the missionaries, and revised by one of their number, whose correct knowledge of the Tahitian language eminently qualified him for that important service, three thousand copies were printed in London, by the British and Foreign Bible Society. Some little time elapsed, after the Bibles were ready to be shipped, before an opportunity was afforded of sending them to the islands, during which time the natives were making unceasing inquiries about them. When a ship has appeared in the offing with the English colours flying, they have come to me and asked permission to launch my boat and take me off to the vessel to inquire if the Bibles were there. When Mr Williams returned from England, he brought with him a copy, which was lent, for a few weeks, to the missionary at Papeete; but so eager were the natives to have the loan of it, that the missionary seldom had it, except when using it in the school-house, or the place of worship. As he descended from the pulpit with it in his hand, he found persons at the foot of the steps waiting to borrow it. One would say: "Let me have it to-day;" another: "Let me have it to-morrow;" and a third would beg that he might have it when the others had done with it. Thus was it continually in the hands of the natives.

Long before the Bibles arrived, many of the people placed in the hands of the missionaries their money to purchase them, that they might not be disappointed when they came to hand. At length a small packing case, containing thirty Bibles, arrived with Mr Nott's boxes and trunks from Sydney, New South Wales. Mr Nott having been taken ill, after his luggage had been put on board, was obliged to remain in Sydney, but sent on most of his things to Tahiti. It was by some means ascertained by the natives that there was a box of Tahitian Bibles at Papeete, in a store kept by an English merchant. They came repeatedly to me, begging that I would open the box and let them have the Bibles; for they would be doing no good lying there, but, if in their hands, they might derive benefit from them. I told them Mr Nott had sent a letter, stating that not a single box or trunk must be opened till he arrived. Perceiving that there was no probability of getting them from me, they devised a plan by which they obtained them. Several of the chiefs, and one or two members of the royal family went to the store where the Bibles were, and entered, as though they had come to purchase some of the articles there exposed for sale. A few of them stood round the storekeeper, talking to him, that he might not easily perceive what the others were doing, when, all at once, he heard a tremendous crash, and, to his great surprise, he found they had broken the case, and were scrambling for the Bibles. The man begged that they would not take them, stating that they were in his charge, and that he should be blamed if he allowed them to go. His entreaties were all in vain; they had now got them in their possession. They said to the store-keeper: "Don't you fear; we will at once write down the name of each person who has one, and we are willing to pay any price that may be demanded for them; but we will not give them up." We do not attempt to justify the steps taken to obtain the Bibles, but state the fact to show their earnest desire to possess them.

The Queen's secretary succeeded in getting one, and, passing by the missionary's door, he called in to acquaint him with what had taken place, and to show him his *treasure*. The dinner being on the table, the missionary said to him: "Put down your Bible, and dine with us." He replied: "Not to-day; I have better food here."

When Makea, one of the principal chiefs of Rarotonga, was presented with a copy of the Bible complete, in the Tahitian language, he said: "Now I am a *great chief*. I now possess valuable property." His heart was so full of joy, that he immediately wrote a letter to the donor, expressing his sincere thanks for such a valuable present. He esteems it as his choicest treasure.

The price fixed upon the Bibles was two dollars. Had three dollars been demanded, they would cheerfully have given them.

When they did arrive, it was delightful to see with what eagerness they were purchased. Mr Pitman having received from England fifteen hundred copies

of the four Gospels for Rarotonga, says: "What would the friends of the Bible Society say, could they behold the grateful pleasure pictured in the countenances of the people on receiving this best of treasures, and the grief depicted in the faces of those who cannot obtain one?" The same earnest desire to obtain the Word of God is evinced on all the islands where they profess Christianity.

They are not like many in more favoured countries, satisfied with simply possessing a copy of the Sacred Volume; they make great use of it. It may be said of them as of the Bereans: "They received the Word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily." One night, as Mrs Buzacott, on Rarotonga, was passing through the settlement, she called at a house, in which she found the family sitting in the dark. She said to them: "Friends, how is it that you are sitting in the dark? Have you no oil?" They replied: "We have but little, so we keep the lamp burning while we read the Scriptures at family prayer, and then we blow it out and sit in the dark till we retire to rest." It should be observed, that it is difficult to get oil on Rarotonga. During their wars, just before they were favoured with the Gospel, all their cocoa-nut trees were destroyed by the conquering parties; consequently, they have been obliged to obtain their oil from other islands. Hence these poor people were so careful of the small quantity they possessed, that they might the longer enjoy the privilege of reading the Scriptures at family prayer.

Many of them spend a considerable portion of their time in perusing this precious volume; they consider it their choicest treasure. When the house of Tupe was burning, and all his property was being consumed in the flames, the first thing which he endeavoured to save was a portion of the New Testament (the Acts of the Apostles), all that they then had in print. This attempt he made at the risk of his life, but did not succeed. As soon as he saw Mr Pitman, he said: "Oh! teacher, the Book of God is consumed; let not my house and property be regarded; but oh, my book, my book!" The next morning the missionary presented him with another copy of the book which he so much prized; it was received with feelings of no small delight.

They are exceedingly anxious to understand what they read. Hence they have their Bible classes each morning—Saturdays excepted. These they attend soon after sunrise, before they go to the various avocations of the day. None think it beneath their dignity to attend these Bible classes. At Papeete, may be seen Queen Pomare, her mother, her aunt, various chiefs and common people, sitting around their teacher, reading verse by verse alternately; when they are interrogated on each verse as they read it, and, if necessary, suitable explanations are given by the teacher. All expect to be interrogated. Queen Pomare would think it very strange if, on account of her being a sovereign, she were not to be interrogated, but merely read her portion. Her majesty thinks it as important for her to obtain correct views of divine truth, as it is for any of her subjects. Many of them come to our houses with the Bible in their hands, asking for explanations of various passages which they have been reading at home, but not being able satisfactorily to understand them, they at once apply to those who possess a more correct and extensive knowledge of the Word of God.

I have been to many of the out-stations and have found it thus. When there were two of us, they would keep both busily employed, answering their questions, and giving them explanations of difficult passages of Scripture, till midnight or cock-crowing in the morning. If we became sleepy, they would allow one to take a short nap while they conversed with the other, and when he had become so sleepy as scarcely to be able to converse with them, they would say: "Now you sleep, and we will wake your friend." In vain did we beg them to allow us to retire to our beds. They said: "You must *faaromai* (take it patiently), and permit us to converse with you while we have the opportunity; you will be here but a very short time, and you can sleep on board the ship after you have left us."—*The Missionary's Reward.*

THE POOR MAN TO THE DISCONTENTED RICH.

My little fills my little-wishing mind;
Thou, having more than much, yet seekest more.
Who seeks, still wishes what he seeks to find;
Who wishes, wants; and whoso wants, is poor:
Then this must follow of necessity—
Poor are thy riches—rich my poverty.

Though still thou get'st, yet is thy want not spent,
But, as thy wealth, so grows thy wealthy itch;
But with my little I have much content—
Content hath all; and who hath all, is rich:
Then this in reason thou must needs confess—
If I have little, yet that thou hast less.

Whatever man possesses, God hath lent,
And to his audit liable is ever
To reckon how, and when, and where he spent;
Then this thou bragg'st—thou art a great receiver:
Little my debt, when little is my store—
The more thou hast, thy debt still grows the more.

FLETCHER.

Fragments.

DIFFICULTY OF SUBMITTING TO PRESENT CIRCUMSTANCES.—When I am well, I think I could die contentedly: when I am sick, I am impatient to be well again.—*Adam.*

ELEVATION NOT ALWAYS THE TEST OF MERIT.—Men think highly of those who rise rapidly in the world; whereas nothing rises quicker than dust, straw, and feathers.—*Hare.*

SATAN AND THE SINNER.—The Rev. John Newton said of a certain clergyman, that he had never heard him preach but once; on which occasion he had observed, "If you wish to know what a sinner is, he is a young devil; and if you wish to know what a devil is, he is an old sinner."

ALL DIFFICULTIES CANNOT BE SOLVED.—They are too wise who are not content sometimes to wonder.—*May.*

EPITAPHS.—In viewing the inscriptions of a churchyard, we are less offended by their bad grammar and worse poetry, than shocked by their defective and unsound morality. We need seek no better criterion of the faith and practice of the majority, than is supplied by their tombstones.—*Anon.*

ERROR SURE OF SUPPORT.—There is no opinion so monstrous and absurd, that, having once had a mother, will die for want of a nurse.—*Berkeley.*

A GOOD END FROM UNLIKELY MEANS.—Foul water will extinguish a fire.—*Bradwood.*

Daily Bread.

FRIDAY.

"Before honour is humility."—PROV. xv. 33.

When, my Saviour, shall I be
Perfectly resign'd to thee?
Poor and vile in my own eyes—
Only in thy wisdom wise?

A Christian should look with one eye upon grace, to keep him thankful, and with the other eye upon himself, to keep him mournful. The only way of keeping our crowns on our heads is the casting them down at his feet. Alas! sirs, what are ye proud of? Are ye proud of your riches, of your honours, of your relations, or beauty, or strength, or life? Alas! alas! these are poor low things to glory in. When men glory in their pride, God stains the pride of their glory.—*Dyer.*

SATURDAY.

"Godliness hath the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."—1 TIM. iv. 8.

When God is mine, and I am his,
Of paradise possess'd,
I taste unutterable bliss
And everlasting rest.

Oh! what an excellent jewel is godliness! and who would not part with all for godliness? Who would not account all other things but loss to gain godliness? But, alas! some men are so in love with their golden bags, that they will ride post to hell if they be paid well for their pains. They look upon gain as the highest godliness, and not upon godliness as the highest gain; they mind the world that is come so much, as if it would never have an ending; and the world to come so little, as if it would never have a beginning.—*Ibid.*

SABBATH.

"It is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing."—GAL. iv. 18.

O let our faith and love abound!
O let our lives to all around
With purest lustre shine!
That all around our works may see,
And give the glory, LORD, to thee,
The heavenly Light Divine!

How unlike a Christian dost thou also, O my soul, go about thy work! though upright in the main, yet how little zeal and activity dost thou express in thy duties! Seest thou not the toil and pains men take for the world?—for a trifle? Should not every drop of sweat which I see trickle from their brows fetch, as it were, a drop of blood from my heart, who am thus convinced and reproved of shameful laziness, by their indefatigable diligence? Is this a time for one to stand idle, who stands at the door of eternity? Or knowest thou not that millions, now in hell, perished for want of serious diligence in religion? Or dost thou forget that thy Master's eye is always upon thee, whilst thou art loitering? Or would the damned live at this rate, if their day of grace might be recalled? For shame, my soul, for shame! Rouse up thyself, and fall to thy work, with a diligence answerable to the weight thereof; for it is no vain work—it is thy life.—*Fluvel.*

MONDAY.

"And they sing the song of Moses."—REV. xv. 3.

More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er;
They have all their sufferings pass'd,
And sing of grace for evermore.

I make no question but the saints will have the remembrance of the humbling circumstances they were under here below. Did the rich man in hell remember his having five brethren on the earth—how sumptuously he himself fared—how Lazarus sat at his gate? and can we doubt but the saints will remember perfectly their heavy trials? But then they will remember them as waters that fail; as the man recovered to health remembers his tossings on the sick-bed; and that is a way of remembering, that sweetens the present state of health beyond what otherwise it would be. Certainly the shore of the Red Sea was the place that, of all places, was the fittest to help the Israelites to sing in the highest key.—*Boston.*

TUESDAY.

"Let patience have her perfect work."—JAMES i. 4.

Jesus, the weary wanderer's rest,
Give me thy easy yoke to bear;
With stedfast patience arm my breast—
With spotless love and lowly fear.

The husbandman waits for the return of his seed—the sea-merchant for the return of his ships—the store-master for what he calls year-time, when he draws in the produce of his flocks. All these have long patience; and why should not the Christian too have patience, and patiently wait for the time appointed for his lifting up?—*Ibid.*

WEDNESDAY.

"I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord."—GEN. xlix. 18.

Give us quietly to tarry,
Till for all thy glory meet—
Waiting, like attentive Mary,
Happy at the Saviour's feet.

I have waited for thy salvation, O God! Having received thy first-fruits, my soul longs to fill its bosom with the full ripe sheaves of glory. The husbandman longs for his harvest, because it is the reward of all his toil and labour; but what is his harvest to mine? What is a little corn to the enjoyment of God? What is the joy of harvest to the joy of heaven? Their harvest comes when they receive their corn—mine comes when I leave it. O much desired day! O day of gladness of heart! How long, Lord? How long?—*Flavel.*

THURSDAY.

"I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, my Lord."—PHILIP. iii. 8.

Thou my one thing needful be;
Let me ever cleave to Thee;
Let me choose the better part;
Let me give Thee all my heart!

The study of Jesus Christ is the most noble subject that ever a soul spent itself upon; those that rack and torture their brains upon other studies, like children, weary themselves at a low game. The eagle plays at the sun itself. Christ, in the Gospel, stamps a heavenly glory upon the contemplating soul.—1 Cor. iii. 18. It is the most sweet and comfortable knowledge. To be studying Jesus Christ—what is it but to be digging among all the veins and springs of comfort? and the deeper you dig, the more do these springs flow upon you.—*Ibid.*

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THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

A Sermon.

BY JOHN BROWN, D.D., EDINBURGH.

"I am the good Shepherd."—JOHN x. 11.

THESE words, in common with most of our Lord's sayings, are *pregnant* words. They are, like their Author, "*full* of truth;" ay, and "of grace" too. They are at once transparently clear, and unfathomably deep. There is much important truth on the surface—there is more, much more, beneath it. Much meaning meets the ear; but more meets the mind. The words express much—they suggest more. They are replete with *emphasis*, and rich in *reference*. My ultimate object in these remarks is, to illustrate and apply them; and, as preliminary to this, to ascertain their true meaning, and, as far as possible, to apprehend their *whole* meaning.

They are equivalent to "I am *a* Shepherd—I am a *good* Shepherd—I am *the* Shepherd—I am *the* good Shepherd." "I am a SHEPHERD."—I stand in a peculiar relation to a peculiar people, who, in conformity to the figurative representation employed, are termed my sheep, and I am appointed and engaged to perform towards them certain important and beneficial offices. "I am a GOOD Shepherd."—I deserve the name, for I possess the appropriate qualifications—I perform the appropriate duties of the character I sustain. "I am THE Shepherd"—the Shepherd of the flock—the one Shepherd of the one flock; not like the shepherd mentioned in the 2d verse of this chapter, who is *a* shepherd—one of the shepherds of the sheep; but THE GREAT Shepherd, THE CHIEF Shepherd, the PROPRIETOR Shepherd, "whose own the sheep are"—the Shepherd of the shepherds as well as of the sheep. "I am the GOOD Shepherd."—I possess all the qualifications, in the most perfect degree, that are requisite to the discharge of the numerous, and varied, and difficult duties of this most exalted office; and I actually do perform all these duties in the most perfect manner. Such is the *emphasis* of the words; now for their *reference*.

I am THAT good Shepherd.—To understand fully the meaning of the statements of our Lord and his apostles, we must never forget that their minds were completely filled with the contents of that Scripture that has been "given by inspiration of God;" and that they spoke to people whose almost only book was the Book of God, and who were, many of them, very familiar with its contents. The extent of tacit reference to the Old Testament in the New, and the importance of noticing it, to bring out the exact form and impress of the inspired man's thought and feeling, are well known to every intelligent student of the Holy Scriptures. "The testimony of Jesus is the Spirit of prophecy;" and we find him often appealing to it; sometimes directly and openly—at other times indirectly and tacitly. The latter sort of appeals are not the least striking to a reflecting mind. He seldom, in so many words, claimed Messiahship. There were good and obvious reasons why he should not. So far as I recollect, a distinct recognition of his own claims was made by him only to the woman of Samaria—to the man blind from his birth, when excommunicated by the Sanhedrim—to the disciples as a body, after Peter's answer to the question, "Whom do ye say that I am?"—before Pontius Pilate, in reply to the question, "Art thou a king, then?"—and before the Sanhedrim, when adjured by the high priest to say whether he was the Son of God. He often referred to the Old Testament Scriptures; leaving his hearers to draw the inference. While he was with his disciples, "he spake to them, saying, that all things must be fulfilled which were written in the Law of Moses, and in the Prophets, and in the Psalms, concerning him." He often used appellations such as "the Son of God," and "the Son of man"—appellations given in the Prophetical Oracles to the Messiah—in a way which showed that he applied them to himself. He commenced his ministry by reading a very remarkable prediction respecting the Messiah, recorded in the 61st chapter of the Prophecy of Isaiah; and then declaring, "This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears." When he proclaimed, "I am the light of the world," he obviously referred to that ancient oracle which declares that Messiah should be "a light to lighten the Gentiles." When he said, "I came not in my own name," he probably referred to that other ancient oracle: "Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the Lord." And there can be no reasonable doubt that, in the words which form the subject of discourse, he referred, in his own mind, and he meant to turn the minds of his hearers to those passages in the inspired prediction in which the great Deliverer promised to God's peculiar people is represented as their shepherd—their proprietor shepherd—their good shepherd. It is just as if (as in the synagogue at Nazareth) he had, in the hearing of those whom he now addressed, opened the book of the Prophets and read: "Get thee up upon a high mountain, thou that publishest good news to Zion; raise powerfully thy voice, thou that publishest good news to Jerusalem. Raise it, be not afraid; say to the

cities of Judah, Behold your God. Behold, the Lord Jehovah shall come with might, and his arm shall rule for him. Behold, his reward is with him, and his recompense before him. He shall feed his flock like a shepherd; he shall gather the lambs in his arms, and carry them in his bosom: he shall gently lead the milk-giving ewes"—those who are with the young. "Thus saith the Lord God, I, even I, will both search my sheep, and seek them out, as a shepherd seeketh out his flock in the day that he is among his sheep that are scattered; and will deliver them out of all places where they have been scattered in the cloudy and dark day. I will feed them in a good pasture, and upon the high mountains of Israel shall their fold be: there shall they lie in a good fold, and in a fat pasture shall they feed upon the mountains of Israel. I will feed my flock, and I will cause them to lie down, saith the Lord God. I will seek that which was lost, and bring again that which was driven away, and will bind up that which was broken, and will strengthen that which was sick. And I will set up *one* shepherd over them, and he shall feed them; even my servant David; he shall feed them, and he shall be their shepherd. And I, the Lord, will be their God, and my servant David a prince among them; I the Lord have spoken it:" and on completing the reading, had closed the book, and proclaimed: "This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears"—"I am the good Shepherd"—I am the divinely qualified, the divinely commissioned, the divinely accredited, the divine Saviour promised to the fathers.—Such is an attempt to get at the import of these simple but sublime and striking words, "I am the good Shepherd."

It has been a subject of discussion among interpreters whether the leading idea suggested by the term Shepherd be that of a *ruler* or of an *instructor*. The controversy is not an important one; for though it does seem plain that, both in sacred and profane ancient writers, authority rather than instruction is the leading attribute of the figurative shepherd, yet in the case before us—the Messiah—the rule referred to is a moral rule, the empire of truth and love over the minds and hearts, exercised by the agency of his Spirit, and the instrumentality of his Word. Indeed, all the figurative representations of the Messiah as a prophet, a priest, a king, a physician, a husband, a surety, a shepherd, the light of the world, the bread of life, are intended to bring before our minds some of the numerous phases of the all-comprehensive character of the Saviour—Deliverer from evil in all its forms and in all its degrees; and the only question of importance, in reference to these figurative representations, is just, What is the truth respecting Christ's saving character and work, which is designed to be presented to our intelligent faith and affectionate contemplation? This, then, is the question in reference to the figurative representation of our Lord in our text as the good Shepherd—to an attempt to answer which, the remaining part of these observations are to be devoted.

That question might be answered, by showing, first, that our Lord Jesus Christ does indeed possess all those qualifications which enable him to perform towards his peculiar people all those kind offices which are naturally emblematized by the conduct of a good shepherd to his flock. He has all the knowledge, all the wisdom, all the power, all the authority, all the kindness, all the faithfulness, all the peculiar interest, which are required for this purpose; and then, that our Lord Jesus actually does manifest these qualifications in a performance of all these offices—rescuing them from the power of the great thief and robber, and bringing them into his flock—providing them with nourishment, refreshment, and repose—guarding them from danger, guiding them in perplexity, healing their diseases, reclaiming them from their wanderings (for the sheep sometimes forsake the shepherd, though the shepherd never forsakes the sheep); and at last, at the close of the great day of time, safely housing them in his heavenly fold. This would open up a very delightful field in which the Christian's devout mind would not soon weary in expatiating; but to traverse it at all in a satisfactory way, would require more time than we can at present devote to it.

I prefer another, and what I cannot help thinking a better, way of answering the question. I shall endeavour to bring out, in strong relief, our Lord's own illustrations of his own declaration: "*I am the good Shepherd.*" He is the good Shepherd; for he secures for his peculiar people all the blessings they stand in need of. While the thief cometh not but to steal, and to kill, and to destroy, he cometh that his sheep may have and retain life; and that, so far from being deprived of anything, they may have abundance of everything necessary for their welfare. "I give unto my sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand." He is the good Shepherd; for he secures these advantages to them at the greatest conceivable expense to himself—he secures them by "giving himself for the sheep." He is the good Shepherd; for there subsists the most intimate and endearing mutual acquaintance and intercourse between him and his people. "He knows his sheep, and he is known of his sheep—even as the Father knoweth him, and he knows the Father." He is the good Shepherd; for he cares for the happiness, he secures the salvation, of *all* his people. "Other sheep have I, that are not of this fold; them also must I bring, and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be one fold (rather one flock) and one Shepherd." To these four confirmatory illustrations of our Lord of his assertion, "I am the good Shepherd," let us, then, apply our awakened minds; and oh! may all of us, while thus employed, be en

abled to sing to him in our hearts, making melody in his ears, ever open to such music: "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want," &c. —a psalm some of us have said before being laid to sleep in our cradle—a psalm which we would wish to say again, when about to lay ourselves to sleep in our graves.

I. Jesus Christ is the good Shepherd; for he secures for his peculiar people all the blessings they stand in need of.

An official person deserves the epithet good just in the degree in which he answers the purpose for which the office is designed. He is a good king who secures order, peace, and prosperity to his subjects. He is a good physician who preserves health and cures disease. He is a good shepherd who protects his sheep from danger, and obtains for them abundant wholesome nourishment—refreshing drink—seasonable repose. He is a good saviour who delivers from all *evil*, and who obtains for those whom he saves, every kind, and a high degree of every kind, of enjoyment. Now this is the truth in regard to Jesus, our Saviour. He saves his people from their sins—he "redeems Israel from *all* his iniquities"—he delivers them from all their enemies—he delivers them from "the power of darkness"—he delivers them from "the present evil world"—he delivers them from "the wrath to come," and he gives them the "redemption that is in him, through his blood—the forgiveness of sins." He gives them the Holy Spirit, and "the new heart," and "the right mind," which are the result of his operation; he gives them peace with God, and good hope, and solid joy, and abundant consolation—eternal life—even the salvation that is in him, with eternal glory—deliverance from evil in all its forms and degrees for ever and ever, and enjoyments suited to all our varied capacities of enjoyment; and filling every one of them to an overflow, during the whole eternity of our being.

The fact that Jesus Christ does thus secure for his peculiar people all the blessings they stand in need of, is brought before the mind in a very interesting way in the passage before us. Our Lord contrasts the tendency and the effects of his coming as the good Shepherd, with the tendency and effects of the coming of *one* whom he calls "*The thief*." "The thief cometh not but to steal, and to kill, and to destroy; I am come that they may have life, and that they may have it more abundantly"—or rather, for you will notice that *it*, being printed in italics, is a supplement—"that they may have in abundance." Many good interpreters suppose that our Lord contrasts himself with the carnal rulers and teachers of the Jews, whose object was selfish, and whose teaching and guidance was mischievous and destructive; but I cannot help thinking that this is a mistake. In the former part of the chapter, A thief is contrasted with A shepherd; here it is THE thief and THE shepherd. The thief either signifies some one individual, called, by way of eminence, "The thief;" or it is used as equivalent to "thieves," to mark what is common to the class.

In the first case there can be no doubt whom *the thief* would denote—the murderous felon—whom could it denote, but him who stole into Eden, stealthily bereaved man of his best property, and proved himself a murderer as well as a thief—the liar and manslayer from the beginning? On this supposition the contrast would be very striking. The wicked one came originally, and still comes, to steal, and to kill, and to destroy. He who comes to destroy the works of this wicked one, "comes not to kill," but that life might be retained; "nor to steal," to take away what is valuable, but greatly to increase the property of those to whom he comes. The great objection to this interpretation is, that you cannot carry its principle throughout; for if the thief be the devil, then who is the hireling?

The second mode of interpreting the term "The thief," as equivalent to "thieves," seems the just one. In this case, then, as well as in the case of the hireling, we have the usual Hebraistic, emphatic mode of stating a truth, by stating it first negatively and then positively. 'I am not like the thief who, when he comes to the sheep fold, comes to plunder and to kill; I am like the shepherd, the good shepherd, who, when he comes to his flock, comes to protect their life, and to increase their comforts.' "Life and abundance" are a comprehensive summary of all happiness—the capacity of enjoyment, and everything that is necessary to fill that capacity. He secures for his people, not only life, but a *royal* life—"they reign in life;" not only "grace and the gift of righteousness," but "abundance of grace, and the gift of righteousness." He "blesses them with all heavenly and spiritual blessings." He "supplies their need, according to his glorious riches." He "makes all grace to abound to them"—"forgiving all their iniquities—healing all their diseases—crowning them with loving-kindness and tender mercies." And the blessings he bestows are as permanent as they are numerous, and abundant, and valuable: "I give unto my sheep *eternal* life (everduring happiness); and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand. My Father who gave them me is greater than all; and none can pluck them out of my Father's hand. I and my Father are ONE." Yes; "the counsel of peace is between them both."

II. Jesus Christ is the good Shepherd; for he secures those advantages to his people at the greatest conceivable expense to himself.

It is a proof of kindness to confer benefits; but the proof becomes greatly stronger when the conferring of the benefit necessarily implies much exertion, sacrifice, and suffering, on the part of the benefactor. We have this additional proof, in the case of the good Shepherd in the highest conceivable form. These blessings could not have been secured for them, but by the sacrifice of his life; and that sacrifice was cheerfully made. "The good shepherd

giveth his life for the sheep; but he who is an hireling, and not the shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, seeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep, and fleeth, and the wolf catcheth them, and scattereth the sheep. The hireling fleeth because he is an hireling, and careth not for the sheep." Here we have, as in the former case, an emphatic double statement: 'I am not like a hireling shepherd. He may, for his own advantage, take care of the sheep, when the care of them exposes him to no hazard; but let dangers arise, let wild beasts attack the flock—resisting whom might endanger his life—he betakes himself to flight, and leaves the sheep to their fate. I am like the proprietor shepherd, who has a peculiar interest in the flock; and so deep is that interest in my case, that I not only expose my life to danger, but I lay it down for the sheep.' The thought naturally rises: But if he lay down his life for the sheep, how can he subsequently take care of them? It is to meet this thought that he says: "I lay down my life that I may take it again." I lay down my life to secure these blessings; I take my life again, that I may bestow them. Because I die, they are saved from death by my dying; because I live, they live also by my life.

Let us endeavour to bring out a little more distinctly this figurative illustration of the close connection subsisting between the death of Christ and the salvation of his people. For this purpose a clear apprehension of the figure is necessary. It may be this: The flock have been carried off by the thief and robber, and he is determined to resist all attempts to wrest from him his ill-earned booty. The shepherd must engage in conflict with him. The proud defiance of the lawless one, supported by his legions, is: "Shall the prey be taken from the mighty; shall the captives of the terrible one be delivered?" The shepherd enters on a combat more apparently unequal than that of David with Goliath. Alone he attacks his numerous assailants; and falls under their foul and murderous blows. A shout of triumph rises from the felon crew. But the triumph is short—the joy is but for a moment. The smitten shepherd, having touched the earth, rises from the bed of death, and, armed with preternatural strength, overwhelms with shame and discomfiture the armies of robbers, and takes possession of his flock, now doubly his own. The application of the figure, in this view of it, to the victory of Christ over Satan, and the emancipation of his people, who were enthralled by him, is obvious and easy.

Or this may be the figure: The flock are attacked by a herd of ferocious wild beasts; the shepherd rushes in between them, diverts their attention from the sheep, and becomes himself a prey to their ravenous appetites. But scarcely has he fallen, when he again arises, and completely destroys the whole herd of wolves and lions—setting his sheep entirely free from all danger from their craft and cruelty. In this view of the figure, we see death, and the other penal evils to which the whole race to which our Lord's flock belongs had exposed themselves, laying hold on the Redeemer; and as he submits to them, we hear him saying: "I will be thy plague; I will be thy destruction." We see him, by dying, destroying death; we see him, by becoming a curse, redeeming from the curse; we see him bearing, and by bearing, bearing away the sins of men.

In either view of the figure, it strikingly brings out the connection there is between the death of Christ and the salvation of his people. The last view strikes us as most probably the true one. It brings more fully before our mind the great truth respecting the nature of this connection, so often indicated by the death of Christ being represented as an expiatory sacrifice; that what he suffered, was suffered not only for the benefit, but in the room of his people; that he suffered what they were liable to; and that it was by his having suffered it that they are freed from suffering it. It is the same truth that is so beautifully taught—taught as some excellent expositors suppose, under the same set of figurative representations in the 53d chapter of Isaiah's Prophecy: "All we like sheep had gone astray; we had turned every one to his own way; and the Lord made the iniquities of us all"—the ill deserts—the penal evils due to our sins—like so many beasts of prey ready to devour us—"to fall upon *him*," our surety-shepherd. "And he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and by his stripes we are healed." In the first view of the figure, we see him "spoiling principalities and powers, and triumphing over them on his cross." In the other, we see him making provision for our being made the righteousness of God in him, by becoming sin for us.

In dying, and in *thus* dying, Jesus Christ manifested in a remarkable manner his love of those whom he terms his sheep: "Greater love hath no man than that he lay down his life for his friends." And then such a life as was laid down!—a life more valuable than all the lives of men or of angels—the life of an absolutely innocent, an absolutely perfect man—a man possessed of all possible wisdom, and holiness, and benignity—a man infinitely dignified by personal union to divinity! The blood shed for us, and by which we are redeemed, is infinitely more valuable, and therefore the shedding of it infinitely more expressive of love, than the sacrifice of the whole created universe. And then, still further, the life was laid down in the room of the guilty—it was the death of a victim. Ah! it is a very different thing to die on the field of battle in a glorious cause, than to die on a cross like a felonious slave. Yes, the death of our Lord, for the salvation of his people, is an overwhelming proof that he is the good Shepherd!

To be continued.

THE CHILDREN'S CHOICE.

(From *The Pearl*—an American Annual for 1833.)

JOHN.

I MEAN to be a soldier,
With uniform quite new;
I wish they'd let me have a drum,
And be a captain, too;
I would go amid the battle,
With my broadsword in my hand,
And hear the cannon rattle,
And the music all so grand.

MOTHER.

My son! my son! what if that sword
Should strike a noble heart,
And bid some loving father
From his little ones depart!
What comfort would your waving plumes
And brilliant dress bestow,
When you thought upon his widow's tears,
And her orphans' cry of woe?

WILLIAM.

I mean to be a president,
And rule each rising state,
And hold my levees once a-week
For all the gay and great.
I'll be a king—except a crown,
For that they won't allow;
And I'll find out what the tariff is,
That puzzles me so now.

MOTHER.

My son! my son! the cares of state
Are thorns upon the breast,
That ever pierce the good man's heart,
And rob him of his rest.
The great and gay to him appear
As trifling as the dust;
For he knows how little they are worth—
How faithless is their trust.

LOUISA.

I mean to be a cottage girl,
And sit behind a rill,
And morn and eve my pitcher there
With purest water fill;
And I'll train a lovely woodbine
Around my cottage door,
And welcome to my winter hearth
The wandering and the poor.

MOTHER.

Louisa, dear, a humble mind
'Tis beautiful to see;
And you shall never hear a word
To check that mind from me;
But, ah! remember, Pride may dwell
Beneath the woodbine shade;
And Discontent, a sullen guest,
The cottage heart invade.

CAROLINE.

I will be gay and courtly,
And dance away the hours;
Music, and sport, and joy, shall dwell
Beneath my fairy bowers;
No heart shall ache with sadness
Within my laughing hall,
But the note of love and gladness
Re-echo to my call.

MOTHER.

O, children! sad it makes my soul,
To hear your playful strain—
I cannot bear to chill your youth
With images of pain;
Yet humbly take what God bestows,
And, like his own fair flowers,
Look up in sunshine with a smile,
And gently bend in showers.

JOHN CZERSKI.

THE name of John Ronge is already over the world, in connection with the wonderful movement now taking place on the Continent. His first colleague in the work, John Czerski, is not so well known; and yet, perhaps, he is even more entitled to the sympathies and interest of the Christian world. With less fire and energy than Ronge, he appears to be much better acquainted with the truth, and more imbued with its spirit; and by the earnest and unwearied preaching of a full and free Gospel, is doing much to fix an evangelical impress on the great movement. Czerski was for sometime vicar in the Romish Cathedral of Posen; but, by the reading of the Word of God and the teaching of his Spirit, having been brought to see how completely opposed, in all its leading features, Popery was to the Gospel of Christ, he resolved on abjuring its communion. About the same time, Ronge having published his famous letter to Bishop Arnoldi, Czerski, following out his previously formed convictions, entered into communication with him, and the two raised the standard of the German Catholic Church. Czerski soon marked his complete separation from the Romish Church, and declared his release from its antiscriptural and antisocial bondage, by entering into the marriage state—the ceremony being performed by the Protestant clergyman of the place. He was afterwards excommunicated by the Popish authorities, and handed over to the devil. His "Justification of Secession from the Romish Church" is a most interesting production; and concludes with the following powerful passage:—

"I shall be vilified and traduced; anathemas will be hurled against me; my enemies will seek to terrify me, and to execute the threatenings that will be pronounced against me—I know that no means will be left untried to punish me, and to scare me from the course which I have taken. But 'who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? In all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us. For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any

other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.'

"I am in the hand of God, without whose will not a sparrow falleth to the ground, and without whose will not a hair of my head can perish. I know that I am entering upon an arduous warfare, but I shall fight in the strength of the Lord, and in the power of his might. I despise threats and calumnies; and, in spite of anathemas and excommunication, I will continue zealous for the pure, genuine doctrines of Christ, according to my inmost conviction.

"Henceforth I will be no longer a vassal of the Pope and his corrupt doctrines, but I will be the servant of Almighty God alone, and of his holy law. I trust in God, the justness of my cause, and my country.

"Therefore hearken, O Pope! hearken, my clerical brethren! and ye, my countrymen! I repeat it: Christ says: 'Neither be ye called masters, for one is your master, even Christ.'

"Hearken, O Pope—thou HOLY FATHER! no one shall be called father on the earth; for one is our Father, which is in heaven.

"Hearken, O Pope! and brethren in the ministry! 'The greatest among you shall be as a servant, and whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased.'

"Hearken, O Pope! and ye, my brethren! we are to preach the Word of God, and not wretched, miserable, human doctrines; we are to be vigilant, sober, given to hospitality, apt to teach—not brawlers—not covetous.

"Hearken, O Pope! and give ear, ye Roman Catholic priests! ye blind guides! I forsake the banner of your unchristian hierarchy; and will henceforth teach the pure Gospel, as Christ proclaimed it to mankind.

"Now launch your anathemas against me—kindle your holy fires—forge your chains; here I also stand—I cannot act otherwise. So help me God. Amen!

"And you, my former colleagues!—you, who are still in the pay of Rome! consider what you are, and what you should be; whom you serve, and whom you ought to serve. You are the servants of a foreign hierarchical despot; you serve one who causes himself to receive homage, and to be adored as the ruler of the world in the place of Jehovah; whereas you ought to be the free servants of our Lord God, who is the sole Ruler of heaven and earth; and Him only must you serve. You are preachers of a false, corrupted Gospel—the abettors of the tyrant who deprives the people of the Book of books.

"'Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of me.'—John v. 39.

"You serve one who causes himself to be borne about in magnificence and splendour, as the god of this world; whereas you should serve Him who had 'not where to lay his head' (Matt. viii. 20), and who said to all: 'If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.'—Matt. xvi. 24.

"The Master whom you ought to serve, whose Word you ought to preach, is a God of love. He ordered the sword to be put up; 'for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword.' Christ converted souls with the sword of faith and of love; but with what weapons do your Popes strive to convert them?—With chains, dungeons, anathemas, torture, and the stake. Are the flames in which John Huss and Jerome of Prague perished, with thousands more in England, France, Spain, and Italy, who appealed to the free unmerited grace in Christ—are the dreadful scenes in America, where the Gospel was enforced by fanatical executioners—is the horrid massacre of St Bartholomew, which was extolled by the Pope as a work of God—are these a labour of love or instruction in the faith?

"'Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers; for there is no power but of God.' 'Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's.' 'No man that warreth, entangleth himself with the affairs of this life.' Say, were the proceedings of Pope Alexander III. against the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa in 1167, of Gregory VII. against Henry IV. at Canossa, of Celestine III. towards Henry VI., in the spirit of those commands of our Lord?

"Tell me, are the anathemas uttered by Clement II., in his bull of excommunication against the Emperor Louis of Bavaria, the language of a Christian priest who has received the divine command: 'Love your enemies, bless them that persecute you,' &c.?—'May God visit him with rage and madness! may heaven strike him with all its lightnings! may the anger of God, the anger of St Peter and St Paul, fall upon him in this world and in the world to come! may the whole world rise up against him! may the earth open her mouth and swallow him up alive! may his name perish in the first generation, and his memory be blotted out! may all the elements be against him! may his children fall into the hands of his enemies, and be dashed to pieces before his eyes!' (Rinaldi, Anal.) Is this the language of a successor of Christ, or of an incarnate fiend? The kingdom of this world is not the kingdom of Christ, but the kingdom of him who pretends to be the successor of Christ.

"Is the history of past centuries a fiction? Hear what Christ says of the Scribes and Pharisees: 'The Scribes and the Pharisees sit in Moses' seat: they bind heavy burdens and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders; but they themselves will not move them with one of their fingers. But all their works they do for to be seen of men: they make broad their phylacteries, and enlarge the borders of their garments, and love the uppermost rooms at feasts, and the chief seats in the synagogues, and greetings in the markets, and to be called of men, Rabbi, Rabbi.'

"O ye my former colleagues, turn away from a power which, instead of diffusing the light of the Gospel, endeavours to propagate the darkness of deceit and lies. See that ye aid not this work of human falsehood. 'Refuse profane and old wives' fables.' Take heed that ye do not serve God in vain, by teaching the doctrines and commandments of men. Take heed that ye do not lay aside the commandments of God, by holding the traditions of men. Suffer not yourselves to be deluded and ensnared by artful and ambitious men; but search the Scriptures for yourselves, and compare them with the doctrines of the Romish priesthood. Depart from Rome; for it will be destroyed like Jerusalem, and not one stone will be left upon another. Depart, that ye may not be partakers of its crimes.

"The representatives of Rome will persecute you; they will bring false witnesses against you, and sit in judgment upon you with a sanctimonious air; but fear not, be of good courage, 'for great is your reward in heaven.'

"And you, ye people of God, for whom Christ suffered, do not blindly follow your guides, who, deluded by covetousness, ambition, or a love of power, &c., do, often contrary to their own better conviction, preach to you a Gospel different from the Gospel of God; follow them not, even though they should appear like angels of light. 'Search the Scriptures' yourselves; for they are written for us all without exception—for the lowest as for the highest. From the Bible alone you can derive instruction in doubt, comfort in adversity, peace in discord, courage in

danger, patience and perseverance in trouble, strength in weakness, and the light of truth in darkness. In the Bible alone you can find the truth as Jesus gave it to us. Do not trust those who would depreciate this most holy Book. They are not honest in their intentions; they are wolves in sheep's clothing. Try the doctrines of your priests by the touchstone of the Gospel, as we learn it from the Bible. Then only will you be secure against deceit and falsehood; then only will you know what you can and ought to believe. Far from its being a sin to read the Bible, it is a sin to depreciate this sacred Book, and to forbid the people to study it.

"This one thing hold fast—the doctrine of Christ our Redeemer is a doctrine of love—a doctrine of truth. Never follow those who preach hatred of your fellow-creatures; for hatred is of the devil. Though you possess all the treasures of the earth, and have not love, you are nothing. Be not afraid to follow your better conviction; for you are in God's hand, which protects you with almighty power. The eye of your Father which is in heaven sees you wherever you may be; his grace will help and strengthen you in the hour of your greatest need, if you abide in his faith and love. Fear not anathemas and dungeons; for there is no prison for the Christian's spirit. Christ has purchased for us true freedom to all eternity. Amen."

The congregation at Schneidemühl, of which Czerski is pastor, have issued a statement of "Fundamental Grounds for the Secession," which is singularly scriptural in its leading statements and views. After a detailed statement of the errors of the Church of Rome, it says:—

"We thank God our Heavenly Father, that he has been pleased to send us his Holy Spirit, and caused us to see and acknowledge the truth as it is revealed by his Son Jesus Christ and his blessed Gospel. We, therefore, separate ourselves from the Roman paternity, because its doctrine is not of God, but human and carnal. She prohibits her children from feeding upon the heavenly manna which Jesus Christ has made known to them; she prohibits her children from drinking of the waters of everlasting life; she locks up the gates of the kingdom of heaven, which can be found only in the blessed doctrine of a crucified Redeemer to all that believe in his name.

"We renounce the Church of Rome, because she withholds from her children the most important article of our faith—the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, which he shed for the remission of our sins.

"We do not separate ourselves from our Christian Catholic brethren; nor do we separate from the real, true Church instituted by Christ; we separate only from the Roman hierarchy and the Roman Papacy, and from the human inventions which they have introduced into the Christian Church, and which are repugnant to the Gospel of our Lord. We are, and will continue, Catholic (general, *i. e.*, not Roman, but Apostolical Catholic) Christians; we seek communion with all the saints who acknowledge the true body and true bread—our Lord Jesus Christ—through faith, as the only means whereby we shall be saved and raised again at the last day, and who confess the Gospel preached by Jesus Christ and his apostles to be the alone and true Christian doctrine."

We intend shortly to lay before our readers a detailed account of the progress of this important movement; and would, meanwhile, call upon them to remember the German Reformers at a throne of grace—to call upon the name of the Lord for them—that, his Spirit being given, they may be led into all truth, and delivered not only from the bondage of Rome, but from the even worse bondage of Satan and sin.

PASTORAL RECOLLECTIONS.

I HAD occasion one morning to visit a district of the parish at some distance from my residence. A poor member of the congregation was lying at the point of death, and earnestly desired the presence of the minister. As I ascended the hill, on my way to the sick man's dwelling, I had to pass the cottage of a small farmer belonging to my flock; and, as I paused for a moment near the door, to look out for my best and nearest path, a female came out and approached me. I immediately recognised the wife of the cottager, but observed with concern that she was bathed in tears. I was of course prompted to ask her why she wept, and soon discovered that she was not agitated by the pressure of any particular calamity. She was merely under the influence of deep emotion; and she was thus giving vent to a flood of feeling. She told me that our meeting gave her much pleasure; for that a wonderful change had recently taken place in her state of mind, and that she gladly embraced the present opportunity of entering into conversation with me. She then narrated, with great simplicity, the history of her religious experience; and, as her case supplies a remarkable example of a work of grace, it is worthy of especial record. It may be thus described:—

——— held, as tenant at will, a few acres of indifferent land. He was, however, in much more comfortable circumstances than many of his neighbours; for he was careful, provident, and industrious. His wife, the subject of this notice, was a thrifty housekeeper; and her excellent management had contributed greatly to his prosperity. But the thoughts of both were entirely engrossed with their own little concerns; and they were so intent upon the business of accumulation, that they were rather noted throughout their neighbourhood for their excessive worldliness. The Gospel often falls powerless upon such characters, and yet here it was destined to achieve a most signal victory. This couple had six fine children; and a boy about thirteen years of age, who was the eldest of the family, was particularly promising. He had been a diligent attendant upon the Sabbath school—he had enjoyed the tuition of a faithful teacher—the good seed of the Word had been watered by heavenly influences; and he had thus been led to feel the power, as well as to see the importance, of religion. Through the medium of the same agency, a sister, who was somewhat younger, had also been seriously impressed. But it so happened that small-pox, in a very virulent form, made its appearance in the district, and in a few weeks five of the children of this cottager fell a prey to its ravages. On one occasion two coffins left the house together. The youngest son, an infant in the cradle, alone escaped.

It is scarcely necessary to state, that so melancholy a providence produced a considerable sensation. Nearly a whole family had been swept away at once; and, as the tidings circulated from house to house

throughout the parish, they touched the most tender chords of many a mother's heart. The remains of the elder children were accompanied to their last resting-place by the boys and girls of the Sabbath school, who testified their respect and sympathy by walking before them to the church-yard in solemn procession. The scholars had requested permission to sing a few verses at the grave; and, as they united in the melancholy dirge, the melting tones of their youthful voices might have moved the most callous auditor. Who can tell the influence of their simple melody? and who can say whether the funeral scene may not have been, to some thoughtless bystander, the crisis of a spiritual resurrection?

"No chastening," saith the apostle, "for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." Eventually, the wife of the cottager was fully prepared to attest the truth of this declaration. She had always been an affectionate mother; and when suddenly stripped of almost all her offspring, she mourned in the bitterness of her soul. But judgment had been mingled with mercy; for the children had given evidence that they had not attended the Sabbath school in vain; and the deportment of her eldest son, upon his death-bed, had been most edifying and impressive. When suffering severely from disease, he had frequently invited one of the family to read to him portions of the New Testament; and it was obvious to all around him that he was sustained and refreshed by the manna of the Gospel. He had also taken occasion to speak very seriously to his parents—he had pointed out to them the danger of neglecting the one thing needful; and he had reminded them of a variety of instances in which he had witnessed their undue anxiety, in reference to their temporal interests. His words carried conviction to his mother, and led to a complete change in her spirit and character.

Many weeks had elapsed since small-pox had appeared in the family of the cottager; and though I had meanwhile repeatedly visited the dwelling, I had not discovered until now that the affliction had issued in a result so gratifying. For a time the bereaved mother had struggled to suppress her feelings; but now, as she observed me passing by her door, she hastened to inform me how she had been translated out of darkness into marvellous light. She described her case with much artlessness; and, though her heart was full when she referred to the removal of her children, she was evidently comforted withal. She had before attended public worship with tolerable regularity; but she now confessed that she had taken very little interest in the services. When sitting under the ministry of the Word, her thoughts had been occupied with her temporal affairs—with her milk and her butter, her house and her cattle; but she now knew what it was to wait upon God without distraction, and to be glad when it was said unto her: "Let us go into the house of the Lord." The Gospel was now the food of her soul, and she now rejoiced in the Sabbath-day as "the best of all the seven." She discovered an enlightened interest in the spiritual wellbeing of her relatives, and felt a concern for the progress of religion, which she had never hitherto experienced.

Time demonstrated that the piety of this matron did not proceed from mere excitement. She has ever since continued, by an exemplary life, to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour. I can never forget her appearance in the house of prayer; for, after the loss of her children, she might have been distinguished from the rest of the worshippers, during the delivery of the sermon, by the fixed attention with which she hung upon the lips of the minister. The eyes of her understanding had been opened—a new scene was presented to her view, and she was filled with wonder as the preacher proceeded to unfold the treasures of the sure and the well ordered covenant.

How mysterious are the ways of Providence! The Lord made breach upon breach in this family, and yet he had a blessing in store for the mourning mother! Her son has long since been removed to glory; but she still survives, a precious trophy of reigning and abounding grace. Truly God's way is in the sea, his path is in the great waters, and his footsteps are not known.

This narrative supplies one of ten thousand instances which might be readily adduced of the good fruits of Sabbath school instruction; for to this agency we must here trace the conversion both of the parent and the children. We here see a few plain statements, delivered by a peasant boy, reaching the heart of his mother, and winning her over to the Saviour. How rarely can ministers produce cases in which their preaching has made such a marked impression! We are taught by the incidents here recorded, that every one may do something for Christ. A single word, uttered by a child, may tell throughout all eternity. Blessed, then, are they who sow beside all waters. It is written: "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

OBLOQUY.

I FEAR'D the world and I were too acquainted;
I hope my fears are like her joys—but painted:
Had I not been a stranger, as I pass'd
Her bawling curs had never bark'd so fast.

QUARLES.

THE JEW.

TRAVELLING lately through the western part of Virginia, I was much interested in hearing an old and highly respectable clergyman give a short account of a Jew, with whom he had lately become acquainted.

He was preaching to a large and attentive audience, when his attention was arrested by seeing a man enter having every mark of a Jew on the lineaments of his face. He was well dressed, and his countenance was noble, though it was evident that his heart had lately been the habitation of sorrow. He took his seat, and was all attention, while an unconscious tear was often seen to wet his manly cheek. After service, the clergyman fixed his eye steadily upon him, and the stranger reciprocated the stare. The good minister goes up to him:

"Sir, am I correct; am I not addressing one of the children of Abraham?" "You are." "But how is it that I meet a Jew in a Christian assembly?" The following narrative was the substance of his reply:—

He was a very respectable man, of a superior education, who had lately come from London; and with his books, his riches, and a lovely daughter of seventeen, had found a charming retreat on the fertile banks of the Ohio. He had buried the companion of his youth before he left Europe, and he now knew no pleasure but the company of his endeared child. She was, indeed, worthy of a parent's love. She was surrounded by beauty as a mantle; but her cultivated mind, and her amiable disposition, threw around her a charm superior to any of the tinsilled decorations of the body. No pains had been spared on her education. She could read and speak with fluency several different languages, and her manners charmed every beholder. No wonder, then, that a doating father, whose head was now sprinkled with grey, should place his whole affection on this only child of his love, especially as he knew no source of happiness beyond this world. Being a strict Jew, he educated her in the strictest principles of his religion, and he thought he had presented it with an ornament.

Not long ago this daughter was taken sick. The rose faded from her cheek, her eye lost its fire, her strength decayed, and it was soon apparent that the worm of disease was rioting in the core of her vitals. The father hung over the bed of his daughter with a heart ready to burst with anguish. He often attempted to converse with her; yet he seldom spoke but in the language of tears. He spared no trouble or expense in procuring medical assistance; but no human skill could extract the arrow of Death now fixed in her heart.

The father was walking in a small grove near his house, wetting his steps with his tears, when he was sent for by the dying daughter. With a heavy heart he entered the door of the chamber, which he feared would soon be the entrance of Death. He was now to take a last farewell of his child, and his religion gave but a feeble hope of meeting her hereafter.

She extended to her parent her wasted hand—"My father, do you love me?" "My child, you know that I love you—that you are more dear to me than all the world beside." "But, father, do you *love* me?" "Why, my child, will you give me pain so exquisite? have I never given you any proofs of my love?" "But, my dearest father, *do* you love me?" The father could not answer; she added: "I know, my dear father, that you have ever loved me—that you have been the kindest of parents, and I tenderly love you. Will you grant me one request?—oh, my father, it is the dying request of your daughter—will you grant it?" "My dearest child, ask what you will—though it take all of my property, whatever it may be, it shall be granted. I *will* grant it." "My dear father, I beg you never again to speak against JESUS OF NAZARETH!"

The father was dumb with astonishment. "I know," continued the dying girl, "I know but little about this Jesus; for I was never taught. But I know that he is a Saviour; for he has manifested himself to me since I have been sick, even for the salvation of my soul. I believe he will save me, although I have never before loved him; I feel that I am going to him—that I shall ever be with him. And now, my dear father, do not deny me. I beg that you will never again speak against this Jesus of Nazareth! I entreat you to obtain a Testament that tells of him; and I pray that you may know him; and when I am no more, you may bestow on him the love that was formerly mine."

The exertion overcame the weakness of her feeble body. She ceased; and the father's heart was too full even for tears. He left the room in great horror of mind, and ere he could summon sufficient fortitude to return, the spirit of his accomplished daughter had taken its flight, as I trust, to that Saviour whom she loved and honoured, without seeing or knowing. The first thing the parent did after committing to the earth his last earthly joy, was to procure a New Testament. This he read; and, taught by the Spirit from above, is now numbered among the meek and humble followers of the Lamb!—*Todd's Simple Sketches.*

THE GOSPEL IN HOLLAND.

THE Church of Holland shared in the general religious depression which crept over Europe about a century ago, and is only slowly reviving from its torpor. So far had it degenerated, that, as among ourselves, its orthodox Confession would at one time have been modified, or even abolished, had it been only *principle* that stood in the way; and there, as in other degenerate lands, Popery is now struggling hard for the mastery, and fast making progress. The Dutch clergy are laboriously trained; but their training is another proof that gifts and literature, precious as they are, are not graces. Erastianism reigns through all its borders; for their Church is avowedly managed by a Minister of State appointed for the purpose. We are accordingly told that Socinianism, in forms more or less disguised, is prevalent among the religious teachers; and "Holy Holland," one has said, "the invincible rampart of the truth of God, will soon be what Israel was when the Lord exclaimed: 'Woe unto you, teachers of the law! for ye have taken away the key of knowledge: ye entered not in yourselves, and them that were entering in ye hindered.'"

We thus perceive that in that favoured country, Popery and Rationalism are achieving their wonted triumphs over the souls of men. An eye-witness has told us that Holland, so bold and resolute for the truth when first it was reformed—so faithful to the Word of God in the doctrines which it professes—so highly signalized among the Churches of the Reformation—so resolutely set against yielding to the persecutor's rage—has consented to obscure the truth for which it once nobly suffered, and to substitute the fancies of men for the revelations of Jehovah. Error has penetrated—has taken root—is established in many places. The world, with its riches and allurements, has supplanted the religion of God; and now Rationalism has largely taken the place of the Saviour—the form of godliness has superseded the spirit and the power among the masses of the nation. Popery and Neology contend for the mastery of mind; and as the former is ever active and vigilant, while the latter is inert and inefficient, who that has read the history of the past can doubt the issue of the struggle? In reference to spiritual things, darkness will cover the land, and gross darkness the people.

But hear the voice of one from that once privileged land. The words convey a loud appeal across the German Ocean: "Great anarchy of principle reigns in our Churches: Socinians, Arians, Pelagians, Remonstrants, all under the name of Reformed pastors, preach in full liberty their perverse doctrines."—"The Synod, composed in a great part of unfaithful pastors, does nothing to stop this fatal flood."—"In our cities and in our villages, in catechetical lessons and in other books, Arian and Socinian doctrines are everywhere preached, and pastors are never summoned to account. The training of the

young is so conducted as not to offend the Roman Catholics; and though the State has adopted this treacherous measure against the truth, the Church has not offered a single reclamation—not a single word in defence of scriptural education."

Further; in Holland there are three universities, and "in two of them men teach an Infidel science—a modified Rationalism—a system of doctrine in which vital truths, such as the Trinity, the divinity of our Saviour, the inspiration of the Scriptures, the expiation and death of Christ to satisfy divine justice, the personality of the Holy Spirit, all that forms the foundation of our religion, is denied in the most insidious manner; and it is under such teaching that young ministers are prepared for the preaching of *the Gospel*."

Nevertheless, there are men in that land who now sigh and cry unto God over the reigning abominations; and he has given token that he has heard, and will answer. Strangers remark the strict observance of the Sabbath rest in some of the cities. The hour has come when the children of God, in that privileged land, begin to awake from their torpor. A goodly number of ministers are now proclaiming all the counsel of God. There are among them men who can "inflame the heart with holy ardour, or refresh it with the oil of peace." From house to house, religious societies and meetings for prayer are held. It is not now their question what will please or displease men; but what will convert, what will save, what will sanctify their souls. Men who would rather bring sinners to enjoy the unction of the Holy One, than infect them with a crude and diluted theology, proclaim the way of salvation by the free grace of God. They are not satisfied with merely preaching the truth in formality—they seek for its fruits—they pray for its increase—they fortify themselves with the Word of their God—they reclaim against the reigning corruptions—they speak in faith to the spiritually dead; and though they may still be few who do so, God has ever chosen, and he is now choosing, in Holland, weak things to confound the mighty, and things that are not, to bring to nought things that are.

In consequence of these movements, headed by such men as the poet Bilderdyk, and the lawyer Da Costa, the ancient spirit of Holland begins to be stirred.

Religious men who visit Holland, and who are thoroughly qualified to judge of her condition, cherish sanguine hopes of her thus rising from her deep degradation. They liken the kingdom to a garden whose odours are still felt, nay, felt the more, although the sun has set; and, remembering that the Sun of Righteousness is still, as of old, powerful to reanimate and quicken, godly men anticipate the time, and that not distant, when, at the name of Jesus, many in that land shall bow in spirit and in truth. Symptoms of that consummation already thickly appear. The Word of God is producing the promised effects. Now, as of old, the pitchers with their lights are seen—the trumpets and the trumpeters are heard. The sword of the Lord and of Gideon is drawn, and, in spite of persecution, its bloodless victories will be achieved. Let British Christians—above all, let Scottish Christians, labour and pray for that result, fraught, as we hope it will prove, with blessings to the nations. A bulwark for the truth will thus be erected, and Christ will see of the travail of his soul among a people of whom even a bigoted Romanist was compelled to confess, that "they are intellectual by means of their good sense, their industry amounts to genius, their phlegmatic temperament makes them virtuous, and with them passion is reason."—*Lectures on Foreign Churches.*

"LADIES' BAZAARS" FOR THE HELP OF MISSIONS.

(*From Dr Wardlaw's Memoir of Rev. J. Reid of Bellary.*)

AMONGST the modes of contributing from this country to the support of missions in India, one has been the making and sending out of articles of ladies' handicraft for sale, for what are denominated "*Ladies' Bazaars.*" It is sometimes, however, apt to be forgotten what descriptions of articles are suitable for the climate and the customs of that far-distant land. We have heard of *skates* forming part of a mercantile consignment to a country where *ice* was unknown. We cannot, therefore, be greatly surprised that our fair countrywomen should occasionally, through inadvertency, overlook the difference between Britain and India. The following short paragraph may contribute a little to their direction in this work of Christian charity; which we are far from intending to discourage, but would render it the more productive, by insuring its appropriate application. Mr Reid refers to a box of articles sent out for sale:—

"The whole was admirably packed; and the patience and skill of the packer, or packers, astonished us not a little. Not a feather nor a bead was out of its place—not even the lady's reticule was disturbed from its position—not a crease was to be discovered—all was in apple-pie order, just as it was despatched. Next, of the various contributions—there are a few which are unsaleable in this country, and others for which there is a great call. The fire-screens, though very pretty, and admired very much, are, when taken into the hand, immediately laid aside as being too heavy for fanning, and not wanted to screen the face from fires; the last one which we saw being on board of ship in the channel. Purses are never used in this country, as no persons carry money about them. Pin-cushions are not much used. As little, thread or silk cases. Of these, therefore, a few would suffice. Miss F——'s beautiful worsted mats are not saleable articles—they look too warm; and ratan or cane mats are much preferred. In consequence, these are still on hand. The pretty caps, frocks, and worked articles, went the first day; and ten times as many would have been eagerly taken. Many ladies also asked for worked bodies of frocks. The reticules also sell well. Every lady must have one to carry her keys in. Emery cushions are also asked for. Bands for ladies' waists would sell. Also, any toys for children, not cumbersome or fragile. Portfolios, large and small, would get a speedy sale. The pictures sold; but I would not have you to send many such things; most people are unable to spare money for such articles. The useful, combined with the ornamental, is more acceptable. However, we can always find sale for a few. All articles of dress are in demand. But this is to be borne in mind, that it is a hot climate, and worsted garters and thick frocks are not used."

In making certain special acknowledgments, he thus exhorts and encourages the young ladies who had bestowed their labour on this good work:—

"Please to give them my kindest thanks, and tell them that I hope they will be as diligent in praying for the poor children as they have been in working for them. I hope some of those children love Jesus and find pleasure in hearing and reading about him. They are examples of obedience and diligence, and are rapidly preparing to be useful to their countrymen. One, I now sometimes take with me to examine the children in the heathen schools. Another, I sometimes employ to read the Bible in the chapel, when I preach. Four take it by turn to conduct

social prayer among themselves, before our family worship. And all give me much comfort. Thus I am encouraged in this part of my work, and I send them this news to encourage them to continue to help me in it."

A COLLOQUY WITH GOD.

THE night is come. Like to the day,
Depart not thou, great God, away.
Let not my sins, black as the night,
Eclipse the lustre of thy light.
Keep still in my horizon; for to me
The sun makes not the day, but Thee.

Sleep is a death. O make me try,
By sleeping, what it is to die,
And as gently lay my head
On my grave as now my bed.
Howe'er I rest, great God, let me
Awake again at last with Thee;
And thus assured, behold I lie
Securely, or to wake or die.
These are my drowsy days; in vain
I do now wake to sleep again;
O come, sweet hour, when I shall never
Sleep again, but wake for ever!

BROWN.

GOSSIPING.

SOME people seem to make it their employment to go about from house to house, to find out the calamities of their neighbours, only to have the pleasure of carrying the news to the next house they go to.

Mr S—— once reproved one of these gossips. She had nearly talked herself out of breath, with—"Shocking news! I hear poor Mr —— is dead, and has left a large family without a shilling to help them; and Mrs —— has fallen down stairs, and broken her leg—I saw the doctor ride by, as I came along; and farmer ——'s house has been burnt down; and Mrs ——'s eldest daughter has lost her place, at a minute's warning. Dear! dear! what troubles there are in the world: it really makes one's heart ache to hear of them."

"And pray," asked Mr S——, "what have you done to help all these people in their distress?"

"Oh, sir, it is not in my power to help them."

"Indeed; I think you might find some way of being useful to them—if you only spent in rendering help the very time that you squander in idle gossip about their misfortunes, which, I can't help thinking, seems to afford you a sort of pleasure. I will tell you a story: A traveller passing over a miserable road, the wheel of his carriage stuck in a deep rut. He laboured with all his might to extricate it; but in vain. Presently some one passing said to him: 'You are in an awkward situation, sir: pray how did the accident happen?' Another came up: 'Dear! dear! what is the matter? Well, what a good thing your neck was not broken! but this road ought to be indicted; there are continual accidents of one kind or another.' A third addressed him: 'I'm really sorry to see you so much heated and fatigued, sir; I fear, too, your horse and carriage are injured. I am very sorry.' 'Come, then,' replied the unfortunate traveller, 'if you really are sorry, be so good as to put a shoulder to the wheel; a grain of help is worth a bushel of pity.'"

The idle and impertinent curiosity of some people, in the time of a neighbour's distress, is ill concealed under professions of sympathy and pity; while, like the priest and the Levite in the parable, they only come to the place and look, and then pass by on the other side of the way. If sympathy and pity are really felt, let them lead to conduct like that of the good Samaritan; for our Lord says to each of us, "Go thou, and do likewise."—*New Monthly Magazine.*

GOLDEN RULES.

MAKE God the first and last of all thy actions; so begin that thou mayst have him in the end; otherwise I doubt whether it had not been better that thou hadst never begun.

Wealth is not the way to heaven, but the contrary; let all your care be how to "live well," and you may be sure that you will never die poor.

I know not which is the worse, the bearer of tales or the receiver; for the one makes the other. We should no less hate to tell, than to hear slanders. If we cannot stop others' mouths, let us stop our own ears. The receiver is as bad as the thief.

So live with men as considering always that God sees thee; so pray to God as if every man heard thee. Do nothing which thou wouldst not have God see done. Desire nothing which may either wrong thy profession to ask, or God's honour to grant.

Afflictions are the medicine of the mind; if they are not toothsome, let it suffice that they are wholesome. It is not required in physic that it should please, but heal.

Sin and punishment are like the shadow and the body—never apart. Never sin went unpunished; and the end of all sin, if it be not repentance, is hell. Next to the not committing of a fault, is the being sorry for it.—*Bishop Henshaw.*

Fragments.

Live well, and die never;
Die well, and live ever.

IRRELIGION AND IMMORALITY.—When once Infidelity can persuade men that they shall *die like beasts*, they will soon be brought to *live like beasts* also.—*South.*

THOUGHTS OF RECKONING. — When we think of death, a thousand sins we have trod as worms beneath our feet, rise up against us like flaming serpents.—*Scott.*

THE PASSIONS, like heavy bodies down steep hills, once in motion, move themselves, and know no ground but the bottom.—*Fuller.*

ADVICE, like snow, the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind. —*Coleridge.*

WISDOM WITH LITTLE, BETTER THAN FOLLY WITH MUCH.—It is no small commendation to manage a little well. He is a good waggoner that can turn in a little room. To live well in abundance, is the praise of the estate, not of the person. I will study more how to give a good account of my little, than how to make it more.—*Bishop Hall.*

BE AT CHURCH IN TIME.—Mrs Chapone was asked why she always came so early to church?—"Because," said she, "it is part of my religion never to disturb the religion of others."

KNOWLEDGE, when Wisdom is too weak to guide her,
Is like a headstrong horse, that throws the rider.

—*Quarles.*

Daily Bread.

FRIDAY.

"The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin."—1 John i. 7.

Go to Calvary's mountain
Where his blood was spilt;
In that precious fountain
Wash away thy guilt.

Is it the numberless number of thy sins that affrights thee? Were they yet more, Christ can save thee from them. Dost thou complain, O soul, that thy sins are as many in number as the sand upon the sea-shore? yea, but dost thou not know, likewise, that the sea can cover the sands? so the overflowing blood of Christ can reach the uttermost borders and extent of all thy sins, and keep them from the sight of God, that they shall never more appear.—*Hopkins.*

SATURDAY.

"Prove your ownselves."—2 Cor. xiii. 5.

Help us, Lord, to search the camp;
Let us not ourselves beguile—
Trusting to a dying lamp,
Without a stock of oil.

Be exhorted to deal impartially with your own souls. Look into your own state. Examine yourselves. Try whether Jesus Christ be formed in you. If your state be good, searching into it will give you the comfort of it. If your state be bad, searching into it cannot make it worse; nay, it is the only way to make it better; for conversion begins with conviction.—*Ibid.*

SABBATH.

"Enter into thy closet."—Matt. vi. 6.

Entering into my closet, I
The busy world exclude:
In secret prayer for mercy cry,
And groan to be renew'd.

Secret prayer is what every carnal man hath an aversion to. The devil can allow men their church prayers, and their family prayers; but closet prayers he cannot away with, especially when they are frequent and constant, because they are too much an argument of sincerity. A hypocrite takes no delight in secret prayer, nor in any duty but what is seen of men, and will gain him a name. But, reader, if thou art sincere, thou wilt consider that God's eye is upon thee in private as well as in public; and therefore wilt seek to approve thyself to God in secret duties, as well as public. Nay, let us mind that this is not only a commanded duty, but our dignity and privilege. What an honour is it for dust and ashes to be allowed access to the great God!—for a worm to speak freely to its Creator!—for a poor beggar to converse familiarly with the King of heaven? O sinner, would not all thy neighbours envy thee, if thou wast so honoured by an earthly king? Be exhorted, then, to value and make use of this liberty.—*Willison.*

MONDAY.

"I will teach transgressors thy ways."—Ps. li. 13.

Come, my fellow-sinners, try—
Jesus' heart is full of love!
Oh! that you, as well as I,
May his wondrous mercy prove!

O you who live by this Saviour, make him known. Recommend him. Begin with your own family. You are concerned to provide for your children; but how is your love operating? Is it not in laying up for them treasure on earth, or seeking great things for them in the world? It would be infinitely better to leave them in Christ, than to leave them with thousands of gold and silver; or to leave them with kings upon the throne. Forget not your friends and your neighbours. Hold forth the word of life impressively and invitingly to all around you.—*Jay.*

TUESDAY.

"A certain beggar, named Lazarus, was laid at the rich man's gate, full of sores; and desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table. . . . . And it came to pass that the beggar died, and was carried by angels into Abraham's bosom."—Luke xvi. 20-22.

O what are all my suff'rings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptur'd host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet!

Though God's humble children may both breakfast and dine on bread of adversity and water of affliction, they will be sure to sup sweetly and plentifully. And the believing expectation of the latter might serve to qualify the former, and make them easy under it.—*Boston.*

WEDNESDAY.

"The mystery of godliness—God manifest in the flesh."—1 Tim. iii. 16.

Unsearchable the love
That hath the Saviour brought;
The grace is far above
Or man or angel's thought;
Suffice for us that God we know—
Our God is manifest below.

It was a wonder to Solomon, that God would dwell in that stately and magnificent temple at Jerusalem; but it would have seemed a rude blasphemy, had not the Scriptures plainly revealed it, to have thought of the world's Creator as a creature—the Ancient of Days, an infant of days. For the sun to fall from its sphere, and be degraded into a wandering atom; for an angel to be turned out of heaven, and be converted into a silly fly or worm, had been no such great abasement; for they were but creatures before, and so they would abide still, though in an inferior order or species of creatures. The distance betwixt the highest and lowest species of creatures, is but a finite distance—the angel and the worm dwell not so far asunder; but for the infinite glorious Creator of all things to become a creature, is a mystery exceeding all human understanding.—*Flavel.*

THURSDAY.

"God is my strength."—Habak. iii. 19.

Treasures of everlasting might
In our Jehovah dwell;
He gives the conquest to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.

Where but in Christ can I find strength? The journey I have to take, the race I have to run, the warfare I have to accomplish, the duties I have to perform, the trials I have to bear—all these are not only above my natural powers, but even above the grace I possess, without fresh and constant supplies of the Spirit of Jesus Christ. But he cries, "My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness." Surely, therefore, shall one say: "In the Lord have I righteousness and strength."—*Jay.*

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THE GOOD SHEPHERD:

A Sermon.

BY JOHN BROWN, D.D., EDINBURGH.

CONCLUDED.

III. JESUS CHRIST is the good Shepherd, for there subsists the most intimate and endearing mutual acquaintance and intercourse between him and them.

'I am not like an hireling, who cares not for the sheep, and for whom the sheep do not care; but I am like the good proprietor shepherd—I have a deep interest in them.' "I know my sheep, and am known of mine; even as the Father knoweth me, and I know the Father." To perform the offices of a good shepherd, intimate knowledge of, and frequent kindly intercourse with, his flock, is necessary; and whenever these offices are performed the sheep readily recognise their shepherd, and show satisfaction in seeing his person—hearing his voice—following in his steps. This is remarkably the case in Oriental countries, and affords a beautiful figurative representation of the mutual regard which subsists between our Lord and his peculiar people.

HE knows THEM—he distinguishes them from those who do not belong to his flock. "The Lord knoweth them that are his." No hypocritical art, however exquisite, can impose on him; and no bashful retiredness of disposition can conceal genuine discipleship. The best of the under shepherds, however sagacious, may be often mistaken both ways; Eli may mistake Hannah for a drunkard, and Jehoiada may suppose Joash a pious youth; but the good Shepherd is never deceived. He knows them; *i.e.*, he is intimately acquainted with them individually. He needs not that any one should testify of them—he knows what is in them. He knows all about them—all the peculiarities of their constitution. He knows their frame—all the incidents of their history—all their excellences and all their faults—all the strong and all the weak parts of their character—all their fears, anxieties, and sorrows—so as to be able to suit the communications of his grace to the exigencies of each of them.

He knows them—*i.e.*, he acknowledges them as his peculiar property—the objects of his peculiar love and care. This is not an uncommon use of the word *know*, in Scripture: "You only have I known of all the families of the earth:" "Depart from me; I never knew you." He recognises them as his. He manifests himself to them in another way than he does to the world. He and his Father come to them, and make their abode in them—dwell in them—walk in them. He shows them his glory. He gives them his Spirit—the seal of their discipleship—the earnest of their inheritance. He sets an indelible mark on them, showing that they are his purchased possession.

And this intimate knowledge and intercourse is mutual. As *he* knows his sheep, he is known of *them*. If the sheep do not know the shepherd, it is a proof that he is not a good shepherd. Our Lord does not want this mark of being a good shepherd; for all his peculiar people know him.

They can distinguish him from all others. As the ground of hope—as the Lord of the conscience—as the one mediator between God and man—the language of their minds and hearts is, "None but Christ, none but Christ."

They are intimately acquainted with him. They know him, and follow on to know him, and count all things loss for his excellent knowledge. They delight in studying the truth about him, as revealed in his Word. The divinity of his person—the perfection of his atonement—the prevalence of his intercession—the omnipotence of his grace—the tenderness of his compassion—the faithfulness of his promises—"the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints—the exceeding greatness of his power towards them who believe"—these are among the things most firmly believed among them.

And they know him experimentally. They have experienced his wise guidance and his condescending care—the depth of his wisdom and the tenderness of his heart—in his conduct to them individually. They have, as it were, not only heard of him, but they have heard his voice—they have seen his countenance. They have "looked on him, and their hands have handled the Word of Life." They have eaten his flesh, and drunk his blood, and know and are sure that "his flesh is meat indeed—his blood drink indeed."

Still further: they acknowledge and recognise him as their Shepherd. He is "the Apostle, the High Priest," the Shepherd of "their profession." They hear his voice—they follow in his steps. Where he goes, they go; where he lodges, they lodge. His people is their people—his God, their God. Their whole character and conduct say: "I am Christ's." What is said in reference to the faithful under shepherd, is true in a higher sense of the great Shepherd: "The sheep follow him, for they know his voice; and a stranger they will not follow, but will flee

from him, for they know not the voice of a stranger."

The illustration which our Lord gives of the intimate and endearing acquaintanceship and intercourse which exist between him and his people, is derived from a comparison which could scarcely have entered into any human imagination; and if it had, he must have been a bold, if not an impious man, who should have dared to utter it: "I know my sheep, and am known of mine; even as the Father knoweth me, and I know the Father;" for this, according to the most learned and judicious interpreters, is the manner in which the words should be construed. An attentive observer of mankind must have noticed that the mode of illustrating a sentiment often marks the peculiar character, circumstances, profession, and pursuit of him who employs it. The same subject—the same principle—is very differently stated and illustrated by different men. The agriculturist, the merchant, the lawyer, the physician, the soldier, the minister of religion, will generally, when speaking unrestrainedly on almost any subject, give token to a sagacious hearer by which to form a probable conjecture respecting their profession.

The general principle now referred to is applicable to our Lord. He uses illustrations natural to him, which never would have occurred to any other, and which plainly tell us he was "not of this world"—he was "from above." He borrows his illustrations from the heavenly state, and from the very adytum of the celestial temple—the holy of holies—the holiest of all. Who but Christ—he who had been in the bosom of the Father—would have used such language as this to illustrate his love to his people: "As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you?" And who but he would have sought, in the ineffable intimacies of the Father and his only begotten, an illustration of the mutual, intimate knowledge, and complacential intercourse of him and his chosen ones?

This is a subject dark through excessive brightness; yet we cannot choose but gaze a little on it. However incapable we may be of conceiving of the manner in which the Divine Persons apprehend truth, nothing can be more apparent than there must be the most perfect mutual knowledge and mutual complacency among the mysterious Three, who, having the same divine nature, must have one mind—one will; and that mind, the perfect light—that will, the absolute good. The Father knows the Son—thoroughly knows him; he regards him with most complacential delight; and he acknowledged him, no doubt, though in a way we can form no conception of—from all eternity. We can, however, form a conception of the way in which he acknowledged him on earth, and is acknowledging him in heaven. He gave his Spirit to him without measure. He sustained him amid all his toils and sufferings. He bore witness to him by the mighty works which he enabled him to perform. He again, and again, and again, from the most excellent glory, proclaimed: "This is my beloved Son; hear ye him." He raised him from the dust of death—he set him at his own right hand. He proclaims: "Sit on my right hand, till I make thine enemies thy footstool." And while he brings him into the possession of the world, he proclaims: "Let all the angels of God worship him."

In like manner, "the Son knows the Father"—is intimately acquainted with his perfections, and purposes, and works; and regards all these with infinite complacency. And he acknowledges the Father. This he did when on earth, in everything doing his Father's will, and saying, in reference to his human inclinations: "Not my will, but thine be done:" And this he is doing in heaven; for there he is "declaring his Father's name to his brethren; and in the midst of the congregation of his chosen is he singing his praise." When it is said that as the Father knoweth the Son, and the Son knows the Father, so does the good Shepherd know his sheep, and is known of them, the meaning, so far as *they* are concerned at least, is merely that there is resemblance, not equality; for "as no man knoweth the Father but the Son, so no man knoweth the Son but the Father." The idea is, that there is as really a peculiar, mutual knowledge and acknowledgment between the good Shepherd and his sheep, as between the Father and the Son, and that it has the same character of complacential affectionateness.

IV. The only other illustration of the appellation, "the good Shepherd," as applied to our Lord, to which I mean to call attention, is that suggested in the 16th verse of the chapter. Jesus Christ is the good Shepherd; for he cares for all his sheep: "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one *fold*," or rather one *flock* (ποιμνη, not αυλη)—one Shepherd.

He is not a good shepherd who overlooks any part of the flock committed to his care; he is the good shepherd who protects, and guides, and feeds, and cares for all. When our Lord uttered the words before us, his charge on earth was a very "little flock" (the ποιμνη was indeed ποιμνιον); and was chiefly, if not exclusively, to be found within the fold of the Jewish economy. But our Lord well knew that it was not to be always so. He remembered the decree that had gone forth: "Ask of me, and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost ends of the earth for thy possession." He remembered the exceeding great and precious promises which had been made to him—that he should "see of the travail of his soul—see his seed, and have the mighty for his portion—the strong for his spoil." He remembered that it had been said of old of him: "He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the

river to the end of the earth. They that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before him, and his enemies shall lick the dust. The kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents; the kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts; yea, all kings shall fall down before him, all nations shall serve him." He *knew* Him who had said: "It is a light thing that thou shouldest be my servant to raise up the tribes of Jacob, and to restore the preserved of Israel: I will also give thee for a light to the Gentiles, that thou mayest be my salvation unto the end of the earth. Thus saith the Lord, the Redeemer of Israel, and his Holy One; to him whom man despiseth, to him whom the nation abhorreth, to a servant of rulers, Kings shall see and arise, princes also shall worship, because of the Lord that is faithful, and the Holy One of Israel, and he shall choose thee. Thus saith the Lord, In an acceptable time have I heard thee, and in a day of salvation have I helped thee: and I will preserve thee, and give thee for a covenant of the people, to establish the earth, to cause to inherit the desolate heritages; that thou mayest say to the prisoners, Go forth; to them that are in darkness, Show yourselves. They shall feed in the ways, and their pastures shall be in all high places. They shall not hunger nor thirst; neither shall the heat nor sun smite them: for he that hath mercy on them shall lead them, even by the springs of water shall he guide them. And I will make all my mountains a way, and my highways shall be exalted. Behold, these shall come from far: and, lo, these from the north and from the west; and these from the land of Sinim."

[illegible] clear apprehension of the vast extent of official saving care committed to Him, we find Him saying: "They shall come from the east and the west, and from the north and the south, and sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of their Father." "And I, if I be lifted up, shall draw all men to me." His object was, to "gather together into one all the children of God scattered abroad in all" the countries of the world, throughout all the ages of time. This is the charge committed to him; and he will be "faithful to Him who has appointed him." "Of all whom the Father has given to him, not one of them—not anything—shall be lost." They shall all be "raised up at the last day." In reference to them all, the Gospel shall be brought to them, or they brought to the Gospel. Every one of them shall be brought into the fold, and kept there. For it is his purpose that there shall be "one fold—one Shepherd."

It is generally supposed, and justly, that these words have a direct reference to the termination of the exclusive preparatory economy, and the introduction of that better order of things, where there should be "neither circumcision nor uncircumcision, Jew nor Greek, bond nor free, male nor female, but all one in Christ Jesus." In this view of the subject, the best commentary on the text is to be found in the words of the apostle: "Wherefore remember, that ye being in time past Gentiles in the flesh, who are called Uncircumcision by that which is called the Circumcision in the flesh made by hands; that at that time ye were without Christ, being aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from the covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world: but now in Christ Jesus ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ" [through the great Shepherd giving his life for the sheep]. "For he is our peace, who hath made both one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us; having abolished in his flesh the enmity, even the law of commandments contained in ordinances; for to make in himself of twain one new man, so making peace; and that he might reconcile both unto God in one body by the cross, having slain the enmity thereby: and came and preached peace to you which were afar off, and to them that were nigh. For through him we both have access by one Spirit unto the Father. Now therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God; and are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone; in whom all the building fitly framed together groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord: in whom ye also are builded together for an habitation of God through the Spirit."—Eph. ii. 11–22.

"The great Shepherd of the sheep," very soon [illegible] those other sheep not of the Israelitish fold. He spoke to them, and they heard his voice. His Gospel was "preached with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven;" and Gentiles, in vast numbers, had granted to them that repentance unto life, that salutary change of mind, which is implied in the faith of the truth. Since that age, the collection of the sheep has gone forward; and though now on earth there is still a fearful preponderance of numbers of those who are not of Christ's sheep, yet even now there is on the earth a multitude which could not easily be numbered, out of many a kindred, people, and nation, who were "as sheep going astray, but have been brought back to the Shepherd and Bishop of souls."

But it may be said, Here, indeed, are many sheep, but where is "the one flock"—the one fold? Even the genuine followers of Jesus Christ are far from forming anything like that visibly separated and united body—separated from the world "lying under the wicked one," united among themselves—that the image of a flock in a fold naturally brings before the mind. They are found in *pens*, studiously separated from one another; while,

in too many instances, these pens are constructed on such a principle as by no means to exclude the world, though they do effectually shut out Christians who, it may be, even on a very minor point of doctrine, or worship, or order, differ from their occupants. Instead of one fold, there seem to be innumerable pens of this kind. Alas! it is even so. It is with shame and sorrow we make the admission. But still, in the eye of the great Shepherd, his sheep are one flock; and nothing is necessary to them appearing to be so to themselves and the world, but their pulling down their middle walls of partition, and repairing the great wall of separation between the Church and the world.

A time is coming—we have no doubt, notwithstanding many unfavourable appearances, that it is hastening onward—rapidly approaching—when the really existing union among genuine Christians shall become apparent—when Christ's Church shall appear one glorious temple, the house of the Lord, from which no "Israelite indeed" shall be excluded, and in which the Canaanite shall no more be found—when, in answer to the prayer of the Saviour, all his people shall be one, and shall so appear to be one, as that the world will be constrained to believe that "the Father hath sent him."

To this glorious consummation these words look forward; but I mistake if they look not beyond it, to a more glorious consummation still. When the end cometh, "the Son of Man," the good Shepherd, "shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats: and he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left. Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels. And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal."

As the glorious result of his pastoral care, he will present them whom the Father gave him—not one amissing—"a beautiful flock"—"a glorious Church"—"redeemed from among men"—"without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing, before the presence of the divine Majesty with exceeding joy." On the high mountains of the heavenly Canaan shall their fold henceforth for ever be. "Then they shall lie in a good fold, and in a fat pasture shall they feed," upon the fertile hills of Paradise; while "the Lamb who is in the midst of the throne," their great Shepherd, feeds them, and leads them to the fountains of the river of life. "They shall hunger no more, they shall thirst no more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat." "He that had mercy on them shall lead them, even by the springs of water shall he guide them."

This is the one flock—the one Shepherd. Glorious Shepherd! happy flock! Then will the full meaning of our text be understood: "I am the good Shepherd." "The nations of the saved" with one voice, will then gladly acknowledge, He has done as he said—"he is the good Shepherd." "To him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God, even his Father, to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever."

THE WALDENSES.

I.—THEIR MORAL AND RELIGIOUS CONDITION.

That the Vaudois as a community are not now so eminent for piety as their ancestors were, is admitted, I believe, on all hands; but still I have no hesitation in adding my humble testimony to that borne by most travellers who have visited their valleys—that, notwithstanding their defects, they are, after all, the most moral and religious people in Europe. For amount of Bible knowledge they will stand comparison with the best of our Scottish peasantry; their honesty and simplicity are proverbial; they are ever ready to perform kind offices to one another; instances of licentiousness and impurity are so rare among them, that when they occur the entire population feel themselves disgraced; and the sin of drunkenness, so fearfully prevalent in this country, is utterly unknown in the valleys. The desecration of the Sabbath is certainly the foulest blot in their character, although they are not worse in this respect the Sabbath is converted into a day of amusement, and instead of "turning away their feet from finding their pleasure on that holy day," they may be seen congregated in groups, singing, dancing, and pursuing their other favourite pastimes, as though the day were their own. The more pious clergy are setting themselves steadily, like Nehemiah of old, to prevent this horrid profanation of the Sabbath; and their efforts have already been attended with considerable success. Some visitors have magnified their failings and defects, on account of the exaggerated opinions which they had formed of them previous to their arrival, from reading their ancient history; it should be borne in mind, however, that in judging of the religion and morality of the present race of Vaudois, the comparison does not lie between them and their forefathers, but between them and the other Protestant nations of Europe at the present day.*

I am warranted to state, from information obtained from those on whose spiritual discernment I can fully rely, that, notwithstanding the formalism of which they have reason to complain, there is a goodly and a growing number whose spirit and conduct furnish satisfactory evidence of the existence of the life of God in their souls. A very considerable revival was effected by a visit which Felix Neff paid to the valleys. His discourses, which were numerously attended, were blest to the awakening and conversion

* Rev. R.W. Stewart, in "Lectures on Foreign Churches."

of many souls. The results of this visit continue still to be felt; and numbers are instant in prayer and supplication, that the great Head of the Church would send them other seasons of refreshing from his presence, that the work of God may more and more abound among them.*

It was not only in the presbyteries, and churches, and schools, that I studied their character; but in the hut and chalet—by the side of the husbandman and the vine dresser, and of the shepherds, and herdsmen, and hunters of their Alps. The impression left upon my mind is decidedly favourable. There were lights and shadows in the picture; but the former prevailed. As, for example, if I witnessed amusements to which their ancestors strongly objected, I could not but perceive that these were conducted with a degree of decency and propriety very rare in other regions. No drunkenness, or quarrels, or loose language, disgrace their hours of hilarity. There is no open and shameless rebellion against divine or human laws; and the sins which call for admonition, are the perpetration of individuals, and not general enough to leave a stigma upon whole villages or hamlets. At their devotions, they display a seriousness which is quite exemplary; and though the Lord's-day is not professedly consecrated to the same number of services as with us, yet there are few among them who are not regular attendants at church. The average congregation of every parish rarely falls short of, and generally exceeds, the amount of half the population.†

II.—THEIR WORLDLY CIRCUMSTANCES.

Every traveller who visits them comes away with the impression that they are not only heart-broken, but miserably poor. Were it not for the provision that God has bountifully made for their sustenance in the fruit of the walnut and chesnut trees, which grow in such abundance throughout their territory, it would be impossible for them to sustain life. Their food is of the poorest kind—butcher meat is a dainty unknown at the peasant's board—roasted chesnuts, potatoes, and black bread of the coarsest kind, with a little sour wine, the produce of their own vineyards, and oil extracted from walnuts, is their frugal fare throughout the year. The peasant mixes his salad and trims his lamp from the same cruse of oil. During five months of summer they reside in *chalets*, on the higher Alps, for the pasturage of their cattle; and here their pastors follow them during the week, to inquire into their spiritual welfare, and occasionally on Sabbath, to preach to them the Word of truth. Nothing, perhaps, bespeaks their poverty more evidently than the manner in which they spend their long and dreary winter evenings. Fuel is much too dear an article to be used, except for culinary purposes; but to make up for the want of a cheerful fire, the whole family adjourn during the winter to the byre, and live among the cattle—the temperature being kept equable by their breath. The oil is also sufficiently scarce to make it needful to economize; and a saving is effected by the following contrivance: Two, three, and sometimes four, neighbouring families, unite to spend the winter evenings, week about, in each other's byre—one lamp serves the whole assembly, and the family whose byre is the rendezvous for the week, provide the oil. Sometimes one person is appointed each night to read aloud to the company, while the others are engaged at their various occupations. On these occasions, through necessity as well as choice, the Bible is most frequently the subject of study, because other books are lacking; and hence, the modern Vaudois, like their ancestors, have generally a very extensive acquaintance with the Sacred Scriptures.*

III.—THEIR GRIEVANCES.

At present a father can make no other provision for his sons, when they settle in life, than by alienating a portion of his little heritage to each—thus impoverishing himself without enriching them. But where is this to end? Suppose the same process once or twice repeated, and a large proportion of the inhabitants of these valleys will then only have left them the miserable alternative of starvation at home or expatriation from a country endeared to them by a thousand associations. The Vaudois are incapable of holding any situation, civil or military, throughout the kingdom. In all the learned professions, too, the door is strictly closed against them; for in the edict of 1602, which has been again put in force since 1837, it is enacted, "*That no Vaudois may practise as a physician, surgeon, apothecary, attorney, or advocate, except among his own community.*" It will be asked, What resource, then, is left for the twenty-three thousand Protestants of Piedmont? Agriculture is the only occupation from which they are not debarred by statute; and the exceedingly primitive manner in which farming operations are carried on among them, abundantly proves that even here they meet with neither protection nor encouragement. Their implements of husbandry are of the rudest kind—a clumsy wooden plough, drawn by a yoke of oxen, and a hoe of the same material, are the chief instruments of tillage among them, while a two-pronged branch, cut from the nearest tree, supplies the place of a pitchfork in the time of harvest. The truth is, persecution is brought to bear upon them in their daily employments. On what possible grounds can the Sardinian Government justify its procedure in imposing upon the Vaudois a land tax, nearly double the amount of that exacted from the Papists—the relative proportions being 20½ per cent. to 13 per cent.? Nor is this all. Another edict compels them *to observe strictly all Popish saints' days and holidays;* the consequence of which is, that within their own proper territory, twenty-three thousand Vaudois, depending for subsistence entirely upon agricultural pursuits, are compelled to abstain from labour, at least *one*, and often *three* days, every week, to satisfy the caprice of five thousand Papists, who, at best, can only be considered as intruders there. The utmost a Vaudois peasant can gain by his labour does not amount to more than fifteen sous a-day in winter, and twenty sous (tenpence) in summer. Is it not, then, excessive cruelty to deprive them, through human inventions, which they conscientiously condemn, of a half or a third part of the time in which they might lawfully earn this miserable pittance for their families?

In each commune there is a municipal council, consisting of a syndic, vice-syndic, and three ordinary members. Of these a majority must be Papists, although in some parishes there are so few of them that it is no easy matter to find men capable of undertaking the duties of the office. To keep within the letter of the law, in a commune where the Protestant inhabitants are to the Papists in the proportion of two thousand to forty, they are obliged to elect a majority of councillors from among men of the very lowest grade in society. Crucifixes and shrines in honour of the Virgin Mary are erected with studious attention by the way-side, at intervals of little more than half a mile, that the Vaudois may ever be reminded of the superstitions they abominate. Their worship is often interrupted, on the Sabbath,

* Vaudois, by the Rev. Dr Henderson.
† Waldensian Researches, by Rev. Dr Gilly.

* Rev. R. W. Stewart.

by Popish processions, headed by the priests, which surround the church, chanting so loudly that the pastor's voice cannot be heard. Prayer-meetings, and reunions for psalmody, have been once and again interdicted by a mandate from the Secretary of State. They are forbidden, by the edict of 1602, to increase the number of their churches and beneficed pastors, although the wants of the population demand an increase of both. They are forbidden, by the same edict, to offer any opposition to the conversion of a Protestant to the Romish faith; while a seminary of missionary priests, of the order of St Maurice and St Lazarus, has been newly established in the valleys, for the avowed purpose of making proselytes. Mixed marriages, celebrated between Protestants and Papists, are not reckoned valid; and the children by such are liable to be torn from their mothers' breasts by the priests, as illegitimate, and carried off to this new seminary, or to the Hospice at Pinerolo, where they are baptized according to the rites of the Romish Church. The children of Protestant parents have also been more than once carried off in a similar manner, under the pretext that they had expressed a desire to join the Romish communion—their little Popish playfellows being adduced as evidence against them. Children so kidnapped are seldom restored; on various pretexts, the parents are prevented from seeing them until they have reached the age of twelve if boys, or ten if girls, when the law forbids them, under heavy penalties, to demand the restitution of their own offspring. *

IV.—THEIR PROSPECTS.

The day of trial has already dawned upon the poor Vaudois; and if, even in this land of liberty, every countenance is overspread with gloom, at the rapid strides with which the Papacy is again returning into power, what must their apprehensions be, in a land where it makes use of despotism as a convenient tool for accomplishing its deeds of darkness and of blood? A general impression exists among them, that days of severer trial are still in store, when, like their forefathers, they will be called upon, not only to suffer, "but to die also for the name of the Lord Jesus;" nor is this apprehension groundless. †

THE CITIES OF ITALY.

BY THE REV. W. K. TWEEDIE, EDINBURGH.

MILAN—ITS LIBRARIES, ITS ARTS, AND THE HABITS OF ITS PEOPLE.

THE LIBRARIES.—Our sketches would become more meagre than tolerable, did we dwell in detail on the ornaments even of the chief among the fifty churches of Milan. Few of them have high pretensions to architectural taste; and their interiors can, for the most part, be interesting only as studies, in which to detect, more minutely, the falsehood of Popish legends, the credulity of Papists, and the lying wonders wherewith men are, in religion, willingly deceived. We therefore content ourselves with saying, that the Church of St Lorenzo is said to occupy the site of an ancient temple dedicated to Hercules, and thus appropriately continues the line by which one superstition is descended from another. Some of the stately remains of the temple are still visible; but the magnificent and the mean are strangely blended in the structure. The Church of Maria la Vergine is one of the most famed in the city, having been rendered illustrious by a visit of the Virgin in 1485! We found its cloisters and gloomy corridor crowded with devotees. Another church of Santa Maria—for it will be remembered that the religion of Italy is Mariolatry, and not that of Christ—contains a painting by Titian, namely the *crowning with thorns;* and a fresco in the same place still bears the marks of a French cannon bullet which passed through the roof. The armorial bearings on the monuments, and all that betokened nobility, were defaced during the levelling mania of the French invasion. But we forget that we are not writing a guide-book, and pass, therefore, from the churches to *the libraries* of Milan.

The chief of these is that of the College of Brera, once a Jesuits' convent, but, since the days of Napoleon, a palace for the arts and sciences. The library is said to contain one hundred and sixty thousand volumes, and is open to all with a facility that surprised us. Were we to sojourn in such a city, instead of merely to look at it, and away, there is here, within the compass of a few minutes' walk, enough to store the intellect, to gratify taste, and elevate mind, as far as that can be done by human appliances. The treasures have been increased by adding to them the libraries of convents suppressed in Lombardy; and the collection is altogether worthy of a great city.

The Ambrosian Library was founded by a nephew of S. Carlo Borromeo, and is said to contain twenty thousand MSS. We saw a MS. Virgil, with notes by Petrarch, in his own exquisitely beautiful penmanship, and various MS. productions of Leonardo da Vinci. This library is rendered famous by being the scene of some of Angelo Mai's discoveries in Palimpsests; and the great living library and remarkable sloven, Magliabecchi, is the librarian.

In the libraries of Italy, one learns a lesson from the care with which certain books are kept from general use. If there be any taint or suspicion of heresy in them, the mark of the cross is at once a charm against it, and a warning not to use the volume. The dangerous works are, accordingly, marked. Those that are slightly heretical—Popery being the standard and the judge—are stamped with one cross; those that are further gone from the dicta of the infallible man, with two; and those that are utterly hopeless, and altogether vile, with three. Those noble collections are open, we have said, to all; and at a library attached to a Dominican convent in another city, where we usually studied, an application was once made for the use of Beza's History of the Reformation. The excellent monk who accompanied us to the shelf proceeded to hand the volume; but when he saw the three ominous crosses, he shrank back as from an offensive reptile, and gazed like one who had just discovered a leper, first at us and then at the marks, with a look of mingled terror and pity. We reasoned for a little together on the subject; and after he was reminded that we were not merely an heretic, but far beyond that—a Presbyterian—he consented to hand the volumes, because we were hopelessly gone beyond the reach of restoration. In the same library we once met Mezzofanti, who could speak twenty-eight languages, and he conversed freely in ours. He was reading a Turkish roll; but we could descry no marks of the cross on it.

* Rev. R. W. Stewart. † Ibid.

Perhaps only Lutheranism and the Reformed doctrines require to be so carefully exorcised.

THE ARTS. — Everything in Milan, after the cathedral, gives place to the fresco of the Last Supper by Leonardo da Vinci. The varied gifts of that remarkable man are scarcely known as they should be; for one who has closely studied his character and works announces, as the result, that he was "a portentous man—a good poet—a powerful prose writer —an excellent horseman, dancer, warrior, musician, and withal, most devoted to the sciences. He studied architecture and sculpture, but made painting his principal employment." His fame, however, as the painter of the fresco referred to, is that which has made him known for ages. It occupies one end of the Refectory of the ci-devant convent of Santa Maria delle Grazie; and amid all the disadvantages of cracked and broken plaster, alleged or real French attempts to deface it, and efforts by a modern pencil to retouch the wondrous production, it is one of those which proclaim the presence of genius by their power to enchain the mind.

We do not mean to cant in criticism; but speaking of *the effect* produced by the fresco, one soon does homage to the power of the painter. The variety of character maintained in the piece is admirable. Each figure, from the attractive and yet awing one in the centre through all the twelve around him, is just *himself*—so complete is the individuality. The announcement from the Saviour (Matt. xxvi. 21) calmly, or even serenely as it is made, strikes them with amazement. They have often listened to him before—they are listening most intensely now, like men bewildered by his words. The traitor, harshly Jewish in his features, seems alone unmoved; but through all the other countenances there runs every variety of expression—from deepest melancholy to utter incredulity, mingled with horror and surprise, that any one of *them* could be so vile. In studying this work, which we fondly did, in visit after visit to the Refectory, it is possible that fancy may aid the judgment, or even perform its functions; but it is certain that the apostles, with whose characters we are acquainted, can easily be pointed out; and the wondrous expression of the group, as well as of each individual, is such, as to rank this work among the few of men's productions which improve and grow grander as you study them.

And what have been the benefits bestowed on man as an immortal being, by this effort of Da Vinci's hand and mind? In the galleries and churches of Milan, we saw works by G. Poussin, Salvator Rosa, Rubens (especially his Last Supper), Titian, Rafaelle, P. Veronese, Tintoretto, Dominichino, the Carracci, Caravaggio, Guercino, Guido—all, in short, who have made Italy and some other lands illustrious by their productions; and yet the question often occurred, what is the fruit and effect of them all on man *as an immortal being?* They are said to refine his taste—to elevate his mind—to purify his pleasures, and make him altogether a nobler being. We question the truth of this. That may be their tendency—their native result as they imply a gift from God, which is in itself necessarily and essentially good; but that art, however exquisite, mere art, can purify man's pleasures, or truly elevate his soul, is not true. Gross debauchees—men living without God, and without hope in the world, by whom the Word of the living and the true God is treated as a detected imposture—can yet revel in the performance or enjoyment of such works, and decorate the princely halls, in marble palaces, which courtezans and concubines frequent, with the very masterpieces of art. No man ever was brought to prepare for eternity, or benefited as an heir of immortality, *merely* by such productions.

What would we do, then? Imitate the fanatical kaliff, who burned the Alexandrian library? Turn Titians into tinder, and the Apollo, as a piece of limestone, into lime? Nay; for "every gift of God is good;" and when he endows men as he endowed Titian, and Da Vinci, and Rafaelle, and Guido, we would hail their gifts as from God, employ them, *in their place*, for him, and glorify him in them. We do not argue against art—we only argue against the unscriptural notion that that, or any similar influence, can ameliorate man as a moral and responsible being. In spite of all its alleged efficacy over the mind, it never prepared one soul for death and judgment. No doubt, the believer on the Son of God, enlightened, purified, and taught according to the mind of Jehovah, may enjoy much exquisite pleasure in such efforts or productions of genius. Bacon among sculptors, and Duncan among painters, had sources of enjoyment in their art to which less gifted minds are strangers; but these, and all unbiassed men, we think, would readily concede, that art, *mere art*, though invested with all the savage power of M. Angelo, and S. Rosa, or all the sunny richness of Guido, or all the enduring gorgeousness and nature of Titian, never by itself brought one sinner nearer to his God. We would, therefore, be jealous over it; because this is one of the world's favourite substitutes for the Gospel of the grace of God in refining and elevating the tastes and habits of man. Up to a certain point, art is influential; but its power is spent at the level of earth. The cultivation of art is quite compatible with a life of grossest immorality; and Italy supplies a thousand proofs of the remark—France ten thousand more—Britain not a few.

Milan was long reckoned the Bœotia of Italy. When it became the capital of Napoleon's dominions then the stain was wiped out. The Bridge of Lodi is in the neighbourhood—Marengo is not very remote; and the city bears many marks of the power of him who was the hero of these two fights. We have already referred to the triumphal arch reared by Napoleon to commemorate all his victories, and terminate the Semplon route at the gate of Milan. The Porta Marengo is another trophy. The amphitheatre, capable of containing forty thousand spectators, is another. But they are changed—Napoleon passed away, and the men who had waited in his anti-room till he should give forth the decree whether they should be sovereigns or subjects, hastened to efface the records of his mastery. The triumphal arch now celebrates the victories of the Emperor of Austria; the Porta Marengo changed its name after the battle of Waterloo; and the amphitheatre is fast becoming a ruin. It can be converted into a lake;

and when Napoleon, as king of Italy, put on the iron Crown of Lombardy, he witnessed a sham sea-fight upon it; but all is past, like a dream when one awaketh.

Travellers in the desert tell us that it is not uncommon to pass the skeletons of camels, and dead men among the sand—the melancholy trophies which Death leaves behind him to mark his path, or tell the living traveller how soon he may die. And sometimes the blood-bird—the vulture—is seen hovering over the spot where the dying travellers lie, clamouring for the banquet on which, within an hour, it hopes to fatten—its scream forming the horrid requiem, or rather the death-knell of the pilgrim. The story finds a parallel in the history of Bonaparte. Scarcely had the humbled despot entered the Bellerophon when down went trophy and tower, so proudly reared to commemorate his greatness. The men whom he had vanquished took revenge on the Lion virtually dead; and that was an impression which will go with us to the grave, which was occasioned by the sight of one of the two originals of David's grand painting of Napoleon crossing the St Bernard, immured in an obscure room in Milan, as if it were a shame to be seen. But Genius speaks to the soul in a hut as plainly as in a palace, nay, more impressively by far; and David's noble painting was grand in proportion to the surrounding meanness. The first consul's sharp Italian aspect is perfect—the expression such as should sit on the countenance of such a man amid such a scene as the summit of the Great St Bernard. The painting has for its companion in obscurity Canova's bust of Napoleon (perhaps the best of all his portraits), and also the eagles which decorated the usurper's state apartments. These, and other feeders of "the lust of the eye, and the pride of life," all lie here in huddled confusion, as if the men now in power would gladly expunge the remembrance of their conqueror.

We learned in that dingy chamber to understand, better than before, the meaning of the words: "He poureth contempt upon princes, and weakeneth the strength of the mighty. . . . . He taketh away the heart of the chief of the people of the earth, and causeth them to wander in a wilderness where there is no way. They grope in the dark without light, and he maketh them to stagger like a drunken man." —Job xii. 21, 24, 25. But amid all these things, what of the Milanese—their habits—their pursuits—their society?

Their pursuits are those of the most active and enterprising of Italians, though that is not a high encomium—their habits are regulated accordingly; and though less apparently gross than in more southern cities, we saw enough to show that public morals are dissolute, and that all the fruits of Popery are rankly growing. The city contains about one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants; and, as indicating the benevolence, at least, of many among them, it may be mentioned that the great hospital is said to contain accommodation for above two thousand invalids. It possesses property to the value of more than fifty millions of francs, while its annual revenue amounts to about three millions. The people are reckoned revengeful, and reckless in passion; yet in calmer hours their judgment is reputed sound. The study of jurisprudence is pursued with zeal by many of the youth; but the deep impression left on our mind by this first Italian city was that of pity for its abject superstition. Deprived of that Gospel whose centre principle is LOVE, omnipotent because divine, there is no other scheme that can lift men from their spiritual prostration; and the scenes which we witnessed, even in the cathedral, on the festival of Maria Nascens, left on the mind the ineffaceable impression, that only the right arm of Omnipotence can overthrow such desperate superstition.

A TRADITION OF THE VAUDOIS.

[FROM an address by the Rev. Mr Todd of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, at the late anniversary of the American Bible Society.

"It is affecting to read the history of those days, and to hear a Roman Catholic historian complain in bitter terms that those poor mountaineers used to go out in the character of pedlers, that they might give away the Word of God secretly, and thus, as he says, spread *heresy*. Long, long before a Bible Society was formed or thought of, these poor, pious men, went up and down the mountains and valleys in the character of pedlers, in order to distribute the Word of God! And I am sure this audience will be willing to hear the simple story of one of these glorious though persecuted saints:—

'Oh! lady fair, these silks of mine
Are beautiful and rare—
The richest web of the Indian loom,
Which Beauty's self might wear:
And these pearls are pure and mild to behold,
And with radiant light they vie;
I have brought them with me a weary way—
Will my gentle lady buy?'

And the lady smiled on the worn old man,
Through the dark and clustering curls
Which veiled her brow, as she stoop'd to view
His silks and glittering pearls.
And she placed their price in the old man's hand,
And lightly she turned away;
But she paused—at the wanderer's earnest call—
'My gentle lady, stay!'

'Oh! lady fair, I have yet a gem,
Which a purer lustre flings
Than the diamond-flash of the jewell'd crown
On the lofty brow of kings;
A wonderful pearl of exceeding price,
Whose virtue shall not decay—
Whose light shall be as a spell to thee,
And a blessing on the way!'

The lady glanced at the mirroring steel,
Where her youthful form was seen—
Where her eyes shone clear and her dark locks waved
Her clasping pearls between;

'Bring forth thy pearl of exceeding worth,
Thou traveller grey and old;
And name the price of thy precious gem,
And my pages shall count thy gold.'

The cloud went off from the pilgrim's brow,
As a small and meagre book,
Unchased by gold or diamond gem,
From his folding robe he took:
'Here, lady fair, is the pearl of price—
May it prove as such to thee!
Nay, keep thy gold—I ask it not—
For the Word of God is free!'

The hoary traveller went his way—
But the gift he left behind
Hath had its pure and perfect work
On the high-born maiden's mind;
And she hath turned from her pride of sin
To the loveliness of truth,
And given her human heart to God
In the beauteous hour of youth.

And she hath left the old grey halls
Where an evil faith had power,
And the courtly knights of her father's train,
And the maidens of her bower;
And she hath gone to the Vaudois vale,
By lordly feet untrod,
Where the poor and the needy of earth are rich
In the perfect love of God!

RELIGION IN THE COTTAGE.

A STORY.

It is one bright characteristic of the Christian religion, that its reception makes men better than it found them, whatever may have been their previous condition. While it dissipates the dark clouds of error so often thrown around human philosophy, and stoops to enlighten and cheer the tenant of the lowliest cot. It is too late to say that it is the only religion which is adapted to people of all situations, even the most humble; and that it is the Star of Bethlehem alone that so often soothes and directs those whose condition would otherwise be truly comfortless. There is much instruction to be acquired by seeing the effects of pure Religion in the lower walks of life; for it is there that you find her in her loveliest garb, without any of the fanciful trappings of the fashionable world. The truth of the last remark may, perhaps, be more clearly illustrated by the following incident, which, though it may contain nothing marvellous, is nevertheless a simple fact:—

Several years since, while riding in the interior of Connecticut, I was one day unexpectedly caught in a tremendous thunder-storm, far, as I feared, from any shelter. The rain was falling in torrents, and those "groaning travellers of the sky—the lightning that glares, and the thunder that rends"—shook the very ground, and died away in echoes through the surrounding woods that often startled me. In this dreary condition I unexpectedly arrived at a small thatched hovel, that seemed to promise but a poor retreat from the pitiless storm now raging in its violence. Curiosity, as well as the rain, urged me to ask its hospitality. Little ceremony seemed either to be expected or wished at such a time; and in a few moments I was snugly seated beside a good fire, kindled with small sticks, which lay in bundles around the hearth. The only inhabitants of this little mansion seemed to be a neat, modest young woman, and her son, a little white-headed boy, who kept near her, as if afraid of strangers. The cottage contained but one room, which was furnished with a bed, a table, a few crazy chairs, and a small bookshelf, containing a very few books, among which I noticed a small Bible. The rain was pouring into this dwelling from almost every quarter, as it was too ill covered to keep out the storm. The only light we had came in through the crevices of the roof and sides; for there was no window in the building. I looked around with surprise to see a woman so cheerful and composed, while deprived of so many of the necessaries of life. I inquired if she was contented to live in such a situation, and if she was not dejected with her condition; turning my eyes at the same time to a stream of water pouring in from the roof.

"I might be discontented, sir," she replied, as she placed a large pan to catch the water—"I might be discontented with this life, were I not fully convinced that my lot is far happier than I deserve, and will one day be exchanged for a better—I mean in heaven!" There was a resignation in her countenance that surprised me. She wiped her eye with a corner of her clean apron, and at my request gave me a brief history of her life.

She had married while young, with bright prospects of happiness. But she was disappointed in the companion of her life. Her husband soon threw off his assumed mask, and showed himself almost destitute of humanity. He drank to excess, and lost his little property at the gaming-table among companions as worthless as himself. Often would he return home late at night, drunken and cross, to abuse his poor wife, whose only comfort, while waiting for his return, was to weep over her little boy, as he lay slumbering, unconscious of her grief. Afflictions always make us either better or worse. Upon her they had a happy effect; they drove her to her Bible, and taught her that, amid all her trials, there was a Fountain of hope which would never fail—a Friend to the wretched who never forsakes. She thus learned how truly this life is a pilgrimage—how few are our earthly joys; and she placed her heart, her hopes, [illegible] in heaven, and was comforted. With cheerfulness and serenity, she now endured all the hard treatment of her husband, and no longer repined at her lot. She even informed me, that when alone with her little boy, while the raging winds threatened to crush her humble cottage, she had enjoyed seasons of communion with the Father of spirits which more than compensated for all her loss. On being asked if she could earnestly pray for the salvation of her husband, she replied: "While there is life I can pray and hope; and often with tears and an anguished heart do I kneel for my poor husband, while he is ruining himself at places—which a wife cannot mention."

After a long conversation with this interesting woman, as the rain subsided I left her, exhorting her to patience and faithfulness, not knowing that I should ever again be permitted to see her on the shores of mortality, and wondering not a little at the various, though necessary, means which God employs to train his children up for immortality.

During the several years succeeding this visit at the cottage, amidst my numerous avocations, I had almost forgotten the contented, though leaky little hovel which protected me from the storm; and perhaps I should never again have recalled all the circumstances of the visit, had I never again passed the same road; but in the middle of the last summer, business called me to travel near the same spot.

It was on a still moonlight evening in July, that I ascended the small hillock that again presented the little cottage to view. It stands at the foot of a wild,

but charming, mountain. I stopped my horse, and in a very few moments memory had placed before me every detail of my first visit. There were many interesting associations, which my situation naturally suggested. And the scenery, too, was more than delightful. On the right, the rugged mountain reared its everlasting butments of stone, and defied all the blasts and gnawings of time. On the left, just through a narrow copse of woods, the spreading lawns sloped as far as the bright moon would enable the eye to range; while the wild bounding stream, as it dashed along the side of the mountain, seemed to break the stillness that would otherwise have been complete. Indeed, so calm and silent was all around, and so quietly slept every leaf of the forest, that one was almost startled at the trampling of his own horse. It was now after ten o'clock as I drew near the cottage. As I approached it, I observed that it was in the same wretched condition as formerly; and I thence naturally concluded that the husband was the same wicked man. The rough broad fence before it was much decayed, and everything exhibited the appearance of neglect. A light glimmering through the crevices of the boards gave evidence that the occupants had not retired to rest, and I determined to call. On drawing still nearer, I was not a little surprised to hear a noise within, and at first I feared it was the unfeeling husband, who, just returned from the neighbouring village, was closing another day of sin by abusing his wife. Nor could I for some time believe I heard aright, when, on stopping my horse, I heard a voice within praying very distinctly and fervently. While waiting, lest my entrance should disturb the worshippers, a large dog came round the house from a shed on the back-side, and seated himself on the door-stone, without making any noise, as if to protect his master while engaged in devotion; but as soon as the voice of prayer was hushed, he immediately returned to his lodgings. At any other time, and in other circumstances, I might not have noticed this; but now it led me to think of that care which God takes of all that put their trust in him. I knocked gently at the door, which was opened by the same hand that gave me admittance on a former occasion. The modest woman had forgotten my countenance, and seemed somewhat surprised at seeing a stranger at that time of night. I even thought she looked at me rather suspiciously as I took a seat as if to remain some time. The subject of religion was soon introduced, and she conversed with more animation and apparent delight than when I before saw her. On being asked if she was still contented with her condition, she recognised the stranger who had formerly sheltered himself here from the peltings of the storm, and she received me with a joy wholly unexpected. On turning round I saw that the room was now parted into two, one of which was a bedroom. From this room I saw the husband coming, with his coat in his hand. I arose to meet him. "Ah!" said he, "you are the man who once called and comforted my poor wife! Well, I am that same wicked husband, who so often abused her goodness; and I am glad to see you. I have hoped I should one day see you, that I might tell you that so wicked a wretch has learned to pray. Oh, I have been a great sinner! but my wife has forgiven me, and I pray that God would also!" He wiped his eyes on his white shirt sleeve, and I saw also the tears glistening in the eyes of his wife, unless those in my own deceived me. He spoke with a feeling that could not but awaken feeling in others. In a conversation of about an hour, I learned that, within the space of a fortnight previous, he had become the subject of a powerful revival of religion in the village near by. He had exerted himself to oppose its progress, and though his hard heart was a stiff barrier against it, yet even that was subdued by omnipotent power. He was now, to all appearance, a new creature; and I beheld the man who had so often abused his wife, and the wife who had so often prayed for the husband, and saw them both so happy, that I could not but feel deeply grateful for a religion which produces such a change. We united our hearts together before the throne of mercy, and parted with mutual regret. As I was coming out of the door, he took me by the hand:—"Sir, you live in W——; do you know Mr H——?" "Yes." "And Mrs H——?" "Yes." "Well, tell Mrs H—— that the wicked James ——, who used so often to make her so much trouble, and who finally left her because she reproved him for breaking the Sabbath—oh, tell her that this wicked James —— now *prays!* Ask her to forgive me, for I was very bad; and I pray God to forgive me. Oh! conscience has often reproved me for leaving that good woman's service, just because she told me how wicked I was in breaking the Sabbath! But by God's help I am now to live differently."

I left the now happy cottage with feelings wholly indescribable; and during a ride of six miles had a good opportunity for meditating on the inscrutable ways of God. I have not since been that way; but I hear from authentic sources, that the change on the part of the cottager is real—that he is now very industrious, and at the beginning of cold weather he had repaired his little house to make them comfortable during the winter. Indeed, there is as great a change in his outward appearance as in his heart. He sends his two little boys to the nearest school, neatly dressed, and they promise yet to make useful and respectable members of society. His wife feels that her prayers are answered beyond her most sanguine hope, and is happy. Such are now the promising appearances; and it cannot be doubted but that, in the last day, still greater effects will be seen to have resulted from the power of religion in this cottage.—*Todd's Simple Sketches.*

THE fifth day, after passing the night under the tents of El Henadi, we rose with the sun, and went out to saddle our dromedaries; but found them, to our great amazement, with their heads plunged deeply into the sand, from whence it was impossible to disengage them. Calling to our aid the Bedouins of the tribe, they informed us that the circumstance presaged the simoom, which would not long delay its devastating course, and that we could not proceed without facing certain death. Providence has endowed the camel with an instinctive presentiment for its preservation. It is sensible two or three hours beforehand of the approach of this terrific scourge of the desert, and turning its face away from the wind, buries itself in the sand; and neither force nor want can move it from its position, either to eat or drink, while the tempest lasts, though it should be for several days.

Learning the danger which threatened us, we shared the general terror, and hastened to adopt all the precautions enjoined on us. Horses must not only be placed under shelter, but have their heads covered and their ears stopped; they would otherwise be suffocated by the whirlwinds of fine and subtile sand which the wind sweeps furiously before it. Men assemble under their tents, stopping up every crevice with extreme caution; and having provided themselves with water placed within reach, throw themselves on the ground, covering their heads with a mantle, and stir no more till the desolating hurricane has passed.

That morning all was tumult in the camp; every

one endeavouring to provide for the safety of his beasts, and then precipitately retiring under the protection of his tent. We had scarcely time to secure our beautiful Nedge mares before the storm began. Furious gusts of wind were succeeded by clouds of red and burning sands, whirling round with fierce impetuosity, and overthrowing or burying under their drifted mountains whatever they encountered. If any part of the body is by accident exposed to its touch, the flesh swells as if a hot iron had been passed over it. The water intended to refresh us with its coolness was quite hot, and the temperature of the tent exceeded that of a Turkish bath. The tempest lasted ten hours in its greatest fury, and then gradually sunk for the following six; another hour, and we must all have been suffocated. When at length we ventured to issue from our tents, a dreadful spectacle awaited us; five children, two women, and a man, were extended dead on the still burning sand; and several Bedouins had their faces blackened and entirely calcined, as if by the action of an ardent furnace. When any one is struck on the head by the simoom, the blood flows in torrents from his mouth and nostrils, his face swells and turns black, and he soon dies of suffocation. We thanked the Lord that we had not ourselves been surprised by this terrible scourge in the midst of the desert, but had been preserved from so frightful a death.—*A. De Lamartine.*

REPINING.

When thou afflict'st me, Lord, if I repine,
I show myself to be my own—not thine.

QUARLES.

THE GOD OF THIS WORLD.

Gold is the only power which receives universal homage. It is worshipped in all lands without a single temple, and by all classes without a single hypocrite; and often has it been able to boast of having armies for its priesthood, and hecatombs of human victims for its sacrifices. Where war has slain its thousands, gain has slaughtered its millions; for while the former operates only with the local and fitful terrors of an earthquake, the destructive influence of the latter is universal and increasing. Indeed, war itself—what has it often been but the art of gain practised on the largest scale?—the covetousness of a nation resolved on gain, impatient of delay, and leading on its subjects to deeds of rapine and blood? Its history is the history of slavery and oppression in all ages. For centuries Africa, one quarter of the globe, has been set apart to supply the monster with victims—thousands at a meal. And at this moment, what a populous and gigantic empire can it boast!—the mine, with its unnatural drudgery; the manufactory, with its swarms of squalid misery; the plantation, with its imbruted gangs; and the market and the exchange, with their furrowed and care-worn countenances—these are only specimens of its more menial offices and subjects. Titles and honours are among its rewards, and thrones at its disposal. Among its counsellors are kings, and many of the great and mighty of the earth enrolled among its subjects. Where are the waters not ploughed by its navies? What imperial element is not yoked to its car? Philosophy itself has become a mercenary in its pay; and Science, a votary at its shrine, brings all its noblest discoveries, as offerings, to its feet. What part of the globe's surface is not rapidly yielding up its lost stores of hidden treasure to the spirit of gain? Scorning the childish dream of the philosopher's stone, it aspires to turn the globe itself into gold.—*Rev. Dr Harris.*

THE DEATH OF CHILDREN.

Till we see our children in suffering, we never fully understand the divine comparison, so full of condescending kindness: "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." Our feelings then become a commentary to us, as if written on our hearts with the very finger of God, on such gracious assurances. And when little children are taken away from us, how precious are the Saviour's words: "Of such is the kingdom of heaven!" On such occasions he seems to say, with the smile of pitying love: "Suffer your little children to come unto me!"—*Wardlaw.*

I revisited Greenwood Cemetery, a few days ago, and found many new monuments; one of which particularly interested me, from the cheerful simplicity of its epitaph. The body of a mother and child rested beneath the marble, and on it was inscribed the words: "Is it well with thee? Is it well with the child? And she answered, It is well."—2 Kings iv. 26. This gives pleasant indication of real faith in immortality; like the Moravians, who never inscribe on their tombs the day when a man was born and when he died, but simply "the day he came hither, and the day he *went home.*"—*Mrs Child's Letters from New York.*

Miscellaneous.

Redeeming the Time.—Coming hastily into a chamber, I had almost thrown down a crystal hour-glass; fear, lest I had, made me grieve as if I had broken it; but, alas! how much precious time have I cast away without any regret! The hour-glass was but crystal—each hour a pearl; that but like to be broken, this lost outright; that but casually—this done wilfully. A better hour-glass might be bought; but time, lost once, lost ever. Thus we grieve more for toys than for treasure. Lord, give me an hour-glass, not to be by me, but to be in me! *Teach me to number my days.* An hour-glass, to turn me, *that I may turn my heart to wisdom.*—*Fuller.*

An Excuse Answered.—You complain that you cannot pray. At least, then, you have *one petition* that you are bound to offer.—*Anon.*

One of the fathers saith: "That there is but this difference between the death of old men and young men—that old men go to death, and death comes to young men.—*Bacon.*

Work while it is Day.—Bishop Cumberland, being told by some of his friends that he would wear himself out by intense application, replied, in the words of Bacon: "It is better to *wear* out than to *rust* out.

I hate to see a thing done by halves. If it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone.—*Gilpin.*

Men are *Atheistical*, because they are first *vicious;* and question the *truth* of Christianity, because they hate the *practice* of it.—*South.*

Daily Bread.

FRIDAY.

"Waiting for the moving of the waters."—JOHN v. 3.

Here, then, from day to day
I'll wait, and hope, and try;
Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
Yet suffer him to die?

Unless you think that salvation itself is not of absolute necessity, what can be the reason that you trifle and dally in that which is of so vast a concernment? What is it that you can plead for yourselves? Is it, that it is not within the compass of your power to regenerate yourselves? It is true; but although you cannot form this new nature in you, why do you not yet do your utmost to prepare and dispose yourselves to receive it? Though we are all lamed and crippled by our fall which we took in Adam, yet such cripples as we are may, notwithstanding, make shift to get into that way by which Christ useth to pass, and may possibly be healed by him. It is a sure rule, though God is not bound to give grace upon men's endeavours, yet neither is he wont to deny it.—*Hopkins.*

SATURDAY.

"The grace of God that bringeth salvation."—TIT. ii. 11.

My grace would soon exhausted be,
But Christ is boundless as the sea;
Then let me boast, with holy Paul,
That I am nothing—Christ is all.

Grace is an immortal seed, that will certainly sprout up and flourish into glory—it is a living fountain that will certainly spring up unto eternal life—a ray of heavenly light, that will wax brighter and brighter to a heavenly day. It is immortal in its seed; victorious in a spark; triumphant in its dawn; yea, take it when it is weakest, when this dawn is clouded, when this spark twinkles, when this seed is unspirited—yet even then is it mighty through God, and is still an overmatch for sin. To set grace against sin, is to set God against Satan—heaven against hell—the Spirit against the flesh; and what odds can any Christian desire more?—*Ibid.*

SABBATH.

"Looking to Jesus."—HEB. xii. 2.

O that our life might be
One looking up to thee!
Ever hast'ning to the day
When our eyes shall see thee near;
Come, Redeemer, come away—
Glorious in thy saints appear!

Is your heart pressed down even to despondency under the guilt of sin, so that you cry, My sin is greater than can be forgiven? "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world." Are you at any time filled with unbelieving suspicions of the promises? Look hither, and you shall see them all ratified and established in the blood of the Cross, so that hills and mountains shall sooner start from their own basis and centres, than one tittle of the promise fail.—Heb. ix. 17. Do you find your hearts fretting, disquieted, and impatient under every petty cross and trial? See how quietly Christ your sacrifice came to the altar—how meekly and patiently he stood under all the wrath of God and men together. This will silence, convince, and shame you.—*Flavel.*

MONDAY.

"They searched the Scriptures daily."—ACTS xvii. 11.

Shall I envy now the miser,
Doating on his golden store?
Sure I am, or should be, wiser;
I am rich—'tis he is poor:
Jesus gives me in his Word,
Food and med'cine, shield and sword.

The Scriptures appear to be the best reading in retirement, especially for the poor, and those who have little leisure. They are the fountain; other books are streams, and streams are seldom entirely free from something of the quality of the soil through which they flow. Who would not draw the water of life for himself from the spring-head? The Scriptures come immediately from God, and lead immediately to him! There is a boundless variety and fulness in them. They are always new. They entertain while they teach, and profit while they please. There is always something in them that bears upon our own character and condition, however peculiar it may be.—*Jay.*

TUESDAY.

"All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come."—JOB xiv. 14.

Be still, my soul, and wait His hour,
With humble prayer, and patient faith;
Till He reveals his gracious power,
Repose on what his promise saith.

There are some Christians who are able to look forward to death, not only without reluctance and dread, but with resignation and pleasure. Thus Dr Gouge was accustomed to say: "I have two friends in the world—Christ and Death. Christ is my first, but Death is my second." Such a Christian may be compared to a child at school. The little pupil is no enemy to his book; but he likes home, and finds his present condition not only a place of tuition, but of comparative confinement and exclusion. He does not run away; but while he studies, he thinks with delight of his return. He welcomes every messenger *to* him—but far more the messenger that comes *for* him. And though he may be a black servant, he says: "Well, he will take me to my father's house."—*Ibid.*

WEDNESDAY.

"He is altogether lovely."—CANT. v. 16.

My heart is full of Christ, and longs
Its glorious matter to declare!
Of him I make my loftier songs—
I cannot from his praise forbear:
My ready tongue makes haste to sing
The glories of my heavenly King.

Christ cannot but be most precious to a believer, because all his precious comforts come from Christ. The Lord Jesus is fairer than the fairest, sweeter than the sweetest, nearer than the nearest, and dearer than the dearest, and richer than the richest, and better than the best. The elect precious is of all the most precious.—*Dyer.*

THURSDAY.

"They say, and do not."—MATT. xxiii. 3.

Ah, Lord! we know thy chosen few
Are fed with heavenly fare;
But these, the wretched husks they chew,
Proclaim them what they are.

Oh! how unanswerable are the lives of some professors to the light of professors. They know much, but do little; they know the good they are to do, but they do not the thing they know; they speak of things above, but they love and follow after things below. A man is not what he saith, but is what he doeth; to say what we do, and not to do what we say, is but to undo ourselves by doing. Take heed, sirs, that you do not take yourselves to hell with heavenly words.—*Ibid.*

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ROOTS OF BITTERNESS SPRINGING UP.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM ARNOT, GLASGOW.

"Looking diligently, lest any man fail of the grace of God; lest any root of bitterness springing up, trouble you, and thereby many be defiled."—HEB. xii. 15.

I HAVE seen a husbandman breaking up his fallow ground. First the field was ploughed, then the sods that had been cut by the ploughshare were torn into fragments by the harrows. Next, a heavy roller passed over it, grinding to powder the dry hard lumps of mould that previous operations had brought to the surface. The field was then left without a green blade growing on it—left brown and bare to the sun and rain of summer. Two or three weeks afterwards I passed the same field. It was no longer brown and bare—it was green all over. Myriads of plants, exhibiting endless variety of form and shade, had sprung up and covered its surface. At different stages of advancement, according to their several natures, they were unfolding their leaves, and opening their flowers, and preparing to bear their fruit. These plants are useless in themselves, and injurious to the field. They are roots of bitterness—thorns and thistles all. Not one of them will be allowed to grow. The husbandman will cut them down, and tear up their roots. He will not allow one of them to come to seed. Whatever labour it may cost him, he will have them all destroyed. Whence came they? They were not sown by the hand of the husbandman; neither were they sown by an enemy in the night. They sprung up spontaneously. They are indigenous in the soil. The seeds are there; and, when the field is *let alone*, they grow up. The wheat must be sown ere it grow; but the weeds spring up of their own accord.

"Declare unto us," said the disciples to their Lord—"Declare unto us the parable of the tares of the field." Reader, we have written for you a parable about the thistles of the field; and, in the light of the Word, we shall now endeavour to "declare" it.

Behold these thistles, *how* they grow, and learn how sins come up so thick and fast upon the course of your lives. The roots of bitterness, whether physical or moral, *spring up* in the soil. The curse fell at once on the habitation and the inhabitant. The same pestilent breath blasted the soul of man and the soil of earth. Though the subjects on which the stroke fell are so very diverse, the resulting effects bear some resemblance to each other. There is an analogy not to be mistaken, between the accursed earth bringing forth spontaneously its bitter roots, and the corrupt heart sending forth its evil thoughts, adulteries, murders, and whatever else defiles the man. See in this glass reflected our own wretched condition. That field, teeming with noxious weeds, is a type of this heart full of all uncleanness. As the heavens declare the glory of God, the earth declares the dishonour of man. The earth, cursed for man's sin, holds forth a portraiture of man's heart. This is not a fancy sketch. It is real; and it concerns us. The Word of the true God declares it: "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." "Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts." Reader, your own heart is the prolific womb of a loathsome progeny! From the first opening of your understanding until now, myriads of thoughts, defiled and defiling, have been springing from that centre, and pouring forth in a continuous stream, and rising up like a thick smoke to the throne of God. "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me?"

In the report of exertions made by benevolent men in London to ascertain the extent of vice, with the view of adopting means to suppress it, I find that some were stationed for an hour at the door of one of the principal haunts of wickedness, to count the number of victims who issued forth. Friends, you might take account of sins in some such way as these men took account of sinners. Whither shall we go to get an example? Reader, let me direct you to the most frequented haunt—the place where you should stand in making your benevolent experiment. Let me tell you where you will find sins foulest and thickest. Set a watch at your own lips—at the *door of your own heart;* and as to time, it is immaterial—take the most favourable time. Watch, as God does, at that door. See, as he sees, the polluted stream flowing forth. Try this exercise, and surely at the end of it the cry, "*Create in me a clean heart, O God!*" will rise more loudly than ever to the throne.

This doctrine is of the utmost practical importance. It is not enough that it be written in our creed. It should possess our minds, and influence our whole conduct. We cannot advance a step in a right direction till we see that truth in the Bible, and feel it in our hearts. The knowledge of our own hearts would quench the miserable hope of gaining God's favour by our own doings. It would crush a sinner's expectation founded on himself; and so prepare him for throwing himself wholly on the righteousness of God by faith.

Further: if there were a clear sight and pervading sense of the source and seat of the evil in the very nature of the fallen, it would exercise a mighty influence in the manner in which parents professing godliness train their chil-

dren. I observe a strong tendency in parents, otherwise well informed, to lay their children's sins to the account of the bad company into which they have fallen. When a child of the family sins in a stranger's presence, how eagerly will the affronted mother put in the excuse, that bad boys have taught her child this habit. True it is, "evil communications corrupt good manners;" but the contact of evil from without is but an aggravation of the evil which has its independent spring within. Parents miss the mark, when their regard is diverted from the inherent sinfulness of their own child to the effects of a bad example. Attend to both, but most to the deepest and most dangerous. A parent's instinctive love for his own child is made an instrument of the devil to turn his attention from the point where his efforts to correct might be most effectual. Be not deceived; your own child is not better than others. These bitter roots were not all sown by the bad example of others. They have sprung up native in the soul of your own child. Fanned by a tainted breath, and moistened by contact with a putrid stream—"the course of the world"—they may have grown more rank; but they have sprung in an evil heart. Deceive not yourselves—lay not a flattering unction to your souls, by throwing all the blame on others. Concentrate your pains and your prayers on the point of danger—even the sinful heart of your own child. Never cease either the pains or the prayers, till you see that hard heart flowing down like water, under the beams of a Saviour's love.

Montreal, July 12, 1845.

THE WALDENSES.

PART II.

V.—WHAT HAS BEEN DONE FOR THEM?

MUCH has been already done for them, but they greatly stand in need of more; and being too poor to contribute themselves, they can only pray that the Lord would put it into the hearts of their richer brethren in other countries to do it for them. Russia and Prussia have contributed to build their hospitals; England has built and endowed a college, supplied a library for the students (though the selection is none of the best, containing, among other objectionable works, "The Tracts for the Times"), printed their liturgy, and rebuilt their churches and schools; Holland supplies the funds by which their schoolmasters are supported; and, blessed be God, though late in the day, Scotland has also "come to their help against the mighty," and has transmitted to them, in addition to smaller sums for other purposes, five hundred pounds to purchase a theological circulating library for the use of their pastors, which they have called "The Scottish Library."*

VI.—WHAT OUGHT TO BE DONE?

It becomes our duty to use every means for the protection of the Vaudois, remembering that the more vigilance and stedfastness of purpose we manifest, the more likely we are, with God's blessing, to succeed.*

I cannot sufficiently implore the Protestants of Great Britain to be constantly on the alert, and ready, on the very first symptoms of a determination to crush the Vaudois, to come forward and rouse the British Lion in their defence.†

As many promising young men are prevented, by poverty, from prosecuting their studies for the ministry, and as the Table has no available funds at its disposal for their support, the moderator earnestly recommends the institution of bursaries for their assistance. These should be of two kinds; the larger ones, amounting to five hundred francs (twenty guineas) annually, being devoted to the support of students at the Evangelical Academy of Geneva; the smaller ones, amounting to four hundred francs, including board, or to one hundred francs without it, being destined for the support of scholars prosecuting their preliminary studies at the College of La Torre. I think it requires only to be known that for the sum of four pounds three shillings and fourpence, paid annually for six years, a student can be maintained at the Vaudois college till his preliminary studies are completed, to induce many benevolent persons to place such bursaries at the disposal of the Vaudois Table for the support of individual students. Another object of deep interest to the Vaudois Table, is the establishment of a female school in every parish throughout the valleys. The number of such schools at present in existence is nine; thus leaving six parishes still unprovided. One of these schools, including rent and the schoolmistress' salary, is only five hundred francs per annum. For assistance rendered in any of these ways, the Waldensian pastors would be exceedingly grateful; but if asked to suggest one particular object on which the members of our Church might concentrate all their energies, I am fully convinced, from long and earnest conversations with the officers of the Table on the subject, that they would recommend the raising of a salary for the support of two assistant ministers, to act as evangelists in the valleys. The sum required for this would be fifty pounds per annum. In addition to the fifteen parish churches, there are no less than ten others in good repair throughout the valleys; in all of which pastors might be settled with great advantage to the community, were it not for an edict which forbids their increase. There is no law, however, to forbid the employment of suffragans. Could the requisite funds be provided, one of these would officiate regularly at each of the ten churches in rotation, or would be appointed to divide his services among those situated in the most mountainous regions. The other would act as assistant to the moderator, during his term of office, relieving him of the week-day duties of the parish, preaching for him when necessary on the Sabbath, and when not so employed, taking his turn with the others in supplying these district churches.‡

VII.—THEIR SABBATH SERVICES, SACRAMENTS, ETC.

During the assembling of the congregation, the schoolmaster reads a portion of the Bible, with Osterwald's Reflections on it. He ceases when the pastor enters the pulpit, and the service proceeds in the following order: Singing, prayer from the liturgy, reading a portion of Scripture, an extempore prayer, another psalm, and a sermon; after which follows a second prayer from the liturgy, a psalm, and the apostolic benediction. The organ is not used in the

* Rev. R. W. Stewart, in "Lectures on Foreign Churches."

* Rev. R. W. Stewart.
† Vaudois, by the Rev. Dr Henderson.
‡ Rev. R. W. Stewart.

churches of the valleys; more, I apprehend, from want of means than of inclination, as it is used in all the Presbyterian Churches on the Continent, and the Church of La Torre had one within the last twenty years. There used formerly to be only one service in each parish church on Sabbath morning, the afternoon being devoted to catechetical instruction; but now that Sabbath schools are being introduced, the younger and more zealous clergy have adopted a second service. The pastor is obliged to preach extempore; he is not allowed the assistance even of notes, and the practice of reading would not be tolerated for a moment. Baptism is always administered during public worship, except in cases of severe illness; and it is refused to the children of those who are not members of the Church. Godfathers and godmothers take part in the ceremony, as well as the parents. The Lord's supper is dispensed *eight* times a-year in their churches, viz., on Christmas-day, and on the preceding Sabbath; on Easter, and on the preceding Sabbath; on Whitsunday, and on the preceding Sabbath; and on the first two Sabbaths of September. The young communicants are admitted after a long course of instruction, which they call confirmation. The ordinance is dispensed in the same way as in the Swiss Churches. The service begins, as amongst ourselves, by reading the words of institution, from 1 Cor. xi., and fencing the tables. The minister first communicates, then the elders, after which the congregation pass before the table in single file—the men first, and afterwards the women—they partake of the elements *standing*, and then return in the same order to their pews.*

VIII.—MISCELLANEOUS STATEMENTS AND ANECDOTES.

A young Protestant from one of the valleys, serving in one of the Sardinian regiments, was lately, when at Nice, commanded, with the rest of his comrades, to present arms to the host as it passed. He complied with the order; but when the whole company to which he belonged fell down upon their knees, the Vaudois retained his erect posture, to the great offence of the Catholics—both his officers and others. He was tried by a court-martial; but when asked what induced him to act the part he had done, instead of giving a reply which might have thrown him into the hands of the spiritual power, he simply answered, that he had been guilty of no breach of military duty. Kneeling was no part of the discipline to which, as a soldier, he had been trained, though presenting arms, in obedience to the word of command, was. With that he had strictly complied, and he now stood upon his right to be acquitted as innocent of any charge. The reply produced such an effect upon his judges, that he not only received an acquittal, but exemption, along with other Protestants serving in the army, from the performance of duty during similar processions.†

While walking to St Germain, the sun was intensely hot, and it was a considerable time before I could avail myself of the shade. At length, however, the road led me close under the forest which covers the north side of the adjacent mountain, along the foot of which I had a delightful shelter for the space of an hour and a half. Among other persons whom I met was an ordinary peasant, who, on recognising me as a native of Britain, insisted on my turning back a few steps with him, to a house which I had just passed, in order to take some refreshment. The house, he said, was not his; but he knew the inmates would be forward to show me hospitality. Finding that I resisted his entreaties, he then begged to be allowed to walk part of the way with me; and, throwing down his harvest implements by the side of the road, where he knew he might leave them in perfect safety, he accompanied me down the valley. Our conversation at once took a religious turn, when I was delighted to find that he evinced a high degree of spiritual life, and an intimate acquaintance with the doctrines of the Gospel. He is, as he informed me, in the habit of meeting a number of his neighbours, who are like-minded with himself, for prayer and mutual edification; and he rejoiced to learn, that in England prayer-meetings are very common among those who are in the way of salvation. It was impossible for him, he continued, to describe the beneficial effects which resulted from their meeting at stated times for those objects. While their knowledge of the Scriptures and their faith in their divine testimony were increased, their love to one another for the truth's sake was also increased. They found, too, that it contributed to inspire them with greater boldness in the profession of the Gospel. When he began to pray extempore before others, he found it a very formidable undertaking; but, by degrees, he acquired more readiness and self-possession; and now he was enabled by the Spirit, that helpeth our infirmities, to engage in the exercise without being influenced by the fear of man. All this he narrated with the most perfect simplicity, and without any indication of that spiritual pride which the possession of gifts is but too apt to inspire. He seemed to regard the short interview we had with each other as a season of peculiar enjoyment, and it was not without some difficulty I prevailed upon him to return.*

It was touching to hear of the kindly attentions which the parishioners show to one another in all cases where assistance is required. If any of them is sick, his neighbours bring him bread and wine, and supply his lamp with oil at night. They also cheerfully take their turns in sitting up with him. If any of them happens to want help in getting in his harvest, or doing any pressing work, he has only to ask those who are near him to lend their aid, and he never meets with a refusal. Nor is he backward in his turn. What they do for him to-day, he does for them to-morrow. If two have differed, and are not on the best terms with each other, neither of them will on that account withhold his help when requisite.†

About the middle of the sermon we were annoyed by the singing of a Catholic procession, which became louder and louder, the nearer it approached. It roused the very dogs, which were lying about the aisles, and thereby increased the disturbance. To prevent further inconvenience, the doors, which had stood open for the admission of fresh air, were closed, and I hoped that the noise would gradually die away as it had increased; but the priests, apparently out of sheer spite, conducted the procession close round the church, so that it was impossible to hear what dropped from the lips of the preacher. When the annoyance was at the worst, one of the elders called out to the minister, *Attendez un peu Monsieur!* on which he stopped, and we all waited in silence till the mummery ceased. While indignant at this wanton interruption of divine service, I could not sufficiently admire the composure with which the Vaudois submitted to it. They have learned by experience that remonstrance is vain, and patiently endure the triumph of their enemies. The conduct of the Romanists, which is similarly repeated at certain stated periods, is wholly without excuse. There is no shrine in the neighbourhood to which they proceed, in order to pay their vows to some relic, or some favourite saint; nor any gaping throng, as in cities, before whom to exhibit their gorgeous ceremonial.

* Rev. R. W. Stewart. † Vaudois.

* Vaudois. † Ibid.

Their sole object is, the annoyance of the poor defenceless Vaudois. I had heard of such proceedings before reaching the valleys, but they had escaped my memory at the time, so that I was quite taken by surprise when the interruption commenced.*

Improvements find their way but slowly to such retired corners of the world as those in which we were sojourning; therefore, the implements of husbandry, and the use of them, as far as we observed, belonged, like the Church of the Vaudois, to primitive times. The scythes and spades were cumbersome and ill adapted for the despatch of work; the animals principally employed in the fields were milch cows, whether to draw the plough in seed-time or the wain at harvest. The forks were for the most part of wood, split so as to form the prongs, with a cross bar or wedge to keep them distended. But there was another observation of a more interesting nature still, which reminded us also of patriarchal times—the gentleness and docility of the cattle, and the kindness with which they are treated and managed. The kine, sheep, and goats, are not driven, but led, and become as familiar and tractable as dogs; they obey the voice and movements of the hand, come singly from the flock when their names are called, and illustrate the scriptural passages: "He calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out:" "One little ewe lamb, which lay in his bosom."†

In the course of one of our rambles, a poor man, who was engaged in some work in the fields, begged that we would assist him with a small gift, and pleaded the urgency of his wants. Mr Amadee Bert, the pastor's second son, who happened to be with us, expressed great indignation at this act of mendicity, and declared that he had never before witnessed anything of the kind. Upon mentioning it to his father, the worthy pastor himself was evidently vexed that such a circumstance had occurred; but upon stating the petitioner's name, he confirmed his tale of distress, and assured us that the poor peasant had a large family, and had suffered greatly from indigence which no industry could prevent. He added, that the indiscreet generosity of some of our countrymen had taught several of his flock to beg, who, before they saw almsgiving as Englishmen sometimes give, had never practised or imagined such a mode of seeking relief.‡

Mr Bert had made an appointment to pray with a venerable parishioner, whom the weight of years was bringing gently down to the grave, on the first Sabbath after my arrival. At his invitation I accompanied him. I felt that it was good for me to be there. The dying man was supported in his bed by some attentive children or grand-children, and seemed more like one who was to give, than to receive, exhortation and comfort. After a word or two from his pastor, he took up his parable, and continued it with a strength of voice and an earnestness of manner which evinced a foretaste of heaven. There was neither rapture nor presumption in anything that fell from his mouth, but an expression of humble confidence in his Redeemer's love, and of dependence on the promises of God, which denoted him to be in full possession of that peace which passeth understanding. Mr Bert spoke of me to the old man as an English clergyman; he desired my prayers, and promised to remember me in his. "I am eighty-three years of age," said he, "and my testimony of God's graciousness and mercy is more than that of David. I have never been forsaken even in my unrighteousness; God is with me in my old age, though I have too often gone astray from him, both in youth and age."*

One little trait of character pleased me excessively. I observed the eye of a boy of ten years of age resting with admiring, perhaps with wishful gaze, upon the treasures of one of the toy stalls. He was the son of a pastor, and I desired him to tell me what he would like to have among the glittering and amusing objects before him. He modestly declined making any choice. In vain I urged him to select something. He could not be tempted to accept my offer. At last I bought an English knife, and put it into his hand; he then burst into tears, and it was with the utmost difficulty, and only at the command of one of his relations, that he could be persuaded to put it into his pocket. The secret of his tears and reluctance was this—he was fearful lest his longing look should have been mistaken for a mode of asking, and his fine spirit was racked by the idea. I had other opportunities of noticing this noble-minded boy. He seemed a lovely and a tender plant—not long for this world—and I fear that he is now only to be remembered among the number of those regretted objects whose display of early talent and feeling is the presage of an early death. His parents have already been bereaved of children untimely cut off. The hectic colour and delicate appearance of this lad, gave but little hope of his arriving at maturity. Perhaps, while my heart warms at the recollection of him, his is cold in the grave.†

An event which occurred near Briançon, will give some notion of the incidents which emblazon mountain life and field sports in these regions. A peasant, with his wife and three children, had taken up his summer quarters in a chalet, and was depasturing his flocks on one of the rich Alps which overhang the Durance. The oldest boy was an idiot, about eight years of age, the second was five years old and dumb, and the youngest was an infant. It so happened that the infant was left one morning in charge of his brothers, and the three had rambled to some distance from the chalet before they were missed. When the mother went in search of the little wanderers, she found the two elder, but could discover no traces of the baby. The idiot boy seemed to be in a transport of joy, while the dumb child displayed every symptom of alarm and terror. In vain did the terrified parent endeavour to collect what had become of the lost infant. The antics of the one and the fright of the other explained nothing. The dumb boy was almost bereft of his senses, while the idiot appeared to have acquired an unusual degree of mirth and expression. He danced about, laughed, and made gesticulations, as if he were imitating the action of one who had caught up something of which he was fond, and hugged it to his heart. This, however, was of some slight comfort to the poor woman, for she imagined that some acquaintance had fallen in with the children, and had taken away the infant. But the day and night wore away, and no tidings of the lost child. On the morrow, when the parents were pursuing their search, an eagle flew over their heads, at the sight of which the idiot renewed his antics, and the dumb boy clung to his father with the shrieks of anguish and affright. The horrible truth then burst upon their minds, that the miserable infant had been carried off in the talons of a bird of prey; and that the half-witted elder brother was delighted at his riddance of an object of whom he was jealous. On the morning in which the accident happened an Alpen yager,

* Vaudois.
† Waldensian Researches, by Rev. Dr Gilly.
‡ Ibid.

* Waldensian Researches. † Ibid.

"Whose joy was in the wilderness, to breathe
The difficult air of the iced mountain's top,"

had been watching near an eagle's nest, under the hope of shooting the bird upon her return to her eyry. After waiting in all the anxious perseverance of a true sportsman, he beheld the monster slowly winging her way towards the rock behind which he was concealed. Imagine his horror, when, upon her nearer approach, he heard the cries, and distinguished the figure of an infant in her fatal grasp. In an instant his resolution was formed—to fire at the bird at all hazards, the moment she should alight upon her nest, and rather to kill the child than leave it to be torn to pieces by the horrid devourer. With a silent prayer and a steady aim, the mountaineer poised his rifle. The ball went directly through the head or heart of the eagle, and in a minute afterwards this gallant hunter of the Alps had the unutterable delight of snatching the child from the nest, and bearing it away in triumph. It was dreadfully wounded by the eagle's talons in one of its arms and sides, but not mortally; and within twenty-four hours after it was first missed, he had the satisfaction of restoring it to its mother's arms.*

HOPE.

REFLECTED on the lake, I love
To see the stars of evening glow,
So tranquil in the heaven above—
So restless in the wave below.

Thus heavenly hope is all serene;
But earthly hope, how bright soe'er,
Still flutters o'er this changing scene,
As false, as fleeting, as 'tis fair.

HEBER.

THE SUPERIORITY OF A FREE GRACE TO A SELF-RIGHTEOUS SALVATION, PROVED BY RECENT FACTS.

BY THE REV. J. G. LORIMER, GLASGOW.

NO. III.

THE JOY AND STRENGTH OF FELT PARDON.

IN "The United Testimony of Four Priests who have recently Renounced the Communion of Rome," I have already called the reader's attention to the dark side of the picture. I have spread out before him, not in words, but in facts, the unmingled and hopeless wretchedness of a salvation by self-righteousness, and have warned against its woe, present and future. I have now the more pleasing duty to invite his attention to the bright aspects of the picture—to the joyful reception of a free grace salvation. Nothing can be more striking than the contrast—the one involved not the partial, but the extreme of misery; the other involves, not mere relief, but the very height of joy. Oh! that all Romish priests, and not only so, but that all professedly Evangelical Protestants, passed through the same experience.

M. L'Hote, describing his conversion, says:—

"And as I confounded Christianity, of which I was profoundly ignorant, with these doctrines, which are only a base parody of it, I fell, as I have already said, into the hopeless depths of Infidelity. But from the time that I heard the Gospel—from the moment that its saving truths were disentangled from the errors and superstitions of the Church of Rome—as soon as I beheld Jesus dying upon the cross, and healing the wounds of the soul, as the serpent of brass lifted up by Moses in the desert healed the bites of the fiery serpents—then I at once understood the mission of the Son of God—the full import of the Gospel—of the glad tidings of forgiveness of sins, and of the regeneration of the children of Adam, not by the baptism of water, but by the baptism of the Holy Spirit.

"Here there was nothing of the intervention of priests, of popes, and of bishops, in order to reach heaven; no confession, nor absolution, nor masses, nor indulgences, nor merit of good works; but only the death of Jesus—only the blood of Jesus Christ, that cleanses from all sin. '*Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.*'—Acts xvi. 31.

"Every word of that verse: 'God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life' (John iii. 16), vibrated upon my heart. I no longer needed learned comments upon those words; I had felt their divine power—I saw in them the impress of God—they had penetrated my heart and enlightened my understanding."

The first means, in the hand of God, of removing obstacles, and opening the way to salvation, in this case, was a good Protestant book of Drelincourt's, an eminent minister of the Reformed Church of France, exposing the errors and corruptions of the Church of Rome. This book was useful; but it was the Scriptures revealing the Gospel which really brought light and peace to the soul. Speaking of the Bible, he says: "As I read, new life came into my soul. I loved its divine language—I believed; and whenever I read a few pages of it, I felt refreshed, just as does the wearied traveller when he finds a spring of pure water that quenches his thirst, and gives him fresh vigour." Happy in the newly discovered hope of the Gospel, he could not retain it in quiet in his own soul. He longed to make it known to others. Later in his history he adds:—

"Immediately that the explanation of the passage of Scripture was finished, moved with holy enthusiasm, I exclaimed: 'Yes, my friends, this is the true religion. This doctrine is the work of God; it is not a system invented by men. The religion which grants salvation for the price of good works is a religion of man; but that which grants a free salvation by faith in Jesus Christ is the religion of God!' Such was for me, after my long wanderings, the memorable day of the Lord's visitation! I now know on whom I have believed, and nothing shall separate me from the love of my God."

A great movement has taken place in the parish where this now converted but once Infidel priest resided. It is the Villefavard of which so much has recently been heard in this country—a parish where six hundred people, almost the entire community, have revolted from Rome.

M. Rouaze bears a similar testimony to the happiness of salvation by grace. After informing us (and surely his experience is worthy of no small consideration) that, though a zealous advocate for works, *he never found a moment's repose* in the efforts which he made to accomplish a righteousness of his own;

* Waldensian Researches.

and that ever since he had abandoned Rome he had felt happy in his mind, and knew the happiness of having for his master, not a sinful mortal like himself, but the Lord Jesus Christ—the Redeemer—the faithful guide and guardian of souls, he adds, in regard to his conversion:—

"And, what is very remarkable, God made use of a Roman Catholic priest to convert me—the evangelical Martin Boos. The biography of this priest unfolded before my eyes the picture of my own life. I there found the same disgusts, the same vexations, the same discouragement, that I had myself experienced, and that had been his lot all the time that he lived in the observances of the Church of Rome. He was on the point of giving up, when God caused these words to sound in his ears: 'The just shall live by faith;' and *immediately this faith was the precious plant that healed him of his wounds.* This priest, who had been before so timid, so sorrowful, so troubled, so discouraged—behold him transformed at once into a new man, experiencing tranquil peace, and joy, and serenity in the midst of his persecutions! What was the cause of this great change?—The free mercy of God, that opened his eyes, revealing to him that salvation is a free gift bestowed through Christ upon the sinner, as a rich man bestows his alms upon the indigence of the poor. From the moment that this priest embraced this salvation in Jesus Christ, he triumphed over all evils within, and his enemies without. This doctrine of free grace was as a ray of light which showed me the true meaning of the expiatory sacrifice of the Saviour.

"When God had given me to receive his testimony, I felt I could no longer take any part in the ceremonies of the Church of Rome, which imply that the sacrifice of Jesus on Calvary has not accomplished a complete salvation. I am not surprised that Rome should abhor the doctrine of free grace, for this doctrine strikes at her very heart, and threatens her existence."

It is remarkable, that the same words which were so useful to M. Rouaze and to Boos, were the words which sounded as from heaven in the ears of Luther, as he climbed, with weary step, the pretendedly "sacred stairs" of the Vatican, and which proved the means of his thorough and final divorce from the Church of Rome. Well would it have been had the excellent Boos followed the footsteps of his great predecessor, and instead of lingering in the Romish communion, yea, defending it, and gathering others within its pale, had come forth and formed a separate evangelical Church. Humanly speaking, had he pursued such a course, and complied with God's plain call, the fruit of his labours would not have perished with the man; and instead of the new German movement, there might have been a consistent and vigorous separation going on for the last twenty years, ready to hail and mightily extend the present reformation.

M. Stilmant gives an interesting account of his conversion, entirely confirmatory of the preceding cases, showing the value of the Word, particularly of the Epistle to the Romans, which so many foolishly decry as mysterious and unintelligible, and also his happiness in the Lord:—

"My anguish of mind continued. Finding no consolation anywhere, I had one day shut myself up in my room to compose a sermon, and in turning over the leaves of the Bible to find a text, I read the Epistle to the Romans from one end to the other. My attention was especially fixed upon these words of the 3d chapter: 'Being justified freely by his grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus, whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God; to declare, I say, at this time his righteousness, that he might be just, and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus.'

"That day's reading was to me the dawn of the happiest day of my life; and filled with indescribable joy, I exclaimed: 'Man is, then, saved by faith in Jesus Christ!'

"I was also arrested by a passage in the 4th chapter of the same Epistle: 'Even as David also describeth the blessedness of the man unto whom God imputeth righteousness without works; saying, Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered!' I inferred from this, that God imputes righteousness without the works of the law. I then read and meditated on the 53d chapter of Isaiah. As I proceeded, light more and more abundant beamed upon my mind, clearing my understanding, vivifying my heart, and giving me a new existence."

His closing sentence, in the form of a prayer, proclaims his charity and brotherly love as really as his joy and gladness:—

"And now, O Lord Jesus, that thou hast taught me the futility of my own works as a means of salvation—that thou alone art my Saviour—and that thy word, received by faith, hath healed my soul, and nourished, and comforted, and strengthened me, deign also to give the same grace to my former colleagues. Shine also with thine enlightening grace upon the different flocks with which I have been connected, and bring them to the knowledge of thy Gospel. Thou who art made unto us *wisdom*, and *righteousness*, and *sanctification*, and *redemption*, increase to us all our days that faith which justifies—which renews and saves! Amen."

The last case of free grace conversion is that of Don Pablo Sanchez. Less is said of it than of the others; but it is not inferior in its simplicity and scriptural character:—

"Desirous of examining more seriously into a subject so important, and having often heard the Bible spoken of, I determined to get one and read it, persuaded that it would be able to show me whether the Church of Rome was, or was not, the Church of God. This resolution soon brought me out of uncertainty, and gave me to see that I had not been far wrong in supposing that a religion so arbitrary, or rather, so unjust, could not be of God. The first thing that struck me in my examination of the Bible was the reading the ten commandments of God. After having read, and re-read them, I could not believe my eyes. I perceived that the Romish Church had actually suppressed the second, and, to conceal her deception and maintain the number ten, had divided the tenth commandment into two! This at once destroyed my impression of her truth, seeing that she trampled under foot one of the commandments of God, and that because it condemned the worship of images.

"Thus, you see, the more I compared the Holy Bible with the teaching and the abuses of our Church, the more I felt condemned by its testimony. How great was my distress! I was convinced of the errors of Rome; I had become, in fact, a Protestant without being aware of it, by the simple study of the Bible;

but as to peace in my heart, I had as yet not the least experience of it.

"The good providence of God led me to Geneva. Such was the anguish of my spirit that I did not know where to turn for comfort. But it was here that my God, in his infinite compassion, took pity on me. O Holy Bible! what blessings dost thou pour into the heart of a poor sinner, when the Holy Spirit brings him to the feet of the Lamb that taketh away the sins of the world!

"Some of the passages that especially were the means of bringing me that peace which the world cannot give, are the following:—1 Pet. ii. 24; 1 John i. 7; Gal. ii. 13; Col. ii. 14; Rom. iii. 20; Eph. ii. 3, &c. But I must stop, for my quotations might comprise most of the Word of God."

It is plainly to this interesting person that Dr Merle D'Aubigné refers, in his speech before the "Foreign-Aid Society" in London, when he says: "Another Spaniard, who had formerly been priest and almoner in the Carlist army, and who had received from Don Carlos the order of Isabella, arrived at Geneva a few months ago. I always recollect his first visit. He had acknowledged the errors of Popery, but not the truths of the Gospel. 'How do you think you shall be saved,' I said to him. 'By works,' he answered; 'but by works which the grace of God alone enables me to perform.' I immediately imparted to him the doctrine of justification by faith in the blood of Jesus Christ. Then that fine dark, gloomy, and Spanish countenance brightened up, as if the sun had fallen upon it—joy beamed from his eye, and over his whole face. I never saw such a transformation. He is one of the four priests who abandoned Rome, and who published a work a short time ago, which is translated into English. These four priests have been studying all this winter in our school of theology, among our students. We have now temporarily sent into France the ex-almoner of Don Carlos, and the chevalier of Isabella. The Catholic, with his cross upon his breast, has not been afraid to become a simple colporteur of the Bible. He is a man dear to me. May Spain abound with such men!"

Such are four recent and most interesting cases of conversion to God. They warrant one or two general inferences.

1. We may see the value of the Word as the instrument of salvation. Plainly a Divine Agent was standing behind in every case, and penetrating into the heart. Apart from His grace, all would have been vain; but, in connection with this, one cannot but mark the importance of the Word. In three of the four cases the change is directly traced to the Scriptures. The priests do not seem to have had any instruction from men. Indeed, from their position and character, they could not be expected, while priests, to have much communication with Protestant ministers or missionaries; and yet the greatest change is wrought out in their character. While no means, and much less the preaching of the Gospel, are disparaged, the Spirit very frequently honours his own work—the Word of Truth. Often it will be found, that even where it is rather the preaching of the Word than the reading of the Scriptures, which is acknowledged by the Spirit, it is some text or passage quoted from the Sacred Volume which proves the winged arrow. Let this encourage us in regard to the circulation of the Word in Popish countries. Had it not been for it, humanly speaking, these priests would not have been brought to the knowledge of the truth, at least not at so early a day in their history. No one can tell what rapid changes may appear, even in lands apparently the most hopelessly benighted. It is not necessary to wait for the slow operation of Protestant agents. The Spirit may work by the Word ere friends or foes are well aware.

2. We see how false is the charge, that Evangelical religion makes men gloomy and miserable. The facts of the cases which have been quoted prove the very reverse. They show that salvation by free grace is the first thing to make sinners truly happy, and that the opposite system—the system of nature—is the very nurse of misery. How wretched were all the four priests while under the dominion of self-righteousness!—how happy were they as soon as brought under the power of a gratuitous salvation! And as it was with them, so it has been with multitudes. Free grace lays a foundation for *immediate* happiness. Many who receive may not enjoy it so quickly; but they have a warrant, in the nature of the case, to do so. Salvation is as finished and sure to the believing soul the first moment that it receives the truth as it can be at any future period. It is no fault of the free grace of the Gospel that believing sinners do not always or immediately rejoice. How rapid were the happy changes described in the tract before us! but not more rapid than many changes recorded in the Scriptures of the same nature. Let us never forget the joy—the immediate happiness, of a gratuitous salvation, contrasted with the intense, protracted, and ever-growing misery, of a salvation by the works and services of the sinner. Let us think how honouring joy is to true religion—how glorifying to Christ—how recommendatory to his kingdom. Strange, that the Gospel should be blamed for the want, or the opposite, of the very thing in which it excels! Such, however, are the perversity and blindness of the human heart, while all the time clinging to what is essentially wretched. Ah! when will the victims of self-righteousness, whether Popish or Protestant, be entitled to rejoice in the joy of the poor converted priests?

3. We may gather how false is the allegation, that free grace leads to indolence and sin. How did it operate in the cases before us? Self-righteousness, fairly aroused, may have made men busy; but it brought no sanctification. The parties themselves declare, that their evil purposes and propensities, under it, remained as before—that outward reformations left the heart the prey of evil. Was it so under the power of free grace? Far from it. Not only was there a fresh and happy activity—a hungering and thirsting to do good to others—but sanctification received a new impulse, as well as a far more comprehensive range. The parties, with all humility, speak of themselves as new men—full of love to the Redeemer, and anxious for his glory. Indeed, it could not be otherwise. Happiness, under the grace of the Spirit, leads to holy activity and usefulness. Genuine devotion, too, assimilates instinctively to God—carrying the soul into his presence, and keep-

ing it ever there. How elevated and sanctified the state of mind which breathed forth such sentiments as these!—

"How great was my happiness when, thus disencumbered of a service which is but a kind of spurious Judaism, and of vain ceremonial observances, I lived according to the spirit of true Christianity, and, leaving the deceptive adoration of saints, worshipped only the Father, to whom I sought access by the Son alone! What unction in those heart-conceived prayers addressed to the Eternal by the mediation of Jesus Christ! It is in such true prayers that the humble soul feels the presence of God, and proves all the power of the Spirit. How little to be accounted of are the conflicts, how light the persecutions, of the world, when one can thus pour out one's soul before the Eternal! How firm our standing in this life of faith!"

THE UNANSWERABLE ARGUMENT.

SCENE I.—THE PASTOR'S STUDY.

"HAVE you conversed with our Infidel and scoffing friend, Mr R——, on the subject of religion, to-day?" said the venerable pastor to a neighbour who sat near him.

"I have, and at great length; but was unable to make the least impression upon his mind. You know that he is a man of extensive reading, and is a perfect master of all the ablest Infidel writers. He regards the fortress in which he has entrenched himself as impregnable. You know his ready wit; and when he finds he cannot talk you down, he will laugh you down. I can say no more to him. He made my errand the butt of ridicule for the whole company."

"Then you consider his case hopeless?"

"I do indeed. I believe him to be given over of God to believe a lie; and I expect to see him fill up his cup of iniquity to the very brim, without repentance, and to die a hardened and self-ruined man."

"Shall nothing, and can nothing more be done for him?"—and the pastor arose, and walked the floor of his study, under the influence of deep agitation; while his neighbour leaned over the table, with his face buried in both his hands, lost in silent meditation.

It was now a solemn time in the parish. The preaching of the pastor for many Sabbaths had been ull of earnestness and power. The Church was reatly quickened. The spirit of prayer prevailed. Many were inquiring what they should do to be saved. Many, too, were rejoicing in hope, and the whole community were moved, as with one silent, but mighty impulse.

But unmoved, unconcerned, stood the Infidel, amid the many changes of heart and mind which were going on around him, proud of his position, and confident in his strength; and able, as he believed himself to be, to resist every influence, human and divine, which might be brought to bear upon him. The pastor had often approached him, and had as often been repulsed. As a last resort, he had requested his able and skilful neighbour, a lawyer of piety and talents, to visit Mr R——, and endeavour to convince him. But it was like attempting to reason with the tempest, or still the thunder, or soothe the volcano.

SCENE II.—THE ELDER'S CLOSET.

There was a fire blazing upon the hearth in that little room. The wind was howling without; the snow was whirled in eddies, and was swept with violence against the casement. It was a cold night in January. In that secret and retired chamber, where none but God could hear, was poured out a voice from a burdened soul. The elder was upon his knees. His bosom heaved with emotion. His soul was in an agony. That voice of prayer was continued at intervals through the livelong night. In that room was a wrestling like that of Jacob. There was a prevailing like that of Israel. It was a pleading with the Most High for an unwonted display of his power and grace, with the confidence that nothing was too hard for the Almighty. It was a night of prayer—of entreaty—of importunity. It was prayer, as a man would pray for the life of a friend who was on the eve of execution.

SCENE III.—THE PRAYER-MEETING.

The meeting was still and solemn as eternity. The house was crowded to its utmost capacity. It was a cheerful evening, and the astrals threw their mellow light over the dense assembly. Now the song of praise resounds from all parts of the room, and there is a heart in the utterance which belongs not to other times. Now the voice of one and another ascends in prayer; and such prayer is seldom heard except in the time of genuine revivals of religion. The silent tear steals down many a cheek. The almost inaudible sigh escapes from many a bosom. An intense interest sits on every countenance, and the voice of prayer is the voice of all. One after another arises, and tells the listening company what "the Lord has done for his soul." There stands Mr R——, once the Infidel—now the humble believer in Jesus. He is clothed in a new spirit. His face shines as did the face of Moses when he had seen God face to face. He is a new creature in Christ Jesus.

"I stand," said Mr R——, "to tell you the story of my conversion." His lips trembled slightly as he spoke, and his bosom heaved with suppressed emotion. "I am as a brand plucked out of the burning. The change in my views and feelings is an astonishment to myself; and all brought about by the grace of God, and that *unanswerable argument*. It was a cold morning in January. The sun was just rising, and sending his dim rays through the fleecy clouds. The fire was burning, and I had just begun my labour at the anvil in my shop, when I looked out, and saw elder B—— approaching. He dismounted quickly, and entered. As he drew near, I saw he was agitated. His look was full of earnestness. His eyes were bedimmed with tears. He took me by the hand. His breast heaved with emotion, and with indescribable tenderness he said: 'Mr R——, I am greatly concerned for your salvation—greatly concerned for your salvation;' and he burst into tears. He stood with my hand grasped in his. He struggled to regain self-possession. He often essayed to speak, but not a word could he utter; and finding that he could say no more, he turned, went out of the shop, got on his horse, and rode slowly away.

"'Greatly concerned for my salvation!' said I audibly, and I stood and forgot to bring my hammer down. There I stood with it upraised—'*greatly concerned for my salvation!*' Here is a new argument for the truth of religion, which I have never heard before, and which I know not how to answer. Had the elder reasoned with me, I could have confounded him; but here is no threadbare argument for the truth of religion. Religion must be true, or this man would not feel as he does. 'Greatly concerned for my salvation!'—it rung through my ears like a thunder-clap in a clear sky. Greatly concerned I ought to be for my own salvation, said I—what shall I do?

"I went to my house. My poor pious wife, whom I had always ridiculed for her religion, as I called it, exclaimed: 'Why, Mr R——, what is the matter with you?' 'Matter enough,' said I, 'matter enough'—filled with agony, and overwhelmed with a sense of

sin. 'Old elder B—— has rode two miles this cold morning to tell me he was greatly concerned for my salvation. What shall I do? what shall I do?'

"'I do not know what you can do,' said my now astonished wife; 'I do not know what better you can do, than to get on your horse and go and see the elder. He can give you better counsel than I, and tell you what you must do to be saved.'

"No sooner said than done. I mounted my horse and pursued after him. I found him alone in that same little room where he had spent the whole night in prayer for my poor soul—where he had shed many tears over such a reprobate as I, and had besought God to have mercy upon me.

"'I am come,' said I to him, 'to tell you that I am greatly concerned for my own salvation.'

"'Praised be God!' said the elder. 'It is a faithful saying, and worthy of acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, even the very chief;' and he began at that same Scripture, and preached to me Jesus. On that same floor we knelt, and together we prayed; and we did not separate that day till God spoke peace to my soul. I have often been requested to look at the evidence of the truth of religion; but, blessed be God, I have evidence for its truth *here*"—laying his hand upon his heart—"which nothing can gainsay or resist. I have often been led to look at this and that argument for the truth of Christianity, but I could overturn and, as I thought, completely demolish and annihilate them all. But I stand here to-night, thankful to acknowledge that God sent *an argument* to my conscience and heart which could not be answered or resisted, when the weeping elder came to me to tell me how greatly concerned he was for my salvation. God taught him that *argument*, where he spent the night before him in prayer for my soul. Now I can truly say, I am a happy man. My peace flows like a river. My consistent, uncomplaining wife, who so long bore with my impiety and unbelief, now rejoices with me, that by the grace of God I am what I am—that whereas I was blind, now I see. And here permit me to say, if you would wish to reach the heart of such a poor sinner as I, you must get your qualifications where the good old elder did—in your closet; and as he did—on his knees. So it shall be with me. I will endeavour to reach the hearts of my Infidel friends through the closet and by prayer."

He sat down overcome with emotion, amid the tears and the suppressed sobs of the assembly. All were touched; for all knew what he once was—all saw what he had now become. . . . . .

"Time, on his noiseless wing, pursues his rapid flight." Years have gone by—and the good old elder has been numbered with the dead. But the converted Infidel still lives—an earnest, honest, faithful, humble Christian.

THE GANGES.

If you ask the Hindu how he hopes to obtain forgiveness of his sins and the salvation of his soul, he invariably points to the Ganges—here is his principal means of salvation. This deified river will heal and purify everything that is morally bad and corrupt in man. The origin of it is related in various ways. A saint called Bhagiruth, led an ascetic life for many years. Upon his prayer, the Ganges descended from heaven; that is, the Himalaya Mountain. The gods would not agree to this descent, saying, they had many sins to wash off likewise. Brahma promised them that, although it descended to the earth, it should, at the same time, remain in heaven. Vishnu then gave Bhagiruth a shell; and whenever he blew it, the Ganges followed him at his heels. At a certain place he unfortunately carried away the brazen vessel and flowers of a saint, which he was intending to strew in honour of Shiva. This saint, or sunyasee, in his rage, swallowed the whole river; but at Bhagiruth's request, he had to disgorge it again. Another miraculous story, related in the Shasters, of the origin of the Ganges is the following: Shiva's wife, Parbatti, touched his right eye; as this is the sun, a general confusion was caused in the creation. To prevent mischief, Shiva caused a third eye to grow out above his nose. His wife perceiving her imprudence, removed the finger, but a tear remained on it, and as this tear fell to the ground, the Ganges sprung out of it; hence, the water is so sacred that those who bathe in it wash away every sin.

All the sects of the Hindus, and "their name is Legion," are agreed in this. Whatever may be their differences on other points, when meeting on the banks of the Ganges they cease to strive, and look on each other as friends. So sacred is the water, that the Hindu will swear by the name of any other god, rather than by Gunga. Hence, in courts of justice witnesses are generally sworn by holding a bason of Ganges water in their hands.

At certain seasons and constellations, bathing in this river is exceedingly meritorious; the act delivers the sinner, with three millions of his ancestors, from the punishment of hell; and the crimes of a thousand former births are atoned for. At such festivals I have seen tens of thousands on the road, travelling to the sacred stream. The town of Burdwan was sometimes crowded with those pilgrims, and swarms of them were seen bivouacking at night under trees in the open air. These poor people often travel two or three hundred miles to obtain the benefits promised. On their return, they take kulsees, or large round vessels, full of water, home with them, to convey some of the same blessings to their friends who have remained behind. At sacred spots, such as Benares, one hundred thousand men are often seen assembled on the banks of the Ganges, especially at the time of an eclipse. As soon as the shadow of the earth touches the moon, the whole mass, upon a certain signal given, plunge at once into the stream; and, from the pressure of the water, a mighty wave rolls towards the opposite shore, which sometimes upsets boats filled with people. When all is over, the poor people get out of the water, and return home, under the delusive idea of having obtained remission of sin and perfect purity. The sins which are afterwards committed run on to a new account, which is to be cleared off at their next visit. In performing these ceremonies, not the least idea of a deeper and symbolical meaning enters the mind of the Hindu—the Shasters teach nothing of the kind; no, the river is a god personified—it is the *water* which cleanses, sanctifies, and raises the soul to heaven. The mind has been petrified by the religion which ascribes divine virtue to visible and material things.

The Ganges is the dying-bed and the grave of the Hindu. He is very anxious to breathe out his soul on its banks, in order that his last sins may be blotted out by the sight of its water. When the patient appears to approach death, he is removed from the circle of his friends, and carried away. Let the heat be parching, or the wind blow cold, the dying man is set down on the river's brink, being, when poor, sometimes barely covered with a rag.

I have often been a spectator of this revolting scene. Once, I remember two sons prepared their aged father for death. It was a morning in January, when the piercing northerly wind is severely felt in Bengal. They poured several basons full of water over his head; and then they placed the shivering body in the stream, and rubbed the upper part of it with mud, at the same time calling the names Gunga, Ram, Narayun, in his ears. The sight of the dying

father went through my heart: but this is to die happily, in the opinion of the Hindus. The Shasters promise him all the glories of Shiva's heaven; he will shine there brighter than a thousand suns; and millions of virgins are standing ready for his service, with coaches and palankeens in abundance. Surely the shores of the Ganges belong to "the dark places of the earth, which are full of the habitations of cruelty."

Once a wicked Brahman died, and Yama, the god of the infernal regions, took him into hell. His corpse was, as is usual, burned; a crow flew away with one of his bones, and let it fall into the Ganges; no sooner had it reached the water, than his soul left hell, riding in a splendid chariot to heaven.

"Truly," said an excellent missionary, with the River Ganges in his sight, "no tyrant has ever brought greater misery over the earth, than those religious legislators have done who made a god of that river." Millions are, through this, annually drawn away from their homes; fornication, and other crimes are committed by the pilgrims on the way; and hundreds of thousands are dragged from a dry and clean dying-bed, to breathe out their lives in this watery grave. The dying person often sees the stake erected on which his corpse is to be burned: nor is the body allowed to get cold; but as soon as life is extinct, it is put on the pile, and the fire kindled. Instances are not rare, when the body was not really dead, and when it rose up, as the flame began to scorch it. In such a case the Hindus believe a bad spirit has entered the corpse, and knock it down with bamboos. The skull, which cannot be consumed in the fire, must be crushed by the nearest relative, that the soul may escape. In performing this dreadful operation he often sprinkles his garment with the brains, which have become liquid in the fire; the ashes are then thrown into the river. The poorer classes make far less ceremony, and throw the body in as it is, and frequently it is again cast on shore. I have seen dogs, jackals, and vultures, fighting for and devouring the corpses, and crows sitting on the floating carcasses, tearing off the flesh. In times when fevers and cholera prevail in large towns, hundred and thousands of bodies are daily and weekly thrown into the river, and the fires on which they are consumed continue burning day and night: in those seasons the shores of the Ganges resemble a charnel-house.

I one day witnessed on the shores of this river a striking contrast between Christianity and Hinduism. On walking along the banks near the town of Colgong, I discovered a monument in memory of the child of a British officer. During his passage down the river, from a distant station, his infant died, and he had to perform the mournful duty of burying the body on the shore, desecrated by heathen abominations. The following epitaph, which I read on the tombstone, called forth my deep sympathy:—

"Dear little babe, thy spirit's fled,
Thy tender frame lies here,
And o'er thy loved remains we shed
The bitter, bitter tear;
But Faith within the Saviour's arms
Views thee removed from pain,
And Faith the sting of Death disarms,
And says 'We'll meet again;'
When we through Christ shall be like thee—
Heirs of a blest eternity."

Shortly afterwards, I saw near the same spot two Hindus carrying the body of their deceased or dying relative to the river side. They deposited it on the sand, and walked several times round it, making various ceremonies. One of the men then laid hold of the head, and another of the feet, and having walked slowly into the water, and torn off the cloth in which it was wrapped up, they flung the corpse into the stream; they then washed their hands, and walked away in sullen apathy.

Suicide is thought peculiarly meritorious when committed near this river. The wife belongs to her husband, even after his death, and great is her sanctity if she follow him immediately on his decease; hence the suttee, or the burning of widows with the bodies of their husbands; but this inhuman custom has been abolished by a law enacted by the East Indian Government. There are, according to an anatomical sketch of the Shasters, thirty-eight millions of hairs on the human body. The widow who allows herself to be burned will dwell as many years with her husband in heaven. In most instances the poor creatures are said to have been persuaded to it by the Brahmans. Many have jumped down from the pile as soon as the flame touched them, but have been forcibly thrown into the fire again.

In holy places where two rivers meet, suicides by drowning are frequently committed. Leprous people kill themselves by having a grave dug on the banks; a fire is kindled therein, and the poor wretch throws himself into it. By this means he hopes to acquire the merit of entering into a healthy body at his next transmigration.

And who can number the crowd of innocent babes who were sacrificed to Gunga, before the Government made it a capital crime? At a great festival in the island of Gunga Sagor, near the mouth of the Ganges, hundreds of mothers, who had made the cruel vow, threw their little ones into the water, to be devoured by sharks and alligators. One thing is certain—so long as Hinduism exists, human sacrifices will never be entirely abolished, though the Government may continue to issue orders against it. Many a cruel mother is yet throwing away her helpless babe to the jackals at night, especially if it be a girl. —*Protestant Missions in Bengal.*

ON FRIENDSHIP.

Hast thou a friend as heart may wish at will?
Then use him so, to have his friendship still.
Wouldst have a friend—wouldst know what friend is best?
Have God thy friend, who passeth all the rest.

TUSSER.

THE MONKS AT MOUNT SINAI.

From the inmates of St Catherine's Monastery at Mount Sinai, who, including both the regular clergy and their lay-assistants, are twenty-three in number, my fellow-travellers and myself received much kindness. Like all the other recluses of the Greek Church, the monks belong to the order of St Basil, the rules of which they rigidly observe. Their seclusion they do not seem to have improved for the cultivation of deep and rational devotion, for pursuits of study, or for evangelistic effort, in which—if their perpetual vows, through which they deprive themselves of their Christian liberty, could be overlooked—some apology might be found for their situation. Some of them confessed to me that, in the multiplicity of their public authorized services, they could dispense altogether with private prayer and the perusal of the Scriptures. It was painful, indeed, to witness the manner in which they conduct divine worship in the church of the convent, dedicated to the "metamorphosis," or transfiguration. The lengthy Greek service, they read and chanted with the greatest irreverence, and altogether unintelligible rapidity. Their ceremonious genuflections, and prostrations, and invocations, before the pictures of the saints, the

large cross on the screen which separates the altar from the nave, and at the feet of their own superior, bore but too certain evidence of their practice of idolatry under the very shadow of that mountain from which God himself spake the words: "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the waters under the earth." When they showed us their library, in which we found a considerable number of works in the Arabic and Syriac, as well as Greek languages, both printed and in manuscript, they could give us no general account of its contents, and acknowledged that, excepting its ecclesiastical service-books, it was to them merely useless lumber. The copies of the Scriptures, too, which had been presented to them by Dr Joseph Wolff, during his first visit to the convent, for their individual use, had been added to the common stock, and were quite neglected. Only one or two of them appeared to be able to converse in Arabic with the surrounding children of the desert, the religious instruction of whom, they confessed, they entirely neglected. No greater proof of the want of pastoral care of themselves, or rather of their predecessors, can be found than the fact, that they have allowed the body of the *Jebeliyah*, or mountaineers, who are entirely dependent upon them, as their menial servants, and who are the descendants of Christian slaves said to have been sent to the convent by the Emperor Justinian, to become Mussalmans. I did not hear of a single Arab to whom they have access having been instructed by any of them in the faith of Christ. Except in as far as they practise hospitality to travellers who visit the grand and terrific scenery and hallowed localities among which they dwell, they seem never to aim at usefulness among their fellow-creatures.—*Dr Wilson's Lecture on Foreign Churches.*

A FEW FACTS ABOUT INDIA MISSIONS.

"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth labourers into his harvest."—Matt. ix. 37, 38.

1. The population of British India is now considered, by the best statists, to be upwards of one hundred and forty millions.

2. For this population it is doubtful if there are so many as two hundred European and American missionaries; that is, only one missionary to every seven hundred and fifty thousand people.

3. If ministers of the Gospel were supplied to Great Britain and Ireland in the same proportion, there would be only *eighteen* in all England, *four* in Scotland, and *three* in Ireland—only *thirty-three* in the whole United Kingdom.

4. The population of the small district in which Calcutta is situated, called the Twenty-Four Pergunnahs, exceeds the population of the whole of the West India Islands, and there are several districts in Bengal which are still more populous.

5. There are several districts in Bengal, like Pubna, Rajshye, Bogora, and Mymunsing, in each of which the population exceeds a million; several large districts and populous towns in other parts of India; several extensive dependent countries, like Oude and Gwalior; and several important neighbouring countries, like Cashmere and Nepal, which have no missionary at all.

6. There are several extremely populous districts, like Jessore, Midnapore, Dinagepore, Bheerboom, and Burdwan, which at present have only a single missionary each.

7. The state of the people who are thus neglected is such, that there exist among them religious bands of systematic murderers, called Thugs, and other bands of men who live by the fruits of violent burglaries, and perform religious ceremonies to Kali in celebration of their successes.

8. In the whole of the vast provinces of Bengal and Behar, it has been ascertained that the proportion of individuals who can even read is as five and a half to one hundred; and the lack of knowledge in some other parts of India is still greater.

9. A large body of the people of India are under the influence of such fearful superstitions, that myriads annually leave their families and homes, to undertake pilgrimages to distant temples, where, for the most part, the Brahmans whom they reverence, live in idleness and sin; and of these pilgrims many thousands die of cold, starvation, and diseases, on the roads.

10. It is an ascertained fact, that in some parts of India, mothers, from a depraved sense of duty, constantly sacrifice their female children.

11. So little has Christian England yet fulfilled her obligations to the people of India, that her Government has only within a few years ceased to support idolatrous temples, to compel her troops to pay homage to idols passing in procession, to administer idolatrous oaths in her courts of justice, and actually to teach in her colleges, together with the fallacious sciences of the Hindus, some of the very religious errors which the missionaries have to combat.

12. The expense of the Burmese war was twelve millions sterling, and the expense of the Affghan war was six millions; but not a single rupee does the Government spend on Christian missions.

13. The present state of the public mind in India, notwithstanding the comparative smallness of the Christian means that have been employed to elevate the condition of the people, shows that the labours of the missionaries have not been in vain in the Lord, and bids us thank God and take courage.

14. The Bible is translated into Bengali, Hindustani, Hindee, Tamul, Marathi, Urya, and nearly all the dialects of India; scriptural tracts and schoolbooks in all these languages are now prepared, and are annually circulated in great numbers; there is a thirst for education; the English language is spreading; old prejudices are giving way; the missionary schools are well attended; and the Word of God is listened to attentively by crowds, at fairs and festivals. "The fields are white unto the harvest."

"Who, then, is ready to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?"—*Calcutta Christian Herald.*

Miscellaneous.

Idleness travels very leisurely, and Poverty soons overtakes her.—*Hunter.*

Haste not Wisdom.—Hasty conclusions are the mark of a fool: a wise man doubteth—a fool rageth, and is confident: the novice saith, I am sure that it is so; the better learned answers, Peradventure it may be so; but I prithee inquire. Some men are drunk with fancy, and mad with opinion. It is a little learning, and but a little, which makes men conclude hastily. Experience and humility teach modesty and fear.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Company.—No man can be provident of his time, who is not prudent in the choice of his company.—*Ibid.*

Needless Enmities.—That prudence which the world teaches, and a quick susceptibility of private interest, will direct us to shun needless enmities; since there is no man whose kindness we may not some time want, or by whose malice we may not some time suffer.—*Johnson.*

Daily Bread.

FRIDAY.

"The world is crucified to me."—Gal. vi. 14.

Turn the full stream of nature's tide;
Let all our actions tend
To thee, their source: thy love the guide—
Thy glory be the end.

Crucify your sins, that have crucified your Saviour. "They that are Christ's," saith St Paul, "have crucified the flesh, with the lusts thereof." Did the rocks rend when Christ died for our sins, and shall not our hearts rend that have lived in our sins? Oh! the nails that pierced his hands should now pierce our hearts. They should wound themselves with their sorrows, who have wounded him with their sins! That they have grieved his Spirit, it should grieve their spirits.—*Dyer.*

SATURDAY.

"The glory that excelleth."—2 Cor. iii. 10.

Inscribing with the city's name,
The heavenly New Jerusalem,
To me the victor's title give,
Among thy glorious saints to live,
And all their happiness to know,
A citizen of heaven below.

Who would not work for glory with the greatest diligence, and wait for glory with the greatest patience? Oh! what glories are there in glory! Thrones of glory, crowns of glory, vessels of glory, a weight of glory, a kingdom of glory. Here Christ puts his grace upon his spouse, but there he puts his glory upon his spouse; in heaven the crown is made for them, and in heaven the crown shall be worn by them; in this life believers have some good things, but the rest and best are reserved for the life to come.—*Ibid.*

SABBATH.

"Pardon mine iniquity, for it is great."—Ps. xxv. 11.

Lord, I am come! thy promise is my plea;
Without thy word I durst not venture nigh;
But thou hast call'd the burden'd soul to thee;
A weary burden'd soul, O Lord, am I!

Is it the greatness and the heinous nature of thy sins that afflict thee? Possibly thou mightst think I flatter thee, to tell thee thou shouldst gather ground of hope rather than of despair; for thou hast now a plea for pardon. See how the Prophet David urgeth this as an argument with God for the forgiveness of them: "For thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity." Why? It may be they are so great that they cannot in justice be pardoned: yea, "O Lord, pardon mine iniquity, for it is great." It is a very strange argument, one would think, thus to plead with men: "Pray, pardon me, because I have done you a great injury;" and yet, with God, whose thoughts are not as the thoughts of men, and whose ways are not as the ways of men, this strange argument is very forcible and prevalent: "Lord, pardon me, because I have sinned greatly:" thou speakest more reason by far, than if thou shouldst say, My sins are great and heinous, and therefore there is no hope of pardon for them.—*Hopkins.*

MONDAY.

"The god of this world hath blinded their minds."—2 Cor. iv. 4.

Wretches, who cleave to earthly things
But are not rich to God,
Their dying hour is full of stings,
And hell their dark abode.

As those that work in deep mines see not the sun, and know not how the day passeth away; so those earth-worms that toil and drudge to load themselves with thick clay out of the bowels of the earth, never consider how far their day is spent, nor how near their sun is to setting; never consider once how the day goes over their heads, but still work deeper and deeper, till they have opened a passage through earth into hell, into which at last they fall headlong.—*Ibid.*

TUESDAY.

"They shall look on me whom they have pierced, and shall mourn."—Zech. xii. 10.

Vouchsafe us eyes of faith to see
The Man transfix'd on Calvary—
To know thee, who thou art,
The one eternal God and true!
And let the sight affect, subdue,
And break my stubborn heart.

Art thou too little touched and affected with the evil of sin? Behold this sacrifice by faith, and try what efficacy there is in it to make sin for ever bitter as death to thy soul. Suppose thine own father had been stabbed to the heart with a knife, and his blood were upon it, wouldst thou delight to see, or endure to use that knife any more? Sin is the knife that stabbed Christ to the heart—this shed his blood. Surely, you can never make light of that which lay so heavy upon the soul and body of Jesus Christ.—*Flavel.*

WEDNESDAY.

"Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils."—Isa. ii. 22.

Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into God's hands—
To his sure truth and tender care
Who earth and heaven commands.

There are two things that should deter us from dependence upon any man, viz., his falseness and his frailty. It was the saying of a philosopher when he heard how merchants lost great estates at sea in a moment, "I love not the happiness which hangs upon a rope." But all the happiness of many men hangs upon a far weaker thing than a rope, even the perishing breath of a creature. The best way to continue your friends to your comfort, is to give God, and not them, your dependence; and the best way to secure yourselves against the rage of enemies, is to give God your fear, and not them.—*Ibid.*

THURSDAY.

"Him hath God exalted to be a Prince."—Acts v. 31.

Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide!
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.

Who can conceive the happiness of the saints in the presence-chamber of the great King, where he sits in his chair of state, making his glory eminently to appear in the man Christ? His gracious presence makes a mighty change upon the saints in this world: his glorious presence in heaven, then, must elevate their graces to their perfection, and enlarge their capacities. The saints do now experience that the presence of God with them, in his grace, can make a little heaven of a sort of hell; how great, then, must the glory of heaven be by his presence there in his glory! If a candle, in some sort, beautifies a cottage or prison, how will the shining sun beautify a palace or paradise?—*Boston.*

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LOOKING TO OUR WAYS.

BY THE REV. JOHN FAIRBAIRN, ALLANTON.

"My Memory tracks each several way,
Since Reason did begin
Over my actions her first sway;
And teacheth me, that each new day
Did only vary sin.

"Poor bankrupt Conscience! where are those
Rich hours but formed to thee?
How carelessly I some did lose,
And others to my lust dispose,
As no rent-day should be."

HABINGTON.

THAT is a good resolution of David's in the 39th Psalm: "I said I will take heed to my ways." May the Lord give us grace to take heed to our ways! There is hope of a man when, from true conviction of sin, and a sincere desire to escape from it, he resolves in his heart, with the help of God, to take heed to his ways.

You may look to your ways from two points. You are to do so. You are to look back—you are to look forward. When a traveller comes to a hill top, he can take his breath there, and look back upon the track over which he has journeyed. It lies like a chart stretched out at his feet, and invites his perusal. Do you, who are life's pilgrims, stop for a few minutes, and, as from a favourable eminence, look back upon your past ways. There is much to reflect upon.

To aid your reflections, recollect that eternity is the end of your journey. You are getting towards it. Each week, day, hour, brings you nearer it. You have not thought sufficiently on this. You were thinking, it is likely, on no such matter—supposing that all things were standing still, and you standing still in the midst of them. To-day is so like yesterday, you thought there was no moving forwards. Standing still! There is no standing still; at least in this world there is none. You were once little helpless children. See what you are now. How far time has brought you on your life-journey! You started when you first discovered a grey hair in your head. You could scarce believe it. With some of you a black hair is as great a rarity as a grey one once was. You are getting near to eternity.

What have you to say or think when you look back upon your ways? By what path have you been posting on all this while? According to the course of this world? Are you still in that way?—sailing with the stream? Matters are not well with you. Are you living without the knowledge of God—the fear of God—the love of God? You are as yet in "the broad way." It leads to perdition. Our Saviour describes it: "Enter ye in at the strait gate; for wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat." You may think how wide that gate is, and how broad that way, at which the world enters—along which the whole world almost travels.

You think there is no way like this. You are greatly taken with it. It falls in, to an hair's breadth, with your desires. "There is nothing," you say, "of Methodistic preciseness here—no stiff-necked formality—no sad-featured hypocrisy. It is a pleasant way to travel. What merry-making is there amongst the glad-hearted multitudes that crowd along it! Out upon the fear of death, and the fear of judgment! Eternity is yet a good way off. These we will think of in good time. Meanwhile we will not disturb ourselves with such gloomy meditations. Why spoil all by looking upon such a death's-head? See how invitingly the path winds along. It is all covered with flowers. There is singing of birds on every side." True—in one sense, it is all true; but, as you love your souls, be not deceived. The company is great, but it is a company of hardened sinners. These flowers, these blossoming lusts, are set with thorns; and would you have your souls stuck full of them? These songs shall soon be changed into wringing of hands and bitter curses. Broad and pleasant as the way now appears, it is a bad way; it leads to destruction. It is the way along which Satan drives this world; and you know where the end of his journey lies. What shall be said to you, if, on looking back, you find that this is the way you have been travelling up till this hour? But you have yet to look forward; for there is much in that direction also to think upon.

You must be reminded that your natural eyesight—the eye of a carnal heart—will not carry you so far as it is needful you should look. If you look no farther than it will carry you, you had almost as well not look at all. It will carry you no farther than to that dim boundary where eternity touches upon time. You may see the length of the border-land, and the river of death which flows between this world and the world to come. It is not only as far as eternity you are to look—you must look into eternity. You must do so through the Word of God. If you are in the way of the world, take the Word of God, and see where that way leads; whither it will inevitably conduct you, if you persevere in travelling along it. "There is no peace to the wicked." Would you but look forward, and see where it is you are going! Surely it would startle some to see how near they are to the pit—on its verge. No impenitent, unconverted sinner is far from

destruction. How very near to destruction are some! Not merely within sight of it—at it, if they could only see — within hearing of its horrid cries, if only they could hear. At the very edge of it—yet asleep! Surely the miserable groaning of those already in it might warn you from the like misery. They are crying out to you to beware. What a calling out is there to warn sinners to flee from the wrath to come! God is speaking to them out of heaven. Christ is beseeching them. The Holy Spirit is striving with them. Ministers are crying out to them. Nay, the very lost souls in hell are imploring them to flee from the wrath to come. Did not "the rich man," being in hell, earnestly entreat that one might be sent from the dead to warn his brethren upon earth, who, to their own destruction, were walking in his footsteps?

Have some pity upon yourselves. Look back on your past ways. Look forward, also, whither you are hastening. Are you in "the broad way?" Continue not in it an hour longer. Why should you linger till the avenger of blood be upon you? Were you but crying out "What shall we do to be saved?" Salvation is not far off. It is near at hand, if only sinners were in downright earnest. It is near at hand; but it must be sought after. It must be sought earnestly, prayerfully—with much diligence. "Strive to enter in at the strait gate." There are two things there. The gate is *strait* —those that would enter must *strive*. The gate is strait; not so strait, however, but that ye may enter, with God's help. You may enter, soul and body; but there is entrance for nothing more. The devil, the world, and the flesh, must be renounced. What a crowding would there be, might men enter with their sins! This cannot be; therefore they pass on. But the second thing is the striving. What a struggle has the awakened sinner in entering "the strait gate!" Manifold are the elements of this struggle. What a hold, for example, have the lusts of the flesh, worldly-mindedness, the pride of life, upon him! Look at some poor bird entangled in the snare of the fowler. It flutters and beats its wings—from pure exhaustion it must give up; having gathered again a little strength, it again flutters and beats its wings. Even so the sinner at the gate of life. These cursed sins have woven their meshes round his soul. They pull him down. He thinks he has escaped; he is still entangled. Awakened, struggling sinner, look unto Jesus; take hold of his omnipotent right hand, stretched down to thee. Hold fast by his gracious promises. He struggles on. And being thus engaged between life and death, Satan comes up like a roaring lion; and with Satan he has also to contend with his own sins, and Satan stirring them up. The enemy knows what the sinner has his eye upon, when the struggle is to enter at the strait gate. He will not lose him if he can help it. "What! thinkest thou thus to give me the slip? There are the sins of your past life. They have heaped upon your soul all this mountain-load of guilt. Can you for a moment think that there is pardon for such a one as you? Can you reasonably entertain any hope of salvation? Thou art beyond the reach of mercy—thy case is hopeless."

You must not only look at your own ways, but also at the ways of God. The doubts and difficulties of a truly awakened soul are else unanswerable and insuperable. "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts." Christ "is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him." The question of your salvation is not a question about your merits and deservings. What are your sins, that the blood of Christ should not be able to wash them out? The Father has declared his satisfaction with the work of Christ, and has set Christ forth to be a propitiation for sin; and surely you may be satisfied. But you do not doubt Christ's ability to save you: it is about his willingness that you are concerned. And no wonder. Conscious of your utter depravity, your innumerable and grievously aggravated sins, you are cast down with the thought that there can be no mercy in Christ for such as you. Consider what the revealed will of God concerning you is; for it is with it that you have mainly to do. "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live. Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?" The sinner little knows the thoughts that are in Christ's heart, when he supposes that he may be unwilling. Add not to all your other sins that of questioning the willingness of Christ to save you. When he takes such pains to tell you how willing, nay, how anxious he is, take not the word out his mouth and deny it. Christ is dishonoured by the doubts of sinners as to his willingness to save them. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."

Awake, my soul, and praise
Christ's love divine—
My soul, it exceedeth
All thought of thine.

Couldst thou soar to heaven?—
'Tis higher—steeper;
Couldst thou pierce the abyss?—
'Tis deeper—far deeper.

Away with the sun,
In his dazzling flight,
From his rising at morn,
To his setting at night—

From the orient gate,
To the western star,
Christ's love!—'tis longer,
Broader far.

The earth around thee,
The heaven above—
The universe floats
In that infinite love.

"My sins' prison walls
Reach up to the sky"—
Despair, O despair not!
Christ's love is as high:

Higher, far higher—
Behold it shine
From above their height,
That love divine!

"My sins have plunged me
In deepest abyss."—
The love of thy Jesus
Is deeper than this.

My soul, thou despairest;
Despair not, but flee
To the bosom of Jesus—
He waiteth for thee.

"I have slighted his love"—
It yearneth o'er thee;
"Resisted his Spirit"—
He striveth with thee.

"The divine wrath is kindled"—
Thy Jesus has staid it;
"My debt is past reckoning"—
Thy Jesus has paid it.

"I have crowned him with thorns;
My sins have him slain"—
The blood Thou hast shed
Was to wash from that stain.

"Ah, love! divine love!
But can it be mine?"—
Receive Him, poor outcast,
And Jesus is thine.

LITERARY DISHONESTY OF THE CHURCH OF ROME.

We extract the following particulars from Dr Cunningham's Preface to Stillingfleet's Reply to Gother—a singularly able and useful work, which is now very scarce; and of which, we are happy to learn, that the respected editor is engaged in superintending a new edition through the press. Bishop Stillingfleet was perhaps the most learned and able of all the many opponents of Popery whom the seventeenth century produced; and his answer to Gother, with Dr Cunningham's Preface and valuable Notes, presents, perhaps, the best summary of the Protestant argument, in short compass, which is to be found in the language. The Notes will be found, in one respect, particularly advantageous to *students*, as furnishing them with references to the principal works on the various branches of the controversy:—

During the sixteenth century, Popish controversialists seldom complained of being misrepresented, but endeavoured to defend their real doctrines as well as they could. They succeeded, however, so ill in this work, that they soon found it expedient to allege that the Protestants misunderstood and misrepresented their tenets, and, at the same time, attempted to soften their absurdity by subtle and insidious explanations.

One of the first attempts of this kind with which we are acquainted, is to be found in a work published in 1634, entitled, "*Deus, Natura, Gratia*," &c., by Franciscus a Santa Clara, who was a professor in the University of Louvaine, but had resided a long time in England. One object of his book is to show that there is no very material difference in doctrine between Protestants and Papists; and with this view he goes over the Thirty-Nine Articles of the Church of England, endeavouring to show, in regard to those of them which are plainly levelled against Popish tenets, but where Popery is not expressly mentioned, that the Popish doctrine, when rightly understood—that is, by the help of his subtle glosses and Jesuitical explanations—did not substantially differ from that of the Church of England: and in regard to those of them in which Popish doctrines are expressly condemned by name, that the compilers of the Articles did not correctly understand what the doctrine of the Church of Rome on these points was; that they condemned only an imagination of their own; and that, if they had known the true Popish doctrines upon these topics, they would have characterized them in a different way.

Bishop Hall, in his "Censure of Travel," gives a very striking and graphic account of the fraud and manœuvring employed by Popish priests to entrap Englishmen whom they found travelling upon the Continent. It appears, from his statement, that the art of softening and modifying the offensive tenets of Popery had not yet found its way into Popish books, but was extensively employed in conversation. He tells us that "Popery spoken and written are two things," and "that in discourse nothing is more ordinary than to disclaim some of their received positions, and to blanch (whitewash) others, and to allege that it is the malice of an enemy that misreports them." "They deliver," he says, "the opinion of their Church with such mitigation and favour as those that care to please, not to inform; forming the voice of the Church to the liking of the hearer—not the judgment of the hearer to the voice of the Church. Resolved to outface all evidence, they make fair weather of their foulest opinions, and inveigh against nothing so much as the spitefulness of our slanders. It is not possible that any wise stranger should be in love with the face of the Church, if they might see her in her own likeness; and, therefore, *they have cunningly masked one part of it, and painted another.*" The arts which, in Bishop Hall's time, were employed only in conversation, have been since extensively introduced by the Papists into their writings; and his description, above quoted, applies with singular accuracy to many of their productions in more modern times, and especially in the present day.

Perhaps the most celebrated Popish work directed to the object of representing Popish doctrines in a fraudulent and insidious way, is Bossuet's "Exposition of the Doctrine of the Catholic Church in Matters of Controversy;" and probably we could not produce a more striking illustration of the dishonesty of Papists in representing their doctrines than by mentioning some facts in the history of this celebrated production. But before proceeding to this instructive and melancholy narrative, it may be proper to mention the light in which modern Papists regard Bossuet's Exposition.

Mr Butler, in his Book of the Roman Catholic Church (p. 10), mentions Bossuet's Exposition as a book in which a correct and authentic statement of Popish doctrine is to be found; and in his Vindication of the preceding work (p. 8), he makes the following assertion in regard to it:—"Roman Catholics have but one opinion of it—all, without exception, acknowledge it to be a full and faultless exposition of the doctrines of their Church. I could not, therefore, have referred Protestants to a more authentic exposition of the Catholic creed." Dr Murray, the Popish Archbishop of Dublin, in his famous letter to his "beloved fellow-Christians, the Protestants of Great Britain," in regard to "Dens' Theology," thus addressed them:—"Take the trouble of making yourselves acquainted, through authentic sources, with the real differences between us and you. You will find them in a little book which I pray you to read over; it is a short explanation of the Roman Catholic faith, by Bossuet." Let us attend, then, to some of the circumstances connected with this "full and faultless exposition" of the creed of Popery, derived chiefly from the prefaces to Archbishop Wake's "Exposition of the Doctrines of the Church of England," and to his two Defences of it, where they are established by incontrovertible evidence. Bossuet's Exposition was published in 1671, when great efforts were making to convert the Protestants in France. It had the approving attestation of eleven bishops, and when it was fully printed, and just about to issue from the press, its author sent a copy of it to the Faculty of the Sorbonne, who, instead of approving it, marked for correction not a few passages, in which the author, with the view of softening the harsh tenets of Popery, had misrepresented the real doctrines of the Church. Bossuet immediately suppressed this edition, and in a few months published another, in which he availed himself, to some extent, of the censure of the Sorbonne; although even this he could never prevail on that learned body to approve. Many Papists disapproved of the book, as an unfaithful statement of Popish doctrine, and as going too far in the way of accommodation of Protestant prejudices. The reigning Pope, Clement X., positively refused to sanction it, though importuned to do so for a period of five years; and it was not till after three years of reiterated importunity that his successor, Pope Innocent XI., was at last prevailed upon, in 1679, to recommend it "as eminently fitted to promote the Catholic faith, on account of its doctrine, method, and *prudence;*" while, on the very same day, his Holiness issued another brief, approving a book which taught a different and opposite doctrine from that of Bossuet and the Gallican Church on the subject of Papal authority. Imbert, a Doctor of Divinity in Bourdeaux, was accused of heresy in 1683, and although he proved that his doctrine upon the point was exactly the same as that contained in Bossuet's Exposition, he was condemned and imprisoned for it by his archbishop. Witt, a Popish priest in Mechlin, was also accused of heresy in 1685, and though he supported his opinion by the authority of Bossuet, in his Exposition, yet the Faculty of Louvaine condemned it as scandalous and pernicious.

Cardinal Capisucchi, Master of the Sacred Palace, and Cardinal Bona, whose recommendations of the Exposition are prefixed to the later editions of it, taught, in their own works, published about the same time, doctrines on the worship of saints and images opposed to that of the book which they recommended, and more in accordance with the tenets of the Church of Rome.

When these facts were published by Wake, Bossuet came forward, and publicly denied the existence of any edition which had been censured by the Sorbonne, and suppressed by himself. Wake providentially had procured a copy of it when he was chaplain to the British ambassador at Paris, and submitted it to the public inspection. Bossuet then asserted that it had been printed without his knowledge; but Wake produced unquestionable evidence that this, too, was a falsehood. He at the same time convicted Bossuet of two other deliberate lies; one, an assertion that he did not know of a book of Father Crasset's, in which his doctrine about the worship of the Virgin Mary was censured; and the other, a statement in his pastoral letter to the new converts of his diocese, in which he told them, that "not one of them had suffered violence, either in his person or his goods," although he knew well that they had been subjected to severe persecution, which he supported both in theory and in practice. The fact that Bossuet's Exposition was recommended by the Pope was adduced by the Doctors of the Sorbonne in 1717, as a proof that a diversity of opinion upon some points is tolerated in the Church of Rome.

Such is the history of the book which Butler, who has published a life of Bossuet, and who must have known many of these facts, tells us "all Roman Catholics, without exception, acknowledge, as a full and faultless exposition of the doctrines of their Church." Such was the man to whom Dr Murray refers us for an honest and authentic statement of Popish doctrine.

EXCURSION TO ARRAN.

LAMLASH.

THOUGH Lamlash has not all the beauty and grandeur of Brodick, it is very far from being devoid of interest. Nature has done much for it. The noble bay, forming a semicircle, is about three miles in length from north to south. In the mouth of the bay stands the Holy Isle—a magnificent cone, nearly a thousand feet in height. On each side of the isle there is a convenient entrance into the bay, which it protects and adorns; and within there is excellent anchorage-ground, of sufficient depth for the largest vessels, and capable of containing a whole navy. What a magnificent breakwater does the Holy Isle form! We read with wonder, as an astonishing achievement of science, of a breakwater being formed by innumerable beams, seventy or eighty feet in length, being driven through earth and rock by the tremendous power of the steam-hammer; but what is this but as the work of insects, compared with the stupendous might which must have been exercised when this gigantic mole was pushed up through rock, and earth, and water, and the elevated sandstone overflowed by a stream of melted porphyry? Behold the power and the goodness of God! How many, after weathering the storm, and casting anchor under the shelter of this mighty breakwater, have said: "Thanks be to God, we are in Lamlash Bay!" Had Virgil ever been in Britain, we would have thought that he had Lamlash in his eye when he wrote the following description:—

> "Est in secessu longo locus; insula portum
> Efficit objectu laterum;" &c.
>
> "Within a long recess there lies a bay:
> An island shades it from the rolling sea,
> And forms a port secure for ships to ride."
>
> DRYDEN.

While it reminds the classical scholar of the stately hexameters of the Mantuan bard, it reminds the pious

Christian, though learned only in his Bible, of HIM who is "as a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest;" and of the strong consolation experienced by those who have fled for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before them; which hope they have "as an anchor of the soul, both sure and stedfast, and which entereth into that within the veil."

Near to the south end of the neat and cheerful village, stands *Whitehouse*, the residence of the Duke of Hamilton's factor. How much, within my remembrance, has this place been improved and beautified! The rising grounds on each side yielded, some twenty years ago, a scanty crop of grass and heather; an extensive plain behind the house, if I remember aright, was full of peat holes; the ground before the house was a quagmire, on which the hungry cattle at times ventured, at the risk of being swallowed up. The quagmire has been converted into a beautiful verdant lawn; the undulating heights and the peat-producing plain are now waving with the richest crops; the house is embowered in flowering shrubs; and the garden is stocked, not only with culinary esculents and common fruits, but it yields also peaches, and nectarines, and figs. The lover of flowers will find here everything rare and beautiful; and, even at Christmas, he may see *Camelia Japonica* in flower in the open air. On one side of the lawn, the bare walls of an old kiln have been made to assume the appearance of the picturesque ruins of an old chapel; on entering which a person might think that he had made a rapid transit to Madeira, as he sees so many tender exotics in the most healthy and flourishing condition, with no other protection than the ruined walls. One plant of *Fuschia discolor* is so remarkable, that a friend and I had the curiosity to measure it, and found that it was eighteen feet in height by twenty-two feet in breadth. It sows itself so freely, that a numerous offspring may be seen springing from the border, and even from the chinks and crevices of the walls.

It *is* pleasant to see, under the influence of taste, and skill, and active industry, the face of nature assuming a more smiling aspect, and the grateful earth rendering more bountiful returns; but how much more pleasant to see any portion of the moral wilderness beginning to blossom, and, instead of the natural crop of thistles and thorns, rearing trees of righteousness, soon to flourish in a happier land! As we are all bound to have a share in this spiritual husbandry, should we not individually say to ourselves, What have we been doing? Ministers of the Gospel have a great responsibility; for to each of them a large portion of the field to be reclaimed is assigned. It is not all unproductive. Here and there, there are blossoms of hope, and sweet olive plants that need to be watered; and here and there, there are trees, over which the storms of many winters have passed, and which need to be sustained. Should not the spiritual labourer go often to see whether the vine flourish—whether the tender grape appear, and the pomegranate bud forth—whether the fig tree put forth her green figs, and the vine with the tender grape give a good smell? But, alas! when he looks for vines, and fig trees, and pomegranates, how often does he find only crab trees and wild olives, yielding, instead of mellow fruit, nothing but what is sour, unsavoury, and unwholesome! Up, then, and be doing, thou servant of the Lord! Thou canst not change their nature, but thou canst bud, and ingraft, and dig, and water, under the directions of the great spiritual Husbandman, who is ready, in answer to thy prayers, to prosper the work of thy hand, and to render it successful. And should not every parent likewise be up and active? The field assigned to him may be small, but is it not precious? and should he not most earnestly desire that it may be as a field which the Lord has blessed—watered, as the garden of the Lord, with wells of living water, and streams from Lebanon—every olive plant grafted and fruitful, and every vine branch from the right stock, and already laden with purple clusters?

We took a walk in the forenoon towards the southern extremity of the bay; but it yielded nothing except the pleasure of the walk. The time has been, when the ground over which we passed must have been five fathoms under water; for, in the wooded bank at this place, about thirty feet above the present sea-level, there is a deposit of post-tertiary marine shells; and I have been told that there is opposite to it, on the Holy Isle, a corresponding deposit. A great treat awaited us in the afternoon. We learned, that the fisherman of late has been in the habit of dredging in the bay for scallop *(Pecten opercularis)*,* to be used as bait; and we had hired his boat and dredging apparatus. There is nothing so delightful to naturalists at all acquainted with the wonders of the deep, as a dredging expedition; for it brings within their reach much that they could not otherwise expect to see. We were disappointed on finding that the larger boat was under repair; and as the small boat would have been unsafe with seven aboard, we set the females ashore on the Holy Isle, with instructions to visit ST MOLIOS' cave, while we were carrying on the dredging operations. While rowing to the dredging ground, we looked with delight around us. Seaward, our view was bounded by the Holy Isle; landward, we had not only the hills and glens around Lamlash, but, towering above these humbler heights, we saw Goatfell and the adjoining cliffs, forming a noble background of rugged grandeur. The bay itself, smooth as glass, reflecting, as in a mirror, the surrounding scene, gave us not only mountains rising to the sky, but similar peaks descending into the deep recesses of the sea. But we were about to explore these recesses for something else than mountain shadows. Accordingly, the dredging began, and the first haul brought up some dozens of scallops. The scallops (or *Pectens*) are a beautiful tribe, and both the shell and its inhabitant show forth the praises of the Lord. Are any disposed to think the scallop must lead a joyless life, lying inert in the dungeons of the deep? The *Pecten*, let me tell them, is a happy, active creature. It can raise itself to the surface, and though unaided by fins, can skim cleverly through the waves. I have seen a little fleet of them skipping about most merrily, as if engaged in some frolicsome dance. On watching their zig-zag evolutions, I found that their valves were to them in the water what wings are to a bird

* They are better known in Scotland under the name of *clams*.

in the air. Every time they opened and shut their valves, they were rapidly propelled several yards, and they had only to repeat the operation and their sportive movement was continued. Others may say: "What a pity, poor things, that they are blind!" Your pity is again misplaced. You are happy in having two eyes, and will you pity the scallop which has three dozen? Look at it when it opens its shell. See you a circle of beads around the margin of its body, both in the upper and under valves? These pretty beads are sparkling eyes; so that He who made it, and made it to be happy, left it not to grope its way in darkness, either in the mazes of the dance or when engaged in searching for food at the bottom of the sea. But we were in search of something rarer than scallops, and now for the result.

Though at one haul we had got abundance of scallops or clams, it was not for the clams that we much cared, but for their parasitical accompaniments. Accordingly, we scraped off, with great care, what few would have thought deserving of the smallest notice; for though, in the huddled state in which they adhered to the shell on being removed from the water, we could not precisely say what they were, we were sure that they were well worth attending to. We were not disappointed. On floating them in fresh water, on our return to the shore, we found that we had got several species of rare and beautiful algæ. There were some small, but very fine specimens of *Laurencia dasyphylla*. There were four most beautiful species of *Calithamnion*—*C. plumula*, *C. byssoides*, *C. gracillimum*, and *C. pedicellatum*. There were also specimens of *Bonnemaisonia asparagoides*, deriving its specific name from its resemblance to a branch of asparagus, though, instead of being green, it is pink. There were, besides, some specimens of *Griffithsia corallina*—a beautiful plant, which we had not before met with in the west of Scotland. It has been named *Griffithsia* as a tribute of respect to a worthy English lady, highly deserving of the honour, whom we sometimes denominate the Queen of Algologists.*

These beautiful algæ were not the only parasites on the scallop shells. There was something more conspicuous, as it was about four inches in length, but certainly it did not seem more attractive. It was like a *drookit* white feather. But place it again in the water, and what does it become? It has recovered its state of collapse, and, though still like a feather, it is one of great beauty and elegance. It is *Plumularia pinnata*—a zoophyte; for we have risen in the scale of being, and have now got among living creatures. You would not think that that beautiful white feather had life; but it is only the habitations that you see. The alarmed inhabitants have fled into their houses. But place the polypidom, as it is called, in a tumbler of sea water, and when the alarm is over, the inhabitants will again appear. The polypes are hydra-form, and spread forth many tentacula in search of food, which they greedily grasp. The feather is formed of calcareous matter, mixed with gelatine, to give it flexibility, so that it may the better stand the buffeting of the waves. Observe the stem or quill of the feather, and you will see that it is full of red matter. That is the medullary pulp. Every plumule of the feather is a street. Even with the naked eye you may observe on each plumule about a dozen notches or denticles. Each of these is the house or *cell*, as it is called, of a polype; so that, in a good specimen, we see a kind of marine village, which, under the teaching of God, has been beautifully constructed by the thousand inhabitants which it contains.

* Mrs Griffith's, Torquay.

Along with this, we got some specimens of a kindred zoophyte, of great beauty—*Plumularia Catharina;* specifically so named in honour of a highly accomplished lady,* to whom natural history is under great obligations. Neither of these had been got by us in the west before. There were several other pretty zoophytes, which some will thank me for passing over unnamed. I may, however, mention that on the frond of *Laminaria* I got several good specimens of *Lepralia annulata*—a zoophyte which was new to Britain when I found it on the Ayrshire coast some years ago.

Every haul of the dredge brought us up something to increase the variety. There were several kinds of star-fishes—such as *Uraster glacialis* (spiny cross-fish); *Goniaster Templetoni* (Templeton's cushion-star—rare); and many others which I shall pass over, that I may attempt to describe one of surpassing beauty, not got on the west coast of Scotland, I believe, since the days of our distinguished zoologist, Pennant. This is *Comatula rosacea*, or the feather-star. It is one which, even in dredging, a person who does not know it is apt to pass over. It has no beauty when entangled among the roots of *Laminaria*. Fortunately, however, I took the trouble of disentangling it, and great was my delight when, having cast it into a tumbler of sea water, I saw it spreading itself out in all its beauty. Could I place before you Professor Forbes' fine figure of it, you could not help admiring it. If you saw a fine little scarlet ostrich feather in the water, waving with life, you would say: "What a beautiful object!" How much stronger would be your expressions of admiration if, from the disc, or body in the centre, you saw proceeding some twenty or thirty of these scarlet plumes, instinct with life, and exhibiting the most graceful evolutions! What gives greater interest to it is, that in its young state this scarlet feather-star is mounted on a stem, and then it is the representative of a tribe of marine animals now rare, but which, in an early period of the world's history, must have been very common, viz., encrinites, or stone-lilies; for their stems are abundant in almost every limestone quarry, and their detached joints are well known under the name of St Cuthbert's beads. These ancient encrinites must have been giants compared with those of the present day; but great, and numerous, and lively as they once were, they now lie entombed in the calcareous mud, hardened into limestone, and elevated by some great convulsion from the bottom of the sea. And numerous and mighty

* Mrs Catharine Johnston, Berwick-upon-Tweed, to whom her husband, Dr George Johnston, is indebted for all the drawings, and many of the engravings, in his valuable works.

as the human inhabitants at present on the face of the earth may appear in their own eyes, the time is fast approaching when the all-devouring grave shall have closed upon them, and the place that now knows them shall know them no more.

But leaving the star-fishes, we came to a kindred tribe—the sea-urchins. Besides the common one (*Echinus sphæra*), and a less common one (*Echinus miliaris*), we got one which is certainly very rare in the west of Scotland, for I had never got it before, viz., *Spatangus purpureus*. Every person knows the common one found so abundantly on the shore, stripped of its spines, and called the sea-egg. The spines of the common one are a yellowish-white colour. Those on the back and sides are hair-like, and pointed. Those on the under parts of the body are spoon-shaped, and are employed as shovels. The wisdom and goodness of God are very evident in the formation of these spines, so well fitted for burrowing. I remember placing one, which had been dug up, on wet sand. It seemed to be motionless; but I soon found that the spoon-shaped spines were busily at work beneath, shovelling the sand from under it, so that it was sinking in the sand, while the long sharp upper ones were soon as busily employed in spreading the loose sand over it. The purple-heart-urchin which we now found, is larger and handsomer than the common one. It is a deep purple colour, with pale spines. Some of the spines on the back are very long, corresponding well with the figure of it given in Professor Forbes' History of British Star-Fishes, &c. It was gratifying to find on it a few specimens of *Montacuta substriata*, which is well known to be parasitical on the purple-heart-urchin. This beautiful little bivalve was an addition to my cabinet of shells, as I had never seen it before. Why it chooses to nestle among the spines of the purple-heart-urchin I cannot tell; but undoubtedly there is some good reason.

It would exhaust the patience of my readers were I to enumerate the rare and beautiful shells we found. They are, however, objects of great interest; and both the shells and their inhabitants, whether great or small, are well fitted to show forth the wonderful wisdom and goodness of the Lord. As above a hundred species were found now and on a former occasion, and as many of them were rare, I shall not venture even to make a selection. A complete list of them is published in the "Annals of Natural History."

But some of our readers, who like to hear of what can be turned to good account, may perhaps say: "Got you no fish when you were dredging?" Yes; I am happy to say we did get one fish—and that one was new to Scotland.* "What was it, pray?" It was *Lepidogaster bimaculatus!* But long though the name be, I must own that the fish itself is not quite so long and large as a whale; so that our Scottish fishermen need not expect any additional hogsheads of blubber. Nay, it is not even so long as a haddock; so that the table will not groan under it when served up. "How long was it, then?" It was (for it was full-grown)—it was . . . . nearly . . . . an inch and a-half in length! But though it may not furnish much nourishment for the body, it is our own fault if it yield not some food for the mind. It has an organ to be found in few of our British fishes; that is, a *sucker*, by which it can firmly adhere to other bodies. In general, this adhesive apparatus is on the under surface of the body. In one, however, it is on the crown of the head, and by this it has been found adhering to the haddock. God gives no organ in vain. It is probable, however, that this adhesive apparatus is for more purposes than we yet know of. But we see that it may be useful for support and for protection. The *Remora*, which has the sucker on the upper part of the head, has been found adhering to another fish; and it is thus wafted through the waves without any expenditure of its own strength. Others of them cling by it to rocks and stones; and this may afford protection, and may save them from being dashed to pieces in the storm. There is one kind, called the *Lump sucker*, which, from it size and clumsiness, might be very apt to suffer in stormy seas, were not its power of adhesion very great. Pennant mentions, "that on placing a fish of this kind in a pail of water, it fixed itself so firmly to the bottom, that on taking it by the tail, the whole pail by that means was lifted up, though it contained some gallons, and that without removing the fish from its hold." Small, then, though the *Bimaculated sucker* is, which we found on this occasion, is it not well fitted to teach us a lesson of wisdom? Often is the believer placed, as it were, in troubled seas; but there is a rock which no storm can move. That rock is Christ. The little fish may be driven from its hold, and may perish in the storm; but let the believer, in the exercise of faith, cling to Christ, and he is perfectly safe in the greatest tempest; for not only has he a hold of Christ, but Christ keeps fast hold of him, and no power in heaven, or earth, or hell, can pluck the believer out of the Redeemer's hand.

* Since I wrote the above, I have received a letter from William Thompson, Esq., Belfast, to whom I had sent the little fish, that there might be no mistake in my statement as to the species. He says: "*Lepidogaster bimaculatus*—certain. I had it before, if memory fails not, from the Scottish coast; but 'tis a species only to be had by dredging, and consequently known to very few. The *L. Cornubiensis* is littoral, at least on the coast of Clare, where I took it between tide marks." I may add, that it is littoral also at the Mull of Galloway, where it was taken by the Rev. Mr Lamb, the worthy Free Church minister at Maidenkirk.

TIME.

Time *was*—is past; thou canst not it recall:
Time *is*—thou hast; employ the portion small
Time *future* is not; and may never be:
Time *present* is the only time for thee.

ANON.

A WORD TO PARENTS

ON ADVISING THEIR CHILDREN TO GO FORWARD TO THE LORD'S TABLE.

I HAVE, in my own pastoral experience, known many young persons who, on coming, at an after period, to the knowledge of the truth and the real experience of its saving power, have acknowledged that nothing served more effectually, when they had "the form without the power," to settle their minds in secure

self-complacency, than their having been easily, and in conformity with prevailing custom, admitted to Christian fellowship—their having, in compliance with counsel and persuasion, "*gone forward to the table*"—"*taken the sacrament.*" There are, indeed, in this matter, two extremes. There is the extreme of representing the Lord's supper as a great and fearful mystery—surrounding it with the barriers of intimidation—"fencing the table" with the terrors of hell;—thus alarming and keeping back the more timid and self-distrustful, the very class who ought to be encouraged; while the bolder and more confident, simply because less seriously impressed and less worthy of encouragement, are insensible to the designed restraint, and break through. And there is, on the other hand, the extreme of formalism and custom—regarding it as one of the duties which become incumbent at a particular period of life, and urging compliance with it when that period arrives; parents being uneasy when it passes, till they have prevailed with their children to "*come to the table;*" forgetting that, till they have reason to believe them to have undergone that change without which "no one can enter into the kingdom of God," the pressing of the observance of the outward rite is but one of the many modes of deluding their souls. The first object of parents should be to bring their children to Christ; and as soon as, with calm conviction and sweet satisfaction and joy, they see their minds spiritually enlightened, and their hearts surrendered to him; then it becomes more than right, it becomes imperative, to suggest and urge the propriety and duty of "confessing Christ" by uniting in the fellowship of his Church—by applying for a place at his table. Such suggestion becomes specially incumbent, when decision of principle is associated, as it often is, with constitutional diffidence and backwardness.—*Memoir of the Rev. J. Reid of Bellary, by Dr Wardlaw.*

THE CITIES OF ITALY.

BY THE REV. W. K. TWEEDIE, EDINBURGH.

BRESCIA—VERONA—VICENZA—PADUA—VENICE.

"THE fatal gift of beauty," bestowed on Italy, has made it an object of cupidity to every conqueror from Hannibal to Napoleon. The history of many centuries is crowded with details of its conquest by various masters—its invasion by Goths, Huns, Vandals, Gauls, and other tribes, till every plain is memorable as a battle-field, and every city as the scene of some plot, or siege, or stratagem of war. The whole country seems so obviously designed for the gentle employments of peace, while it has been so thoroughly and so often overrun by devastating war, that the whole history of Italy exhibits the doings of man in direct and manifest conflict with the purposes of God. All around Milan, for example, the country is like one great battle-plain, where the teeming productiveness of earth has an hundred times been trodden down by the iron heel of war.

In leaving that city, and taking a last look of its cathedral, we felt reconciled to another change of scene by the fact, that once seen it could never be forgotten. Like the Apollo in the Vatican, the Falls of the Rhine, the Cascade at Terni, the basaltic caves at Staffa, and some other spectacles which thousands hasten to gaze at, the Milan Cathedral once visited will be always remembered. It stereotypes itself in the mind; and its graceful proportions can be recalled without an effort, nay, sometimes without a wish.

The season made it requisite for us to leave Milan towards nightfall, and to travel by night; and as we were now in the land of brigands and banditti, an escort was needed for our safety. Two gens-d'armes, well mounted, and equipped for whatever might befall, were engaged, and we slowly took the road to Brescia, with an armed horseman on either side. Pillage, and even murder, had been not infrequent about that period along the route, so that every traveller was constrained to journey thus defended; and as we hurried along in silence, and sometimes in alarm, we had occasion to ruminate again on the strange contrast between the land of Italy and the Italians—the one rich, luxuriant, and laden with abundance—the other in many cases wretched, degenerate, and reckless even of human life. Whence this contrast? Do we ascribe it to their wretched government? Is it to be traced to their yet more wretched superstition? Have habits of industry been lost by their frequent wars, and the military despotism under which they live? Or is there some peculiarity in the Italian constitution which renders so many of them lawless and wild, just as the Caribs have degenerated into cannibals, and the South Sea Islanders into thieves? Whatever be the explanation, certain it is that the traveller in Italy has sometimes been compelled to become a man of bloodshed, in self-defence, so rapacious and unbridled are its people in certain of its districts. As we travelled along the route from Milan to Venice, we bought whole handfuls of figs for a baiocco (halfpenny). Peaches, and other luscious fruits were equally abundant; and yet the peasantry seemed haggard and wretched, as if, in some way or other, there were *something* political, municipal, or religious, "grinding the faces of the poor."

Brescia—the Brixia of the Romans—is signalized in various respects. It has sometimes been the arena on which men, in this land of despotism, tried to contend for some degree of liberty. Some bold thinkers have appeared in it from time to time; at the Reformation there were converts there who struggled to throw off the incubus under which Europe was groaning; but under such oppression as that which weighs down the Italians, the love of liberty too often becomes a lawless passion, rather than a steady principle; and in consequence of this, those who, in other circumstances, would have been the friends of freedom, have often been precipitated into measures which hindered rather than promoted the accomplishment of their object. Gentler remedies, they thought, would have been unavailing. Bolder efforts were, therefore, made, sometimes by exasperated or destructive passions; and the result of the failure consequent on such proceedings is ever more grinding bondage than before—more systematic, and what is worse, more defensible oppression on the part of the ruler—more abject prostration on the part of the ruled. It has been thus repeatedly in Italy; and a history of these suppressed revolts—these fruitless efforts at the securing of freedom, would form a curious chapter in the history of

the nation. But could the Italians enjoy freedom, in their present state of ignorance, although they possessed it? Is there principle—is there virtue—is there religion enough, either to found or to cement a right political system—a system of steady rule, and not a succession of civil throes and convulsions? While Popery tyrannizes over the mind, is not despotism the only power that can coerce men into social order?

But Brescia, which is an active, stirring town for Italy, is signalized also by the remains of an ancient temple, discovered and disinterred about twenty years ago. It was dedicated or restored from decay by the Emperor Vespasian—burned amid the convulsions of the fourth or fifth centuries, and then buried beneath the rubbish poured from the edifices and rocks on the adjoining hill. The taste of the ruin tells who were the builders; while the fragments of exquisite art discovered among the rubbish exhibit again how cultivated men may become, and yet continue ignorant of the living and true God. The hand that moulded that beautiful image of Mercury, so aërial and light that it seems as if it needed no material support, was the hand of a Pagan. The mind that conceived the ornaments sculptured on that vase and that cenotaph was one in which all the abominations of Heathenism ruled. Jehovah was an unknown God to the builders and beautifiers of that temple. Amid all their delicate perceptions of the fair and the lovely in materialism, they could form no conception of "the beauty of holiness." The Chief Good and the Chief End were alike unknown; and one felt, as he stood on the tessellated pavement of the Temple of Brescia, that the chief pleasure which it occasioned arose from the fact, that such a structure had passed away—that another line of the mysterious history of our race and God's purposes with us had been there decyphered, and another step taken in the accomplishment of that mighty plan, according to which all are to know God, God in Christ, from the least to the greatest. We could admire the taste of the artist, while we deplored the ignorance of God in which he lived—must we add—in which he died? At the same time, the thought shot into the mind, that only the objects of man's idolatry are changed since Vespasian's Temple at Brescia became a ruin—not man himself. Accomplished artists then, were without God, and without hope in the world—(Eph. ii. 12), and how many in our own free land—accomplished—lettered—elegant in mind, according to the standard of earth—are equally ignorant of him, and the salvation unfolded by his Son! But why advert to *others?* Commune with thine *own* heart. Hast *thou* acquainted thyself with God? Dost *thou* know Him whom to know is life eternal (1 John v. 20), apart from whom all is spiritual death?—(1 John v. 12).

But our movements must be onward, like those of time; and as one traverses this fair land, he comes to understand better than when he tried at school to spell and syllable the lines, why Italy was thus apostrophized of old:—

> "Salve, magna parens frugum, Saturnia Tellus,
> Magna virûm."

The Lago di Guarda (Benacus) sung by Virgil, resorted to by Catullus, and still, as of old, a noble lake (thirty-five miles by fourteen) might detain us long, were this the place for classical enthusiasm; but the city of

VERONA

now demands our notice. It claims an antiquity superior to that of Rome; and is famed as the birthplace of Cornelius Nepos and Catullus. It presents such a medley of the modern and the antique, the classical and the grotesque, that the power of contrast makes it notable. Its modern history, as the seat of wars and congresses, and the temporary abode of emperors, kings, and princes, has given to it more than usual importance. The Adige, which washes it, has run red with blood; and the houses are still scarred and shattered by the bullets of Massena's army, when he and the Austrians contended here. But these are ephemeral things, already sinking into oblivion, while the effects of Roman rule, and the grandeur that characterized all Roman efforts, still continue to stamp their character on the place, as if the Romans had but lately passed away. Scipio Maffei has added to the modern attractions of Verona by his genius and embellishments; but after all, it is Rome — humbled, yet still influential Rome — the Rome of eighteen centuries ago, that presides over Verona. The chief street is spanned by a triumphal arch of Roman times; and though the theatre of Palladio, the tomb of the Scaligers, and other marvels, attract attention, one is constantly drawn away from these, as if by a secret charm, to admire the still massive power of Rome, embodied as it is in remains, having for their object the pampering of personal and national vanity, or the feeding of that craving for blood which followed the Romans even into their sports.

We refer mainly to the amphitheatre of Verona, which was reared by Domitian or Trajan, or both. Excavations carried on over its vast extent during the congress of 1822, have laid bare the whole interior of the colossal pile, and in ten minutes, nay, almost in the twinkling of an eye, one learns more of such structures than he ever gleaned from all who ever treated of Roman antiquities. The benches for the patricians, the equites, and plebs—the various approaches and vomitories for spectators—the dens for wild beasts, and the passages for them to enter the arena—the spot where the judges presided, and Roman matrons decided when the gladiator had conquered, or when he must die; in short, all that can indicate how bloodshed was reduced to system, and employed to grace a holiday by this majestic people, can be traced at a glance. The structure has undergone a kind of resurrection; and, in point of duration, may actually be regarded as only in its infancy, so massive and durable does it seem. The height of the exterior wall was one hundred and sixty feet. The highest gallery is about one hundred feet from the ground. The circumference is one thousand three hundred and fifty feet, and it is calculated that the amphitheatre could contain about fifty thousand spectators, or nearly the entire modern population of Verona.

To heighten the effect of this vast pile, a company of players, in a wooden booth erected on the arena,

were making themselves ridiculous, for the amusement of the Veronese, and while we wandered over, and measured some parts of the structure, we could not but look upon these men in their booth, paid to be merry amid wretchedness, as the representatives of modern times, in contrast with the amphitheatre—the scene of ancient amusement. Our readers have seen Punch, as exhibited in our streets by some squalid strollers. The mimic figures contrast absurdly enough with the living men around them; and not less absurdly did the modern Veronese comedians, whom we thus happened to see, contrast with their predecessors within the same walls—the Romans of Trajan's time. The *moral* standard, however, was perhaps equally low in each.

Other scenes in this city deserve our notice. The house, the window, and the garden, which figure in Romeo and Juliet (apocryphal or genuine), are shown. The residences of their two families still exist, and there is an order issued against their being modernized. The poet of our species—Shakespeare—has thus thrown the charm of his genius around Verona; but while we admire the gifts and wondrous power which thus made him so mighty among men, and which could add new beauties to a land already so attractive, we cannot but deplore the utter absence of pure and undefiled religion from all that he has put on record. Take the Word of God as your standard, and what a fetid mass would the obscenities, the impieties, the blasphemies and imprecations of Shakespeare make, were they all culled and collected! Shakespeare, Burns, Byron—all men of noble but prostituted powers—how have they deepened the delusions, and urged on the ruin of myriads! In the eye of religion, how much more admirable she "who knows her Bible true, and knows no more!"

Verona, like other cities, poured forth its crowds when the fever-fit of superstition which led to the crusades was precipitating the inhabitants of Europe upon the plains of Palestine. The names of Calvario, Betleme, Nazareto, and others in the neighbourhood, still connect the present with the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

To the passing stranger, VICENZA is the home or the production of Palladio, and little more; for as it is decorated by his genius, one thinks of little else while there. His general style of architecture is that of chaste, and therefore grand, simplicity; and though he sometimes swerved from the standard which his own taste set up, he never did so but at the cost of grandeur and effect. A peer arrayed in frippery, though a peer, would be despicable; and, on the same principle, a pile of architecture decorated with grotesque and frittered ornaments loses all its majesty. Palladio, in general, has avoided such redundancy, and has not, like men of less genius, endeavoured to load his structures with all the ornaments which their façades could carry; yet his Palazzo della Ragione at Vicenza is not sufficiently simple, and is too confused to be majestic. His Olympic Theatre, in the same city, though comparatively diminutive, is, in its symmetry and *sweetness*, a nobler specimen of his power; and had he confined himself to the chaste simplicity which characterizes it, he would have deserved even more than he does to rank among the prince of architects—he would have been, at the very least, their *primus inter pares*. Perhaps no Palladio could stamp the influence of his genius on the infinitely diversified and inventive or, perhaps, ill-regulated mind of our island; but were such an one to arise, how vast the revolution which our architecture would undergo! The wit's epitaph on Vanburgh would be less applicable to many:—

> "Earth, lie heavy on him; for he
> Laid many a heavy load on thee."

We passed from Vicenza to PADUA, and found in the latter all that could betoken depopulation and decay. It is the St Andrews of Italy, the Old Sarum of Science; and one could not but think, amid its dreary dulness, of Sir Jonah Barrington's lines on the crumbling seminary in the city whose

> "Turrets tow'r on high;
> Where learned doctors lecture, doze, and die."

Livy, who was a native of Padua, gives it a fabulous origin; but it needed no more than the fact of it being his own birth-place to render it interesting. Its university is well known to have been the nursery of thousands of minds influential on their age, or even upon their kind; and its history is for ever associated with the Galileos, and the M'Laurins, with our own admirable Crichton, with the noted Earl of Gowrie, who was for a year Rector of the University,* and with a host besides, some of them illustrious, and all of them powerful in the kingdom of mind. The glory has indeed departed, and perhaps not more than a fifteenth of the number—one thousand, instead of twelve or fifteen—now resort to its halls. Nay, while the number of its students once amounted to eighteen thousand, it is recorded, that in the year 1817, they had sunk so low as *three hundred*. There are still forty-five professors here; but Italy and its Padua have actually retrograded, while other parts of Europe have advanced; and while we trod the deserted courts of its university we thought instinctively of cenotaphs and sepulchres—of science extinguished and learning obsolete. It were difficult to assign all the causes of this melancholy decline; but we cannot doubt that the persecuting spirit of its creed, and the veto long put by it upon progress even in science, has tended first to benumb and then to extirpate the learning and the mind of Padua. Not a few of its students, about three centuries ago, embraced the doctrines of the Reformation; and its history might have been different had spiritual and scientific freedom been installed together. Perhaps of all the melancholy spectacles connected merely with earth that we meet in Italy, the forlorn and delapidated state of that city is the most distressing. Though the present university was designed by Palladio, and founded by an emperor, neither these nor the remembrance of the great who are gone, can do anything for Padua but invest it with a deeper gloom, like the tomb of departed science.

Yet this city has some redeeming associations. Its cathedral was designed by Michael Angelo, and con-

* Life of Rev. R. Bruce, Wod. Soc. Edit., p. 188.

tains a monument to Petrarch, with a bust by Canova. In the Palazzo della Ragione, which contains a hall three hundred feet long by ninety-four, we saw what were said to be the tomb and the bust of Livy; and a monument to Belzoni, the eastern traveller, who was also a native of Padua. But in spite of all such associations, the city appears destined to sink into deeper and deeper decay. Some bold thinker may arise from time to time in its schools, to shed a lurid light for a little on its towers and halls; but nothing could now permanently redeem it from the mummy-like state into which it is hastening. Its inquiries once extended to the whole range of human knowledge—like a noted Thesis of John Pic de Merindole, its investigations were "De omni scibili," but now they are limited to a very narrow span, and few connected with the place are known many miles from home.

From Padua to VENICE the road is lined with palaces, by Palladio—adorned with frescoes, said to be by Paul Veronese. Our approach to this predecessor of Britain, "The queen of seas, throned on her hundred isles," was signally magnificent. The Brenta, swollen by recent floods, rolled down to lose itself in the Adriatic. The brief Italian twilight which succeeded a cloudless sunset, speedily gave place to darkness—that again was ever and anon illumined by broad sheets of vivid lightning, so frequent and bright that Galileo's Tower, the domes of St Mark's, and all the landmarks of the amphibious city were clearly lit up by the brilliance. Amid this scene of quiet yet awing magnificence, we were rowed from the mainland across the lagoon, and entered the city by the grand canal; along which, as place after place was named—the Rialto, the Palace of Byron, and others—we felt as if all were familiar, and as if well-known faces might be seen in every gondola, upon every canal.

It is not less true in nature than in religion, that out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaks; I therefore again remark, that wherever we have wandered, our impressions against Popery have become deeper and more decided. There is a native vivacity about Italians which renders them everywhere light and gladsome. Properly trained and directed, their nation might now, as of old, furnish men to help forward the moral and the civil amelioration of our race. But the energies of mind are here systematically repressed; or if they have an outlet, it is in such a direction as tends rather to pervert and to fetter than to ennoble and expand. Hence the native buoyancy of mind degenerates into frivolity—the native ardour into violent passion, often ending in sudden deeds of atrocity. And looking round for relief for Italy, whence shall we expect it? Only from religion—THE RELIGION OF GOD. The spiritual empiricism by which it is now enthralled could not co-exist with mental freedom; and the master-aim of men in power is, therefore, to enslave. That system invented by priests, and perpetuated by politicians, spreads a spiritual midnight over Italy; and never till men "know the Son, and the Son make them free," will that country be aught but priest-ridden—the granary, perhaps, of Nature's affluence, but also the prison of Superstition's slaves.

THE USES OF CHURCH CLOCKS.

THE late Rev. Richard Watson would sometimes step out of his way to administer merited reproof. One Sabbath morning, in Wakefield, he had not proceeded far in his discourse, when he observed an individual in a pew just before him rise from his seat, and turn round to look at the clock in the front of the gallery, as if the service were a weariness to him. The unseemly act called forth the following rebuke: "A remarkable change," said the speaker, "has taken place among the people of this country in regard to the public service of religion. Our forefathers put their clocks on the outside of their places of worship, that they might not be too late in their attendance. We have transferred them to the inside of the house of God, lest we should stay too long in the service. A sad and an ominous change!"—*Jackson's Memoirs of Watson.*

MOUNTAINS OF ARRAN.

I ROSE early in the morning to view the Mountains of Arran. They were enveloped in clouds, and rendered invisible. Thus, it occurred to me, have my fair prospects in the landscape of life been often obscured, and the mists of sadness and uncertainty have shed a gloom over my spirits. I have said: "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God."

I looked again across the arm of the ocean which intervened, and I saw the clouds becoming gradually thinner; the mountains showed their grotesque and interesting forms, as if seen through a veil, which at length dispersed, and the magnificent group of hills was seen in all its beauty. So, I thought, has Mercy often shed her rays over the scene of life, dissolved the clouds of apprehension and sorrow, and cheered the whole prospect with the enlivening light of hope and love. Every mountain raises its head to the glory of God, and all their fantastic but sublime combinations declare his wisdom, power, and goodness. This lovely scenery shall preach to my soul; and from its ever-varying features I will draw forth instruction, and subjects for praise and adoration.—*Legh Richmond.*

Fragments.

THE USE OF KNOWLEDGE.—Knowledge is not a couch whereupon to rest a searching and restless spirit; nor a terrace for a wandering and variable mind to walk up and down on; nor a tower of state for a proud mind to raise itself upon; nor a commanding fort for strife and contention; nor yet a shop for profit and sale; but a rich storehouse, for the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate.—*Bacon.*

WIT is brushwood—Judgment is timber. The first makes the brightest flame; but the other gives the most lasting heat.—*Hunter.*

THE Emperor Constantine the Great said, his life was something more honourable than that of shepherds, but much more troublesome.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

MEN balance a moment in possession against an eternity in anticipation; but the moment passeth away, and the eternity is yet to come.

WE see how much a man *has*, and therefore we envy him; did we see how little he *enjoys*, we should rather pity him.—*Steel.*

Daily Bread.

FRIDAY.

"The carnal mind is enmity against God."—Rom. viii. 7.

For Satan in the heart resides,
And calls the place his own;
With care against assaults provides,
And rules as on a throne.

The corruption of an unregenerate state is unweariedly working out itself, in every act and motion of our souls. Not so much as one good thought could ever yet escape to heaven free from it. It is as a corrupt fountain, continually sending forth corrupt and bitter streams; and though these streams take several courses, and wander severally into several ways and channels, yet they all taste of the same brackishness: so, though the soul is various in its actions, yet all its actions have a taint and relish from the same corruption—that corruption that hath tainted the fountain.—*Hopkins.*

SATURDAY.

"How shall we, that are dead to sin, live any longer therein?"—Rom. vi. 2.

Forbid, almighty God!
Nor let it e'er be said,
That we whose sins are crucified
Should raise them from the dead.

The reservation, indulgence, or allowance granted to any one known lust, is utterly inconsistent with a state of grace. One lust, that hath obtained your pass to go to and fro unmolested, and to traffic with the heart undisturbed, whatever opposition you may make against other sins, is a certain sign of a corrupt heart. One lust will serve as a spy, to hold intelligence with the devil. A scion can never be incorporated into the stock while there is the least skin or film betwixt them; no more can we ever be incorporated into Jesus Christ, if there be but the separation of any, the least allowed sin to interpose betwixt him and us.—*Ibid.*

SABBATH.

"They serve Him day and night in his temple."—Rev. vii. 15.

Let us praise, and join the chorus
Of the saints enthroned on high;
Here they trusted Him before us—
Now their praises fill the sky.

Do you wish to be for ever employed in the loving, praising, serving, and enjoying of God, without interruption or cessation? Why, then, do you not endeavour to fit yourselves for it against the time of your appearing in glory? why do you not labour after true grace, that alone can fit you for that holy and blessed work? That idea and notion that wicked men frame to themselves of heaven only as a place of ease, rest, and all-blessedness, makes them to believe that they do really wish themselves possessed of it; but yet, if it could be supposed that such a person were taken up to heaven, he would find it a place so contrary to his fancy and corrupt inclinations, that he would soon wish rather to be on earth again, in the pursuit of his more sensible and suitable pleasures.—*Ibid.*

MONDAY.

"My son, give me thine heart."—Prov. xxiii. 26.

Why do I not the call obey—
Cast my besetting sin away,
With every useless load?
Why do not I this moment give
The heart thou waitest to receive,
And love my loving God?

The heart is that field from which God expects the most plentiful crop of glory. God bears a greater respect to your hearts than he doth to your works. God looks most where men look least. If the heart be for God, then all is for God—our affections, our wills, our desires, our time, our strength, our tears, our alms, our prayers, our estates, our bodies, our souls; for the heart is the fort-royal that commands all the rest—the eye, the ear, the hand, the tongue, the head, the foot; the heart commands all these. Now, if God hath the heart, he hath all; if he hath not the heart he hath none. The heart of obedience is the obedience of the heart; as the body is at the command of the soul that rules it, so should the soul be at the command of God who gave it.—*Dyer.*

TUESDAY.

"Pray."—Matt. xxvi. 14.

O Lord, in never-ceasing prayer
My soul to thy continual care
I faithfully commend;
Assured that thou through life shalt save,
And show thyself, beyond the grave,
My everlasting Friend.

Begin and end the day with God; let prayer be your first work and your last work every day. Oh! Christian, lock up thy heart with prayer, and give God the key. Are you called by the name of Christ, and will not you call upon the name of Christ? Take away spiritual breathings, and you take away spiritual living. We may pray always, and yet not be always at prayer; Christians can never want a praying time, if they do not want a praying frame. None can pray aright, but those that are new creatures; but all ought to pray, because they are creatures.—*Ibid.*

WEDNESDAY.

"Singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord."—Eph. v. 19.

We have laid up our love and treasure above,
Though our bodies continue below:
The redeem'd of the Lord, we remember his word,
And with singing to Paradise go.

There is a certain pleasure and sweetness in the cross, to them who have their senses exercised to discern and find it out: there is a certain sweetness in one's seeing himself upon his trials for heaven, and standing candidate for glory: there is a pleasure in travelling over those mountains where the Christian can see the prints of Christ's own feet, and the footsteps of the flock who have been there before him. How pleasant is it to a saint, in the exercise of grace, to see how a good God crosseth his corrupt inclinations, and prevents his folly! How refined a pleasure is there in observing how God draws away provision from unruly lusts, and so pincheth them that the Christian may get them governed!—*Boston.*

THURSDAY.

"He hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us."—Gal. iii. 13.

Thou for me a curse wast made,
That I might in thee be blest;
Thou hast my full ransom paid,
And in thy wounds I rest.

Lord, the condemnation was thine, that the justification might be mine; the agony thine, that the victory might be mine; the vinegar and gall were thine, that the honey and sweet might be mine; the curse was thine, that the blessing might be mine; the crown of thorns was thine, that the crown of glory might be mine; the death was thine—the life purchased by it mine; thou paidst the price that I might enjoy the inheritance!—*Flavel.*

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THE JESUITS.

BY THE REV. THOMAS M'CRIE, EDINBURGH.

CONSTITUTIONS AND LAWS OF THE SOCIETY.

THERE are three methods by which we may arrive at a correct knowledge of the Jesuits. The first is by studying the history of the Society; the second is by consulting the writings of its theologians; and the third is by investigating its constitution, as laid down in its official documents. Either of these sources may furnish information sufficiently accurate regarding the character of the Society; but, to reach the ends of a fair and searching inquiry, it is necessary to combine all the three. The extraordinary facts disclosed in the course of Jesuitical history are sufficiently instructive; and when we find these to be in strict accordance with the maxims and principles contained in Jesuifical casuistry, the evidence becomes still stronger. But in estimating from these sources alone the principles and spirit of a Society so widely diffused, and comprehending such a vast variety of characters, we might be in danger of ascribing to the whole body the acts and maxims for which individuals only were responsible. This danger is completely prevented by a careful study of the Constitutions of the Society. And, in point of fact, as this Society is an artificial body, owing its existence entirely to its laws, and not depending for its character on the genius of any particular nation, but, on the contrary, pervading the whole world, and composed of men of all nations; as, moreover, it has, at all times, and among all people, manifested the same spirit, acted on the same principles, and produced the same fruits; it is apparent that, if we would discover the reasons of this character and of these tendencies, which have continued so uniformly the same during three centuries, we must search for them in the accredited laws and institutions of the body. On this subject we are not left to grope in ignorance, or wander in conjecture. Secrecy has always been a leading object with this politic Society; and there is reason to believe that the original design of its authors was to keep the whole system a profound mystery from the world. Even their Constitutions, properly so called, they have seldom committed to the press, except in the colleges of their order. Whenever they ventured to print this work elsewhere, they always took precautions to secure the whole impression. From the number of editions thrown off, these precautions proved in vain, and the enemies of the sect found means to obtain copies of them; but they were never authoritatively promulgated until 1761, when they were brought to light in a very remarkable way. Father La Valette, a Jesuit missionary at Martinique, following out the policy which we described in our last paper, had engaged in mercantile speculation to a vast extent, and ultimately failed for the incredible sum of three millions. The creditors in France becoming clamorous for their money, the Jesuit fathers attempted at first to pacify them, by offering to say masses for their souls, and to pray for them, that they might be enabled to bear their misfortunes with Christian patience.* Incensed at being thus mocked by the hypocrites who had robbed them, the creditors brought the matter into the courts of justice, and finally before Parliament; pleading that, by the constitution of the Society, the general had the supreme disposal of its funds, and must therefore be responsible for its debts. This led to the production of the mysterious volume of their Institutes.

The "Constitutions of the Society of Jesus," which the Jesuits once boasted of as being divinely inspired, and to which they now appeal as the authentic record of their principles, were, as formerly stated, the joint composition of Ignatius, and his disciples Lainez and Aquaviva; and they bear the impress of the religious fanaticism of the founder, combined with the worldly policy and ambition of his coadjutors. Many of the regulations are worthy of all praise; and the system, as a whole, evinces masterly ingenuity in its contrivance. The novices, who are required to go through a long probation, before being admitted to the rank of professed members, are subjected to the most sifting examination, to ascertain their talents, tastes, and tempers. Great care is taken to select those of the best capacities; and provided one has "received distinguished gifts from God," little scruple is to be made to his admission, even though he may have committed some enormous sins (*peccata enormia*), provided this is not known in the place; while your good, honest sort of men, who do not promise to be useful, are to be either quietly dismissed with a flattering character, so as to carry away a good report of the Society, or, if they should prove refractory, are to be "worried out" by a continued system of petty annoyances. Persons of good figure and graceful elocution are to be preferred; while any "notable deformity" is an insuperable obstacle. Rank and fortune are very good things when they come in the way; but the best recommendation for admission is shrewdness and talents, provided these can be turned to the purposes of the Society. Your inquisitive men,

* D'Alembert's Destruction of the Jesuits, p. 91.

who have an unhappy turn to independent thinking and free speculation, are to be turned off, as dangerous characters; and great care is to be taken in the mode of exclusion. The whole house of profession must be set to fasting and prayer for light and direction—not excepting the individual himself who is to be turned out, but who is not to know the destiny awaiting him; and then he is dismissed, with all due honour, as well as with bag and baggage. The candidates are required to divest themselves of all carnal affection towards their relatives; and in speaking of them, they are not to say I *have* parents, brothers, and sisters, but I *had* them. They are to submit to base and abject functions, when required; never allowed to converse with any in the house but those appointed by the superior, or to go abroad without a companion; and when abroad, to walk with grave gestures and downcast eyes. In short, the whole of their exercises are so contrived, as to engender the spirit of blind obedience and unquestioning submission.

These "Constitutions" are now before us; but although they form an authentic record, from which the principles of their internal government may be delineated with a certainty and precision otherwise unattainable, we are not to imagine that they constitute the only rules of the Society, or discover the whole secrets of this mystery of iniquity. They consist, for the most part, of regulations for the management of their convents and colleges, differing little from other conventual laws; and the superficial reader will look through them in vain for those pernicious maxims which have given the Jesuits such an unenviable notoriety. It is rather from incidental hints, dropped from time to time, than from any direct statements, that we can ascertain from them the true spirit of the Society. And our confidence in these Constitutions, as an exposition of Jesuitical principles, must be entirely shaken, when we learn that, by the Papal bull of 1543, they were permitted to "alter, change, or abrogate their Constitutions, according to the variety of times, places, and circumstances;" and that, according to the Constitutions themselves, the general has power to dispense with all the Society's rules according to his pleasure, or, to use their own language, "as the prudence he has received from heaven may direct him, *according to times, places, and persons*—keeping always in view the great *ends* and *intentions* of the Society." * Nay, it is expressly declared, that none of these Constitutions bind the members under the pain of mortal or venial sin, unless the general or the superior positively enjoin obedience; in which case, what was formerly no sin becomes a mortal offence.† It thus appears that these famous Constitutions are a mere nose of wax, which may be moulded by the Society at its pleasure; and there is good reason to believe, that the only use which they serve is to supply a plausible document, to which, when compelled to show what they are, they may be able to appeal; while, at the same time, they hold themselves at perfect liberty to deviate from it, when it suits their own purposes. This is quite in agreeableness with the chameleon character of this Society, which can assume as many shades and colours as it pleases, according to circumstances—which is regulated by no fixed rules, even of its own formation—and the distinguishing feature of which is, that, proteus-like, it can change its shape to gain its own ends, without being amenable to any laws, human or divine. It becomes no easy task to define the principles of a combination which is virtually founded on the rejection of all principles, moral and religious. In the place of these, the Jesuits have substituted a rule and an end peculiar to themselves, namely, a blind, implicit obedience to their superiors, whom they blasphemously represent as "standing in the stead of God;" and a supreme devotion to the good of their Society, which they as blasphemously identify with "the glory of God."* On these two principles (if they may be called such) hangs the whole fabric of Jesuitical morality; and it is very obvious, that they amount to an entire subversion of all sound morals, and are utterly incompatible with submission to any authority, whether civil or ecclesiastical. Such they have been held to be in every well regulated community, which has had any regard to the liberty of its subjects or the security of its government; and even the Church of Rome has repeatedly condemned them, on the same grounds. No society can, with safety, tolerate within its bosom a set of men who own no sovereign but their general, an irresponsible personage sitting in his chamber at Rome,† with whom they carry on a secret correspondence from all quarters of the world—who acknowledge no law but the will of their superior for the time being—who have renounced all the ties of kindred and of country—and who consider the advancement of their own order an end sufficient to sanctify every means, foul and fair, which may promise to secure it.

But, as we have already stated, it is not from these Constitutions alone that we are to learn the real principles of Jesuitism. It is, from its

* Constitutiones Soc. Jes., pars ix., cap. 3, 8.
† Ibid., pars vi., cap. 5.

* Ignatius, in his famous letter on the virtue of obedience, lays it down as a principle, that his followers "ought not to see any but Jesus Christ in their superior, whoever he may be"—*ut Christum Dominum in superiore quolibet agnoscere studeatis;* and declares, that "this glorious simplicity of blind obedience is lost, as soon as we begin to question within ourselves whether what he commands is good or bad." In accordance with this, the Constitutions enjoin "a sort of blind obedience"—*cæca quadam obedientia*—"allowing themselves to be guided by their superiors as if they were a corpse, or an old man's staff"—*perinde ac si cadaver essent, vel similiter atque senis baculus.*—Const., pars vi., cap. 1.

† "From this chamber, Sir," said a general of the Jesuits to a French duke, "from this chamber I govern, not Paris only, but China, Sir, and not China only, but the whole world, without any one knowing how it is done."—Constitutions des Jesuites, App., 478. Paris: 1843.

very nature, a *secret* society. Secrecy is enjoined even in the Society itself; the novices were not permitted to know all the rules till they took the vows, and even the professed were not admitted to all the mysteries of the order. And though their Institutes have now been published to the world, it is well known that there are other rules, which were not intended to be printed, and were confined to the higher functionaries of the Society. One of their common rules strictly enjoins "not to communicate to *those without* (*externis*) either the Constitutions, or *any other books or manuscripts*, which contain the Institutes or privileges of the Society." "The provincials," said the King of Portugal in his proclamation against them, "so far from being at liberty to publish to their dependents those impenetrable laws which form the rule of their judgments and decisions, are, on the contrary, bound most carefully to conceal them." What is more, they are bound most solemnly to deny and disclaim these secret laws, should they in any way be discovered and brought to light. The Jesuits thus form a species of masonic order of the very worst and most dangerous type. They have a secret oath, by which they are sworn; secret signs, by which they recognise one another; secret correspondence, which is carried on by means of cyphers, known only to the initiated few; and secret regulations, by which, unknown even to many of themselves, the movements of the community are conducted. Like all societies of this nature, there is, at the same time, an *affected* mystery about them, a clandestine and stealthy mode of conducting their operations, intended partly to secure secrecy from strangers, and partly to inspire that indefinite awe in their own members, which they find necessary to their purposes.

In all such cases, the world will take its own revenge, by ascribing to the community, which keeps it in the dark, tenets and principles of the most odious description. The secrets of the Jesuits are, indeed, no longer secrets; they have been published in various forms; and it has happened to this Society as to the old lady in the comedy, when she found that her jewels, which she intended to say had been stolen, were actually stolen, and when all her protestations of being "cheated, plundered, broken open, and undone," were met by the taunting applause of her son, the thief, who declared "he had never seen it better acted in his life." The louder the Jesuits disavow the laws and maxims which have been published in their name, the more firmly is it believed that they are genuine, the disavowal itself being regarded as only a specimen illustrative of the artifices for which they have obtained credit. Among the best authenticated of these publications, is the well known *Secreta Monita*, or Secret Instructions of the Order of the Jesuits. This work was found in *manuscript*, attached to a printed volume which found its way into the British Museum; and another copy was discovered among the repositories of the order in Westphalia, when seized by the Duke of Brunswick in 1658. Its authenticity has been stoutly denied by the Jesuits, and among others by their famous advocate, Gretzer; but, unfortunately, Gretzer himself has been detected in falsehoods, which render his disclaimer of very little weight. And certainly the *Monita* bear every internal evidence of authenticity; for they contain no regulation which the Jesuits have not promulgated in another form, nor one which they have not actually reduced to practice. The preface bears, that "the superiors are carefully to keep these Secret Instructions in their own possession, and to communicate them only to some of the professors, instructing none of the novices in them, except where the good of the Society demands it, and then under the seal of secrecy, as verbal directions, and not as if they were written instructions. Great care must be taken that they do not fall into the hands of strangers; because they would put an improper construction upon them, out of envy to our order. But should this so happen (which God forbid) *then let them deny that these are the sentiments of the Society*, confirming this by members they know to be ignorant of them, and let them show the *general* instructions and rules." The following may be given as a few specimens of these precious "Instructions:"—

In the first instance, care must be taken to buy land; and if it is well situated, let it be done in the name of some attached friend, who will keep the secret; and let the purchases be assigned to distant colleges, which will effectually prevent princes and magistrates from knowing what the revenues of the Society are.

Wealthy cities only are to be chosen; because the end of the Society is to imitate our Saviour, who sojourned chiefly at Jerusalem, and only passed through the less considerable places.

As much money as possible is to be obtained from widows, by constantly setting before them our necessities.

On all occasions the members are to state that they are come for *the institution of the young*, and the general good of the inhabitants; that they do it without expectation of reward, or respect of persons; and that they are not chargeable to the community, as other orders are.

The heads of the Society must use every effort to gain the ear and good will of princes and high personages, in order to make them subservient to our purposes.

Experience has taught us, that ecclesiastics can get into favour with princes and nobles by justifying [illegible] views, as in the case of unlawful marriage, &c. Our members must therefore encourage them, in the hope that we can easily obtain dispensations from the Pope, as if for the good of mankind and the glory of God.

To render themselves masters of the minds of princes, members must dexterously insinuate themselves into the good graces of those who are high in office, to conduct honourable embassies, &c. They are, above all, to win over the favourites and domestics of princes and nobles, by little presents and various offices of piety, in order that, through them,

we may become acquainted with their tempers and habits, and the more easily accommodate ourselves to them.

Those high in office must be approached with the greatest caution, and be won over to act for us against our enemies, and in calming down the populace who are against us; and we must make use of their authority in obtaining situations to be filled by our members, and in secretly using their names in the acquisition of temporal things.

To gain over rich widows, let members advanced in life be chosen, of a lively temperament and agreeable conversation, to visit such widows frequently, until they evince an interest for the Society; and when they begin to visit our churches, let them be provided with a confessor, who must encourage them to remain in a state of widowhood, by lauding the privileges of a single life; assuring them that a firm adherence to so pious an intention will merit an eternal reward, and be an effectual means of escaping the pains of purgatory.

They are to be continually urged to perseverance in religious exercises and good works, and this so as to induce them, of their own accord, to lay by every week a part of their superfluous wealth in honour of the blessed Virgin, &c. If, besides their general munificence, they show a particular liberality towards our Society, then let them be made partakers of the privileges of our institution, with special indulgences from the provincial.

Care must be taken not to exercise too much rigour in confession, for fear of annoying them, when there may be danger of not regaining their favour, and they fall into the hands of others; but in all this much judgment must be used, knowing the general inconstancy of women.

The difficulty being greater to draw the sons of nobles, persons of distinction, and senators, while under their parents' roof, persuade them by our friends, rather than ourselves, to send them to remote universities, where our members teach, in order that they may be more securely and easily won over.

Such are some of the *Secreta Monita* of the Jesuits; and whatever authority the collection may possess, certain it is, that were we in search of mottoes for the best authenticated anecdotes in the history of the Society, we could not find any more appropriate than these same Instructions. If not sanctioned by authority, they are at least founded on facts. This will be more than made out when we proceed to examine the morality of the Jesuits. But, before concluding the present paper, it may be proper to state the avowed objects and designs of this cunningly devised Society. These may be reduced to three —the extension of the Papal dominion, the extermination of heresy, and the education of youth. The first object appears accomplished in the missions of the Jesuits, to which we have already adverted. The second design they have faithfully fulfilled to the utmost of their ability, having been the most determined and unscrupulous of all the enemies of the Reformation. They have been well termed "a militia called out to combat the Reformation;" they have been at the bottom of all the plots for the overthrow of Protestant thrones, and busy in feeding the flames by which Protestant nations might be recalled from heresy. The education of youth is so prominent an object with this Society, that it is the only one specified in the oath taken by the novices and the professed.* In conformity with this rule, so shrewdly adapted to advance the interests of their Society, the Jesuits have at all times endeavoured to monopolize the education of youth. The stratagems they have resorted to for this purpose would of themselves form a very curious chapter in their history. At present we shall merely advert to the character of the instruction which they were, and still are, in the habit of communicating to their pupils. On this topic, the grossest misunderstanding prevails. It has been supposed that, whatever might be the errors of the Jesuits, their zeal for learning and education forms a redeeming trait in their character. The truth is, that this forms the very masterpiece of their policy; that their schools and colleges are neither more nor less than so many nurseries of Jesuitism; that not a single really useful branch of learning is taught in them, or taught in such a way as to advance the great ends of education; and that, next to the art with which they have managed to keep their pupils in the dark, on every subject that could qualify them for usefulness in this world or happiness in the next, is that with which they have succeeded in gulling people into the belief that they were all the while the enlightened benefactors of the human race. But, on this subject, evidence must be produced, for which the limits of a single paper afford no space.

EDOM.

A WITNESS FOR THE TRUTH OF THE BIBLE.

(From "A Journey over the Region of Fulfilled Prophecy," by the Rev. J. A. Wylie of Dollar.)

We strike into the great wilderness that lies on the east of Egypt. We are now treading on the path of the mighty host which God, with an outstretched arm, led out of Egypt. We have gone round the head of the Red Sea, and are journeying south, over a tract alternately sandy and stony. On our right is a chain of naked heights, and on our left are the blue waters of the gulf on the shore of which the Israelites halted and sang their magnificent triumphal ode, over the destruction of Pharaoh and his army. Our path is not all desert; we alight, at long stages, in some quiet valley, with its springs and palm trees, and its rich verdure, so refreshing to the eyes after the glare of the sands of the wilderness. Even here we meet with *mementos* of scenes which, though long past, are never to be forgotten. Here is Howara, the bitter fountain where the Israelites murmured, encompassed with its sand mounds and its date trees; and here, a little farther to the south, is Wady Charendel—the Valley of Elim—where the

* The oath taken by the professed members of the Society is as follows: "I, N., do here make profession, and promise before God Almighty, before the Virgin, his mother, before the whole court of heaven, and all those here present; and before you, revered father, general (or representing the general) of the Society of Jesus, standing in the place of God,—a perpetual poverty, chastity, and obedience, and according to this obedience *a particular care for the instruction of the young*;—all according to the rule contained in the Letters Apostolic, and in the Constitutions of the Society of Jesus."—Const., pars v. cap. 3.

people encamped, still verdant with waters and palm trees.

We go forward, and now, at a great distance, just peering above the sands of the desert, is a little point of rock. It grows taller and bigger at every step, till at length, what but a little before was only a small dark protuberance on the bosom of the plain, towers before us a stupendous mountain of granite. The mass before us, whose surface is of naked rock or bare sands, forms a cluster of peaks or mountains, which rise to a great height above the level of the plain. These are the mountains of Horeb and Sinai. We begin to tread reverently, for the desert around these illustrious piles has the profound calm, and we persuade ourselves something also of the holiness, of a magnificent temple. The poor monks have set down their convent on the back of one of these mountains, with a little hollow beneath, in which there is scarce standing-room for a few hundred persons. On this summit, they tell us, was the law given, and in the little ravine at its bottom stood the hosts of Israel. It is refreshing to turn from man's narrow conceptions to the free majesty of nature. Of the cluster of summits which here tower with such sublimity into the serene firmament over them, we know that Sinai and Horeb are of the number, though we cannot tell to which of these eminences that distinction belongs. But it is something to know that we are now gazing on the scenery of Sinai—on the summits and the valleys which then lay veiled in the darkness, or glowed beneath the lightnings, which attended that awful event—on the plains which rung to the trumpet which waxed louder and louder, and quaked beneath the still more awful Voice which proclaimed the law.

But our present destination is not yet reached. We leave the bottom of these mountains, and as their venerable peaks sink behind us, an interminable ocean of sand spreads out in our front. Our course lies to the north-east; and after traversing many a league of wilderness, we hail with joy the rugged peaks of Mount Seir, which now begin to be seen above the desert. Seir, to which we are now approaching, is a chain of mountains, terminating in a crest of romantic peaks, which runs in a straight line across the desert, from a point a little south of the Dead Sea to the head of the Gulf of Akaba, the eastern arm of the Red Sea. This magnificent chain—for though stripped of its ancient fertility, Mount Seir retains to this day a desolate grandeur which well entitles it to be regarded as magnificent—comprises the ancient realm of Edom. His devotion to the chase often led Esau thither in his youth, and there did he ultimately settle; his posterity, in course of time, expelling the Horites—the first inhabitants of these mountains. The Edomites greatly enlarged their domain in after ages; but the mountainous region before us, which is about thirty-six miles in breadth, with part of the eastern plain immediately adjoining, must be viewed as forming strictly their patrimonial inheritance. In ancient times, the climate of these hills was most salubrious. Their dews were abundant; the mountains, up to their spiky pinnacles, were clothed with the olive and the vine; the valleys and the rocky clefts were covered with the richest mould; the mountain-torrents were numerous; and the sun being warm, the produce of these hills was very great. "Behold, thy dwelling shall be the fatness of the earth, and of the dew of heaven from above." Such were the words in which Isaac, by the Spirit of prophecy, described the future inheritance of Esau and his posterity. The mingled grandeur, beauty, and fertility, which the region of Seir exhibited, while occupied by the Edomites, amply verified the words of Isaac.

Established in this mountainous region—a fit home for a hardy, brave, and industrious people—the posterity of Esau rapidly outstripped in their progress to distinction, their brethren, the descendants of Jacob. While the Israelites, enthralled in Egypt, had neither a country nor a national existence, the Edomites, under the sway of their own princes, and enjoying in their mountain fastnesses the sweets of freedom and peace, were busily engaged in laying the foundations of that greatness as a nation to which they were destined to attain. Their father Esau had been distinguished as a "cunning hunter;" but his posterity were not slow to acquire the knowledge of other pursuits than those in which their ancestor had excelled. They rapidly achieved no mean eminence in arts and in arms, in science and in commerce, and in the wealth, refinement, luxury, and wickedness, which extensive and prosperous commerce brings along with it. It was at this era of their nation that numerous and magnificent cities began to rise amid those mountains on whose sides, in early times, their simple progenitor had chased the prey. Of these cities, the most distinguished was Petra, the capital of the nation. This city was the centre of a commerce that ramified as far as India on the east, and Spain on the west; and the importance and splendour of this city were such as befitted the gigantic traffic of which it was the emporium. Its romantic position, and the singular character and beauty of its buildings, excited the admiration, and received the praise, both of Greek and Roman writers. It stood in a little hollow in the very heart of the mountains. To it there was only one way of approach—a frightful chasm of some two miles long, narrow, and overhung by gloomy precipices. Traversing this defile, the visitor emerged on a plain of about two miles in circuit, occupied by dwellings, temples, triumphal arches, a theatre, and numerous tombs. These last added not a little to the beauty of the city. They were hewn in the mountains which enclosed Petra, they were ornamented with elegant façades, and resembled, though on a much smaller scale, those princely halls which the kings of Egypt prepared for the reception of their bodies. The city, moreover, being much exposed to the reflection of the sun's rays from the mountains that encompassed it, was cooled by artificial fountains and beautified by gardens. Such was Petra—it was the abode of royalty—the home of wisdom—the mart of the world—to replenish which all the climes of the earth sent their treasures; India, her gems; Arabia, her frankincense; Kedar, her lambs; Persia, her robes; Armenia, her horses; Lebanon, her cedars; Tyre, her purple; and Judea, her balm and honey. Against this region, occupied then by a warlike and enterprising people, and covered with towns—for though we have specified only Petra, almost every valley had its city, which shared in the importance and wealth of the capital—against this flourishing region did the prophets pronounce the doom of utter desolation; and we are now to see whether that doom has been inflicted.

We cannot tarry long here, therefore let us select a good point of view, and have the whole country under the eye at once. Here, in the middle of the chain, is a summit which overtops all the rest. Let us ascend it. This is the very mountain on which Aaron died and was buried. Now we are on its top, and prepared to bring the prophets of Israel to the test of actual facts. But, first, let us think what it was which they foretold regarding this land. They foretold, 1*st*, That its soil should be utterly wasted; 2*d*, That its cities should all perish; 3*d*, That its commerce should be annihilated; 4*th*, That its people should be cut off. Now, let us begin our survey:—If Edom be at this day a fertile and flourishing region—if her mountains be occupied by men and cities, as

of old, then let it be acknowledged that the prophets did not speak by the Spirit of inspiration. But if Edom be a desolation, then let it be confessed that they were inspired. Now, look all around; you see the bare sides of the hills—you see how they offer to the winter's tempest and the summer's sun nothing but naked flint. Observe the rugged crests of the mountains, how they range around us like the waves of a tumultuous sea vexed by the winds. Turn now to the west—look immediately beneath; you observe that broad valley which runs along the foot of the hills; you see how its bosom is entirely covered with sand and flints. Could that valley be cultivated? And yet that valley in former times was, in part at least, clothed with vineyards, and watered by streams from Mount Seir. Hath not Jehovah, as he said, "*stretched out upon it the line of confusion and the stones of emptiness?*" Turn now to the east. You perceive, looking over the summits of the mountains, that level plain on the east of them. You can still trace the enclosures of its ancient fields, and the heaps of its former cities. These are the fields to which the Edomite, in days gone by, went forth to sow, and to which in autumn he returned to reap. The southern winds have buried them beneath the sands of the wilderness, and never more, to the end of time, shall they be either sown or reaped. Is not this what the prophets said: "*From generation to generation it shall lie waste?*" Look next, and look narrowly among the mountains, whether any of its cities remain. You may search them all without finding one of them—scarcely will you find even ruins, so completely have they been destroyed: "*I will lay thy cities waste, and thou shalt be desolate.*" Listen next, if perchance we may hear the hum of its busy people. All is silent. Nothing disturbs the stillness, unless, perchance, the eagle's scream, or the wild shout of the Arab as he urges his camel to quicken its pace, and pass on through this desolate country. And in the awful solitude of these hills, it seems as if we still heard the echoes of that voice which cried of old: "*There shall not be any remaining of the house of Esau.*" Of the two brothers who grew up together on the plain of Beersheba—how different has been the fate of their posterity! yet that fate is in exact accordance with prophecy. We find the descendants of the younger son in every country under heaven; but the descendants of the elder are nowhere to be found. None now claim descent from Esau: "*Esau shall be cut off for ever.*" And as to the trade of this country: had we stood where we now stand eighteen centuries ago, we would have seen lines of camels innumerable, approaching Edom on the east—some with the stuffs of India, others with the spices of Arabia, and others with the ivory and other merchandise of Armenia; while, on the west of Edom, we would have seen them departing with their wares—some to Egypt, some to Greece, some to Italy, and some to more distant lands; but now, how completely has that traffic come to an end! Throughout the whole extent of wilderness, now under the eye, you cannot see a single merchant caravan either going or returning from Edom: "*I will cut off from Edom him that passeth out, and him that returneth.*"

Now we shall descend. But stay—what ruins are these immediately beneath us? Look directly down. You see a little plain, with a stream crossing it, and on the plain some heaps of rubbish—a broken arch—a few prostrate columns; and all around the plain you see a perpendicular wall of rock formed by the mountains; and you see, moreover, that the rock is hewn into dwellings and tombs—that it is covered with the most magnificent structures, not erected by the hand, but hewn in the mountains by the chisel. What ruins are these? Ah! these are the ruins of Petra, the capital of Edom. In the palaces that stood on that plain dwelt the Edomite while living; and in these tombs in the face of the cliff he reposed when dead. There is not now a single inhabitant on the spot.

We are scarcely near enough to see the brambles and creeping plants with which the ruins on the plain beneath us are mantled; but the hootings of the owl come drearily up the mountain, and the eagle's scream is sounding fiercely among the hills. These are now the only tenants on the site of Petra. Everything we see and hear testifies to the exact and fearful accomplishment of the doom pronounced on this city of old: "Thy terribleness hath deceived thee, and the pride of thine heart, O thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rock, that holdest the height of the hill. Though thou shouldest make thy nest as high as the eagle, I will bring thee down from thence, saith the Lord. Also Edom shall be a desolation; every one that goeth by it shall be astonished, and shall hiss at all the plagues thereof. As in the overthrow of Sodom and Gomorrah, and the neighbour cities thereof, saith the Lord, no man shall abide there, neither shall a son of man dwell in it. And thorns shall come up in her palaces, nettles and brambles in the fortresses thereof; and it shall be an habitation of dragons, and a court for owls."

Singular indeed is the history of this city, and solemn the lesson which it reads to the Infidel. It teaches him that, though no new miracles are now to be looked for, to attest the truth of revelation, proofs marvellous and manifold are laid up in the earth around him, and are to be brought forth, each at its appointed hour, to shed a new beauty on the pages of the Bible, and to add to the evidence by which its divinity is supported. May not a resurrection, not of dead prophets, but of dead cities, be awaiting the world? Those who spoke these predictions can never return; but may not those against whom they were spoken yet appear before us, to tender their evidence of the complete accomplishment of the predicted doom? Here is Petra brought up from the grave, to preach to the nations of the earth. Here, on her ancient site, standing in sackcloth, is the metropolis of Edom, bearing her testimony to the truth of the prophets. That Petra, and not Isaiah—not the prophet who predicted the doom, but the city on which the doom has fallen—should be summoned from the grave, is surely the more satisfactory kind of evidence, and the more consistent way of dealing with our understandings. It is only in our own day that this witness to the inspiration of the prophets has been raised. Thirty-six years ago no man knew where Petra had stood. She had passed from the earth more than a thousand years before, and left no trace of her existence, save the brief notices of her former grandeur which are to be found in the pages of Strabo and his contemporaries. Her doom remained inscribed in the scroll of prophecy, but we wanted circumstantial evidence to verify that doom in all its particulars. The Infidel was entitled to ask: Do owls dwell in her palaces?—do brambles and nettles come up in her fortresses? But our knowledge did not extend beyond the general fact that Petra had disappeared. But Providence opened to Burckhardt the gates of Mount Seir, and brought Petra forth from the grave in which she had been hid for upwards of a thousand years, with every particular of the predicted doom accomplished upon her. This is but the harbinger of many such discoveries. Already the progress of discovery has brought to light many a novel and surprising proof; but much yet remains to be done. The mounds of Nineveh and Babylon have yet to be explored; and we venture to predict, that, on being so, they shall be found

to be vast repositories of facts preserved by Providence for the confirmation of those who live in the last age. The ruins of Syria have yet to be more carefully examined; the graven monuments of Egypt to be deciphered—her sculptured temples and painted tombs more closely inspected; and, when this has been done, we shall find ourselves in possession of many a historic document, many a voucher to the truth of the prophets, which, meanwhile, we dream not of, and which will astonish the world, and cover the gainsayer with confusion.

THE COVENANTER'S BIBLE.

BY THE REV. ROBERT SIMPSON, SANQUHAR.

WILLIAM HANNAH, the Covenanter, lived in the parish of Tundergarth, in Annandale. It was in this parish that the famous James Welwood laboured in the Gospel, for a number of years, with so much acceptance and success. Under his ministry, not a few rare Christians were trained up to bear testimony to the truth in that dark and overbearing age of persecution. Among these, William Hannah was one of the most conspicuous, and one who was subjected to many hardships in following the dictates of his conscience. From the time that Prelacy was introduced, William firmly maintained his principles as a Nonconformist, and no inducement could lead him to resile from the old Presbyterianism of the Church of Scotland, or leave the ministrations of those good men that had been so singularly blessed to his soul, to follow the curates, who neither preached the Gospel nor practised its morality. This conduct was, of course, grievously offensive to the Prelatists of that day, who sought to lord it over men's consciences, and to trample the liberties of the people under their feet. William's residence was near that of the curate, who narrowly watched his movements, as he felt indignant at his withdrawal from the church; and, therefore, in the year 1678, he resolved to proceed against him with the highest censures of the Church, and actually formed the design of excommunicating him; because, having been cited before the session, to answer for his non-conformity, he had declined to appear. Accordingly, on a given Sabbath, he proceeded to put his purpose in execution; but before he pronounced the sentence his courage failed him, and he desisted from the attempt.

Sometime after this an infant child belonging to William died, and the curate, in order to annoy the good man, appointed some persons to watch the family burying-place, and prevent his friends from digging a grave. Notwithstanding the curate's opposition, however, some persons came to make the grave, and were proceeding to their work, "when," says Wodrow, "the curate being informed, came out himself in great fury, and took away the spades and shovels, and told them if they buried the child by day or night, he would cause *trail* it out again, since he knew not if it was baptized; so the men were forced to bury elsewhere." It was, no doubt, from the fear of such opposition, and from the dread of being apprehended in the church-yard, that numbers of the people in the lone moorlands buried their deceased relatives in the deserts; and hence the graves that are occasionally to be met with in the wastes, of which no person can give any account.

On one occasion, when Mr John Welwood came to Tundergarth, his father's parish, to preach and hold conventicles, the curate was greatly incensed, and instantly convoked a court, to which the parishioners were summoned, and there ordered to bind themselves not to hear the outed ministers. This, Hannah positively refused, and was prepared to take the consequences. After this he found no rest, and was obliged to betake himself to the woods and glens to escape the notice of his persecutors. Hannah and his son endured many hardships in their wanderings and hidings; for it was but on rare occasions that they durst resort to their home. By a circuit held in 1683, he was denounced and declared a fugitive, and, consequently, was in greater hazard than ever, and was under the necessity of keeping himself in still closer concealment. He sometimes narrowly escaped the hands of his enemies; for his neighbour the curate was ever on the watch for him, and on one occasion, knowing that he had secretly ventured home, despatched a messenger to Dumfries to fetch a party of soldiers to apprehend him. He eluded their grasp, but another gentleman who had been in company with him was caught.

The year 1684 was probably the most severe of any during the long period of the persecution, and the military license, which was in full operation at this time, was exercised with terrible severity by the troopers, who shot the people in scores on the moors and the heights, to which they resorted for safety, but on which their blood flowed profusely. This year, Hannah, being worn out with incessant privations and perils, resolved to remove to the north of England, if, perchance, he might find a little repose. He had not long taken up his abode there, however, till he was seized by Colonel Dacres, who sent him to the Scottish border, where "Sprinkel with his troops," says Wodrow, "received him and some more prisoners, when they were brought to Annan, and next day to Locherbridge, when Queensberry ordered him to be carried to Dumfries, where he lay in irons till the prisoners were carried into Edinburgh and Leith. From Leith he was brought up to the Canongate Tolbooth, and cast into a dark pit, where he had neither air nor the least glimpse of light for some days. Here he fell very sickly, and begged the favour to be let out into the guard hall, that he might have the free air, which was refused. The soldier who brought him in his small pittance of meat and drink, when he opened the pit door to let him in, said, 'Seek mercy from heaven, for we have none to give you.' Here he lay nine days without anything charged upon him but nonconformity, and at the end of that period was sent to Dunottar."

His son William, a pious youth, deserves a special notice here. He endured persecution in company with his father, and abode with him in his wanderings. When he was no more than sixteen years of age, he was forced to flee to England for not attending the curate, where he resided some time. Shortly after, however, he ventured home, when he was seized with the ague—a disease very common in those times, owing to the marshy and uncultivated state of

the country. When he was labouring under this affliction he was apprehended by a strolling party of troopers, who came upon him in his place of concealment, and the barbarous men compelled him to trudge along with them, though he could scarcely stand on his feet. They had no compassion, however, but obliged him to go with them three or four days in thus ranging up and down the country. But this was not all—they used him ill, and accosted him in rough and threatening language. In passing through a wild moorland, they came to the grave of a martyr who had been recently shot, and who was sleeping beneath in his gory shroud. In the wantonness of their cruelty they placed young Hannah, faint and staggering with weakness, on the grave, and having covered his face, told him deliberately that they intended to shoot him, and that in a brief space his blood would flow on the turf that covered that grave, unless he promised compliance with their injunctions, which were, that he should attend the curate, and leave off going to conventicles, and other things of like sort. The poor boy, being strengthened by the grace of that God whom he sought and followed, replied with all firmness, that God had sent him into the world, and had appointed the time he should go out of it, but he was determined to take no sinful oaths, and to make no foul compliances, come what might—he was now in their power, and they might do as they pleased. This magnanimity on the part of the youth astonished the soldiers, who saw it in vain to attempt to force his compliance, and they desisted from their threatenings, and carried him to Westerrow, who sent him prisoner to Dumfries. Truly there was a spirit of genuine heroism in the Scottish peasantry in those days, when even women and children, not to speak of firm-minded men, could thus outbrave the scowlings of an armed soldiery, and the very terrors of death.

But the trials of the youth were not yet over. He was sent to Edinburgh, and after many searching examinations, was subjected to the torture of the thumbkins, and afterwards laid in irons, which were so tightly applied to his slender limbs, that the flesh swelled over, and covered the iron that girded him. The little money with which his friends had supplied him was stolen, and at another time, he was robbed of eleven dollars—no small sum in those days to a person in his situation. He was detained in prison for a year and a-half, and then banished to Barbadoes, where he was sold for a slave. But at length the Lord turned his captivity, and he came home after the Revolution, and eventually became a minister in Scarborough.

But the Covenanter's Bible, what of it? This brings us back to a veritable tradition respecting young William's father, which contains an incident worthy of notice, and for the introduction of which, the preceding sketch has been given. William Hannah, the father, besides his other retreats, had a hiding-place in his own barn. On one occasion, when he was lying among the straw, reading his Bible, which he always carried with him as his sweetest companion in his solitariness, the house was visited by a party of soldiers in search of him. In his haste to flee from the place, he left his Bible among the straw, and escaped to a distance. The troopers, in the course of their searching entered the barn, every corner of which they pried into, turning everything upside down, and tossing about the straw that had so recently been the bed of him whom they were so eagerly seeking. According to their custom, they thrust their long swords down through the heaps of straw or hay, that lay on the floor, with the view of stabbing any one who might happen to be concealed beneath. In this process one of the men pushed his sword accidentally on the Bible lying among the straw, by which means it received a deep cut, which, doubtless, its owner would have sustained had he been in the same place. The Bible was afterwards found, with the recent hack in it, and restored to Hannah, to whom it was now more endeared than ever. The same Bible is still preserved, exhibiting the distinct marks of the dragoon's heavy sword. It came into the possession of his son William, who afterwards was settled in Scarborough, and was uniformly used in the pulpit as the Bible from which he preached, holding it in the greatest veneration, for his father's sake, who had so often perused it, and derived from it much comfort, in the days of his suffering for conscience' sake. The Rev. Mr Hannah of Scarborough, when, through infirmity, he became unfit to exercise his ministry in that town, returned to his native parish of Tundergarth, and resided in the house of one of his relatives, where he died, having both suffered and laboured much in the cause of his blessed Master. He brought his father's Bible with him, and, after his decease, it was retained in the possession of his friends as a relic too precious to be lost.

The congregation of Scarborough, to which Mr Hannah ministered, recently became desirous of possessing this Bible as a memorial of their first minister, and on application being made for it, it was found, and purchased by the congregation.

This Bible was printed in the year 1599, and is a Geneva translation, with full marginal and explanatory notes by Francis Junius, with Sternhold and Hopkin's version of the Psalms.

The Rev. William Hannah died sometime about the year 1725. When, in his youth, he was banished to Barbadoes, it is said that Dalzell proposed that his father should also be banished, and that when the old man entreated that he might be allowed to spend the few short years he had to live, in his own country, as he was too old and infirm to be of any use for manual labour, "If," said the ruthless man, "you are too old to work, you are not too old to be hanged, and by the gold that is in my hand, you shall be hanged to-morrow." Before to-morrow came, however, Dalzell himself was in eternity. The old man was afterwards set at liberty—returned to his home, and ended his days in peace.

Thus lived and died the two Hannahs of Tundergarth, the father and the son, who, by the grace of God, were honoured to bear witness to the truth in the dark and cloudy day of Zion's affliction. They continued stedfast amidst all the distresses to which they were subjected, that they might maintain a good conscience, and now, delivered out of all tribulations, they have entered into the joy of their Lord.

BIBLE RIVERS AND LAKES.

NO. I.

BY THE REV. J. W. TAYLOR, FLISK AND CRIECH.

The Lesser Jordan—Waters of Merom—Lake of Gennesaret.

To follow the silver stream of the Jordan—to trace the tiny rivulets of Arnon, Jabbok, Besor, Kishon, and Kedron—to visit the broad expanse of Gennesaret, and to wander by the sluggish waters of the Dead Sea, is the pleasing exercise to which our subject calls us.

At the foot of the snow-clad Anti-Libanus, near to where the ancient Laish or Dan nestles under the mountain ridge, the River Jordan takes its rise. It is from this city of Dan, the most northerly of the Israelitish cities, that the river derives its name. The name is a compound of two Hebrew words, and signifies the River of Dan. From its source, until it mingles with the Lake Merom or Samochonites, the river is known as the Lesser Jordan.* The Jordan continues to flow in a southerly direction, furnishing few materials for remark, until it joins itself with the Lake of Gennesaret. To the west of the opening of this lake, the town of Saphet attracts the eye of the traveller. All visitors speak of the romantic situation of this town. It stands on the brow of a hill; and as its houses are built of a white limestone, it is seen from afar. Tradition has particularized it as "the city set on an hill," to which our Lord pointed, when, seated on the Mount of Huttin, and surrounded by his disciples, he announced, in the divine discourse recorded in Matt. v., vi., and vii., the principles of a morality pure and pervading as the sunbeam. Saphet is regarded with great veneration by the Jews. It is one of their holy cities. The past and the future combine in investing it with this peculiar sanctity. In its neighbourhood lies the dust of many of their distinguished Rabbins, especially of Rabbi Simeon, the author of the Book of Zohar, in the composition of which he was engaged for twelve years, and was assisted, as they ignorantly believe, by the Prophet Elijah. Devout Jews resort in pilgrimage to his tomb. Sir Moses Montefiore did not neglect the pilgrim's part, when on his late mission on behalf of his oppressed countrymen. But traditionary belief has yet higher honours in reserve for Saphet; for this is assigned as the place where the Messiah is to appear and reign, during the space of forty years, before he assume the government at Jerusalem. At present it is possessed of some celebrity as a seat of Jewish education. About thirty Jewish youths generally reside there, for the purpose of receiving instruction in Rabbinical lore, in their places of study, which are called *Yisheioth*.

We are now arrived at the *Lake of Gennesaret*. This interesting lake lies in a deep valley. Its length is about fifteen or sixteen miles, and its greatest breadth about seven. It is bordered on each side by dark barren mountains, which throw their shadows over its surface, imparting to the scene an air of gloom. This is greatly increased by the unruffled calm of its bosom, and the dead silence which reigns throughout its wide extent. The signs of animation and of industry which gladdened it in our Lord's time, have all disappeared. Few fishermen are now to be seen mending their nets upon its shores, or prosecuting their craft upon its waters. The smiling villages, which looked forth from amid the embowering gardens and vineyards which once adorned its plains and terraced hills, are now ruins; and the fruitful field is a wilderness.

Various names have been given to this lake at different times. Moses mentions it under the name of the Sea of Chinnereth or Cinnereth. It was afterwards called Gennesareth, from a town of the name of Gennesar, and latterly the Lake of Tiberias, from a city which still stands upon its shores. In the Gospel history we find it spoken of as the Sea of Galilee, from the district of country in which it is situated.

In reading the accounts which modern travels furnish of the general appearance of this lake, the interest is not a little increased by the varying impressions which were left on the minds of the visitors. It is as if, in a party of pleasant friends, ourselves had visited its shores, and, unbending to the free play of familiar conversation, had listened to the agreeably varied pictures which Fancy might draw of the same scenery. Buckingham represents the gloom of the scene as oppressive; while Carne, finding solemnity where the other perceived only sadness, speaks of

* The waters of Merom was the scene of the muster, and of the discomfiture of the confederated kings of the north, by Joshua. They had taken counsel against the Lord and his anointed; and in allied strength they went out—they and all their host with them, much people, even as the sand which is upon the sea-shore in multitude, with horses and chariots very many, and came and pitched together at the waters of Merom to fight against Israel. But God delivered their gathered host into the hand of Israel, and they smote them with a great destruction, and Joshua houghed their horses and burned their chariots with fire.—Josh. xi. 1-10.

the hallowed calm and majestic beauty which rest there. Rae Wilson calls in the aid of poetry to describe its loveliness, applying the following lines to it:—

"——————— It
Woos me with its crystal face;
The mirror where the stars and mountains view
The stillness of their aspect, in such trace
Its clear depth yields of their fair height and hue."

Yet we greatly prefer the account furnished by our own deputation, in 1839, to that of all other travellers. They overlooked not the natural beauties of this sweet lake. Their recording pen tells you of its calm repose—its pleasant plains—its steep mountains—its wild wadies—its oleanders, and reeds, and shady nabbok-tree. But their hearts were taught to see in it a loveliness far above what nature can bestow. They saw it in the hallowed light of Scripture. It was the fact that Jesus often walked on its beach that lent to it a surpassing beauty and interest in their eyes.

"How pleasant to me thy deep blue wave,
O! sea of Galilee;
For the glorious One who came to save
Has often stood by thee."

They have succeeded in embodying the cast of their feelings in two little sentences: "How often Jesus looked on this scene, and walked by the side of this lake! We could *feel* the reason why, when harassed and vexed by the persecution of his enemies, 'Jesus withdrew himself with his disciples to the sea.'" "The day we spent at the lake," writes Mr Bonar, "at the very water's side, was ever memorable; it was so peculiarly sweet. We felt an indescribable interest even in lifting a shell from the shore of a sea where Jesus had so often walked." Mr M'Cheyne describes a distant view—the appearance which the Sea of Galilee presents, as seen from the heights of Saphet: "O what a view of the Sea of Galilee is before you at your feet! It is above three hours' descent to the water edge, and yet it looks as if you could run down in as many minutes. The lake is much larger than I had imagined. It is hemmed in by mountains on every side, sleeping as calmly and softly as if it had been the sea of glass which John saw in heaven. We tried in vain to follow the course of the Jordan running through it. True, there were clear lines such as you see in the wake of a vessel, but then these do not go straight through the lake. The hills of Bashan are very high and steep where they run into the lake. At one point, were the tombs in the rocks where the demoniacs used to live, and near it the hills were exactly what the Scriptures describe: 'a steep place where the swine ran down into the sea.' On the north-east of the sea, Hermon rises very grand, intersected with many ravines full of snow." A melancholy tenderness rests upon this description. It is impossible to read it without remembering, that the heart which felt it, and the hand which penned it, are now mingled with the dust. And we know not any place in which we would prefer to meditate upon the memory of him who wrote it than by the waters of this much-loved lake. The scene is congenial to the subject. It was because the form of Jesus had been mirrored in its waters—because Jesus had wandered by its shores, and had taught there—that this lake possessed a sacred interest in M'Cheyne's eyes. It was the reflection of the image of Christ from his own sanctified character which forms its beauty, and which causes us to hang with interest over his engaging memoir. Even in the outlines of the scene, we may, without much fancy, trace the features of his character; for as the mountains gracefully meet around this placid lake, so in him the gentleness of a Christian spirit was encircled with the bold attributes of faithfulness and high moral courage. He now rests in that land whose hills are salvation, and its rivers are rivers of life; and with his harp in his hand, and seeing Jesus face to face, he sings a higher song than that strangely prophetic one which he sung on the borders of the Sea of Galilee:—

"O! Saviour, gone to God's right hand!
Yet the same Saviour still,
Graved on thy heart is this lovely strand,
And every fragrant hill.
O! give me, Lord, by this sacred wave,
Threefold thy love divine,
That I may feed till *I find my grave*
Thy flock—both thine and mine."

This Lake of Gennesaret was the scene of many Bible incidents. It was as he walked by this lake, shortly after his baptism, that Jesus met Simon and Andrew, and James and John, mending or casting their nets; for they were fishers. He called them as he passed; and straightway, moved by a sweet, yet irresistible impulse, they leave all and follow him.

"The first men that our Saviour dear
Did choose to wait upon him here,
Blest fishers were." WALTON.

In connection with this, it is interesting to note, that Hasselquist, the Swedish naturalist, observed many of the fish which spawn in the Nile tenanting this lake.

On the side of one of those hills which skirt the lake to the east, did Christ feed five thousand with five barley loaves and two small fishes; and in the fourth watch of the same night did he walk to his disciples, when they were in the midst of the lake, and when the ship was sore tossed—the fluid wave affording a firm pathway to the tread of its Lord.—Matt. xiv. 22; John vi. 1-21.

It was when he sailed on this lake, and when he was asleep in the hinder part of the ship, that one of those squalls which descend from its mountains, or blow with violence through its openings, tossed the sea into a tempest, insomuch that the ship was covered with the waves. The Lord arose from the sleep which weariness had made sound, and rebuked the wind and the sea, and there was a great calm.—Matt. viii. 23.

Here, too, did he show himself again to the disciples after his resurrection. He was desirous to pay a farewell visit to this beloved lake before he should leave the earth. It was the morning when he was seen standing on the shore, although the disciples knew not that it was Jesus. All night had they toiled and caught nothing; but at his direction did they cast their net anew. The miraculous draught of fishes revealed to them the unknown stranger.

John was the first to discover his Lord. All the disciples gathered around him with affection mingled with reverence; and Simon Peter had his commission renewed by the side of that lake where it was first bestowed.

THE HAPPINESS OF CONTENTMENT.

Enough, I reckon wealth;
That mean the surest lot
That lies too high for base Contempt—
Too low for Envy's shot.

My wishes are but few—
All easy to fulfil;
I make the limits of my power
The bounds unto my will.

I feel no care for gold—
Well-doing is my wealth;
My mind to me an empire is,
While grace affordeth health.

Spare diet is my fare;
My clothes more fit than fine;
I know I feed and clothe a foe
That, pamper'd, would repine.

No change of Fortune's calm
Can cast my comforts down:
When Fortune smiles, I smile to think
How quickly she will frown.

And when, in angry mood,
She proved an angry foe,
Small gain I found to let her come—
Less loss to let her go.

Southwell.

TWO WAYS OF OBSERVING THE SABBATH.

(From Sermons by Dr Chalmers.)

Certain it is, that the Sabbath-day may be made to wear an aspect of great gloom and great ungainliness, with each hour having its own irksome punctuality attached to it; and when the weary formalist, labouring to acquit himself in full tale and measure of all his manifold observations, is either sorely fatigued in the work of filling up the unvaried routine, or is sorely oppressed in conscience, should there be the slightest encroachment either on its regularity, or on its entireness. We may follow him through his Sabbath history, and mark how, in the spirit of bondage, this drivelling slave plies at an unceasing task, to which, all the while, there is a secret dissatisfaction in his own bosom, and with which he lays an intolerable penance on his whole family. He is clothed in the habiliments of seriousness, and holds out the aspect of it; but never was aspect more unpromising or more unlovely. And, in this very character of severity, is it possible for him to move through all the stages of Sabbath observancy—first, to eke out his morning hour of solitary devotion; and then to assemble his household to the psalms, and the readings, and the prayers, which are all set forth in due and regular celebration; and then, with stern parental authority, to muster, in full attendance for church, all the children and domestics who belong to him; and then, in his compressed and crowded pew, to hold out, in complete array, the demureness of spirit that sits upon his own countenance, and the demureness of constraint that sits on the general face of his family; and then to follow up the public services of the day by an evening, the reigning expression of which shall be that of strict, unbending austerity—when exercises of patience, and the exercises of memory, and a confinement that must not be broken from, even for the tempting air and beauty of a garden, and the manifold other interdicts that are laid on the vivacity of childhood, may truly turn every Sabbath, as it comes round, into a periodical season of sufferance and dejection? And thus, instead of being a preparation of love and joy for a heaven of its own likeness, may all these proprieties be discharged, for no other purpose than that of pacifying the jealousies of a God of vengeance, and working out a burdensome acquittal from the exactions of this hard and unrelenting task-master.

* * * *

This wretched Sabbath history, which we have already offered to your notice, is quite another thing from a history which bears to it a very strong external resemblance, but is impregnated by wholly another spirit, and is sustained throughout all the stages of it by another principle—the history not of a Sabbath drudge, but of a Sabbath amateur, who rises with alacrity to the delight of the hallowed services that are before him—who spends, too, his own hour of morning communion with his God, and from the prayer-opened gate of heaven catches upon his soul a portion of heaven's gladness—who gathers, too, his family around the household altar, and there diffuses the love and the sacred joy which have already descended upon his own bosom—who walks along with them to the house of prayer, and, in proportion as he fills them with his own spirit, so does he make the yoke of confinement easy, and its burden light unto them—who plies them with their evening exercise, but does it with a father's tenderness, and studies how their task shall become their enjoyment—who could, but for example's sake, walk fearlessly abroad and recognise in the beauties of nature the hand that has graced and adorned it; but that still a truer charm awaits him in the solitude of his own chamber, where he can hold converse with the piety of other days—with some worthy of a former generation, who, being dead, still speaketh—with God himself in the book of his testimony, or with God in prayer, whom he blesses for such happy moments of peace and of preciousness. And so he concludes a day, not in which his spirit has been thwarted, but in which his spirit has been regaled—a day of sunshine, to the recurrence of which he looks onward with cheerfulness—a day of respite from this world's cares—a day of rejoicing participation in the praises and spiritual beatitudes of the future world.

DROPS FROM "CANAAN'S FLOWINGS."

God hath two dwelling-places—the highest heavens, and the lowest hearts; *that* is the habitation of his glory—*this* of his grace.

There are two choice mercies—1*st*, To have a broken heart for sin; 2*d*, To have a heart broken off from sin.

If Love find fault, it is that there may be no fault to be found. God, on this ground, finds fault with his people, that his people may be without fault.

The Son of God became the son of man, that the sons of men might become the sons of God.

The love of God doth not know what it is to be idle, and idlers do not know what it is to love God.

Christ is the Son of God, and therefore beloved.—Matt. iii. 17. We are beloved, and therefore the sons of God.—1 John iii. 1.

Daily Bread.

FRIDAY.

"This is not your rest."—Mic. ii. 10.

Save, till all these tempests end,
All who on thy love depend;
Waft our happy spirits o'er—
Land us on the heavenly shore.

Rest is desirable; but it is not to be found on this side the grave. Worldly troubles attend all men in this life. This world is a sea of trouble, where one wave rolls upon another. They who fancy themselves beyond the reach of trouble, are mistaken: no state, no stage of life, is exempted from it. The crowned head is surrounded with thorny cares. Honour many times paves the way to deep disgrace: riches, for the most part, are kept to the hurt of the owners. The fairest rose wants not prickles, and the heaviest cross is sometimes found wrapt up in the greatest earthly comfort. Spiritual troubles attend the saints in this life. They are like travellers travelling in a cloudy night, in which the moon sometimes breaks out from under one cloud, but quickly hides her head again under another.—*Boston.*

SATURDAY.

"Now is the day of salvation."—2 Cor. vi. 2.

Come, ye weary sinners, come
All who groan beneath your load;
Jesus calls his wanderers home—
Hasten to your pardoning God.

If much of your time be past, let no more of your time be waste; how much the longer our time hath been, the shorter our time shall be. Oh! that every step our souls take might be towards heaven; and that you would make sure of God to-day, because next day you are not sure of yourselves. For the Lord's sake, improve your time; for your soul's sake, redeem the time. The lawyer will not lose his term, the waterman will not lose his tide, the tradesman will not lose his exchange time, the husbandman will not lose his season—and will you lose your precious season? If you lose your season, you lose your soul. —*Dyer.*

SABBATH.

"The righteous is more excellent than his neighbour."—Prov. xii. 26.

Rests secure the righteous man!
At his Redeemer's beck,
Sure to emerge and rise again,
And mount above the wreck.

What, in the wreck of property—in the loss of relations and friends—in the failure of health and comfort—what will you do without "the consolation of Israel?" While your cisterns are broken, the fountain of living water is far off; while your lamps are extinguished, no Sun of Righteousness is nigh. But if you have an interest in Him who is the hope of Israel, the Saviour thereof in the time of trouble, your trials will be all sanctified and alleviated: at what time you are afraid, you will be able to trust in him—in the multitude of your thoughts within you, his comforts will delight your soul. "I am cast down, but not destroyed." I feel my losses, but *I* am not lost. The waters are bitter, but this tree heals them. The cross takes away the curse; yea, the curse is turned into a blessing.—*Jay.*

MONDAY.

"The Lord he is God, there is none else."—Deut. iv. 35.

Master, I own thy lawful claim—
Thine, wholly thine, I love to be;
Thou seest at last I willing am
Where'er thou go'st to follow thee;
Myself in all things to deny—
Thine, wholly thine, to live and die.

God is a just and a jealous God, and he will never endure co-rivals or co-partners in the throne—the heart of a man. A holy God will never divide with an unholy devil. The true God is a righteous God, and he will never share his glory with another. The true God must be served truly, heartily; he loves neither halting nor halving. Such as divide the rooms of their souls betwixt God and sin, God and Satan, God and the world—that swear by God and Malcham —that sometimes pray devoutly, and at other times curse most hideously—that halt betwixt God and Baal—are mere heteroclites in religion, and such whom God abhors.—*Brooks.*

TUESDAY.

"And Peter went out, and wept bitterly."—Matt. xxvi. 75.

Jesus, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep;
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain, like Peter, weep.

All gracious mourning flows from looking—from believing. Nothing breaks the heart of a sinner like a look of faith. All tears of godly sorrow drop from the eye of faith. Godly sorrow rises and falls as faith rises and falls. Faith and godly sorrow are like the fountain and the flood, which rise and fall together. The more a man is able by faith to look upon a pierced Christ, the more his heart will mourn over all the dishonours that he has done to Christ; the more deep and wide the wounds are that faith shows me in the heart and sides of Christ, the more my heart will be wounded for sinning against Christ.—*Ibid.*

WEDNESDAY.

"Affliction yields the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby."—Heb. xii. 11.

When we have our grief filled up,
When we all our work have done,
Christ shall give us all our hope,
And we shall share his throne.

Carnal Reason often looks upon troubles through false glasses. As there are some glasses that will make great things seem little, so there are others that will make little things seem great; and it may be that thou lookest upon thy afflictions through one of them. Look upon thy afflictions in the glass of the Word—look on them in a Scripture dress—and then they will be found to be but little. He that shall look into a Gospel glass, shall be able to say, Heavy afflictions are light, long afflictions are short, bitter afflictions are sweet, and great afflictions are little—2 Cor. iv. 16-18. It is good to make a judgment of your afflictions by a Gospel light, and by a Gospel rule.—*Ibid.*

THURSDAY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."—Rev. xiv. 13.

They die in Jesus and are blest—
How calm their slumbers are!
From sufferings and from foes released,
And freed from every snare.

In death nothing dieth of thee but what thou mayest well spare—thy sin and sorrow. When the house is pulled to pieces, all those ivy roots in the wall shall be destroyed. The egg-shell must be broken that the little chick may slip out. The body must be dissolved, that thy soul may be delivered; yet thy body doth not die, but sleep in the grave till the morning of the resurrection. The outward apparel shall not be utterly consumed by the moth of time, but locked up safe, as in a chest, to be newly trimmed, and gloriously adorned above the sun in his greatest lustre, and put on again, when thou shalt awake in the morning, never, never to be put off more.—*Bishop Hall.*

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"THE DAY-SPRING FROM ON HIGH."

BY THE REV. JAMES ROBERTSON, PORTSBURGH, EDINBURGH.

THERE is something beautiful in sunrise. In certain favourable circumstances, it is common for individuals to put themselves to no little inconvenience, and to undergo no slight toil, to enjoy the spectacle to advantage. All is still and dark as the grave. One thick impenetrable mantle conceals every object from the view, while so deep is the quiet that prevails, that it seems as if the pulse of Nature had stopped, and the life of the world were extinguished. At length, a slight flush tinges the horizon, gradually deepening in its hue, and spreading more widely over the face of the sky; objects begin to be descried—now dimly in the extreme—now more distinctly; what seemed huge, shapeless masses, assume form; then the sun himself, after being heralded by many forerunning beams of splendour, rises majestically above the horizon; and earth, with its mountains, and streams, and towns—with its numberless sights of sublimity and beauty—stands revealed. Now, too, the silence and inactivity that previously reigned, are broken—the lark has begun his minstrelsy, the lowing of herds rises from the valley, and the villages and cities, that seemed so many sepulchres, resound with the hum of busy existence. The change is prodigious, and most beneficial is the influence which the great light of heaven puts forth. But there is another Sun than that which shines in these heavens, whose rise and whose influence are blissful beyond the power of language to describe. It is the Sun of Righteousness, and *we* require only to open our eyes to behold his brightness. It was far otherwise with the good and holy men who lived under the former dispensation. O how anxiously did they stand on their watch-towers, and, with what ecstasy, mark every accumulating token of his appearance! But they received not the promise; God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect. Hence, the language of Jesus to his disciples: "Blessed are the eyes which see the things that ye see; for I tell you, that many prophets and kings have desired to see those things which ye see, and have not seen them; and to hear those things which ye hear, and have not heard them." The day-spring from on high hath visited us.

I. These words remind us that NIGHT IS PAST. Our world, morally and spiritually considered, has had its night—a very long night, a very dark night, and a night very fatal to those who were exposed to its noxious influences.

It was a very long night. It was no brief space that elapsed between the fall of man and the incarnation. During that period myriads of human beings were born and died—system after system of philosophy rose and perished—kingdom after kingdom flourished and fell. Our longest night is only of a few hours' duration; but this lasted four thousand years. It had set in long before the era at which profane history becomes authentic—ages and ages before a Hesiod, or a Homer, or a Herodotus wrote or sung. It was night long before Nineveh, or Babylon, or Egyptian Thebes was built; and when, after standing for centuries the pride and glory of the world, these fell into decay, it was night still. True, the same sun that shines now shone then, and stars brighter than those which adorn our hemisphere burned of old, as now, in eastern skies; but the world spiritually was without light—the soul of man was immersed in deeper than Egyptian darkness—a darkness which grew more intense as time rolled on.

It was a very dark night. Darkness covered the earth, gross darkness the people. One spot excepted, men had nowhere light in their houses. After Palestine, which, from an early period, enjoyed a kind of twilight, Greece was the most enlightened country of the earth. There were to be seen, hand in hand—Science with her torch, Philosophy with her mirror—Poetry with her wand of enchantment; but what of that?—a few tapers do not make day; and such lights served only to render the darkness visible. "The world, by wisdom, knew not God," as Socrates showed when, with his dying breath, he ordered a sacrifice to Æsculapius; and as Athens and Corinth demonstrated at large in the gross idolatry and unblushing licentiousness of their population.

It was a night most fatal to those who were exposed to its influence. Where there is darkness there is vice—there is crime—there is bloodshed. Where no vision is, the people perish. How few, of all who lived beyond the land of Judea, exhibited anything like moral excellence! They had all their conversation in the lusts of the flesh; fulfilling the desires of the flesh and the mind, and were the children of wrath. Then was the harvest of the god of this world. He reigned supreme. Awful, fatal night! Who can describe its horrors?—who enumerate its victims? But it is past. The night of the world is gone. The shadows of ages are fleeing apace—the gloom of more than four thousand years is hastening away. Though every valley is not illuminated, nay, though the greater part of the world is lying in the shadow of death, say not It is night; for,—

II. The words before us assert, that THE SUN

is up, and hastening to its zenith. The day-spring from on high hath visited us.

Sunrise is beautiful, but what shall we say of the rising of the Sun of Righteousness after so long, and dark, and fatal, a night? Surely it must have excited the most rapturous emotion, and the whole family of man would hail with enthusiasm his first appearing. But, alas! this was the case only with a very few, who were waiting for the consolation of Israel. To understand this, we must go to Bethlehem—and there, in an inn, and in the stable of the inn, we shall find Him who is "raised up a light to lighten the Gentiles, and to be the glory of his people Israel." How mean his outward condition and appearance!—yet there are circumstances that intimate he was no ordinary person. Let us suppose ourselves in the city of David on this momentous occasion. Day draws to a close. Evening descends, stilling the bustle of the town, at this time unprecedentedly great, and covering the extensive plains that stretch from under Bethlehem to the Dead Sea with its shade. It is night. No stir is heard, except for a moment as the shepherd walks his round. But, lo! of a sudden the stillness is broken—an angelic voice is heard, and a form, surrounded by a supernatural brightness, illuminating far and wide the plain, bursts upon the view. The shepherds to whom the vision appeared are confounded and sore afraid. Conscious of guilt, and mindful of the awful fate of those who once lived at the extremity of the plains where they now tended their flocks, they probably apprehended a similar doom. But "the angel said unto them, Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will toward men." Looking now at that infant lying in the manger, say who is it we behold?—"The Shiloh"—"the peacemaker"—"the prophet like unto Moses"—"the seed of the woman who is to bruise the serpent's head"—"the desire of all nations." No wonder then, that the Magi, when they saw the star standing over where he lay, rejoiced with exceeding great joy—that the shepherds returned from Bethlehem glorifying and praising God, and that devout old Simeon, clasping in his arms the child of promise, exclaimed, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation!" "O Zion, that bringest good tidings, get thee up into the high mountain—O Jerusalem, that bringest good tidings, lift up thy voice with strength, lift it up, be not afraid, say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God!" Henceforth a new order of things begins. What was prophecy has become history—what was type and figure, reality and substance. The darkness is past, and the true light now shineth. Hence the language of Jesus himself, "I am come a light into the world." And how glorious the light he has shed on the character of God, on the requirements of his law, on the doctrine of a divine providence, on the certainty of a future state, and, above all, on the way in which the guilty and polluted children of men may be justified, sanctified, and eternally saved! Life and immortality have been brought to light through the Gospel. And how blissful the influence which this knowledge is exerting, which the risen Sun of Righteousness is putting forth! Wherever its power is felt, the phantoms of superstition are dissipated, and the mists of error melt away. Vice disappears, crimes grow less frequent, and peace, love, and happiness prevail. Such in *kind* are the effects produced, however limited in *extent;* but they will not always, they will not long, be so circumscribed. "The beam that shines from Zion hill shall lighten every land." Many people shall go and say: "Come ye, and let us walk in the light of the Lord." "For the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." This leads us to remark,

III. That the words before us assure us that PERFECT DAY IS APPROACHING. The sun is up, and is waxing to millennial effulgence. Then the light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be sevenfold, as the light of seven days. Then the Bible will be more thoroughly understood—while it will be universally circulated—the ordinances of the Gospel will be everywhere enjoyed, and the Spirit poured down in copious effusion. Methinks I behold the scene. The sounds of misery that rose from the habitations of man have died away—the din of war is hushed—the smoke of unhallowed sacrifices no longer pollutes the breeze. "The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light; they that dwell in the land and the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined."

> "One song employs all nations; and all cry,
> 'Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain for us.'"

The whole earth is one scene of beauty and gladness. "The wilderness and the solitary place are glad, and the desert rejoices and blossoms as the rose." Nor is this a mere figment of the imagination never to be realized. "It shall come to pass in the last day, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established on the tops of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills, and all nations shall flow unto it." "From the rising of the sun, even unto the going down of the same, my name shall be great among the Gentiles; and in every place incense shall be offered unto my name, and a pure offering; for my name shall be great among the heathen, saith the Lord of hosts." "There shall be an handful of corn on the earth upon the top of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon; and they of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth. His name

shall endure for ever: his name shall be continued as long as the sun; and men shall be blessed in him: all nations shall call him blessed." Nor is this all. Looking beyond millennial times to the restitution of all things, we recognise a scene more glowing still—a sky without a cloud—a sun without a spot—a soil without a curse—a people who are forgiven all their iniquities: "And the city has no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it; for the glory of God lightens it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."

RODOLPHE PEYRANI,

A PASTOR OF THE VAUDOIS.

[This graphic and affecting account of a visit to the aged and well known Waldensian pastor, Rodolphe Peyrani, is from the pen of Dr Gilly.]

We were received at the door by a mild, sensible, and modest-looking young man, dressed in faded black, to whom we communicated our wish of being introduced to M. Peyrani. He replied, that his father was very unwell, but would be happy to see any English gentleman, who did him the honour of a visit. We were afraid that we might disturb the invalid, and therefore hesitated to intrude, until we had begged M. Vertu to see M. Peyrani first, and ascertain whether the sight of strangers would be agreeable. The answer was in our favour, and we were now conducted up a narrow stair-case, through a very small bed-room, whose size was still further contracted by several book-cases. This led into another bed-room, more amply provided still with shelves and books. The apartment was about fourteen feet square, low, and without any kind of decoration of paint or paper hanging. At a small fire, where the fuel was supplied in too scanty a portion to impart warmth to the room, and by the side of a table covered with books, parchments, and manuscripts, sat a slender, feeble-looking old man, whose whole frame was bowed down by infirmity. A night-cap was on his head, and at first sight we supposed he had a long white beard hanging down upon his neck; but, upon his rising to welcome us, we perceived that it was no beard, but whiskers of a length which are not often seen, and which had a very singular effect. His dress consisted of a shabby, time-worn, black suit, and white worsted stockings, so darned and patched that it is difficult to say whether any portion of the original hose remained. Over his shoulder was thrown what once had been a cloak, but now a shred only, and more like the remains of a horse-cloth, than part of a clerical dress. This cloak, in the animation of his discourse, frequently fell from his shoulders, and was replaced by his son with a degree of filial tenderness and attention extremely prepossessing.

The sickly-looking sufferer, in this humble costume—in this garb of indigence—was the moderator of the Vaudois; the successor of a line of prelates, whom tradition would extend to the apostles themselves; the high priest of a Church, which is, beyond all shadow of doubt, the parent Church of every Protestant community in Europe, and which centuries of persecution have not been able to destroy.

The welcome which we received from our venerable host, was expressed with all the warmth and sincerity of one whose kindly feelings had not yet been chilled by years or sufferings; and the manner in which it was delivered, displayed a knowledge of the world, and a fine tact of good breeding, which are not looked for in Alpine solitudes, or in the dusty study of a recluse. We were predisposed to respect his virtues and piety, and had been given to understand that he was a man of the first literary acquirements; but we did not expect to find the tone and manners of one whose brows would do honour to the mitre of any diocese in Europe. There was nothing of querulousness in any of his observations, nor did he once express himself with the least degree of bitterness upon the subject of his own grievances, or those of his community. That which we gathered from him upon these topics, was related more in the form of historical detail, than as matters which so materially concerned himself and connections.

Our conversation was held generally in French; sometimes we addressed him in English, which he understood, but did not speak; but when I engrossed his discourse to myself, we spoke in Latin, as being the language in which we could not mistake each other, and affording the most certain medium of communication upon ecclesiastical subjects, where I was anxious to ascertain facts with precision. Nothing could be more choice or classical than his selection of words; and I was not more surprised by his fluency of diction, than by the extraordinary felicity with which he applied whole sentences from ancient poets, and even prose authors, to convey his sentiments.

M. Peyrani spoke with so much rapidity, and his thoughts followed each other in such quick succession, that he never suffered himself to be at a loss for words. If the Latin term did not immediately occur to him, he made no pause, but instantly supplied its place by a French or Italian phrase. This animation of manner had such an effect upon his whole frame, that very soon after we began to converse with him, the wrinkles seemed to fall from his brow, a hectic colour succeeded to the pallidness of his countenance, and the feeble and stooping figure, which first stood before us, elevated itself by degrees, and acquired new strength and energy. In fact, while he was favouring me with a short history of himself, I might have forgotten that he had exceeded the usual limits of man's short span; and I must repeat, that it is impossible to admire sufficiently the Christian character of the individual, or of the Church which he represented, when I recollect the meek resignation with which he submitted to his hard fate, and the forbearance he exhibited, whenever his remarks led him to talk of the vexatious and oppressive proceedings, which have never ceased to mark the line of conduct pursued by the Sardinian Government in regard to the Churches of the Waldenses.

M. Peyrani's book-shelves were loaded with more than they could well bear; and when I noticed the number of the volumes which lay scattered about the room, or were disposed in order, wherever a place could be found for them, he told me, that if he were now in possession of all that once were his, the whole of his own and the adjoining house would be insufficient to contain them. He said he had bought a great many himself; but the principal portion of his library was the accumulation of his father and grandfather, and of more distant ancestors; and expressed much regret that he could no longer display the folios, and curious old manuscripts that had been handed down to him. I asked what had become of them. "They have been sold," he replied, with considerable emotion; for he had been compelled to part with them from time to time to purchase clothes, and even food, for himself and family!

It was with extreme regret we witnessed the approach of the hour which told us we must take leave of the venerable Peyrani. The good humour, cheerfulness, and resignation of the old man—his perfect recollection of events and conversations which took

place years ago—his profound erudition and general information, lent a deep and peculiar interest to his discourse. My young companions were rivetted with attention. He appeared to them like a being of a different order to what they had been used to see; all that they heard and saw had more the air of romance than reality. The little window of the room opened upon the wild mountain scenery of Pomaretto; the roar of the distant torrents was heard through the casement; and the impression left by the whole scene was so much the greater, from the contrast between the elevated character of the noble old man, and the circumstances in which he was placed. Poverty within, and desolation without, formed a dark and striking back-ground to the portrait of the philosophic minister, whose lips teemed with eloquence, and whose mind was stored with all the riches of the most intellectual society. The looks of my friends, as they wandered from the window to the moderator, sufficiently told me what was passing within their breasts; and they did not escape the notice of M. Vertu, who watched with an inquiring eye, to observe what impression the aged moderator of his Church would make upon the strangers. Holding him in the utmost reverence himself, he was all anxiety that we should do the same; and could not disguise his feelings of delight at every mark of respect which we paid to the sacred representative of this primitive Christian community.

Before we parted, I looked several times earnestly round the room, that I might carry away with me every possible recollection of the chamber in which Rodolphe Peyrani was likely to finish his days. The ordinary and antique furniture, and the prints which hung upon the walls, were all objects of interest; and some of them illustrated the character of the man. In the centre, and directly over the fire-place, was the moderator's diploma, presented to him by the Royal Academy of Turin. On one side of the diploma was George IV., taken when he was Prince of Wales; on the other, the King of Sardinia; for no sufferings or injustice done to him could efface the loyal principles of M. Peyrani. Several kings of Prussia, Isaac Newton, Luther, and Calvin, occupied another place; and the Duke of Wellington, and Lord William Bentinck, were in a very conspicuous situation. The good man pointed to the latter, and spoke of him with much gratitude. "If anything could have been done for the Vaudois, Lord William would have effected it," he said; "but the restored king was deaf even to his intercessions."

As M. Peyrani followed us feebly down stairs, he showed us the door of an apartment which had never been opened, he told us, since the day on which his brother had been carried out of it, to be consigned to the grave. I asked what brother, and the answer was a momentary shock. It was Ferdinand Peyrani, the pastor of Pramol. It was like hearing the knell of a dear friend. Ferdinand Peyrani was the first person who interested me in the history of the Vaudois. It was his letter, addressed to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, which directed my attention to them, and occasioned this excursion to their Alpine retreats. He was one of the pastors to whom I felt so anxious to be introduced, and this was the first news of his being no more. His death was hastened by the scurvy, a disorder increased by poverty and want.

At the door of his humble presbytery the aged moderator wrung our hands, and said farewell with every symptom of regret at parting. He stood at the threshold, watching our departing steps, and the last sight that I had of his long grey locks, floating in the wind, left an impression that will not soon be removed. I am sure nobody could take leave, as we did, of M. Peyrani, with the certainty of seeing him no more, without being sensibly affected. His son accompanied us to the edge of the torrent, and there we said adieu to him. . . . . .

The venerable Peyrani has since died. Dr Gilly visited his grave on his return to the valleys. He says in his second work :—

Before we entered the village, we made a pilgrimage to the new church and church-yard; but I find it impossible to describe our reflections as we stood over the grave of Peyrani, surrounded by his son and grandson, and nephew, Timoleon Peyrani. Six years have but just passed away since my interview with him, and now the sods that cover him have nearly sunk to the level of the ground; the letters, that were faintly traced upon his rude tomb-stone, are almost obliterated, and in a few years nothing will remain to mark the place where his ashes repose—so neglected is the spot which is called the cemetery of Pomaretto.

THE HOLY ISLE,

BEING CONTINUATION OF EXCURSION TO ARRAN.

BY THE REV. DAVID LANDSBOROUGH, STEVENSTON.

As in my last communication I stated that, from the smallness of our craft, we had been constrained to set part of our boating company ashore, and as I took no further notice of them, some may suspect that we left them to shift for themselves in a barren, and at that time, I believe, an uninhabited island.* In justice to ourselves we must render an account. On landing them at the pier, I told them that they might either climb the hill or walk southward along the shore, and visit, if they chose, St Molios' Cave. They chose the walk by the shore. Neither of the walks would have been new to me. I have both circumnavigated and circumambulated the isle, and I have been more than once at its summit; but the years that have since fled have carried away with them the remembrance of much that I saw and felt. As the conical isle is nearly one thousand feet in height, the view from the top, of the mainland on one side, and of Arran on the other, is very magnificent. The only plants that I remember are *Pyrola minor*, found among the heath in ascending from the north; and abundance of *Arbutus uva-ursi*, covering with its trailing branches a great extent of the southern descent. It has a fine appearance, the scarlet berries contrasting so well with its dark evergreen leaves. The berries are tempting to the eye; but they are of an austere taste. So think not the moor-fowl, whose favourite food they seem to be, and many a fine repast they must furnish. God has other creatures besides man to provide for; and where provision has been made for them, there they take up their abode. The grouse and black-game which abound in Arran, know well where juniper-berries, craw-berries, blae-berries, and the bear-berries of the *Arbutus uva-ursi*, are to be found. When Arran was richly wooded, as it continued to be in the end of the sixteenth century, we are told that it was one of

* The only house on the Isle is the occasional residence of James Oswald, Esq., M.P. He has erected a nice wooden pier near his house.

the favourite resorts of the capercailzie, or cock of the woods. The forests perished, and the capercailzie disappeared. His Grace the Duke of Hamilton is trying to re-establish them in their ancient place of resort; but the attempt is premature. Arran must again be, partially at least, covered with woods, ere the capercailzie will be tempted to abide in it. By putting the eggs of this bird, large as a turkey, into the nests of the grouse, on the mountain side, many of them have been hatched; but when reared, they either die or make their escape. A few weeks ago, I heard of one of the game-keepers returning with a stray one which he had captured in the Lowlands, where it had probably been in search of fir-woods, in which they find suitable nourishment.

In "An Original Survey of the Geology of the Island of Arran, by Andrew C. Ramsay, Esq.," which led to his being placed at the head, in Scotland, of the great national geological survey which is now going on, we are informed that the coast of Lamlash Bay is composed of red sandstone, intersected by numerous dykes. Three of these are of claystone, and eleven of greenstone. "The dependency of Holy Isle does not differ in structure from the southern district of Arran; presenting the common red sandstone occasionally visible on the shore, overflowed by a great mass of claystone, and claystone porphyry, to the height of about one thousand feet. In the south-eastern district, veins of trap may be seen penetrating the sandstone horizontally." Much of the porphyry is the variety called clinkstone porphyry, which here ranges itself in rude columns, placed over each other, and resting on the red sandstone.

As our young wanderers, instead of climbing among clinkstone rocks, went along the shore in the direction of St Molios' Cave, we shall follow them. They had not proceeded far till Isabella, having got the start of the other two, had nearly stepped on a grisly native of the island, in the form of a large venomous adder.

> "Obstupuit, retroque pedem cum voce repressit:
> Anguem, ... trepidaque repente refugit,*
> Attollentem iras, et cærula colla tumentem."

Without waiting to spout Latin—wiser on this occasion than our first mother Eve—she took to flight, and brought up her sisters as a reinforcement; but the subtle serpent, not choosing to abide the rencounter, had glided away to some safe lurking-place among the heather.

The Cave of St Molios (pronounced *Molees*) is on the upper side of the path which winds along the shore on the western side of the isle. I have repeatedly visited, and with considerable interest examined, this cave; but as several years have since intervened, instead of trusting to my memory, I shall quote from the New Statistical Account of Scotland. It is therein stated that St Molios, or, as the name means in Gaelic, the shaved or bare-headed servant of Jesus, being a disciple of St Columba, came from Iona, and took up his residence "in this lonely isle, whence he diffused the light of Christianity, among the formerly Pagan inhabitants of Arran. The cave which formed his residence, is merely an excavation in the red sandstone, hollowed out by the sea when its level was higher than at present, with its mouth defended by a wall of loose stones. On the roof of the cave, there is a Runic inscription, stating the name and office of the saint; and, a little raised above its floor, a shelf of rock, said to have been his bed. In the neighbourhood of the cave, there is a large flat stone, called his dining-table, and a spring of pure water (his bath), much resorted to in the ages of superstition, and celebrated for the healing virtues alleged to have been communicated to it by the prayers and blessings of the saint."

The Lord has been good and kind to Scotland. With the exception of Judea, there is no other land on the face of the earth, the religious history of which is so deeply interesting. Even within the boundaries of Arran, there are vestiges by which we can trace some of the great religious changes which have taken place in our land. Time has spread his dark wing over the state of the inhabitants of this island before the introduction of Christianity. Pagans they were, undoubtedly; but whether they were Druids, or worshippers of the imaginary gods of Scandinavia, is matter of uncertainty. Some think that the circles of stone found in several places of Arran are the remains of Druidical temples. At Tormore, for instance, the large trunks of oak trees still imbedded in the surrounding moss, are evidently the remains of a forest; and as the Druids worshipped in oak forests, it is thought by many that the remarkable circles at Tormore are the remains of one of their great temples. A well-worn perforation in the side of one of the stones was pointed out to me as the hole through which the cord went that bound the victim when brought to the altar, though some of the Highlanders say that it was here that Fingal fastened his stag-hound, Bran. It must have been for some important purpose that these circles were formed. Near these circles there are three upright columns of stone, about fifteen feet in height, and eleven or twelve feet in circumference. From the top of one of them I, with some difficulty, brought down a fine large specimen of the lichen, called *Ramalina Scopalorum*, which I still have in my possession. The stones are old red sandstone; and making allowance for what is under ground, they cannot be less than twenty feet in length. It would be no easy task, even in the present day, with all the progress we think we have made in the arts and sciences, to bring stones of such magnitude to this place, and to erect them so as that they would stand for many ages. The great uncertainty as to the purpose for which these were erected, and our utter ignorance of the name even of one of those who must have exulted in their erection, as an achievement well fitted to hand down their names to posterity, is humbling to the vanity of man. "Let us build us a city, and a tower whose top may reach unto heaven; and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth," said the impious builders of Babel. "But the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth;" their unfinished tower has crumbled—they soon returned to the dust; and though they are held up to posterity, it is as vain shadows, unworthy even of "a name."

* I beg Virgil's pardon for spoiling one of his noble lines.

But whatever uncertainty there may be in some things, there is the melancholy certainty that when St Molios arrived in Arran, the natives were benighted Heathens. He was the disciple of a man of God of apostolic character, St Columba, who, in the year 563, landed in Iona, which he had received in a gift from the King of Argyle, and which he made his chief place of residence. By making excursions himself, and by sending forth his disciples to preach the Gospel—God blessing their labours—a great and rapid change took place; for it is said that before his death, the whole of Scotland was converted to Christianity. St Molios being sent to Arran, engaged, it would appear, with ardour and success in the work of his mission. The Holy Isle, it is probable, was only a place of occasional retirement for meditation and prayer. All who have been very successful in converting souls have not only been zealous and ardent in preaching the Word, but frequent, and fervent, and instant in prayer. After devout converse with God, when they returned to the work, their faces shone, their hearts glowed, their words burned, and their tongues delighted to speak of Jesus, and to proclaim the wonders of divine love. St Columba, it would appear, came to encourage his devoted disciple; for a moss-covered cairn in the west of the Island of Arran, is pointed out as the spot where St Columba sat down with St Molios to refresh himself when travelling from place to place evangelizing its Heathen inhabitants. St Molios afterwards made Shiskin his chief residence, and there he died, at the advanced age of one hundred and twenty years.*

Blessed was the change that took place when the darkness of Heathenism fled before the light of the Gospel; but the remains of a monastery lately to be seen near the landing-place in the Holy Isle, remind us that in process of time that light was greatly obscured. Scotland withstood the progress of Popery much longer than England did. The doctrines of the Gospel preached in their purity by St Columba and his disciples, and beautifully reduced to practice in the lives of these holy men, told on the understanding and the hearts of those among whom they laboured; and the successors of these pious teachers being men of kindred spirit, our blessed religion, in an outward form nearly allied to Presbyterianism, took deep root and flourished for several centuries in Scotland. It was not till the twelfth century that the usurpations of Rome were in any degree successful. Popery then began to be countenanced at Court, and, under several successive monarchs, it continued stealthily to creep in, till, having risen to power, it tore off the mask, and brought all under seeming subjection. Even then, however, the Lord had his hidden ones in our land; and soon after this we hear of the Lollards of Kyle—the forerunners of the Reformation. It would lead us much too far from our present purpose to speak of the downfal of Popery at the blessed Reformation;—of its partial rise afterwards, in the form of black, persecuting, Prelacy, when the whole land was made a scene of desolation, and the heath on the wild mountain side was often changed into a deeper purple, by the blood of the saints, shed for the Word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ. Neither must we speak of the blessings of the Revolution period, and of the spread of the Gospel, till a race arose regardless of Gospel blessings, living carelessly and at ease in Zion. As little may we wait to mourn over the long reign of spiritual deadness. Let us, however, express our joy that better days have at last come. A chapter has been added to the wonderful history of the Church of our fathers, which posterity will not blush to read. But let us remember that the signs of the times, and the more sure light of prophecy, speak of the approach of still more wonderful times, and still more wonderful events. God has already done great things for us, whereof we are glad; but if our gladness be holy joy, it will lead us to show our gratitude by being up and active in God's service; grudging no labour—sparing no arrows—girding on the whole armour of God, that in the evil day we may quit ourselves like men, being strong in the Lord and in the power of his might; so that when the shout is raised, "Babylon is fallen—is fallen—is fallen!" we may lift up our heads and rejoice with exceeding great joy.

* New Statistical Account.

After our ejected party returned to the boat, as the evening was very fine we ventured on one haul of the dredge, that they might not be altogether deprived of the pleasure we had enjoyed. We got some more *Pectens*, with interesting parasites; *Fusus corneus*, and what was much rarer, *Fusus purpureus;* a little shell also that I had not got before, *Rissoa rubra ; Exolota orbiculata* of Brown; *Trachus tumidus*, and *T. cinereus ; Hiatella præcisa ; Anomia undulata*, and an *Anomia* that does not tally with any one described by my scientific friend, Professor Fleming, in his "British Animals." It comes nearest to his description of *A. cylindrica*, only that it is not in the least cylindrical. It has, however, the rough transverse marks like ribs. I may mention, for the sake of some, that *Anomia* is like a small oyster with a perforation in the under valve.

We brought up several crabs, one or two of which were new to me; but it is often more generally interesting to dwell on what is common than on what is rare. The hermit crab (*Pagurus Bernhardus*) is common; it may be seen, by every person who makes use of his eyes, on the shore, as it is very often drifted when there is a breeze, and left by the tide on the sand. It is called hermit crab, because it takes possession of an old univalve shell, dwelling in the cavity as in a cell. In its young state, it is often to be found in a little *Trochus* or *Silver Willie*, as the children call it; and when it is full size it ensconces itself in the large *roaring buckie* (*Buccinum undatum*). The goodness and wisdom of God are seen in the instincts of animals. The hermit crab is like a little scarlet lobster, whose body and claws are defended by a strong crust, but whose hinder parts have but a thin covering. Knowing this, it thrusts its defenceless parts into the cavity of a shell, and it takes care that the shell be sufficiently large as a place of refuge for the whole hermit in the time of danger. There is a foreign species in which the spirit of the soldier is combined with the seclusiveness of the hermit. It shows ambition, and courage,

and pride. It may be seen contending with other free-booters on the shore for the largest shell; and, having obtained the mastery, it proudly parades, with its palace at its tail, in the presence of its unsuccessful competitors.

Many naturalists have observed that there seems to be a treaty of union betwixt the hermit crab and the *spotted sea-anemone* (*Actinia maculata*). I lately kept one of these pretty *sea-anemones* for some days in sea-water. It had fastened itself to a little fragment of a screw shell (*Turritella*), but its co-tenant in the inside was not a hermit crab, but a pretty red annelide. Be this as it may, certain it is that, on this occasion, we found that the *spotted anemone* had fastened itself to the outer lip of many of the large *roaring buckies* brought up, and wherever there was an *anemone* without, there we found a hermit within. In all likelihood they in various ways aid each other. The hermit has strong claws, and while he is feasting on the prey he has caught, many spare crumbs may fall to the share of his gentle-looking companion. But soft and gentle-looking though the *anemone* be, she has a hundred hands, and woe to the wandering wight who comes within the reach of one of them, for all the other hands are instantly brought to its aid, and the hermit may soon find that he is more than compensated for the crumbs that fall from his own booty. Union is happiness and strength. "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard: that went down to the skirts of his garments; as the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended on the mountains of Zion: for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore."

THE LAME AND THE BLIND.

The blind did bear the lame upon his back—
The burden did direct the bearer's ways:
With mutual help they serv'd each other's lack,
And every one their friendly league did praise:
The lame lent eyes, the blind did lend his feet,
And so they safe did pass both field and street.

Some land abounds, yet hath the same her want—
Some yields her lack, and wants the other's store:
No man so rich, but is in some thing scant—
The great estate must not despise the poor;
He works, and toils, and makes his shoulders bear—
The rich, again, gives food and clothes to wear.

So without poor, the rich are like the lame;
And without rich, the poor are like the blind.
Let rich lend eyes—the poor his legs will frame.
Thus should it be; for so the Lord assign'd,
Who at the first, for mutual friendship's sake,
Not all gave one, but did this difference make.

Whereby, with trade, and intercourse, in space,
And borrowing here, and lending there again;
Such love, such truth, such kindness, should take place,
That friendship with society should reign:
The proverb saith, "One man is deemed none,
And life is death, where men do live alone."

WHITNEY.

SPAIN—POPERY.

NO. I.

NOTICES OF THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

WHEN one is compelled to hear so much, and so sadly, from day to day, of the revival of Popery in countries from which it seemed for ever to have disappeared, it is pleasing to hear of its decay in any other land, especially if that be one in which it seemed to have been indigenous, and threatened to be perpetual. It is kind in the great Head of the Church thus to balance the arrangements of his providence, and to temper the dark to his people with what savours of the bright and the hopeful. We have been led to this reflection by the perusal of an interesting work, lately published, entitled "Memoir of a Mission to Gibraltar and Spain; with Collateral Notices of Events Favouring Religious Liberty, and of the Decline of Romish Power in that Country, from the Beginning of this Century to the year 1842. By the Rev. W. H. Rule." Mr Rule is an excellent Wesleyan minister, who has laboured for ten years to promote the cause of Christ in Spain in a variety of ways, and not without success. He is the only individual, we believe, of whom this can be said—almost the only person who has attempted to do anything for this extensive and interesting country, containing above twelve million of people, and after all, even his labours are little known. The "Memoir," amid the excitement of more stirring events on a large scale, has not received the consideration to which it is well entitled. We feel it, therefore, to be a duty and a happiness to call the attention of our readers to some of its most important statements. These embrace the condition of Spain as a whole, or such as belongs to the denomination of personal narrative.

Of course we do not pretend—the reader would not thank us for the attempt—to go into the complicated, and almost unintelligible civil and ecclesiastical politics of Spain, from the commencement of the present century. It would be no easy matter merely to unravel its endless parties and factions, and set them clearly before the public eye. In six short years after 1814, there were not less than twenty-five changes of ministry, and these of a sudden and serious character; while during the whole of the present century the country can scarcely be said to have been free from the turmoil and severities of war, internal or external. Nor would anything be gained though the task of exposition were as easy as it is arduous. All that we propose is to give a brief view of the *present religious condition* of Spain, drawn from Mr Rule's volume, and other sources of information, chiefly in the shape of facts; and to leave it to Christians, individually and as Churches, to consider whether, in their many and praiseworthy labours, Spain should be altogether passed over as unworthy of care—whether British Christians do not owe an important duty to the Peninsula as well as to other kingdoms of Europe. The decline of Popish influence, within its borders, particularly as a secular and political institution, should surely be

regarded as a call, in Providence, to assail the Church of Rome, in its religious character, and so to turn national events to the furtherance of living Christianity. Before proceeding, however, to say anything of the present condition and prospects of Spain, it may not be uninteresting, and it will conduce to our object, to advert for a little to the past. There are few countries whose history is more full of solemn moral and religious lessons. In the Word of God there are some interesting notices of Spain. There is reason to believe that it was early colonized by the Phœnicians, the earliest and most distinguished navigators of Old Testament times, fifteen hundred years before the birth of Christ. Previous to the Trojan war, this enterprising commercial people carried on an extensive commerce with the shores of the Mediterranean, and at a later day planted colonies, both to the north and south of that great central sea, whose borders long proved the grand seat of knowledge and civilization. Hence Kittim or Cyprus, in the Mediterranean, Carthage on its south side, and Torshest or Tortepus on the Gaudalquiver, and Gades or Cadiz, belonging to the same country, on the northern border of the Mediterranean, were all colonized from Phœnicia, itself on the eastern border of the same sea. The vast extent of Phœnician commerce, and we may believe of Phœnician colonization, is no matter of doubtful conjecture, resting on remains of classical antiquity. It is graphically described by inspiration, in the 27th chapter of the Book of Ezekiel. It is only necessary to remind the reader that ancient Tyre was latterly its leading mart, and that of it it is said "Whose merchants are princes, whose traffickers are the honourable of the earth," to show the importance of Phœnicia. It would seem from the same authority, that the mother country had grievously oppressed the colonies which she had planted; for in the conclusion of the 26th chapter, they are represented as rejoicing in the judgments which were destined to overtake, and which actually did overtake that proud, luxurious, and despotic kingdom. It is a curious coincidence which is marked by Gibbon, that the great objects of attraction in Spain to the Phœnicians were its gold and silver, and other valuable mines—the very objects which, in the New World, were the sources of delusive gain to Spain at a later day. The Phœnician colonists miserably oppressed the natives in compelling them to labour in the mines, and untaught by her own national history, professedly Christian Spain compelled the South Americans to the most wretched unrequited toil in the mines of their own country. Was there no moral government of heaven in the punishment which has attended both crimes, in the judgments which have descended, both upon Phœnicia and Spain? Surely the guilt of the latter, after the example of the former, and with the light of Christianity, was more aggravated, and deserved a heavier infliction than the former.

In the New Testament we read of Paul's purpose to visit Spain, in one of his missionary tours; but we have no evidence that he fulfilled his intention, or rather it seems pretty clear that the purpose was not realized. We have evidence, however, in ecclesiastical history, of the early and extensive reception of the Gospel in Spain. There are many pleasing traces of the strength of its Christianity in the severity of the persecution for the truth, which it was called to endure, and which the faithful nobly sustained. Few, if any, provinces of the Roman empire were more populous, or more wealthy and prosperous, than the Peninsula. The number, strength, and riches of the Roman remains still existing in the forms of bridges, aqueducts, &c., show the high value which was attached to it, and the extent of its prosperity. The very ferocity of the invasion of the northern barbarians, and the indescribable carnage and devastation spread over its fair territory, proclaim the same. Nowhere was the irruption more terrible, for the obvious reason that nowhere was the prize more tempting. When this moral retribution on persecuting Rome-Pagan had exhausted itself, and an apostate Christianity usurped the place of the truth in Rome-Papal, a new instrument of retribution was prepared and let loose, not in barbarians from the north, but in Mohammedans from the south. The Moors of Africa crossed the Straits of Gibraltar, and speedily overrun and held the sway of nine-tenths of Spain. So degenerate had the Christian Church become before, and so severely had the country suffered in the convulsions which broke up the Roman empire, that the Mohammedan rule was, in many respects an improvement on the Christian. At least the fierce followers of the Prophet of Mecca, when their government was fully established, became the friends of literature and learning. Almost all the leading towns of Spain could boast of colleges, of a large attendance of students, and of extensive libraries with which to prosecute their studies. The Moors were at length expelled, leaving, however, many traces of their greatness behind, which survive to the present day. In the centuries immediately preceding the Reformation of the sixteenth, faithful persecuted Frenchmen betook themselves as refugees to Spain. There were Christian communities on the Spanish, as well as the French side of the Pyrenees; and when the Reformation appeared there was a promise of evangelical fruit peculiarly encouraging. Spain seemed as if she were about to become Christian in the best sense of the word. Even the Institutes of Calvin were translated into Spanish, with an address by the translator "To all the faithful of the Spanish nation who desire the advancement of the kingdom of Christ." But Rome was aroused—she put forth her persecuting strength—the faithful gave way, and the Reformation was suppressed. Ever since, the name of Spain has been unknown in Protestant Christendom. Important religious changes have taken place in other, and not distant lands; but she has remained immutable, or rather, putting away from her the light of divine truth, she has been left in deeper darkness—the very partisan and tool of Popery—the last to mitigate or abandon the most atrocious of Rome's principles and proceedings. From her natural position, occupying the most western part of Europe, and, with the exception of one hundred miles of land, her insular and so maritime character, she

held a peculiarly favourable place for exerting a great influence on the New World recently discovered. She was relatively powerful among the nations of Europe at the time—far more so than now; and she did exert a powerful influence. The vast diffusion of the Spanish language in Central and South America, at the present hour, is a proof of her wide-spread influence. But, alas! an influence of what kind?—an influence on the side of the detestable love of gain, and unexampled cruelty—a disgrace to the Christian name. Religiously, all her strength was given to the Beast—through her the Church of Rome laboured to repair, in the New World, the losses which she had sustained in the Old. In the righteous moral government of Heaven, Spain was no real gainer by her American colonies. Judgment overtook her crimes. She was injured at home by the false principles of political economy which she pursued abroad. She underwent a long but sure decline, doomed meanwhile to the mortification of seeing nations, once far behind, start before her in the race. At length she was deprived even of her colonies. Her vast colonial possessions are now reduced to a rule over three and a-half millions of people; and there has been no corresponding improvement in the mother country. She has continued the prey of national disorganization — a picture of dissension and weakness—an object of pity—as if doomed to speedy death. Nothing can be more striking than the contrast between Spain in the days of her greatness and glory, and Spain in her present condition of helplessness and disgrace. The changes in her historical map, from enlargement to contraction—from strength to weakness, are instructive indeed.

Does the reader ask what is the cause of it all? The brief answer, as in other cases, must be, Popery. Not Popery alone, or in general, however, but Popery in particular—Popery after there had been an offer of evangelical truth—Popery which suppressed the Gospel at home, and Popery which then proceeded in blended covetousness and fanaticism to propagate itself over a new world, with atrocities almost unknown in the bloody history of man. It might be added—Popery which massacred one hundred and fifty thousand Protestants in the Netherlands, and by its Armada aimed an exterminating blow at Britain. These things sufficiently explain the present condition and prospects of Spain. She is given up in retribution to the very Popery which she loves so well, and for which she has made so terrible a sacrifice; and what benefit does it bring her? Let a few facts declare: Externally her Popery is still powerful—dividing opinion, not with Protestantism, but with Infidelity, extensive and often avowed. Her annual ecclesiastical revenue (which, of course, implies a multitudinous host of ecclesiastics), is equal to twelve and a-half millions sterling—more, by two millions, than the entire yearly revenue of the State. After the suppression of hundreds of convents of late years, there are still about two thousand inhabited by thirty-one thousand monks. Here is an immense ecclesiastical force—prodigious religious resources. Surely the nation must prosper, in all its relations, under so blissful a sway. What is the fact? The population of Spain, though its climate and fertility be so great, has increased more slowly than almost any State in Europe. At the present moment it little exceeds twelve millions. Its agriculture, though constituting its chief resource, is wretched. Not above a fourth part of the surface of the country is applied to any useful purpose at all; and though the climate be tropical, especially in the south, frost unknown, and all the produce of Syria might be grown with ease—and in some spots, indeed, as if to show what could be made of the land, three and four crops are actually reaped in the year—yet, considered as a whole, so miserable are the country and the people, that upon an average, four hundred thousand quarters of grain need to be imported every year to prevent multitudes perishing by famine; and this in a land which naturally should be the granary of Europe! The commercial attainments of the nation are similar. The most abundant and varied products would, in Spain, be at the command of security, industry and enterprise, and an almost insular position would afford great facilities for communicating with foreign shores; but so little are the resources of the country developed—so sunk and fallen is the spirit of the people, that a few years ago less than one million and a-half sterling covered the whole value of its exports to foreign countries—a sum inferior to the exports of some of our leading commercial towns. What a mystery that Providence should place the finest and most fertile territory in Europe, from generation to generation, in the hands of nations which can make no adequate use of it—should bestow upon Spain and Turkey advantages which they only seem to live to abuse, while other countries appear to be reaching the limits of their resources!

The character and employments of the Spanish people correspond with the operations of Popery in all lands. The country is oppressed with beggary and wandering vagabonds. Recent statistics show one hundred thousand smugglers kept in check by forty-thousand custom-house officers; while officers of a more serious character are not few in number. The Inquisition numbers its army of twenty-two thousand; but crime is not prevented. Rather the Inquisition itself is a mighty crime, and the nurse of many more. At the same time, crimes in the more ordinary sense of the word, are at once numerous and of the most appalling character. The crimes of many countries may consist of petty offences, but Spain deals in the serious. In 1827, she was stained with the blood of one thousand two hundred and twenty-three murders, and one thousand seven hundred and seventy-three attempts at murder, or in other words, there were three thousand of her people defiled in the sight of God with the blood of their brethren, and the official return was, after all, very imperfect! Ah! what has Popery done, and not done? How much crime has she been helpless to prevent, and how much has she directly and indirectly promoted! and yet she boasts of fifteen universities, and ten thousand students. Surely the knowledge which she propagates cannot be the truth of God, otherwise it would not be so powerless against crime, and so encouraging to its worst enormities.

THE BIBLE IN SYRIA.

"Bread cast upon the waters."—Eccles. xi. 1.

Wherever I went in Syria, I found the laity of the Greek Church anxious to obtain copies of the Bible, and not unwilling to receive publications pregnant with the statements of evangelical truth. Having taken with me a large supply, I was able to make a pretty extensive distribution throughout the country, except at the places at which the missionaries usually labour. At the town of Hasbeiya, near the farthest source of the Jordan, I was engaged for some hours in meeting the demands which were made upon my stores. Among the Arabic books which I distributed were several copies of a Life of Luther, and other Protestant publications. When the Greek priests saw them in the hands of the people, they became quite infuriated, and sent an agent to beg me to order their restoration. I told the people that, as a friend of religious liberty, peaceable discussion, and prayerful inquiry, I left the matter entirely in their own hands. They declared that they would keep what they had received, at all hazards; and they heard the threats of the agents of the priests without being moved. Mr Smith, my fellow-traveller from Bombay, who took a deep interest in the affair, and who strenuously defended the rights of the people, remarked to me that more would afterwards be heard of this matter—an anticipation which has been most remarkably fulfilled. Before we left Hasbeiya, a Druse of considerable intelligence told us, when we were quietly seated with him on the roof of his house, that a considerable number of persons in the town had for some time been anxious to declare themselves *Protestants;* and that, if we could promise them protection from England, a hundred families, he was sure, would immediately join our communion. The effects of the ministrations of the excellent missionaries at Beyrout, who had occasionally visited the town, and at one time maintained a school for the instruction of its youth, had thus begun to appear. Some months after our visit, a considerable number of persons actually declared themselves Protestants, and one hundred and twenty of them were formed into a religious community by the Rev. Eli Smith, who hastened to visit them from Beyrout. Connected with this transaction, I solicit your attention to the following extract of a letter from my excellent friend, and for some time fellow-traveller, the Rev. William Graham, missionary of the Irish Presbyterian Church at Damascus. On the 17th of May last, he says: "One hundred and fifty of the Greek Church have become Protestants. They wrote a petition to the British Consul in Damascus, praying to be taken under the protection of England, and vowing before God and man that, rather than return to the superstitions of their ancestors, they would suffer to be chopped like tobacco. This protection the Consul could not give, as the Protestant religion is not recognised nor tolerated legally in the Turkish empire. The Greek Patriarch [of Antioch], who has his residence in Damascus, was furious, and threatened to force them to return to the Church. The Turkish authorities also took the alarm. They held their secret councils, and discussed what was to be done. Some did not think much of the matter; others were clear for compelling the people to return; and several saw in it the design of England to gain a party in the country, that she might have some plea for taking forcible possession of it. In this state of matters, the affair was, by common agreement, referred to Constantinople." The English, Prussian, and, I believe, French authorities, much to their credit, recommended that these Christians should not be persecuted for their opinions; and the Government of the Sultan granted them permission to return to Hasbeiya, with the promise of protection, on condition that they should pay the usual taxes, and conduct themselves in a peaceable manner. The Greek priests were greatly incensed at this result; and, under the instigation of Russia, it is alleged, they induced the adherents of the Greek Church to make a show of leaving Hasbeiya, on the return of the Protestant party, that the Turkish Government might have the case again thrown upon its consideration, as Hasbeiya could not contain the members of both Churches! The last tidings which I have received of this affair are contained in a letter of Mr Graham, dated January, 1845. "You may be interested," he says, "to hear more about the Protestants of Hasbeiya. They have been excommunicated by the Greek Patriarch, or his priests, in the strictest form, and all intercourse with them interdicted. Their teacher has been stoned, and fifteen families driven from their houses. They are thrown for support on the American missionaries. Notwithstanding these evils, and even greater, which may yet arise, I think it probable that the principle of the toleration and recognition of Protestantism will be established. It is interesting to know, that the children of these poor people are committing to memory the Shorter Catechism." This movement, I have no hesitation in saying, is the most important which, in our day, has taken place in the Holy Land. Fervent should be our prayers that it may be overruled for the establishment of the liberties of Protestantism in that most important locality, on the same footing that those of the Greek, Latin, and other Churches have been secured.—*Dr Wilson*—(*Lectures on Foreign Churches*).

GREAT THINGS FROM SMALL.

THE ORIGIN OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY.

In 1599, a company of British merchants applied to Queen Elizabeth for permission to trade with India, and having received the royal charter, despatched a fleet in the following year; and thus originated what has since become the famous East India Company—a striking instance of what momentous and important results spring from originally trifling causes, under the direction of the wise providence of God. The Portuguese, the Dutch, the French, were each permitted to make the attempt, but only Britain was permitted to succeed.

This handful of merchants began their operations by building a few factories on the coast of India, one of which was established near a fishing village, about a hundred miles above the mouth of the Ganges, on that branch of the river called the Hooghly. The factory was erected in the vicinity of a celebrated Heathen temple, named by the Hindus Kalee-ghaut, or the landing-place of the goddess Kalee. That fishing village is now the famous city of Calcutta, it having received this appellation from the idol temple: it is the residence of the Governor-General of India, and has aptly been designated the "City of Palaces." The originally insignificant company of merchants have long since wrested the sceptre from the hands of the Mogul emperors, and are now governing a hundred and thirty-five millions of subjects—truly one of the most remarkable circumstances of modern times. Late events in the history of India have proved, that this Company hold the reins of government with a firm hand. Dost Mahomed, the chief of the semi-barbarous tribes in Affghanistan, having been inveigled by brilliant promises on the part of a great northern power in Europe, which was endeavouring to extend its political influence as far as the Indus, disregarded all the warnings of the East India Government, who, being thus compelled to

take decided measures, sent an army across the Indus, which in the space of three short months, reduced the mountain-fortress of Ghuzni (supposed to be impregnable), Candahar, with its capital Cabul, and, in fact, the entire country.

It is true that a subsequent repulse ensued, which was caused by treason, rather than by the valour of the Affghans; but the English army soon reconquered the country, and then withdrew within the natural frontier of their possessions, the River Indus.

Two years since, the alarm was sounded far and wide, and on the Continent particularly it was believed, through reports spread by the French, that the star of England's glory was about to set in India, and not a few envious hearts rejoiced at it; while some looked on it as a just retribution for the wrongs which had been inflicted on that country. Subsequent events (namely, the reconquest of Affghanistan and the peace of Nanking) have proved that these assertions were premature. The great designs of God, for which he has instituted the relationship between Britain and India, are not yet accomplished, and, until they are, no hostile powers can disunite them.—*Weitbrecht's Missions in Bengal.*

A STUMBLING BLOCK IN THE WAY OF THE HEATHEN.

SOME forty years since a proverbial saying prevailed in Bengal, that every Englishman going to India left his religion at the Cape of Good Hope. I am happy to say, times have since changed for the better. There are many now who bring their religion with them, or if they have none when they come, they get one in India. Depraved as the Hindus are, they know very well how to estimate the moral character of Englishmen. Their idea is—and probably it is not incorrect—that every one who calls himself a Christian should be a good man. Since this is not always the case, they perversely ascribe the immorality of Europeans to the Christian religion, judging others by their own standard. While I was preaching in the bazaar, they frequently called out: "You English are not a hair better than we; don't you know that such and such a saheb is living an immoral life? If your religion be so excellent as you say, why are some of you so bad?" If I replied: "Just because they care nothing about it," they rejoined: "Go then and first convert your own countrymen."—*Ibid.*

MOHAMMEDANISM IN INDIA.

THE power of the Mohammedans in India is crumbled into dust, but their pride is in no way humbled. They regard the English and their religion with hatred, and are therefore far less accessible to the missionary than the Hindus. Many of the old noble families long for the time, which will never come, when the banner of Mohammed shall once more wave on the mountain-fortresses of Hindustan.—*Ibid.*

THE TEACHING OF READING IN SABBATH SCHOOLS.

IN Scotland, the system of Sabbath schools is, generally speaking (for there are exceptions), on a somewhat different footing from what it is in England. The schools are exclusively devoted to the communication of *religious instruction*. The *learning to read* forms no part of their exercises. For those who cannot read, it is reckoned most desirable to have week-day evening schools, preparatory to their future attendance on the Sabbath school. And beyond question, wherever it is attainable, this is the better plan. Yet there may be an extreme. It would be a false and superstitious notion of the sanctity of the Sabbath, which would interdict the giving of lessons in reading, in any case where they could not otherwise be obtained. Such an interdiction would assuredly have come under the rebuke of "the Lord of the Sabbath," who says: "I will have mercy and not sacrifice." The power to read is, on all accounts, so precious—and especially as the means of access to the treasures of divine truth, and thus to the blessings of salvation—that the imparting of it might fairly, in this view of it, be numbered amongst religious acts; and he would be a stern moralist, indeed, who, in any case of necessity, would prohibit and condemn it. It must, however, on the other hand, be admitted, that it requires *necessity* for its vindication. And possibly our southern neighbours have allowed themselves to slip too extensively into the practice, without having sufficiently considered the duty, as far as possibility could be made to go, of week-day institutions for the mechanical and secular department of tuition, and of reserving the Lord's-day for such instruction as is really and strictly *religious*. It would be at once a saving of *principle*, and a saving of *time*.—*Dr Wardlaw.*

HEARERS AND DOERS

I REMEMBER our countryman, Bromeard, tells us of one who, meeting his neighbour coming out of the church, asked him, "What! is the sermon done?" "Done!" said the other, "no: it is said it is ended, but it is not so soon done." And surely so it is with us: we have good store of sermons said, but we have only a few that are done: and one sermon done is worth a thousand said and heard; for "not the hearers of the law, but the doers of it are justified. And if ye know these things, blessed are ye if ye do them. Glory, honour, and peace to every man that worketh good!"—Rom. ii. 10.—*Bishop Hall.*

SAYINGS OF OLD HUMPHREY.

Our frail bodies are tottering habitations; every beat of the heart is a rap at the door, to tell us of our danger.

Do you want to know the man against whom you have most reason to guard yourself?—your looking-glass will give you a very fair likeness of his face.

When I put my finger on my pulse, it tells me, at the same moment, that I am a living and a dying man.

When the Infidel would persuade you to abandon your Bible, tell him you will do so when he brings you a better book.

A man should always look upwards for comfort; for when the heaven above our heads is dark, the earth under our feet is sure to be darker.

When we start back with unusual surprise at the wickedness of others, may it not be a proof that we are not sufficiently acquainted with our own hearts?

The friend that lightly flatters thee is an enemy; the enemy that justly reproves thee is a friend.

He who neglects religion prepares for himself a bitter draught, and a meal of wormwood; a night-cap of thorns, and a bed of briers; a life of vexation, and a death of sorrow.

If you want to get a spiritual appetite, walk often in the green pastures and by the still waters of God's promises to his people.

If the world knew what passes in my heart, what would it think of me? I do know it; what then do I think of myself?—*Visitor.*

Daily Bread.

FRIDAY.

"The Lord is our lawgiver."—Isa. xxxiii. 22.

Thy nature be my law—
Thy spotless sanctity;
And sweetly every moment draw
My happy soul to thee.

God hath written his law three several ways. When he first created man, he wrote it then upon his heart by his creating finger. Man was the transcript of God. As he was his handiwork, so he was his hand-writing also; man was then the only copy of the law extant in the world. This copy was perfect; but yet it was such as might be blotted and torn. Next, God wrote his law in his Word. The Holy Scriptures exhibit to us an entire system, both of commands and duties; and this copy is both perfect and durable; such as neither hath suffered, nor can suffer, any decays from length of time, or from the rage and malice of men or devils. And, lastly, God hath again written his law upon the heart of man, in his new creation; and this copy is eternally durable; but yet it is but as a writing upon sinking and leaky paper, which in this life is very obscure and full of blots.—*Hopkins.*

SATURDAY.

"Now ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ."—Eph. ii. 13.

Oh! what is man, when grace reveals
The virtue of a Saviour's blood?
Again a life divine he feels—
Despises earth, and walks with God.

In a state of nature, we stood in a threefold sad and wretched relation to God; we were strangers to God, rebels and enemies, and also guilty malefactors; and as such, were liable to eternal condemnation. But, the grace of God intervening, makes a blessed change in all these relations; of strangers, we are brought near, and enrolled in the family of heaven, and so are made children of God and heirs of glory, by the grace of adoption; of enemies, we are made friends and intimates, and accepted through the Beloved, through the grace of redemption; of guilty malefactors, we are acquitted, and pardoned, and accepted to eternal life, by the free and absolute grace of justification.—*Ibid.*

SABBATH.

"Search me, O God, and know my heart."—Ps. cxxxix. 23.

Let earth no more my heart divide—
With Christ may I be crucified—
To thee with my whole soul aspire.
Dead to the world and all its toys,
Its idle pomp and fading joys,
Be thou alone my one desire.

That man is for heaven, and heaven is for that man, who makes it his greatest business in this world to watch his heart—to guard his heart. The hypocrite looks most to externals, but the sincere Christian looks most to internals; the hypocrite's main watch is about his lips, but a sincere Christian's main watch is about his heart; the hypocrite's main work lies without doors, but the sincere Christian's main work lies within doors.—*Brooks.*

MONDAY.

"Your iniquities have separated between you and your God."—Isa. lix. 2.

Since thou would'st have us free from sin,
And pure as those above,
Make haste to bring thy nature in,
And perfect us in love.

Satan's masterpiece is first to work Christians to blot and blur their evidences for glory, by committing this or that heinous sin; and then his next work is to rob them of their evidences for glory, that so, though at the long-run they may get safe to heaven, yet, Jacob-like, they may go halting and mourning to their graves.—*Brooks.*

TUESDAY.

"Faith as a grain of mustard seed."—Matt. xvii. 20.

Poor, guilty, weak, and helpless worms,
On thy kind arms we fall;
Thou art our strength and righteousness—
Our Saviour and our all.

The least degree of true sanctifying grace is sufficient to entitle the soul to heaven and glory. Let weak and doubting Christians, therefore, know this for their comfort, that the promise of eternal life is not made to the degree of their grace, but to the truth of it; not to grace as strong, but to grace as true. Now the truth of grace may be in the least and in the weakest degree. That grace to which our salvation is principally ascribed, is our faith; now it is not said, He only whose faith is so strong as to overcome all temptations and all doubts, and to flourish up into assurance, he only shall be saved; but, Whosoever believes shall be saved, though his faith be very weak and very wavering.—*Hopkins.*

WEDNESDAY.

"Come, Lord Jesus."—Rev. xxii. 20.

Happy he whom Christ shall find
Watching to see him come;
Him the judge of all mankind
Shall bear triumphant home.

Be frequently looking out and longing for Christ's coming. As Abraham stood in his tent-door ready to go forth to meet the angels that were sent unto him, should the believer keep himself in a waiting posture at this time. It is the character of believers—they are such as love his appearing.—2 Tim. iv. 8. They desire his coming. "Make haste, my beloved."—Cant. viii. 14. "Even so, come Lord Jesus, come quickly." The Lord is gone! my Saviour hath left the earth, and entered into his glory; my friends and brethren are gone to their blessed rest, where they see God's face, and sing his praise for ever; and how can I be willing to stay behind when they are gone! Must I be groaning and sighing, when they are triumphing and dividing the spoil? Surely I will look after them, and cry, O Lord how long? When shall I be with my Saviour and my God?—*Willison.*

THURSDAY.

"We shall be ever with the Lord."—1 Thess. iv. 17.

Thrice blessed bliss-inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting spirits up—
It brings to life the dead;
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.]

Death may separate chief friends; but to separate them from God—this is impossible! Whether living or dying—in time or in eternity—in this world or in any other—a good man is equally under the kind care of the Father of mercies. It is his eye that watches the sleeping dust. It is his favour that animates the glorified spirit. It is his gracious hand that supplies its wants. In all worlds, and at all times, he is the wisdom that directs, the power that upholds, and the goodness that satisfies his people! —*Wilkinson.*

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"THE PATH OF LIFE."

A Sermon.

BY THE REV. JAMES BEGG, NEWINGTON.

"Thou wilt show me the path of life."—Ps. xvi. 11.

These words had originally a double application, as is the case with many Old Testament statements. They were uttered by David, king of Israel, and embodied an assertion of his confidence and triumphant hope; but they also referred to David's Son and Lord, as is clear from what is stated by the Apostle Peter: "For David speaketh concerning him, I foresaw the Lord always before my face, for he is on my right hand, that I should not be moved: therefore did my heart rejoice, and my tongue was glad; moreover also my flesh shall rest in hope: because thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption. Thou hast made known to me the ways of life; thou shalt make me full of joy with thy countenance. Men and brethren, let me freely speak unto you of the patriarch David, that he is both dead and buried; . . . . but he, seeing this before, spake of the resurrection of Christ."

As it ought to be the earnest desire of all true Christians to be "followers of Christ," so, in this respect, they should especially desire to resemble him, that, amidst all the discouragements and cares of an uncertain world, and amidst all the privileges and enjoyments of the sanctuary below, they may ever look forward to that which is within the veil, and say: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever." "Thou wilt show me the path of life: in thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."

The topic of great importance suggested by these words is this: The assurance which David had of future blessedness, teaching us that such an assurance is attainable, and highly to be desired: "Thou wilt show me the path of life."

The language is figurative, and sets forth the Christian life under the emblem of a way in which the Christian walks—a very frequent figure in Scripture. All men are there spoken of as strangers and pilgrims upon the earth; they are spoken of as ever in motion, whether they believe it or not, drawn forward irresistibly, whether sleeping or waking, towards an eternal world; nay, it is declared, that they are by nature drawn forward on a path called emphatically "the path of destruction," strewed everywhere with the wrecks of the dead and dying, and at the end of which opens the jaws of perdition to receive condemned sinners into the region of the "second death." It is clearly stated, that it requires no effort to secure a passage along this way. The gates to it are wide open continually—the way itself is broad and crowded with passengers: "Wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat." We have merely to be let alone in our natural state, and we shall infallibly be pressed forward amidst the crowd, and as sure as we sit in this house of prayer, so surely shall we be "driven away in our wickedness," and have destruction and death for our everlasting companions. There is no secret in all this. There is no guide required but Satan, who is ever ready, and our own wicked and deceitful hearts. But, on the other hand, David spake of something altogether supernatural and glorious, when he spake of "the path of life"—of a great secret which had been revealed to him, and called in Scripture "the secret of the Lord," which is only with them "that fear him, and hope in his mercy"—of an exercise of omnipotent power to drag him back from the downward steep of ruin, and to "set him upon a rock, establishing his goings," and open to his admiring gaze the "King in his beauty, and the land that is afar off." The confidence which David here expresses was the result of saving, divine power, and was not only to him the assurance of heaven when he died—it was heaven begun—the bright foretaste of an everlasting inheritance.

Let me fix your thoughts, for one instant, on the striking designation here given of a Christian's path: "The path of *life*." Death was the great curse of the law, which "hath passed upon all men, because all have sinned." Its dark shadow has come over the whole generations of a fallen world. And herein consists the fearful essence of man's degeneracy, that his soul is dead, and that even the external body—those eyes that look out on the glories of nature — those ears that are awake to the sounds of melody — that living, moving frame, is only the habitation of a dead soul, whose moral perceptions are blunted, across whose eyes a veil of darkness hath been drawn, and which is "alienated from the life of God, through the ignorance that is in it." The man is "dead even whilst he lives; for to be carnally minded is death." But the first impulse of the divine Spirit removes this veil of darkness,

quickens this insensible conscience, and starts this soul into spiritual life. "Old things pass away, all things become new." The whole soul is now alive, and that germ of life expands, brightens, and increases, till it reach the glory of the perfect day. Satan can never quench it—sin can never finally overcome it—death, instead of destroying it, merely destroys the tabernacle in which this immortal spirit is confined, and sets it free into a region of brightness and endless purity. Every step, therefore, taken by such a soul, is taken by a soul *alive*, along a way irradiated with life, towards a region where death is unknown. And no sooner does a soul once see and enter on this path really, than it is quite certain that it shall hold on its way, and wax stronger and stronger: "They go from strength to strength, every one of them appearing before God in Zion."

Having made these explanations in regard to the terms here employed, let us now consider the thing itself which David asserts, viz., that he possessed a certainty of his own salvation: "Thou *wilt* show *me* the path of life." It was the homely but striking statement of another, that much theology is often contained in pronouns; and you observe there is no vagueness here: "*Thou*," the God of heaven and earth, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, "wilt show *me* the path of life"—clearly intimating that David himself possessed a firm assurance of his own salvation. Many other portions of the Psalms contain evidence of the same truth: "As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness"—"Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory." And his last words make it clear that he died exulting in the same confidence: "He hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things, and sure: for this is all my salvation, and all my desire." The same confidence had Job: "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth." Thus also we find the great Apostle of the Gentiles saying, in triumph, when about to be offered: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

That an exulting assurance of salvation is, therefore, one of the privileges of God's people cannot be doubted. But that it is not always attained, and that, even after attained, it is often interrupted by doubts and darkness, is quite clear from the Word of God. Like the varying aspect of the sky, so is the experience of a Christian's life. Not always sunshine, but sometimes gloom and darkness; and "the clouds return after the rain." This is clear, not merely from the fact that David sometimes was left in despondency: "Hath God forgotten to be gracious? hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies?"—that Job was left to bewail his darkness: "O that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me; when his candle shined on my head, and when by his light I walked through darkness"—that Paul was left to doubt, that, after having preached to others, he himself might be a castaway;—but from such texts as, "Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God;" and from the fact that the Apostle John encourages those to whom he wrote, as being already Christians, to seek to "know that they had eternal life;" whilst the other apostles desire Christians to give all "diligence to the full assurance of hope unto the end"—proving that the mere existence of personal Christianity does not always make assurance certain.

At the same time, it is quite clear from such passages as our text, not only that such an assurance is attainable, but that it ought most earnestly to be sought after by all Christians as the great sheet-anchor of comfort: "Give all diligence to make your calling and election sure." And most assuredly if the man who possesses an earthly estate, not merely walks round the boundaries of it with eager eye—not merely makes it as sure as parchment and the power of law can make it—not merely places the title-deeds in a strong record chest, and registers them beyond the reach of destruction—but even after he has done all this, can scarcely rest upon his bed till he is convinced that all is secure, and that no one designs to interfere with his property or challenge his title, although all must soon pass from him by death, and these titles and these estates be burned up amidst the conflagration of the world—O surely it becomes the Christian to make sure of his title to that inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, which shall burst upon his sight when he enters the eternal world.

We must, however, discriminate with care between a true and a false assurance. We may imagine ourselves to be rich, and increased in goods, whilst poor and miserable—standing in need of all things. For there are dreams in the spiritual world as well as in the natural; and as the "hungry man may dream, and behold he eateth, but he awaketh and his soul is faint;" so a man may dream that everlasting glory shall be his, but death may break up the dream like a thunder-clap, and his soul be exposed to everlasting famine. "There is a generation that are pure in their own eyes, and yet are not washed from their filthiness." And, consider the dreadful consequences of delusion on such a subject. The greatest prince or proprietor on earth has not one foot of land in heaven; and though he harass himself and spoil others for the purpose of swelling out his possessions here,

one stroke will separate him for ever from them all. Nothing will avail a man amidst falling heavens and a reeling, dissolving earth, but a sure interest in the "salvation which is in Christ Jesus with eternal glory." But, if we have a well-founded assurance of salvation, we may anticipate the future with confidence. Come death, come life, come darkness, come sorrow, "I know in whom I have believed. I am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him against that day." And unless men are determined to deceive themselves, it is not so very difficult, after all, for Christians to arrive at, not perhaps an exulting confidence, but at least at what is called in Scripture "a good hope through grace." I say, *for Christians*: for there are many who evidently are not amongst this number, and who know themselves, amidst all their professions, that they have "neither part nor lot in the matter." They profess to have their eyes on heaven, but they know that their works all savour of the earth, and that their hearts, being thoroughly carnal, meditate plots of evil, deep and deceitful as the sides of the pit. The language of boasting is upon their lips—the bread and wine of communion sometimes in their hands. "The temple of the Lord," say they, "the temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord are we;" but they know themselves that the statement is false—that they are merely players on the stage, having stolen the garb of angels of light, for the purpose of deceiving the onlookers; they are what are called in Scripture "double-minded men." They have a mind *without*, which they exhibit to the world; and a mind *within*, which is only seen by God and themselves. But they themselves are perfectly aware of all this, and, by-and-by, the whole universe shall know it. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for only the latter end of that man is peace."

But to an humble Christian, who is really desirous both of securing an interest in Christ's finished work and of knowing that that interest is secured, Christ has many ways by which to communicate the assurance referred to in the text. He that formed the eye, and the ear, and teacheth man all the knowledge which he possesses, can he not easily communicate this most interesting of all knowledge? In the use of appointed means, the Lord the Spirit enables the humble, believing people of Christ to say: "I have found him whom my soul loveth"—"One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see"—"O Lord, I will praise thee: though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is now turned away, and thou comfortest me; the Lord is my strength and my song; he also is become my salvation." He conveys this assurance by means of his written Word, which is a staff on which his people lean—the pillar of cloud by day—the shining of a flaming fire by night—"our song in the house of our pilgrimage," by which we are revived in the midst of all our straits. "As many as walk by this rule, peace be upon them, and upon all the Israel of God." It is because many professing Christians seldom read the Word of God, or at least not prayerfully, that they so seldom realize their own glorious privileges. "Unless thy Word had been my refuge, I had almost been like them that go down to silence." But, for the purpose of thrusting this Word upon the notice of Christians, a day of rest is appointed after a week of toil, on which they come up to the courts of God's house, and hear Christ's ambassadors, with audible voice, unfolding anew the overtures of mercy and the glories of heaven, and imploring men in Christ's stead to be reconciled to God; nay, assuring them that God is more willing to confer salvation than they are to receive it; and that if a work of grace has at all been begun—if they have been made to turn from sin unto God—he who "hath begun that good work will carry it on, and perfect it in the day of Christ." God comes nearer still, and in the sacraments puts into their hands the pledges and foretastes of heaven. As with unbelieving Thomas, he made him thrust his hand into his side, and his finger into the prints of the nails—as with the unbelieving Israelites, he brought a bunch of the grapes of Eshcol, for the purpose of satisfying them that the land was good, and flowed with milk and honey; so in the sacrament, he addresses our eyes, our ears, our hands, and says: Here is the pledge, and there is the glorious earnest. "Be not faithless, but believing." Above all, this assurance is conveyed not only by the Spirit of Christ speaking to believers in these ordinances, and saying: "This is the way, walk ye in it. Son, daughter, be of good cheer; thy sins are forgiven thee"—by the Spirit witnessing with their spirits that they are the children of God—but by the fruits of the Spirit, by which we come to bear his stamp and impress; and are seen to be his by those transforming influences which he alone can exert. "Let no man deceive you with vain words; he that doeth righteousness is righteous, even as He is righteous." How is this illustrated? Why, our becoming Christians is spoken of as a "grafting into Christ." Now we all know, that in that process the whole test of efficacy lies in the nature of the new fruit. Although the graft is brought from the ends of the earth, inserted with the greatest skill, and certified to be genuine by a thousand husbandmen, yet if the fruit is still sour and corrupt like that of the ungrafted tree, no gardener will believe that the grafting has been properly accomplished; on the other hand, though a thousand husbandmen should declare that the graft was worse than the original stem, still if, in the time of harvest, it is loaded with mellow fruit, the gardener will declare it genuine, and rejoice in the work of his hands. And so is it with the great Husbandman who came from a far country to graft the degenerate plants of our fallen world

with stems from heaven. Do you desire to know whether he has succeeded in regard to you, and whether, after you are removed from this nursery below, you shall be reckoned meet to be planted in the garden of God above? What sort of fruit do ye bear? "By their fruits shall ye know them," says the divine Husbandman. Do ye bring forth grapes of Sodom and clusters of Gomorrah? If so, ye cannot always, ye cannot long, be permitted to cumber the ground. But if ye bring forth the "fruits of righteousness, which are through Jesus Christ to the praise and glory of God," ye are "trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord," and in you shall he be "glorified."

This is what is meant by the double-sided seal or joint certificate of Scripture. "The testimony of God standeth sure, having this seal: The Lord knoweth them that are his, and, Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity;" *i.e.*, the seal has two sides and two inscriptions. Both sides cannot be seen at once; nay, one side cannot be seen at all. It is like the other side of the sky—it is up in heaven, and God alone can read it. Its language is solemn and mysterious: "The Lord knoweth them that are his;" but the other side is distinct and legible, "known and read of all men," like this side of the sky, and wherever you can see it, you are quite certain that the other inscription is there also, though invisible: "Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity." Whosoever is made, really in purpose as well as deed, to depart from iniquity, is stamped with the seal of God, on the other side of which is the record of his everlasting salvation.

And O what a mighty comfort to be at peace with God! Not only are the dark forebodings of a guilty conscience silenced, but a prospect opens up radiant with hope and immortality. It is like "life from the dead." Are we cast out from friends? "Whither can we go from God's Spirit, or flee from his presence?" Whenever we eat, he spreads our table; or rejoice, he fills our cup, and anoints our head with oil; or rest, he spreads the wings of his protection over us; or weep, he is near to comfort us. Are we alarmed at the remembrance of our sins?—"I, even I, saith God, am he that blotteth out your iniquities for mine own name sake." Are we called upon to encounter temptation?—"My grace is sufficient for thee; I will perfect my strength in thy weakness!" Are we encompassed with affliction?—"Be not afraid; for I am with thee: when thou walkest through the waters, I will be with thee." Are we abused and vilified?—"Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you, falsely, for my sake." Are we afraid of death? Be not afraid to go down to the grave; I will go down with thee, and I will surely bring thee up again—"This corruptible shall put on incorruption, this mortal shall put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory." The unbeliever dare not die, lest he should meet the God whom he has despised, and he is driven away in his wickedness—the time-server, who tried to serve God and Mammon, makes the fatal plunge in dismay. The Christian alone sees the heavens opened like Stephen, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God, and is ready to say, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly"—"Go forth, my soul, into boundless and endless happiness."

The ancient Heathens wondered when they saw a rich man of a sad countenance. Why was he sad, said they, when he had more than his heart could wish?—A blind and foolish estimate of the worth of earthly things. But far more need we wonder that Christians should not desire to make sure their right to an everlasting inheritance, and, having done so, should not desire to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory, although now for a season, if need be, they are in heaviness, through manifold temptations. The time of trial will soon be past. Instead of *affliction*, there shall be *glory;* instead of *light* affliction, there shall be a *weight* of *glory;* instead of affliction for a *moment*, there shall be "a far more exceeding, even an *eternal* weight of glory." Now you are in the wilderness; before you is the promised land, and ye shall come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon your head. Now you are in the battle; then shall you be hailed with the acclamations of victory. Now you are in the deep, tossed on the waves of trouble; then shall you reach the shores of immortality, and sorrow, and sighing, and danger shall flee away. Now you are in the midst of death, and beneath your feet are the wrecks of many generations; but God will "show you the path of life: in his presence is fulness of joy; at his right hand are pleasures for evermore."

Christ only dwelt for a short season on earth; so do his people. But he dwells for ever gloriously in heaven; so shall they. Now they live in tents in the wilderness, and these of clay; then they shall dwell in a glorious, eternal palace, not made with hands. Now they are tenants at will; then they shall possess, as heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ, an inheritance which cannot be moved. Now they dwell amongst the servants in the outer court of the temple, exposed to many evils, and the sons of the King of kings obey sometimes the servants of Satan; but then they shall pass within the veil, and mingle amongst the bright children of God, and in ages to come—even through the ceaseless ages of eternity—they shall show forth the riches of God's grace and his kindness towards them through Christ Jesus. What bright and glorious prospects are these, which we are called to contemplate! Can man really be admitted into such exalted blessedness? May

an eternity of such joy be his? Are these not dreams? How strange, that we should think of them so little, and that we can speak of them so coolly! My dear brethren, these are the solemn realities of the truth of God. This is the record, that God hath given unto us eternal life, and this life is in his Son. "To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." Ye are not straitened in God, be not straitened in your own desires; for Christ is able to save unto the uttermost all that come unto God through him; and whosoever cometh he will in no wise cast out. Flee to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope. Even to-day, saith the Lord, I will render double unto you.

JERUSALEM.

(*From Ewald's "Journal of Missionary Labours in the City of Jerusalem."*)

ITS OUTER WALL AND GATES.

THE Holy City is surrounded by a massive stone wall, which is forty feet high and four broad, built in 1542 by Sultan Sulyman, with tower, battlement, and loop-holes, like that of York; and so constructed that a convenient walk may be taken on the top of it, with perfect safety. In the cool of the evening, and early in the morning, this promenade is one of the most pleasant recreations the Holy City still affords.

The wall is in tolerably good repair, except towards the north-east, where in some places the masonry has given way, and threatens to fall. It appears that originally there had been a trench around the whole city, which in lapse of time has been filled up with the rubbish brought out from the town and thrown into it. Vestiges of it are yet seen at the north-east and north-west of the town.

The present wall encloses only a part of Mount Zion—Ophel is entirely without, as also a large portion of the north side of the ancient city. The circumference of modern Jerusalem is about three miles. It took me an hour to walk round it.

Of the several gates of the Holy City mentioned in the Scriptures and in Josephus, four only have been left open, leading to the four cardinal points.

The West Gate, called by the Europeans the Jaffa Gate, leading to Jaffa, Bethlehem, Hebron, and Gaza. The natives call it "Bab Alchaleel,"—the Gate of the Friend. Abraham is styled in Holy Writ, the Friend of God; and as he resided in Hebron, the Arabs call that place, in honour of their grand ancestor, "Alchaleel"—the Friend.

The North Gate is known by the Europeans as the Damascus Gate; by the natives as "Bab Ashsham," Sham being the Arabic for Damascus. It leads to Damascus, Nablous, and the north countries.

The East Gate, called by the Europeans "St Stephen's Gate," because outside that gate the spot is pointed out where the proto-martyr was put to death. The native Christians call it "Bab Sadna Miriam"—the Gate of our Lady Mary—because it leads to the church where the Virgin Mary is said to be buried, and also to Gethsemane, the village Siloam, Bethany, the Jordan, and the Dead Sea.

The South Gate is named by the Europeans, "the Zion Gate," because it is on that mountain. The natives call it "Bab Seedna Daivid"—*i. e.*, the Gate of our Lord David—because outside this gate is the tomb of David. It leads to the Christian cemetery, the Nether Pool, Bethlehem, and Siloam.

MOUNT OLIVET.

From its summit, the extensive view charms every eye. Towards the east, the mountains of Moab, the Dead Sea, the Jordan, and the Plain of Jericho, carry us back into the remotest ages.

Towards the north, the height of Ramah Samuel reminds us of the last judge in Israel; and Scopus brings Titus and his battering army to our recollection.

Towards the south, the winding way to Bethlehem seems to point to Micah's words: "But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting." And yonder, the curiously-shaped Frank mountain shows the last retreat of the Crusaders; and Hinnom, the abomination of Manasseh; whilst to the west Jerusalem bows her widowed head into the dust.

Here it was that the Lord of Glory, looking down upon the doomed city whilst still in all her royal dignity, exclaimed: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem," &c.

THE STREETS.

Most of the streets are desolate, badly paved, narrow, and disgustingly filthy. The houses, with few exceptions, are out of repair, and many are entirely in ruins. The dust-cart is not known here; the rubbish is carried out of town by donkeys, which is rather expensive; to avoid which, the inhabitants of Jerusalem, who are for the most part poor, have recourse to a curious expedient. There are a large number of deserted magazines scattered throughout the town; in these all the rubbish is collected, and, as often as one of them is filled, they close it in with a stone wall. I have counted more than an hundred of this description. Sometimes it happens that these walls give way; then the whole neighbourhood is enveloped in the dust of many generations. Others do not even take the trouble of carrying the rubbish out of their houses, they appropriate one room as a common receptacle, and when that is full they take the next. Soon after our arrival, we hired a house for the use of the mission, in which there were two large rooms completely choked in the way mentioned. Pickaxes were required to clear them, and it was a work of many days before it was done. Besides these nuisances, there are the shambles, in the Jewish quarter, and the disgusting tan-yard on the east side of the Holy Sepulchre, which infect the air with a pestiferous odour, and create many maladies. These evils might easily be remedied, if the local government cared less for their purses, and more for the salubrity of the town, and if the Mohammedans were less fanatic. The tan-yard occupies the position where formerly the Templars had their palaces, to desecrate their memory; and the shambles are to annoy the Jews.

BIBLE RIVERS AND LAKES.

NO. II.

BY THE REV. J. W. TAYLOR, FLISK AND CRIEFF.

Cities on the Lake of Gennesaret—The Greater Jordan—The Dead Sea.

BEFORE leaving the Lake of Gennesaret, let us take a passing glance of the towns which once gladdened its shores; for once did this lake resemble a silver

bowl, with its border raised, and enriched according to the art of the silversmith, with clustering leaves and fruit. Of the towns with which it was bordered, none possesses more interest, to the Bible reader, than Capernaum. It is called "Christ's own city;" for after leaving "Nazareth he came and dwelt in Capernaum." And as this was the port from which those sailed who, by the way of the sea, intended to visit the parts beyond Jordan, there was thus a striking fulfilment given to the prophecy of Isaiah: "The land of Zebulun and the land of Naphtali, the way of the sea, beyond Jordan, Galilee of the Gentiles, the people which sat in darkness, saw great light." Here also Christ wrought many miracles. We seldom meet with a finer specimen of simple and graphic description, than is furnished by the writers of the "Narrative of a Mission of Inquiry to the Jews," in their account of Christ's works of benevolence and devotion at Capernaum: "It was in this city that Jesus healed so many upon one Saturday evening, when the Jewish Sabbath was over, and the cooling breeze of sunset was favourable to the journey of the sick. We could imagine them coming, some up the side of the lake, others from its northern towns, or down the Valley of Doves, from the interior of Galilee, till all meet in this very plain, where they hear that Jesus is in the city, and forthwith pour in to find him. He receives them, heals many that were sick of divers diseases, and casts out many devils; for he did most of his mighty works there. And being left alone, 'he rose a great while before day, and went out and departed to a solitary place,' wandering up the Valley of Doves on the west, or the deep ravines of Saphet on the north, and there prayed till Simon Peter, and a multitude of anxious souls, found him out among the rocks, and said unto him: 'All men seek for thee.'"

Not much disjoined from Capernaum by situation, as they were associated with her in Christ's withering woe, stood the cities of Chorazin and Bethsaida. Their present desolation explains, in part, the meaning of Christ's words; for scarcely any ruins remain to mark the spot which these highly favoured but impenitent cities once occupied. The frequent engraving has made every eye familiar with Tiberias—standing on its little headland, adorned with its minaret and mosque, and skirted with its straggling palm trees. It is built in the form of an irregular crescent, and is protected towards the land by a wall flanked with turrets. Its circuit does not exceed a mile, and the houses hardly amount, in number, to five hundred. The chief subject of curiosity within its walls is the mosque, which is said to be erected over the spot where stood, in Gospel times, the humble home of Peter. Tiberias, or as it is now called, Tabareah, is another of the four holy cities of the Jews, being held in high veneration by the Talmudists as the place where their Mishna and Gemara were compiled.

We now bid adieu to the Lake of Gennesaret, remembering the saying of the Jews: "God loved that sea above all other seas;"* and bearing away with us the impression which the deputation have recorded as being left on their minds by their visit to it: "No place, excepting Jerusalem, is so deeply and solemnly impressive as the Sea of Galilee."

The Jordan, whose course, according to some travellers, is distinctly visible through the whole extent of the lake, issues from it with a fuller stream of fifty feet, and enters upon the extensive Vale of Jordan. This vale is formed by a barren and uninteresting range of mountains, which rise on either side, and stretch from the Lake of Gennesaret onwards to the Dead Sea. The district enclosed by these hills is about thirty miles in length, and its utmost breadth is fifteen. Through the midst of this plain, but in a lower valley, the Jordan flows, until its waters are lost in the Dead Sea. The banks, when the river is at its lowest ebb, are about fifteen feet high, and the stream is about twenty-five yards in breadth, while it was so shallow, at the time when Mr Buckingham visited it, as to be easily fordable by the horses. The current is rapid and clear, and the water is sweet to the taste. Its banks, in various places, are adorned with the oleander, the zacchoum or Jericho plum tree (so called from Zaccheus, as it is supposed to be the tree on which he climbed to see the Saviour pass), and a thick brushwood of humbler plants. During the time of harvest, Jordan overfloweth all his banks; and as the harvests, owing to the vigour of vegetation in Palestine, return both in the spring and autumn, these inundations occur twice a-year. By the risings of the river, the wild beasts which have sought shelter within these leafy retreats, are driven from their lairs, and prowl in fierceness over the surrounding country. This circumstance in the natural history of the river furnishes the Prophet Jeremiah with a bold figure by which to describe the hostile advances of a fierce enemy: "Behold he shall come up like a lion from the swellings of Jordan against the habitations of the strong." Such is the general appearance of the Jordan.

Throughout its whole extent, from the Lake of Tiberias, the Jordan is fertile in historical reminiscences. At the point where it issues from the lake towards the east, lay the country which owned the stern sway of Og, king of Bashan—the last of the giants. Superstition has thrown over his life her romantic and gloomy light. His stature has been magnified into incredible dimensions, deeds of superhuman daring have been ascribed to his arm, and his court has been represented as the last resort of the giant race. A surer word than tradition exhibits the facts from which these legends have sprung. "His bedstead," says the sacred historian, "was of iron; nine cubits was the length thereof, and four cubits the breadth of it; and the land of Bashan, over which he reigned, was called the Land of Giants."

Adjoining to this lie the rich pasture-lands of Gilead. The singular beauty and fertility of this part of Palestine still attract the attention of the traveller, and warrant the description which the two tribes, Reuben and Gad, and the half tribe of Manasseh, gave of it in the days of Moses, "as a land for cattle." "We continued our way," says Mr Buckingham, "to the north-east, through a country the

* Wells.

beauty of which so surprised us, that we often asked each other what were our sensations, as if to ascertain the reality of what we saw, and persuade each other, by mutual confessions of our delight, that the picture before us was not an optical delusion. The landscape, which varied at every turn, and gave a new beauty from any point of view, was of itself worth all the pains of an excursion to the eastward of the Jordan; and the park-like scenes that sometimes softened the romantic wildness of the general character as a whole, reminded us of similar spots in less neglected lands." Mr Banks frequently remarked, that throughout his very extensive travels, he had met with nothing equal to this landscape, except in some parts of Portugal betwixt the Mincio and the Douro.

The western side also opens up much scenery, interesting from the facts which it recalls. About three miles from Tiberias may be seen the low and verdant hill of Huttin, from which the Saviour delivered his beatitudes. Here, opposite to Shittim, the waters retired together as an heap, and Jordan was driven back at the presence of the Lord, the God of Israel, until the tribes passed over. It was the second dividing of the waters in the glorious marching of Israel; and the Hebrew poet joins the Red Sea and the Jordan in his bold interrogation:—

> "The sea saw it and fled,
> Jordan was driven back.
> What ailed thee, O thou sea, that thou fleddest?
> Thou Jordan, that thou wast driven back?"

It was here, also, that the chariot of fire received the Prophet Elijah, and the stream, acknowledging his presence, separated before him. Thither was the proud Syrian directed to repair, and experience the healing virtues of Jordan's waters; and here, at the word of the prophet, did the iron, forgetting its gravity, and rising from the bottom, buoyantly swim upon the surface. And, what is most interesting of all, these waters were consecrated by the descent and baptism of the Lord Jesus, who was purer than the stream, when he was about to enter on his public ministry.

It would appear, from the narrative of the Rev. Vere Monro, a recent traveller in Palestine, that the Jordan is still venerated for its baptismal excellence, and that pilgrimages are yearly performed by misguided crowds, who expect that their graces will be increased by ablution in its stream. "The sun was rising," writes he, "over the tops of Abarim, and the river's bank presented one of the most extraordinary scenes which it has ever been my lot to witness. The main body of the pilgrims had arrived, and a general undressing commenced. The first who prepared himself was a Russian, with hair of enormous length, who, having stripped and enveloped himself in a long new shirt, dropped carefully in; and holding on by the grass, dipped and shook himself, and dipped again, much after the manner of a duck that presages wet weather. There were men of all sizes and seasons, from the tottering octogenarian to the crawling bambino, who, being immersed with its head back and its mouth open, filled and bubbled like a bottle; ladies of all ages and angles, colours and calibres, from the Caireen Copt to the fair-skinned Russian. Nor was it enough that their bodies were consecrated—all their clothes were plunged; and they drank the unconscious element, not each out of his own hands, but out of those of a fellow-pilgrim, the two palms being joined together to form a cavity for the liquid; while bottles of every form and metal were filled for distant markets."

Borne down by the stream of the Jordan, we arrive at that celebrated lake which receives its waters —the LAKE OF ASPHALTITES, or the DEAD SEA. It is called Asphaltites by the Greeks, from the quantity of asphalt or bitumen which abounds in its neighbourhood. This lake is also known in Scripture as the "Salt Sea," and the "Sea of the Plain." The Arabs name it "Bahr Loot"—the Sea of Lot. The bare mention of the Dead Sea gives rise to solemn emotions. The mind naturally recurs to the time when this was an extended plain, well watered, even as the garden of the Lord, and studded with its thriving cities—to the morning when Lot fled to Zoar, and the sun, which rose in brightness upon those wicked cities, saw them, before it set, struck with the lightning of heaven, and buried beneath the sluggish waters which now roll over their ruins.

The general appearance of this lake, and of the surrounding country, is a standing witness to the truth of the awful catastrophe which overwhelmed these guilty towns. Two ranges of uninteresting mountains bound this lake on either side. No trees or shrubs cover them; scarcely a spot of verdure is to be seen—nothing but the naked rocks casting their blackening shadows over the waters which lie at their base. And as if partaking of the desolation which everywhere reigns here, the Valley of Jordan, so far as the eye extends, presents one scene of uninterrupted barrenness: "The whole land is brimstone and salt, neither is it sown, nor beareth, nor does any grass grow thereon." But the most interesting object in this gloomy picture is the lake itself. It presents a surface of thirty miles in length, by seven in breadth. The stillness of death is on its waters—no ripples break on its beach—no cooling breeze breathes from its surface—no foot of man passeth by, save it be the Bedouin Arab, or the curious traveller. As if the shades of this dark picture were not sufficiently deep, Imagination has lent additional sadness by horrors of her own; for Fancy loves excess. Long was it believed that so pestilential were the waters that no fish could live in them, and no bird fly over them; and that bodies, instead of sinking, were upborne to the surface. A more correct observation has pronounced such stories unfounded.

It is impossible, when speaking of this subject, not to recall to mind the finished description furnished by the graphic pen of the great novelist; and imagination, as if unsatisfied, brings forward into view the figure of the stately crusader, slowly moving along these lonely shores—the only representative of life in this region of death. The features of gloom which characterize this scene must ever render it an object of attraction to those whose minds are accessible to a feeling of the sublime; but there are circumstances in which some travellers have the fortune of seeing it, which greatly heighten its grandeur; as

when the heavens, blackened with tempests, appear to sympathize with the scene below, or

> "When over it the cold moon shines through storms,
> Topping its dark waves with uncertain light."

The testimony of the superior of St Saba, that, at the southern extremity of the lake, remains of walls and other buildings were seen by him beneath the water, has been quoted by almost every traveller. The fact is a curious one, and can only increase the regret that means have not been taken to obtain an accurate survey. A survey was indeed undertaken some years ago by a Mr Costigan, an Irishman; but the world was deprived of the result of his labours and discoveries by his early death. His attendant mentioned to Mr Stephens, that large hewn stones, such as are used in building, were distinctly seen by them.

The number of cities which were destroyed by the judgment of Heaven has been differently stated. The Book of Genesis mentions particularly Sodom and Gomorrah; but the words of the historian are so general as not to contradict the fact, that more than these two were involved in this destruction. The Book of Deuteronomy specifies Sodom and Gomorrah, Admah, and Zeboim. Stephen of Byzantium mentions eight, and Strabo extends the number to thirteen. As to the manner in which these cities were overthrown, the most general opinion, among those who wish to furnish a philosophical account of the facts which Scripture simply states, is, that they were built upon a mine of bitumen; that lightning kindled the combustible mass; and that the cities sank in the subterraneous conflagration. The geographer, Malte Brun, has improved upon this hypothesis, by adding the suggestion, that the cities may have been built of bituminous stone.

Search will be made in vain for the celebrated apples of Sodom which mock the gazer's eye, and turn into dust in the hand of him that grasps them. Some writers deny their existence, and consider them merely as a poetic image to point a moral, "their being and their beauty being alike fabulous;" while others, such as Hasselquist, Ammar, and Chateaubriand, have discovered certain shrubs, the fruit of which they consider the same as these golden and treacherous apples. We quote the description of a fruit discovered by Chateaubriand, in which he thinks he perceives the fabled apple of Sodom. It is known by the name of "osher." "The shrub which bears it grows two or three leagues from the mouth of the Jordan—it is thorny, and has small taper leaves. Before it is ripe, it is filled with a corrosive and saline juice; when dried, it yields a blackish seed, which may be compared to ashes, and which in taste resembles bitter pepper."

We omitted to mention, in another place, that at the southern extremity of the Dead Sea stands the little town of Zoar, to which Lot fled to avoid the judgment which overthrew Sodom and her daughters.

It was long thought, that before the overthrow of the Cities of the Plain, there was no lake where the Dead Sea rolls its waters, and that the Jordan held on its course in a southerly direction, until it found an outlet into the Red Sea. "This idea was first started by Burckhardt, who, when he explored Edom, found a broad valley stretching from the Dead Sea through Arabia Petrea to the eastern extremity of the Red Sea. More recent investigation has, however, decided that this must have been impossible, as the level of the Dead Sea and of the Plain of Jordan is very much below that of the Red Sea, and as all the springs in the valley, instead of flowing in a southerly course, flow northerly towards the Dead Sea." The most prevalent opinion is, that a lake must always have existed here; that there is no hidden outlet for its waters; and that there never was any visible connection betwixt this lake and the Red Sea, but that it is relieved of its waters solely by evaporation, the power of which, under the steady rays of an Eastern sun, is very great.

While we stand by the shores of the Dead Sea, let us contemplate in it an emblem of a selfish spirit. It receives all that its tributary streams supply, but it sends none of its waters to the sea. It rolls over ruins. It is calm; but it is the gloomy calm of death —the evidence and consequence of a curse.

SORROWING, YET REJOICING.

THEY that are merry, let them sing,
And let the sad hearts pray;
Let those still ply their cheerful wing,
And these their sober day.

So mounts the early warbling lark
Still upward to the skies;
So sits the turtle in the dark,
Amidst her plaintive cries.

And yet the lark, and yet the dove,
Both sing, though different parts;
And so should we, howe'er we move,
With light or heavy hearts.

Or, rather, we should each essay,
And our cross notes unite;
Both grief and joy should sing and pray,
Since both such hopes invite—

Hopes that all present sorrow heal,
All present joy transcend—
Hopes to possess, and taste, and feel
Delights that never end.

HICKES.

GERMANY—THE NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH.

OUR readers are already acquainted with the general nature of the movement that is at present going on in Germany. Suffice it here to repeat, in a single sentence, that the exhibition of the pretended coat of our Lord in the Cathedral of Treves, last autumn, has proved the occasion of a large and influential secession from the ranks of the Romish Church. At the head of the movement stand *John Ronge* and *John Czerski*, both priests in Silesia. The first congregation established was that of Czerski, in Schneidemühl; the second that of Ronge, in Breslau; and so rapid has been the movement, that in about ten months nearly one hundred and fifty congregations

have now been more or less thoroughly organized throughout Germany. All this, be it remembered, has been the spontaneous doing of the people themselves, headed by a few humble priests; and that, too, in spite of the most determined opposition on the part of the hierarchy, assisted but too successfully by secular authority. Yet, so general has the movement become, as at present to form the matter of an earnest diplomatic correspondence between the Pope and the leading Catholic and Protestant States.

The strictest injunctions have been issued from Rome to the two great Catholic powers, Austria and Bavaria, who have shown themselves ready to act in accordance with the strictest principles of ultramontanism. Accordingly, in both countries everything has been done which civil or spiritual despotism could suggest, to prevent the extension of the movement among their subjects. Along the frontier of *Bohemia*, the strictest *surveillance* has been exercised over all travellers passing from Silesia or Saxony, lest among them there should be any missionaries of the new Church, or lest any documents should be circulated which attacked the ancient faith. In *Bavaria*, in like manner, the king has repeatedly warned his subjects in the severest manner against giving any countenance to the new Church, and done everything to prevent even ordinary information on the subject being conveyed through the press. In *Saxony*, the Government at first seemed disposed openly to countenance the movement, although the Court is Catholic. Afterwards they remained neutral; but, latterly, they too have issued their restrictions in various forms. Public meetings for conference were prohibited, the legal validity of their ordinances in the case of baptism and marriage was denied, with a great number of other petty and vexatious prohibitions. In the middle of July, a document was published by the Government, stating that, while no subject of Saxony was denied the full liberty of conscience in religious matters, still the present movement was not to be judged of as a mere matter of religious toleration, seeing that it seemed likely to give a death-blow to the unity of the Church, and virtually overturn its constitution, as settled by the Augsburg Confession, by the establishment of an indefinite number of small and contending sects.*

In *Prussia*, the Government have declared their determination to preserve a strict neutrality, and allow the movement to take its course, without interfering for or against it; as, from its yet undetermined character, the period had not yet arrived for the State being called on either to recognise the Church as a legal institution to be embodied in the constitution, or still less to suppress it by force, as opposed to the wellbeing of the country. Freedom of conscience is a fundamental principle of the Prussian constitution; and in this matter, at least, the Government seem disposed to see it fairly carried into effect. Remonstrances have been addressed to them by the Catholic powers, requiring nothing short of the forcible suppression of the whole movement.

* The reader will observe that this was written before the late outbreak at Leipsic (August 12), which will be afterwards noticed.

To these a manly reply has been given on the principle stated—referring, in addition, to the fact that when, some years ago, these same Catholic powers were petitioned by the Protestant chiefs of Germany to use their influence against the increasing power of the Jesuits, as inimical to the peace and best interests of Germany, no reply was given to the demand made; so that still less could a favourable answer be expected now to the demand made by those States who had acted in such a manner towards Prussia. At a public banquet given in Magdeburg, Ronge proposed the health of the king, and stated that, from his personal interviews with him and his ministers, they were fully prepared to defend full freedom of conscience to all their subjects.

Still, notwithstanding all this, the kind of direct influence which the State uses in all ecclesiastical matters is such as to prove the greatest clog and hindrance to a free religious movement; and there can be no question, that where the formal recognition and full sanction of the State are withheld, and a bare toleration is substituted, such a movement is retarded to a degree of which, in this country, one can form no conception. We do not say that the mere countenance of the State ought of itself to weigh at all in the mind of any one; but that the suspicion which is superinduced in all cases where the Government does not openly declare its sanction, united with the numberless legal obstacles that stand in the way of such a body constituting themselves into a Church, with full power to develop the religious principles that gave rise to it—all this tends to operate prejudicially among the subjects of a Government who have been taught to submit to this subjection, if not to believe it indispensable and actually beneficial. This is plain from the resolution of the State that there shall of necessity be no more than the two great antagonist Churches and Confessions, and that all differences on religious matters, on the side of one or the other, must not be allowed to form a ground of separation and dissent, but be somehow or other settled within the Church in which they have occurred. Such things operate most unfavourably in the case of a new Church organizing itself, and cannot fail to place it in a disadvantageous position, as compared with the old institutions which have so many constitutional privileges on their side. It must at once be seen that, to a Government acting on the principle supposed, this must seem a dangerous precedent—as breaking up that outward unity which makes the supremacy of the State over the Church a comparatively easy matter, and as giving a freedom to the religious element which would soon make it more than a match for a secular despotism.

Other considerations of a more *local* character make the position of Prussia, in relation to this movement, a doubly difficult one. As stated, this movement had its occasion in an event which took place in the Rhine provinces. These are well-known to be intensely Catholic, and to be disaffected towards the Protestant rule of the Prussian monarchy. But were Prussia actively to give its support to the German Catholic Church and constitutionally to recognise it, it is very clear that this would but lead to greater estrangement between the two parts of the kingdom,

and be interpreted as the crowning act of their Protestant ascendancy; so that, with their proximity to France, and enjoyment of the greater freedom of French law and justice, it might no longer, in the event of a war, seem problematical what course was best suited to secure their religious independence as a separate kingdom. It cannot, however, be questioned, that very much of the recent revival of Popery on the Rhine is to be attributed to political causes. The people have, in fact, thrown themselves back on the Church, which had been forced to take up a new position with regard to the State; and thus political feeling has centred round the Church, seeing that its treatment, at the hands of the late Prussian monarch, afforded a specious pretext and occasion for the quasi-religious phase of a movement which was at first almost purely political, and then became politico-ecclesiastical. But, on the other hand, that the recent energy which has been shown by many sections of the Protestant Church, united with the late events over Germany, must react upon the Catholic Church, and, of necessity, call forth a new life and zeal—this is not only undeniable, but is gaining additional proof daily.

But, to return—one or two of the smaller States have already recognised the new community. In *Brunswick*, a considerable sum has been voted to them from the public treasury for three years; a similar course has also been followed in Hesse Darmstadt: while in Hesse Cassel, and, though less decidedly, in Hanover, their meetings have been pronounced illegal, and their standing as a Church denied, and this, too, at the very time of a successful struggle with the Jesuit bishop of Hildesheim. In many parts of Germany, liberal contributions have been made on their behalf by Protestants and Catholics alike. Several of the journals devote special notices daily to the report of their movements; and the unprecedented number of publications on the subject at the late Leipsic fair—all betoken the interest which the movement excites, and the progress which it is steadily making.

As to the *immediate occasion* of the secession in the exhibition of the Holy Coat, we may state, that the historical investigations which have been published on the subject have lowered a good deal the tone of confidence, even of the more bigoted of the Romanist party, as to its genuineness. Indeed, it turns out, on inspection, that the Coat is not a seamless one, that there are figures on the front of it, though these have almost entirely faded; nay, it has even been stated, that the representations which have been woven on it, have manifest reference to the rites of heathen worship. We before stated, that there were at least between twenty and thirty other *Holy Coats*, preserved with equal veneration in different cathedrals. Not only so, but such is the shameless effrontery of the whole matter, that in 1631, Pope Urban VIII. gave the full sanction of his infallibility to one of these as the genuine garment of our Lord: and, still further, the present Pope, Gregory XVI., no farther back than August 1843, elevated one of the altars in the Church of Argenteuil in France to the dignity of an "*altare privilegiatum*," on the professed ground of its containing the "*Tunicam nostri Salvatoris Iesu Christi.*" Nothing, surely, can give one a clearer idea of the awful bondage in which the Church of Rome holds not merely the souls, but also the very *understandings* of men, seeing all that has taken place, notwithstanding these plain and palpable contradictions between different Popes, both equally infallible, and even between the same Pope at different periods. For the present Head of the Church, who, but two years ago, gave his verdict in favour of the Coat of Argenteuil, now comes forward to throw the shield of his protection over the hierarchy of Treves; and, fearing that the Church is in danger, enters the lists as a cunning diplomatist to prevail on the secular powers of Europe to carry his spiritual censures into effect against those very men who, to say the most, are not more heretical than his Holiness himself was in August 1843.

To complete this picture of cunning in union with superstition, it needs only to be stated, that, seeing the historical argument in favour of the Coat of Treves must be given up as groundless, one section of the Popish party have actually declared that the spiritual value of the exhibition of Treves depends not so much on the genuineness of the relic, as on the generally solemnizing character of the circumstances under which the display took place. And thus those countless hosts of pilgrims, who came to worship a garment which was then, without any reservation—nay, with all the parade of a successful historical proof—declared to be the Coat of our Lord, are now made to believe that the historical element is of small value, and that it was the presence of the Church, in the full pomp of ceremony and prerogative, that elevated into sacredness the merely human elements of the scene!

Nay, as if this were not enough, and as if the Church, in the plenitude of its power, needed but to command, in order to be obeyed, the Archbishop of Treves has lately instituted *a festival in honour of the holy coat, lance, and nail;* and this, too, to be celebrated in *lieu* of the national fast of Prussia. It would indeed seem, that in this whole matter Jesuitism has outwitted itself, blindly leaning upon the superstition of a people who, when fairly roused and quickened by spiritual influences, have performed deeds of Christian heroism, which all the machinations of Roman power and policy could not bear down. It is a striking historical coincidence that, but a week before his death, the great Reformer himself denounced the exhibition that was being made of this very Coat, then, as now, paraded as the occasion for a display of the might of the Church against all her adversaries. Let us hope and pray that, with outward circumstances so similar, the spirit of those times may be awakened, and Germany again become the scene of a new and glorious struggle for the faith once delivered to the saints!

(*To be continued.*)

HOW TO PREACH TO THE HINDUS.

THAT kind of preaching which is adopted in Christian countries, developing from a given text a truth or doctrine in abstract ideas, and concluding with some practical applications, could hardly be understood, and would therefore not be appreciated by the Hindu,

whose habits of thinking and reasoning are very different from ours. When discussing religious subjects, he employs images and metaphors—every object in the visible world is laid hold of to illustrate the point on which he argues.

We must therefore bring our arms from the camp of the Philistines, and learn from the Brahmans that mode of speaking and reasoning which is most intelligible and agreeable to the people. Materials for imagery to illustrate religious truths cannot be wanting in a tropical climate, where nature is at work during every season of the year, and exhibiting new charms every day in a luxuriant vegetation—where majestic streams are rolling down to the ocean—where the lofty summits of the Himalaya are seen towering forth in the back-ground—where the animal as well as the vegetable world is developing its wonders, and involuntarily exciting the imagination of a contemplative mind.

I was preaching one evening in the town of Burdwan, at a time when the rice fields were dried up from want of rain, and the people of the country began to foretell dearth and famine; I spoke on the words, John vii. 37: "If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink." "You are watering your rice fields," I said, "because God has commanded the clouds not to rain; but your rivers and tanks are almost dry; and if he should not send rain, your efforts must, after all, prove fruitless, and your harvest will fail. Here is a faithful representation of your spiritual state; you are seeking water of life for your immortal souls—you trouble yourselves unceasingly in your idol services; but, behold, instead of the wholesome water of divine truth and knowledge, there is, as in your tanks, nothing remaining but mire and dirt. *I* know a fresh fountain of pure water of life; allow me to direct you to it; and if you drink of it, you will find refreshment and peace." I then proceeded to describe to my hearers the character and blessings of the Christian religion, which, resembling the clouds that fertilize the earth, is fully calculated to satisfy the spiritual wants of man. The people listened with intense attention; I could perceive by their countenances that they were affected; and many gave vent to their feelings by expressing assent, and left the chapel under these solemn impressions.

An excellent missionary brother thus relates one of the last sermons he addressed to the Hindus at Benares: "I spoke on the words, 'Enter ye in at the strait gate:' the chapel was full, and great attention prevailed among my hearers. I explained to them the signification of the strait gate, and what they must do in order to get through. First, I represented, according to Hindu ideas, a worldly-minded person, who cares nothing about religion; and who hopes nevertheless, at the end, to get to heaven. There, I said, is one coming along riding on an elephant; he appears in grand style; he cares nothing for God and eternity; he wants to enjoy the world; and yet he hopes to get to heaven in the end. Thus he is riding on towards the strait gate, hoping he may get through. While speaking thus, one of my hearers called out: 'He must come down from his elephant, or he will never get through.' You are right, I replied; yes, he must forsake his worldly mind, and descend from his height, and humble himself, or else he will never enter heaven.

"Then I described another character, belonging to those of whom our Saviour said: 'Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.' Here, my friends, said I, comes a man who appears desirous to go to heaven; he has his eyes fixed on the strait gate, and is walking up to it; but on his back he carries a large bundle of various things—see how he groans under it! Will he succeed? 'No,' said another man, 'he must leave his bundle behind, or else he will never get through.' You are perfectly right; if we wish to get through the strait gate into heaven, the heart must be wholly given up to it; a divided heart God will not accept; he will either drive sin out of the heart of man, or sin will drive him out. The people understood this very well, and applauded. The third class I wished to represent were the proud and self-righteous. Here I had nothing to do but to allude to a certain class of people who are constantly seen at Benares—I mean the haughty Mohammedans. Without mentioning names, however, I continued: There comes another—you see he gives himself the air of a great and holy man; he says, I do no man any wrong, I repeat my prayers daily, I fast often, and give every one his due; thus conscious of his righteousness, he lifts up his head, and with firm step you see him walking up to the gate. A man called out: 'He must stoop down, he must bow down, or else he will break his head.' I replied Do you understand what you say? 'Yes,' said he, 'he must leave his pride behind, and come as a poor sinner; stooping signifies humility, and if he is not humbling himself, he will never enter through the strait gate.'" Thus we see that the Hindus understand our preaching, and the word enters into their hearts.—*Weitbrecht's Missions in Bengal.*

HOW TO TEACH CHILDREN.

In all your instructions, most carefully avoid all tedious prolixity. Nothing more disgusts a child's spirit than long and tedious discourses. Make up the shortness of your discourse by frequency—a little now, and a little then, not all at once—drop by drop, as you pour liquor into narrow-mouthed bottles. As you do when you first begin to feed their bodies with a spoon, so must you do when you first begin to feed their souls with instruction. Long speeches burden their small memories too much; and, through men's imprudence, may unhappily occasion them to loathe spiritual manna. As physicians, therefore, in their dietetic precepts prescribe to children, "Little and often;" so must we. Young plants may quickly be even over-glutted with rich manuring, and rotted with too much watering. Weak eyes, newly opened from sleep, at the first can hardly bear the glare of a candle. "Line upon line," therefore, "and precept upon precept; here a little, and there a little." —Isa. xxviii. 10. You must drive the little ones towards heaven, as Jacob did his towards Canaan, very gently.—Gen. xxxiii. 13. Fair and soft goes far.—*Samuel Lee.*

Fragments.

In wonder all philosophy began; in wonder it ends; and admiration fills up the interspace. But the first wonder is the offspring of Ignorance: the last is the parent of Adoration.—*Coleridge.*

As is a moment, compared to the life of man, so is the life of man, compared with the continuance of the world; and the world's continuance is but a moment in respect of eternity.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

The best way to make men good subjects to the king, is to make them good servants of God.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

When worthy men fall out, only one of them may be faulty at the first; but if strife continue long, commonly both become guilty.—*Fuller.*

If we justly look upon a proneness to find fault as a very ill and a mean thing, we are to remember that a proneness to *believe* it is next to it.

Daily Bread.

FRIDAY.

"Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."—1 Cor. x. 12.

Give me on thee to call,
Always to watch and pray,
Lest I into temptation fall,
And cast my shield away.

When men think they have grace enough, and holiness enough, and have gone far enough in the way to heaven, this is the root of apostasy. It was Peter's presumption that was one principal cause of his fall. Lofty cedars are down with a tempest, when the lower trees in the valley stand firm and fast; so likewise lofty Christians, high in their own conceits, many times nestle themselves on high, and their fall is great; whereas Christians that walk humbly, are supported and preserved. Like as a man that gazeth at the stars, and looks up on high, quickly catches a fall, because he looks not to his feet; so a man that is highly conceited in his own opinion, and lifts up his head on high, many times catches a fearful fall.—*Nalton.*

SATURDAY.

"Demas hath forksaken me, having loved this present world."—2 Tim. iv. 10.

Still thy timely help afford,
And all thy loving-kindness show:
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go!

Apostates crucify Christ afresh, and put him to open shame; for by falling away from him, we do as much as tell the world, we have found his service that it was an unprofitable service; that the service of the world is better than his service; and that we have not found in Christ what we expected. When we turn our backs on Christ and go to the world, we do as much as openly proclaim, the world is a better master than Christ is. When soldiers forsake their general, it is a dishonour to him.—*Ibid.*

SABBATH.

"Who maketh thee to differ?"—1 Cor. iv. 7.

O render thanks to God above.
The fountain of eternal love,
Who hath thee, more than others, blessed
And hath thy soul with peace possessed.

Which way, O Lord, which way can I look, and not see some sad examples of misery? One wants his limbs, with Mephibosheth; another, his sight, with Bartimeus; a third, with Lazarus, wants bread and a whole skin: one is pained in his body; another, plundered of his estate; a third, troubled in mind: one is pined in prison; another, tortured on the rack; a third, languisheth under the loss of a dear son, or wife, or husband. Who am I, Lord, that for the present, I enjoy an immunity from all these sorrows? I am sure none groan under them, that have deserved them more. Oh! make me truly thankful for thine infinite goodness; and yet only so sensible of thy gracious indulgence this way, as that when any of these evils shall seize upon me, I may be no more dejected in the sense of them than I am now overjoyed with the favour of their forbearance.—*Hall.*

MONDAY.

"Love not the things that are in the world."—1 John ii. 15.

Hapless the votaries of the world,
Soon on rocks of ruin hurl'd,
Who, admiring it untried,
Court its pleasure, wealth, or pride.

Is not this a sad symptom of a declining state of soul, to be so hot, eager, and anxious about the superfluous trifles of this life? Thinkest thou, O my soul, that one who walks in the view of the glory above, and maintains a conversation in heaven, can be much taken with these vanities? Do not the visions of God veil the tempting splendour of the creature? Is it not dishonourable to God, and a justification of the way of the world, for me, who profess myself a Christian, to be as eager after riches as other men? If I had no Father in heaven, nor promise in the world, it were another matter. Let me henceforth learn to measure and estimate my condition, rather by its usefulness to God, than its content and ease to my flesh.—*Flavel.*

TUESDAY

"Be not weary nor faint in your minds."—Heb. xii. 3.

As when the weary trav'ller gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives, if 'cross the plains
He eyes his home, though distant still.

A traveller after a long journey, when he is weary and faint, and sits down, if he see the town before him, it puts life into him, and he plucks up his feet, and resolves not to be weary till he be at his journey's end. O look at the crown and white robe set before you, and faint if you can; get on the top of Mount Nebo—look on the land of promise—those good things set before you: taste the grapes of Canaan before you come to Canaan.—*Nalton.*

WEDNESDAY.

"My heart is fixed."—Ps. lvii. 7.

Come, and possess me whole;
Nor hence again remove:
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love.

Say not, it is impossible to get the mind fixed. It is hard, indeed, but not impossible. Grace from the Lord can do it—agreeable objects will do it. A pleasant speculation will arrest the minds of the inquisitive. The worldly man's mind is in little hazard of wandering when he is contriving of business, casting up his accounts, or telling his money. If he answer you not at first, he tells you he did not hear you—he was busy—his mind was fixed. Were we admitted into the presence of a king to petition for our lives, we would be in no hazard of gazing through the chamber of presence; but here lies the case—the carnal mind, employed about any spiritual good, is out of its element, and therefore cannot fix.—*Boston.*

THURSDAY.

"It is good for me to draw near to God."—Ps. lxxiii. 28.

Stedfast let us cleave to thee—
Love, the mystic union be;
Union to the world unknown—
Joined to God—in spirit one:
Wait we till the Spouse shall come—
Till the Lamb shall take us home.

O beloved! let wicked men fall out with us, and hate us, and reproach us, as much as they will—they cannot hurt us, if we keep in with God; therefore, my beloved, above all things get communion with God, and keep communion with God. Communion with God will yield you two heavens—a heaven upon earth, and a heaven after death. All saints shall enjoy a heaven when they leave the earth; some saints enjoy a heaven while they are on the earth. He enjoys nothing that wants communion with God.—*Dyer.*

*** We omitted to state that the paper entitled "The Unanswerable Argument," which appeared in Number 27, was taken from a Tract re-published by the Rev. Mr Bonar of Kelso, from an American periodical.

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NOTES ON MADEIRA.

BY THE REV. JAMES JULIUS WOOD, EDINBURGH.

The Island of Madeira has long been celebrated for the salubrity of its climate, and many persons in this country suffering from disease of the chest are resorting to it as a place of sojourn during the winter months. Of late it has had an interest of another and a higher kind, from the labours and sufferings of Dr Robert Reid Kalley, and from the persecutions undergone by those Portuguese inhabitants of the island who have, by Dr Kalley's teaching, been brought out of the darkness of Popery into the light of Bible truth. Some account, therefore, of Madeira, of the Lord's work in it, and of the sufferings of the Lord's people, may not be unacceptable to the readers of the "Christian Treasury."

Madeira lies between lat. 32° and 33° north; and in long. 17° west; and it is about three hundred and sixty miles from the coast of Africa, to which part of the world it is reckoned to belong. We know not that there is any authentic record of its discovery; but we have a romantic story of one Robert Machin, an Englishman, in the reign of Edward III., carrying off Anna D'Arfert, a high-born lady, whom, in opposition to the wishes of her family, he loved—of his putting to sea, with the intention of crossing over to France—of a great storm carrying the ship out of her course—of their reaching, on the fourteenth day, a beautiful uninhabited island, where they landed, and where soon after they both died. By means of their companions information of the discovery reached the Portuguese, who were then enterprising navigators; and they immediately fitted out an expedition, and took possession of the island. They called it *Madeira*, or the *Woody Isle*, because it was then thickly covered with wood.

But when or by whomsoever it was first visited, Madeira has always (probably not much to its advantage) belonged to the crown of Portugal. It is about forty miles long, by about fifteen broad, and contains about one hundred and thirteen thousand inhabitants. It is evidently of volcanic origin. Its mountains are high and precipitous, and it is intersected by ravines of prodigious depth and grandeur. Pico Ruivo, the highest mountain on the island, is upwards of six thousand feet above the level of the sea; and the ravine of the Coural, about ten miles from Funchal, cannot be less than two thousand feet deep. Funchal, the principal town, contains a population of twenty-eight thousand souls. It lies on the south side of the island, on the shore, in the centre of an immense semi-saucer, which the wild imagination of man has sometimes supposed to be the half of an enormous crater of a volcano, the other half having fallen in, and been buried in the ocean. The chief produce of Madeira is wine. The vine flourishes all around the island, and up the mountain sides to the height of about eighteen hundred feet. The best wine is grown on the south side of the island. The grain raised is not sufficient for more than three months' supply of the inhabitants.

A number of British merchants are settled in Funchal, which is also the winter residence of our countrymen who visit Madeira on account of their health. These visitors, in 1845, amounted to about three hundred.

The climate of Madeira is exceedingly delightful—moist, rather than dry—remarkable for the small variations which it exhibits between night and day, and between winter and summer. During the summer months the thermometer scarcely ever rises above seventy-eight degrees; and during the winter months it is seldom, in Funchal, below fifty-three degrees—not within twenty degrees of the freezing point. Snow, however, frequently falls in the mountains, and from Funchal it is often to be seen as far down as within two thousand feet of the town. The *feeling* of cold differs considerably from what one would expect from the indication of the thermometer. Till very lately none of the houses had fire-places; now they are beginning to be introduced into the houses hired by the British, and there are many evenings in February and March when a fire is by no means unacceptable. In summer a very agreeable change of climate can be obtained by going to the north side of the island, or up to the mountains.

Access to Madeira may now be had very easily and comfortably. The West India steamers touch there twice a-month, making the passage from Southampton to Madeira in eight days. The fare by them is £30 first cabin, and £25 second cabin; the only difference between the two being in the sleeping berths: in every other respect the passengers enjoy the same privileges, and receive the same attentions. There are also several fine sailing packets fitted up for passengers, in which persons in delicate health meet with every attention and comfort. These are constantly sailing between London and Madeira, and in them the fare is £20. They usually make the passage in from ten to twenty days. Invalids often go out in trading vessels from Liverpool, the Clyde, and other ports. But unless the vessel and captain be well known, this is not an advisable way, as these vessels have not usually the same conveniences and comforts for pas-

sengers, and invalids frequently receive in them very little of the care and attention which they require, whilst the expense is the same as that by the regular and comfortable sailing packets from London.

There are a number of very comfortable boarding-houses in Funchal, of which a considerable proportion of the visitors avail themselves. The usual charge for board is fifty dollars, or rather more than £10 per month; and it is generally required that an engagement be made for three or four months. There is no such thing as lodgings, where a person might engage rooms, and provide his own food—a state of matters which has been felt as a great disappointment by sundry who have had occasion to visit Madeira. Many of the visitors prefer taking a furnished house, engaging their own servants, and living as they choose. A furnished house may be had for from two hundred and fifty or three hundred dollars, up to seven hundred dollars for the season; if taken for the year, a small addition is made to these sums. This is the most economical and comfortable way for a family, and even for two or three individuals who may find it convenient and agreeable to join together.

There is scarcely any level ground in the neighbourhood of Funchal; and this, together with the nature of the climate, makes walking by no means a suitable exercise for invalids; and, indeed, it does not seem to be much in favour with any class of the British. All ride, and though the up-hill and down-hill nature of the roads, and their skirting course along the edge of ravines and precipices, make many, at first, feel a little nervous, it is surprising how soon the most timid get accustomed to the exercise, and how much they come to enjoy it. Boating is also much recommended for invalids, and a good deal practised by a number of them. Both horses and boats can be had to hire on reasonable terms.

With regard to the benefit to be derived from the climate of Madeira, much, under God, depends on the state of the health when the patient goes out to it. When nothing more than a tendency to chest complaint is manifested, decided advantage may be derived—the tendency may be warded off, the health established, and the constitution confirmed. There are many cases, too, where disease seems to have commenced, in which, by escaping from our chill, variable climate, and by a residence of a year or two in the mild, equable climate of Madeira, disease seems to be entirely checked, and a large measure of health is afterwards enjoyed. And even where disease has made such progress as to make cure hopeless, many instances occur in which life is apparently prolonged for many years by a continuous residence in Madeira, with, it may be, an occasional visit, during the summer, to our own country. Still, beyond all question, it is only on the threatening of pulmonary disease, or in its earlier stages, that benefit can be expected from a temporary residence in Madeira. Many leave this country and go out to Madeira too late—when they are far gone in disease. And though comforts are not awanting to such, and many attentions are paid to them, still they have not the comforts of home—they want the presence and soothing attentions of loving and beloved kindred. They come to the island exhausted by the fatigues of a voyage which, in their state of weakness, they were little able to bear, and they droop and die among strangers, their heart yearning for their kindred and their home.

There is a Free church and an Episcopal chapel in Funchal; but of these more hereafter.

We have occupied this paper with brief notes of information, which perhaps may be useful to some who may have occasion to think of going out to Madeira. We had some doubt whether these notes were suitable for the "CHRISTIAN TREASURY," but it seems not inconsistent with the kindness which we owe to one another, to contribute in any measure to allay the anxieties and smooth the way of those who are advised to visit that distant island, and to whose inexperience and want of knowledge the undertaking appears not a little formidable and difficult. This must be our apology. From experience we know the value of hints, however meagre.

Often was I deeply struck, during my residence in Madeira, with the difference between men's care for the life of the body and their care for the life of the soul. I saw my countrymen and countrywomen coming out to that far island, leaving behind them beautiful residences—happy homes—beloved kindred. I witnessed them undergoing much trouble and fatigue, and incurring a great expense, which, in some instances, could be but ill afforded; in short, doing everything that possibly could be done, either by exertion or sacrifice, for the restoration of their health, and the prolongation of their life; and rightly so.

But how seldom do we witness anything of the kind with regard to the health and the life of the soul! How far from being general is a thorough sacrificing earnestness to have cured the disease of sin—to avoid spiritual death—to secure spiritual life! As I have pondered the striking difference between the one and the other, often have our Saviour's words occurred to me: "The children of this world are, in their generation, wiser than the children of light." Will the reader of these sentences think how it is with him in regard to this matter?

JERUSALEM.

(Continued from Ewald's "Journal of Missionary Labours in the City of Jerusalem").

POPULATION.

THE number of the resident inhabitants in the Holy City amounts to about eighteen thousand souls; of whom there are eight thousand who profess the

Mohammedan religion; six thousand are Jews; and four thousand Christians of various creeds, namely, Greeks, Armenians, Syrians, Latins, Copts, Abyssinians, and Protestants. During the time when the pilgrims are in Jerusalem, which is from December to April, the number increases to twenty-eight thousand.

THE JEWS.

The Jewish quarter is on the declivity of Mount Zion towards the east, opposite Moriah.

The Jews were not permitted to settle permanently in the capital of their own country, till it was conquered by the Mohammedans; from that time they have increased almost annually, till their number has amounted to six thousand souls. The quarter in which the Jews reside, comprises only the twentieth part of the town; and if the whole city were inhabited in proportion to that quarter, Jerusalem would have a population of one hundred and twenty thousand.

The Jews in Jerusalem form two distinct bodies—the *Spanish community*, and the *German community*. The former are the most numerous, natives of the country, subjects of the port, and are under the jurisdiction of their own chief Rabbi, who is the head of the civil as well as the ecclesiastical court, and bears the title of "Hakkam Pasha." They have four commodious synagogues, and several colleges.

The *German Jews* are those who have emigrated from various parts of Germany, Poland, and other places in Europe to the Holy Land. They enjoy the protection of their respective consuls, and are on that account less oppressed by the local government.

They, again, are divided into two distinct communities. The Perooshim (Pharisees), and Chasidim (Pious). Each of these communities possesses two synagogues, and is governed by a chief Rabbi.

Generally speaking, the Jews in the Holy City are all learned men, whose chief occupation consists in studying Jewish literature. In fact, they are maintained on that account, and for that purpose, by all the Jews over the whole world. Contributions are sent to Jerusalem from all the quarters of the globe, which are divided among all according to established laws and regulations.

The various synagogues send also their messengers, from time to time, abroad to collect money. There are thirty-six Jewish colleges in Jerusalem, in which the professors who teach, and the students who learn, are paid. These colleges are maintained by certain funds accumulated by legacies which have been left by pious Jews for that purpose.

On that account few Jews in Jerusalem follow any trade, except those without which the Jewish community could not exist, as bakers, butchers, and grocers; for, according to their law, they must purchase their bread, meat, and various other articles of the Jews.

Having less care for the things of this world, they spend much time in devotional duties. They rise at midnight to perform the prayer appointed for that time.

THE MOHAMMEDANS.

Bezetha, situated to the north-east, may be called the Mohammedan quarter, for it is entirely inhabited by Moslems, and encloses the most ruinous part of the town. They are the lords of the land; are proud, overbearing, and fanatic; style themselves "effendim"—noblemen, though there is very little of nobility about them. The nine soap manufactories of the city, the oil presses, and the above-mentioned leather factory, are in their hands. They possess, likewise, one bazaar exclusively, called the "Sook Alchawatshad"—the Bazaar of the Gentlemen, where they sell various articles, chiefly for the use of the Arabs.

Learning is at a very low ebb with them. There are few who know the grammar of their own language. As to arts and sciences, they are not known. They have several public schools, where the boys, squatted on the floor, are taught to read the Koran. Their girls are never sent to school, nor is it considered necessary that the females should visit the mosques, or attend any kind of public worship. It is, however, one of their chief duties to visit the tombs of their departed relatives, to keep them in repair, and to whitewash them. The Mohammedan believes that the soul of every true Moslem goes to a happy place till the day of resurrection, when it will be reunited to the body, and then enter Paradise. Every Friday the soul visits the grave of its respective body. You see, therefore, on that day, the burial-ground covered with Mohammedan females, who converse with the souls of their departed friends as if they actually saw them. They tell them all their family concerns, all the news of the day, and at evening take leave, with the promise to see them soon again.

THE LEPER VILLAGE.

Near the Zion gate is the wretched village of the miserable lepers. This unfortunate and pitiable race consists of about one hundred. They are compelled to live separate from all, intermarry, and are thus allowed to propagate their miseries from one generation to another. The malady appears generally when they are about twelve or fourteen years old, and increases every year till they lose literally one limb after the other; as they grow older their sight fails, their throat and lungs become infected, till death ends their protracted sufferings. They live upon charity, which they receive from the pilgrims and other persons.

THOMAS BILNEY, THE MARTYR.

BY THE REV. JOHN FAIRBAIRN, ALLANTON.

Some have denied Christ; some have died for him; some have both denied him and died for him. Judas denied him from want of principle—he had not faith: Peter from pressure of temptation—his faith failed him for the time; yet his faith was habitually strong—as strong as his heart was warm and his affections ardent. "A proud look before a fall;" this was strongly exemplified in the case of Peter. "What? deny thee? Surely this love I am conscious of towards thee shall carry me through fire and flood with thee. Though all should deny thee, yet shall I never deny thee. Think not so unworthily, O Lord, of thy servant." The disciple was counting upon his own strength; he had forgotten that it is only through grace that any man can stand. Being full of this self-confident spirit—we may call it this carnal pride—what a poor part did he act when it came to the extremity? Not silently denying Christ—not, by giving no answer to their questions, tacitly admitting their charge; but with stormy words giving it a flat contradiction. His passion getting up, too, amongst his fears, he curses and swears, as one would suppose, to give them a proof of what he said, leaving them to infer (if, indeed, he was at the moment capable of reasoning) that one with so foul a tongue

could never have been associated with the Lord Jesus, as one of his disciples. So it went on till the crowing of the cock, when the words of his Master coming to mind, smote him dumb with remorse; and the look of Jesus—a quick glance cast towards him—clove his heart, and stuck in it like a two-edged sword. He could no longer deny Christ. He could bear no more. He went out and wept bitterly. The tradition of Peter's death is doubtful. During his life, as every one knows, he, on several occasions, gave good proof that, being now strong in the faith, and full of godly zeal, he was ready to endure all things—death itself—on behalf of his Saviour and the glorious work of preaching the Gospel, to which he was commissioned.

Peter was not singular in his denying of Christ, and afterwards bitterly and sincerely repenting of his great wickedness—suffering all sorts of persecution almost, for Christ. In the records of the martyrs like instances frequently occur. There is the case of Bilney, for example—"Little Bilney," as Latimer affectionately calls him. He suffered in the days of Bloody Mary, with many others of Christ's faithful witnesses who were then thinned out. He was an ardent spirit, with a heart overflowing with love to Christ—a most zealous labourer in the Gospel vineyard—not easily daunted—not readily to be turned aside from his purpose—which was, through the help of God, to win precious, immortal souls. It was dangerous work, in those days of Rome's triumph, to preach the everlasting Gospel; and still more dangerous at Cambridge, one of the strongholds of Rome's camp, where almost all were sworn liegemen of Antichrist, with their eyes and ears eagerly set against the truth, from whatsoever quarter it might come. Bilney was a Cambridge student, and his zeal found out many ways to publish the Gospel amongst his fellow-collegians, the sick, and in the prison. It was through his instrumentality that Latimer, at the time covered with renown, and the stoutest Papist among them all, was brought to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. "Here I have occasion," says Latimer (in his first sermon on the Lord's Prayer), who frequently makes mention of Bilney, and always with true warmth of feeling, "to tell you a story which happened at Cambridge. Master Bilney, or rather Saint Bilney, that suffered death for God's Word's sake, the same Bilney was the instrument whereby God called me to knowledge; for I may thank him, next to God, for that knowledge I have in the Word of God. For I was as obstinate a Papist as any was in England; insomuch, that when I should be made Bachelor of Divinity, my whole oration was against Philip Melancthon, and against his opinions. Bilney heard me at that time, and perceived I was zealous without knowledge; and he came to me afterward in my study, and desired me for God's sake to hear his confession. I did so; and to say the truth, by his confession I learned more than afore in many years. So from that time forward I began to smell the Word of God, and forsook the school doctors and such fooleries."

The heads of houses, and other rulers of the university could not remain long blind to what was passing so near them. Bilney's heretical and destructive doctrines, as they called them, were soon picked out, and the alarm raised. "We are here to guard the purity of the faith, and such weeds must be rooted out." They accordingly complain to Wolsey, who was not slow in appointing a tribunal for the trial of the man who disturbed the peace. "This," says one of the biographers of Latimer, "was in 1527, and Tonstall, Bishop of London, a man of mild character, laboured so effectually with Bilney, as to prevail upon him to make a public abjuration." The same is noticed by Latimer, in his own quaint way, in one of his sermons. His text is, Luke xxi. 25-26. Speaking of the evil times mentioned in the text, amongst many other things, he says: "Men shall be wonderful, fearful—they shall pine away for fear; and no doubt these shall be good men which shall be thus troubled with such a fear of this day; for you know the worldlings they care not for that day; yea, they scant will believe that there shall be such a day—that there shall be another world—or at the least way, they would not wish that there should be another world; therefore they shall be godly men which shall be so used, to be tokens unto the world. And no doubt there hath been here in England many already which have been so vexed and turmoiled with such fear. That same Master Bilney which was burned here in England for God's Word's sake, was induced and persuaded by his friends to fear [abjure] a faggot at the time when the Cardinal [Wolsey] was aloft, and bore the swing."

Bilney, like Peter, has denied his Lord. Through the fear of martyrdom, by the persuasions of Tonstall, and whosoever else, he has made public recantation, and is sent down again to his college at Cambridge, to live quietly and enjoy what peace he can. We must follow him there, and watch him, and see if he had peace. He was thoroughly persuaded of two things—of justification by faith alone, and of the Antichristianism of the doctrines of Rome. Not only persuaded intellectually—he was a true and sincere believer in Christ. What torments has he prepared for himself!—worse than the prison, the gibbet, or the stake. He has denied his Lord—sold him—crucified him afresh—put him to an open shame. He cannot rest. It is as if he had the worm of hell in his bosom. Day or night no rest for him. He is pined to a shadow, and has become deadly pale. No man can relieve his suffering. "A wounded spirit who can bear?" He does not want for human sympathy. Many love him; there are several with him who were converted, or built up, through his labours. One or other is often with him in his chamber; sometimes singly—sometimes together. They strive for him in prayer. Every comfortable passage is searched out of Scripture, and brought to him. "God is faithful; all his promises are true. Let all God's people be sure to comfort themselves with them—they cannot fail; but as for me I have betrayed Christ; for a little worldly ease I have sold him. I have dug for myself a place in hell." And so he could take no comfort, and remained day and night, for twelve months, in most dreary, comfortless despair. "An irksome thing and an horrible image must that needs be that is brought in by such a thing so hated by God; yea, this face of death and hell is so terrible, that such as have

been wicked men, had rather be hanged than abide it. As Ahithophel, that traitor to David, like an ambitious wretch, thought to have come to higher promotion, and therefore conspired with Absalom against his master, David;—he, when he saw his counsel took no place, goes and hangs himself, in contemplation of this evil-favoured face of death. Judas, also, when he came with ambushments to take his master, Christ, in beholding this horrible face, hanged himself. Yea, the elect people of God, the faithful, having the beholding of this face (though God hath always preserved them—such a good God is he to them that believe in him, that 'he will not suffer them to be tempted above that they are able to bear'), yet for all that, there is nothing that they complain more sore than of this horror of death. I knew a man myself, Bilney, little Bilney, that blessed martyr of God, what time he had borne his faggot [abjured] and was come again to Cambridge, had such conflicts within himself, beholding this image of death, that his friends were afraid to let him be alone; they were fain to be with him day and night, and comforted him as they could; but no comforts would serve. As for the comfortable places of Scripture, to bring them unto him, it was as though a man would run him through the heart with a sword."*

Out of this fearful state Bilney was at length delivered. He was again restored to peace and comfort. The countenance of his gracious Redeemer shone in upon his soul, and filled it with abundant joy. He immediately took his resolution. He found that it would not do for him to remain silent—he must be up and about his Master's work. In the hall of Trinity College, he one evening took farewell of his friends, never again to return to their society, though it so turned out, in the dealings of Providence, that Latimer and he were afterwards associated in prison. From Cambridge, he hastened into Norfolk, his native county, and preached the Gospel, first in private houses, and then openly in the fields. In this work he was not long engaged until he was apprehended, and put upon his trial. Of the details of his trial we do not stop to give an account; nor of the answers which, by writing and otherwise, he gave to the charges brought against him. During his imprisonment he corresponded with Latimer, who was also in prison, and at first kept in a separate apartment, although afterwards he, and Bilney, and Cranmer, were confined in the same chamber—the prison becoming crowded by many recent arrestments. The letters that passed between them are very interesting. The reader will find some of them in Fox. One extract of a letter of Latimer to Bilney we quote, as characteristic of its writer and of the times. Bilney was consulting him as to the defences he should put in. "Better," writes Latimer, "a few things well pondered, than to trouble the memory with too much. You shall prevail more with praying than with studying, though mixture be best; for so one shall alleviate the tediousness of the other. I intend not to contend much with them in words, after a reasonable account of my faith given; for it shall be but in vain. They will say as their fathers did, when they have no more to say: 'We have a law, and by our law he ought to die.'"

It so turned out—Bilney was condemned, and during the time that ran between his condemnation and execution many resorted to him, with whom he held much comfortable intercourse, exhorting them to perseverance in the faith, and strengthening them out of the Scriptures, which he expounded much to their edification. He had with him much of the near and most precious company of his Saviour, and at the stake was greatly upheld, sealing his testimony with his blood, and passing through the cruel flames to the rest prepared for the people of God.

* Latimer—7th Sermon before Edward VI.

SPAIN—POPERY.

NO. II.

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS CHARACTER OF THE PRIESTHOOD.

But what is the character of the priesthood? This is a point of chief importance. They form a very numerous body in Spain; they exert an immense influence upon others, and they may be expected to reflect, most exactly, the spirit and tendency of the religion of which they are the administrators. It is no breach of charity, with the evidence which we possess before us, to say that there is among the ecclesiastical body much ignorance and irreligion, infidelity and immorality. If the condition of the people at large be so wretched as the facts which have been quoted attest, it is not to be expected that their teachers would be blameless; there is too close a connection between the parties to allow us to entertain this idea for a moment; but let us advert for a little, on the authority of the Rev. Mr Rule, to the moral and religious condition of the people generally, before tracing it up to the character of their priesthood.

The scientific ignorance even of educated men is marvellous. It seems as if Providence had allowed some countries, and particularly Spain, to come down to modern times nearly as they were in the middle ages, the better to show what was the real state of things at that period, and to put to the blush the foolish admiration which is often expressed for these ages. The design, at least the result, serves also to show the real character of Popery when unchecked by the presence of Protestantism. Our author gives a ludicrous instance of ignorance in the medical department. One of his children having become seriously ill, from the carelessness of the nurse allowing it to take poison, a doctor was called, of whom he says: "A pompous practitioner prescribed, but so ridiculously, that his treatment may be mentioned in illustration of the wretched state of the healing art in Spain, or rather the empiricism which unworthily assumes the name. An emollient syrup steeped in white wine, to be laid on the stomach, were prescribed as remedies to neutralize the effects of mineral poison!" Thus does Popery, where pure and unbroken, drag down the interests of man in every form, whether temporal or eternal. It is the foe of science as well as of true Christianity. But to refer to the higher interests of our nature—what can be more melancholy than the combined irreligion and

infidelity proclaimed in such a statement, as that seven-ninths or seven-tenths of the population of Seville do not observe even the forms of religion? Where these forms include the mass and the confessional, in some sense we may say it is of little consequence, in some respects an advantage, that they are not observed; but when it is remembered that there is no antagonist Protestantism to provide for the multitudes thus loose from Rome—that utter carelessness, infidelity, and hopelessness, must bear an undivided sway—the fact, at least, is deeply affecting. Mr Rule was informed, that out of a population of ninety thousand, not less than seventy thousand were entire strangers to religious ordinances; and he adds: "What is affirmed of Seville may be presumed of all the chief towns of Spain;" and even of those who wait upon the ordinances of the Romish Church, it is more a form than anything else. On entering the cathedral, "a few penitents, dispersed over the floor, were dimly seen to be kneeling, and as we passed them, they were heard to whisper by tale, and in a hurried manner, forms of words which, even if understood and felt, could scarcely be designated prayers, *though at first sight an uninformed stranger might have admired them, as very models of devotion.*" There can be little doubt that this latter observation explains much of the Popish devotion which hasty travellers often attribute to Rome, to the disparagement of Protestant worshippers. Our author elsewhere remarks, that the rubrics and ceremonials of the Church so abound in matters of management, "prescribing, to the minutest movement, the whole mockery of devotion, that no one who has but glanced over these directories can be affected by *the appearance of reverential awe which is assumed by the priests and the better drilled part of the people, when they appear in public.*"

Speaking of Seville at a later day (March 1838), he says: "The changes of the preceding three years had produced a very visible effect. Infidelity, the vigorous daughter of the Babylonian harlot, seemed to be strangling her ancient mother. The theatres were open in Lent, as it was said they had never been before; and it was also reported that on the last *corpus Christi* day, many of the people displayed their contempt, by keeping on their hats while the host was carried in procession." Of the three thousand students at the university, "the greater number are said to be Infidels." Writing of Grenada, another large and ancient town, and on a similar occasion, Mr Rule says: "The day was spent in conversation on religious subjects; but trifling and blasphemy were so natural to the persons with whom I met, that they were incapable of perceiving any impropriety in language which, to me, was most disgusting; *and in this respect they were an undisguised specimen of the mass of Spanish society.*" He then describes the procession of the host, which was conducted with great pageantry. "The soldiers lined the way, and as their deity approached, they laid down their arms and knelt. Many of them hinted their contempt by a sarcastic grin, and I heard one of them say: 'They are carrying the bread to the oven.' Some accident befell the wafer. This afforded," adds Mr Rule, "no small merriment to the mob—nay, to high as well as low; and nothing was to be heard for an hour afterwards but jests, at the expense of 'His Majesty,' as they call the host, which might have been amusing enough if the holy names of God and Christ had not been associated in monstrous and disgusting blasphemies."—P. 205. We may add a more general statement. After being at the capital (Madrid), and revolving all he had seen on the way, our author says: "I felt painfully convinced that the great mass of the people were abandoned to idleness and vice. They had learned to despise, and had been driven to hate, the long-established superstition. Infidelity had spread beyond all that a stranger could have imagined. Here was no merely blank ignorance, but inveterate wickedness, luxuriating in wild and horrible excess. It seemed as if missions in Pagan Africa could not be so difficult as in this nominally Christian country."—P. 169.

One need not wonder, after such representations as these, that there should be great indifference to the life of others, and that little should suffice to provoke men to draw the dagger and stiletto. A still more melancholy picture is supplied in the following sentences:—

"One characteristic of Heathens, given by the apostle when he calls them ἀστοργοι ('without natural affection') is powerfully illustrated in Spain. On our way from Madrid to Valencia, our attention was directed to an old letter-carrier, who followed the diligence for the sake of the armed escort which accompanied us. A few days before, he had been stopped on the road by a party of robbers, as he was travelling the way with his son, a fine young man; the latter resisted the robbers, and was killed on the spot. The stones were yet stained with his blood when we passed by. It was said that he looked on with apparent indifference; expressed no horror or grief at the murder of the 'son of his right hand, who had served him;' but, after all was over, coolly asked the murderers for a cigar, and smoked it out in their company!"

Who could have imagined the possibility of such a scene in the west of Europe? Ah! for how much is Popery responsible, which, directly or indirectly, carries men bearing the name of Christ, back to the feelings and the practices of the worst Paganism?

We now turn to the PRIESTHOOD. They are prodigiously numerous, as might, indeed, have been inferred from their annual revenue. A few years ago, they were two hundred and sixty thousand in number, or one in fifty of the population. Every fiftieth person met in Spain is an ecclesiastic! What is their character? It may be gathered from the old maxim—"Like priest, like people" reversed into "Like people, like priest," only that they are worse than the people, inasmuch as they have the means of knowing better, and are bound, as the guides of others, to be of higher excellence. Their ignorance of theological literature and learning is great. There is not, according to Mr Rule, in the Spanish language one standard work of Hebrew criticism; and the science of Biblical interpretation, judging from conversation with the most learned ecclesiastics, including Amat, the bishop who, a few years ago, was engaged in the translation of the Scriptures with notes, has yet to begin. In the ca-

thedral library at Seville, which is ancient and extensive, including much theology, and on a most liberal footing as regards freedom to read and study its volumes, there is but one entire copy of the Hebrew Bible in a separate form, and another with the notes of Kimchi on the minor prophets; yet, strange to say, Spain is the country of the first complete Polyglott Bible. Neither in the libraries of Seville nor of Madrid could a single work be found deserving of the name of *Critica Sacra*. Even the philological works were of the poorest character. Amat, learned as he is, had not even *heard* of Lightfoot and Schoetgen; and many, very many, of the priests had not even a Latin Bible in their possession. The professor of Hebrew in the University of Madrid had only three pupils. How forcibly does all this remind us of the state of things in the dark ages, and how disgraceful to the Church of Rome, with all her wealth, and power, and boast of learning! After all, it is not wonderful; the men who undervalue the Bible and forbid their people to read it, cannot value it for themselves, and, in depreciating the Scriptures, they necessarily depreciate the literature which owes its value to its connection with them. A want of learning in a Church—general theological ignorance—is one of the punishments of disparaging the Word of God at once natural and righteous.

Carelessness and irreverence, as might have been anticipated, form a prevailing feature in the character and proceedings of the priesthood. How can it be otherwise? Human nature *will* weary of heartless forms, and long to be done with them, especially as self-righteousness is satisfied if the work be done, no matter what is the spirit in which it is executed. "I saw a baptism," says Mr Rule, at Astorga, the see of Bishop Amat," administered in the evening in the parish church of St Louis. As it was to be well paid for, it was performed in high style. There was in perfection the whole mummery of spittle, breath, salt, oil, holy water, wax candles, merry music, costly robes, and processions from the baptistry to the altar." Though the scene was thus imposing, and demanded time, yet, such is the weariness of mere form, "the priest transacted the business with indescribable irreverence and haste, and the process of baptism was performed on the child's head over the font, as if it had been a surgical operation rather than a Christian sacrament." Shortly afterwards our author adds: "It is wearisome to hear, in England, of Catholic divines and heavenly-minded ascetics, when here you find them just the reverse of all that is imagined of them, acting a heartless pantomime."

Of the extensive Infidelity which prevails among them, there can be no question. Blanco White, one of their number, recently deceased, in his "Practical Evidence against Catholicism," expressly declares, from extensive acquaintance, that there is no man in the number of any weight in point of talent, who is not an Infidel. Speaking of the year 1820, Mr Rule says the press teemed with Infidel books: "The French Infidels were unwearied in propagating their notions, and succeeded in *creating a taste* for their books, by publishing translations of the worst of them. The practice is still continued. These wretched productions are read with avidity; and the literature of Spain is, by consequence, totally corrupt." It is well understood that the young priesthood had translations of Voltaire and Volney bound like their Breviaries; so that, while supposed to be studying the books of devotion, they were really devouring French Infidelity.

The immorality of the priesthood and of the people generally, in the sense of licentiousness, as the fruit of the Romish system, is a delicate topic to allude to.

We are afraid to wound the modesty of our readers, however desirable it may be to expose the atrocities of Popery in a day in which she boasts of purity. We shall, therefore, confine ourselves to child murder, the sad fruit of immorality.

Mr Rule supplies us with the following almost incredible details of infanticide in Spain, which vividly remind us of the infanticide of India or of China. He visited the *Casa de Expositos*, the Foundling Hospital at Seville, and though the population of the city be only ninety thousand, he found that upon an average there must be nearly eleven thousand poor infants thrown upon its hospital alone every year. In the course of a few years the number had doubled. The mortality is tremendous. Such facts are not easily ascertained—not, in Spain, from any desire to conceal the shame, but from the very carelessness and concern with which the whole matter is regarded. It is not thought worth while to keep any accounts; but as nearly as Mr Rule could estimate, there must have been deaths, in the year, to the extent of eight hundred and ninety-five. What is this but infanticide? And these numbers do not bring out the whole crime. "The real amount," he adds, "of infanticide in that city alone is incalculable, so general is the licentiousness of the people. . . . . One constantly hears examples of the most unnatural cruelty. A woman, without the smallest compunction, puts her infant to death because 'she will not be kept at home by *that child*.'"

Let it not be supposed that this is a solitary case. In every town of Spain there are receptacles, prepared at the public expense, for such children as have been referred to. Every town has its *Casa de Expositos*. The governor of the establishment at Madrid stated, that in the year 1837, from nine hundred and sixty to one thousand children had been deposited with him. Strange to relate, next year only fifty-six of the number had survived. Our author justly remarks, "the subject demands investigation." Infanticide prevails among all classes. It appears to stand in intimate connection with,

1. The celibacy of the clergy;
2. The abominations of the confessional; and,
3. The unscriptural rules and covetous practices of the Church of Rome with regard to marriage.

Such are the miserable results of man attempting to be wiser than God—of attaching to celibacy a character of holiness which does not belong to it, and so of departing from the written Word. And this has been the fruit of the same false principle in every age. Witness the moral, or rather the immoral, character of the much-boasted Church of the Fathers. In these days, when Popery is first misunderstood, and then nationally encouraged and patronized, it is the duty of all who love the truth of God to expose its false pretensions, and especially to tear the veil from

the institutions on which it relies, and in which it rejoices. Harmless, and even accordant with natural feeling, as various peculiarities of Popery may appear, if they really depart from the Inspired Record, sooner or later—it may be in forms little dreamt of—they will, they must, manifest their injurious operation.

THE EMIGRANTS.

[These stanzas are supposed to be sung by a party of those voluntary exiles for conscience' sake who, in a profligate age, left their country, to enjoy religious freedom in regions beyond the Atlantic. The scene is laid near the Bermudas, or Summer Islands, as they were then called.]

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride
In ocean's bosom unespy'd,
From a small boat that row'd along,
The listening winds received this song:—

"What should we do but sing His praise
That led us through the watery maze,
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?

"Where He the huge sea-monsters racks,
That lift the deep upon their backs,
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms and prelates' rage.

"He gave us this eternal spring,
Which here enamels every thing;
And sends the fowls to us, in care,
On daily visits through the air.

"He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranate close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows.

"He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet;
With cedars, chosen by His hand,
From Lebanon, He stores the land.

"He cast—of which we rather boast—
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast,
And, in these rocks, for us did frame
A temple where to sound His name.

"Oh! let our voice His praise exalt,
Till it arrive at heaven's vault,
Which, thence perhaps rebounding, may
Echo beyond the Mexique Bay."

Thus sang they in the English boat
An holy and a cheerful note;
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

MARVELL.

THE PREACHER ON DRESS;
OR,
THE BIBLE AND THE FASHIONS.

(From the "Cripplegate Lectures.")

DIRECTION I.—*Be not ambitious to appear the first in any fashion.* Affect not to take the mode by the fore-lock. Keep some paces behind those that are zealous to march in the front of a novelty. When the danger is sinning, it is valorous enough *tutus latere post principia*, "to bring up the rear." When custom has familiarized the strangeness, when time has mellowed the harshness, and common usage has taken off the fierce edge of novelty, a good Christian may safely venture a little nearer, provided he leap not over those bounds prescribed by God, by nature, and decency. It is time enough to think of following, when the way is well beaten before us. A modest Christian, in conscience as well as courtesy, will not think scorn to let others go before him.

DIRECT. II.—*Follow no fashions so fast, so far, as to run your estates out at the heels. Tuo te pede metire.* Costly apparel is like a prancing steed: he that will follow it too close, may have his brains knocked out for his folly, or rather his empty skull shattered; for the brains are supposed to have gone long before. Advise first with conscience, what is lawful; then with your purse, what is practicable. Consult what you *may* do, and next what you *can* do. Some things may be done by others, which you may not do; and there are some things which you might lawfully do, if you could conveniently do them. "All things" indifferent "are lawful" in themselves; "but all things are not expedient" to some under some circumstances; and what is not expedient, so far as it is not so, is unlawful.—1 Cor. x. 23.

If you will drink by another man's cup, you may be drunk, when he is sober; and if you will clothe at another man's rate, you may be a beggar, when he feels not the charge. But how many have run themselves out of their estates into debt, and from the height of gallantry sunk to the depth of poverty, forced either into a jail or out of their country, whilst they would strain to keep pace with a fashion that was too nimble and fleet for their revenues!

DIRECT. III.—*Follow lawful fashions abreast with your equals.* But be sure you get right notions *who* are your equals. Some may be less than your equals in birth, who are more than so in estates: pedigrees and titles will not discharge long bills and reckonings. And some may be your equals in both, who are not so in that wherein equality is most valuable. Walk, then, hand-in-hand with them who are "heirs together" with you "of the grace of life" (1 Pet. iii. 7), who are partakers with you of the same "precious faith" (2 Pet. i. 1)—with those who have the same hopes with you "of the common salvation."—Jude 3. Why should we zealously affect a conformity to them in apparel, from whom we must separate in a little time for eternity?

Abraham was a great prince; and yet he "dwelt in tents with Isaac and Jacob, the heirs with him of the same promise."—Heb. xi. 9. And if a tent would serve him and them, why make we such ado for palaces? Abraham had a promise that he should be "heir of the world" (Rom. iv. 13); and yet he confessed he was but a stranger, a pilgrim, a sojourner, even in the Land of Promise (Heb. xi. 13); and was always in a travelling garb and habit, ready at an hour's, a minute's, warning to dislodge, and follow whither God should call him. Why, then, do we clothe as if we were at home, citizens of this world; when we are but tenants-at-will, and have here "no certain dwelling place?"—1 Cor. iv. 11.

DIRECT. IV.—*Come not near those fashions whose numerous implements, trinkets, and tackling require much time in dressing and undressing.* No cost of apparel is so ill bestowed as that of precious time in apparelling; and if common time be so ill spent, what is the solemn, sacred time laid out in such curiosity! How many Sabbaths, sermons, sacraments, prayers, praises, psalms, chapters, meditations, has

this one vanity devoured! Let me recommend the counsel of holy Mr Herbert to you:

"O, be dressed!
Stay not for t'other pin! Why, thou hast lost
A joy for it worth worlds! Thus hell doth jest
Away thy blessings, and extremely flouts thee,
Thy clothes being fast, but thy soul loose, about thee!"

O the wanton folly of our times, when, as one expresses it, "it is almost as easy to enumerate all the tackling of the "Royal Sovereign," as the accoutrements of a capricious lady!" and perhaps it requires not much more time to equip and rig-out a ship for the Indies, than a whimsical madam, when she is to sail in state with all her flags, streamers, pennons, bound for a court voyage. With less labour did Adam give names to all the creatures in Paradise, than an attire herald shall give you the nomenclature of all the trinkets that belong to a lady's closet. And yet all this is but to consume a whole morning to put on [that] which must waste the whole evening to put off.

DIRECT. V.—*In all apparel, keep a little above content, and somewhat more below envy.* He that will ever nigh either extreme, shall never avoid offence, either for sordidness or superfluity. Let not your garments smell either of antiquity or novelty. Shun as much an affected gravity as a wanton levity: there may be as much pride in adhering to the antique garbs of our ancestors, as there is in courting the modern fooleries. A plain cleanliness is the true medium between sluttishness and gaudiness. Truth commonly lies in the middle between the hot contenders, virtue in the middle between the extreme vices, and decency of apparel in the middle between the height of the fashion and a mere running-counter and opposition. Only because our corrupt hearts are more prone to the excess than the defect, I laid the rule, to keep a little more below envy than above contempt.

DIRECT. VI.—*Get the heart mortified, and that will mortify the habit.* Let grace circumcise that, and that will circumcise the long hair and sweeping train, with all the impertinent superfluities that wait on vain-glory.

The most compendious way of reforming persons, families, nations, and Churches, is to begin at and deal with the heart; as the shortest way to fell the tree is by sound blows at the root. Could we lay the axe to heart-pride, the branches would fall, the leaves wither, the fruit fade, with one and the same labour. It is an endless labour to demolish this castle of pride by beginning at the top: undermine the foundation, and all the glory of the superstructure falls with it. As a pure living spring will work itself clean from all the accidental filth that is thrown into it from without, so the cleansing of the heart will cleanse the rest. And when the Spirit of Christ shall undertake this work—to convince the soul effectually of sin—of the sin of nature, and the nature of sin—all these little appendices and appurtenances of vanity will fall and drop of course. For this was our blessed Saviour's method: "Cleanse the inside of the cup or platter, and the outside will be clean also."—Matt. xxiii. 26. And if we could (as supernatural grace only can) "make the tree good," the fruit would be good by consequence.—Matt. xii. 33.

DIRECT. VII.—*Let all your indifferences be brought under the government and guidance of religion.* Indifferent things in their general natures are neither good nor evil; but when religion has the main stroke in managing and ordering them, it will make them good, and not evil. Advise with God's glory what you shall eat, what you shall drink, and what you shall put on; that will teach us to deny ourselves in some particulars of our Christian liberty: "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do" else, "do all to the glory of God."—1 Cor. x. 31. Than which, all the masters of the art of eating, all the mistresses of the science of dressing, cannot give you a more approved directory.

DIRECT. VIII.—*Use all these indifferent things with an indifferent affection to them, an indifferent concern for them and about them.* Treat them, value them, as they deserve. Clothes commend us not to God, nor to wise and good men: why are we then so solicitous about them, as if the kingdom of God lay in them? The apostle, in consideration that "the time is short," would have us "use this world as not abusing it," because "the fashion of this world passeth away."—1 Cor. vii. 29, 31. Yet a little while, and there will be no use, because no need, of them. But God and the world are commonly of contrary judgments; and "that which is highly esteemed among men is" oftentimes an "abomination in the sight of God."—Luke xvi. 15. Lukewarmness is a temper hot enough for what is neither good nor evil. How great, then, is our sin, who are stone-cold in those matters wherein God would have us "fervent in spirit"—but where he would have us cool and moderate, all of a flame!

Holy Job confessed, that when he was reduced to beggary, he was somewhat better than when he was born: "Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither" (Job i. 21); that is, to the earth, the common mother of us all. And so the apostle: "We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out."—1 Tim. vi. 7. And why, then, all this ado to spruce-up a rotten carcass for the short time that we are to tarry here? We brought nothing in, but filth and guilt; and if we carry out these, we had better never have come in. Naked we came hither; and if we go naked hence, it had been better to have stayed behind. To what end, then, all this waste? and all this superfluous cost is but waste. A little will serve nature; less will serve grace; but nothing will satisfy lust. A small matter would serve *him* for his passage and pilgrimage that has God for his portion: anything would suffice for this short parenthesis of time, were we but well harnessed out for eternity. Consider, Christians! God has provided "meats for the belly, and the belly for meats;" clothes for the body, and the body for clothes: but God will "destroy" them all, as for those low ends and uses for which nature or vanity does now employ them.—1 Cor. vi. 13. Therefore, says the apostle: "Having food and raiment, let us be therewith content."—1 Tim. vi. 8. Simple food, plain apparel, will answer all the demands of nature; and what is more than this is either evil, or comes of evil, or leads to evil. If it be food, nature is satisfied; inquire no further: acknowledge God in it, crave his blessing on it, bless him for it, and glorify him with it. If it be raiment, inquire no further; God sent it—he indulged it; own his bounty, and bless the donor. Neither the length of life, nor the comfort of life, consists in the abundance of what thou enjoyest.

Let it have a just place in your consideration, to humble you, that *God once borrowed man's greatest bravery from the beasts.* He made them "coats of skins."—Gen. iii. 21. That he clothed them, spoke his mercy; that he clothed them with skins, intimated their vileness. Now, have we since that mended the matter, who borrow our choicest materials for clothing from a worm? If man himself (in the notion of the philosopher) and his life be but σκιᾶς ὄναρ, "the dream of a shadow," and his clothing the produce of a worm; I wonder how he can be proud of it,

or draw matter of pride from it. "A shadow" is nothing; "a dream of a shadow" is something less than nothing: and yet such is man. A worm is vile; and such is all the glory of man in his ruff and pageantry. Nay, man himself is no better: "Man, that is a worm; and the son of man, which is a worm" (Job xxv. 6): אנוש רמה ובן־אדם תולעה. Here are two words rendered "man"—the one signifies "sickness and misery;" the other, "earth and dust." And here are two words rendered "worm"—the one comes from a root that signifies "to lift up the head;" the other signifies "purple and scarlet"—to teach us that man, at his best state, when he lifts up his head highest, is but a wretched worm. Some are longer, some are brighter, worms than others; some, perhaps, may be glow-worms; but all are worms—earth-worms, clothed by the worms, and at last shall be a feast for worms. Art thou proud of thy make?—Remember thou art but a worm. Art thou proud of thy outward shape?—Remember, thou art a debtor still to the worms; and be proud if thou canst. Only know that "man that is in honour, and understandeth not" who made him, why he made him, and that answers not the ends of his Creator in his creation, "is like the beasts that perish."—Ps. xlix. 20.

Let it have its due weight in your hearts, that *you have another man, a new man, an inner man, to clothe, to adorn, beautify, and maintain.* Think not, with the Atheist of Malmsbury, that you have enough to do to maintain one man well; for you have two. And shall all the care, all the cost, be bestowed on the case, the cabinet, the shell, when the jewel is neglected? Think with yourselves, when you are harnessing out for some sumptuous feast, when the "gold ring and the gay clothing" go on, to conciliate respect in the eyes of others: "Have I on my wedding garment? Am I ready for the marriage of the Lamb? Have I on the white garment, 'that the shame of my nakedness appear not' before a pure and holy God?"—Rev. iii. 18. Look into the Gospel wardrobe: Christ has provided complete apparel to clothe you, as well as complete armour to defend you; and he commands you to put on both. Would you have a chain for your neck which outshines the gold of Peru; or a tiara for your head which shames that of the Persian kings? "Hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother," and you have it.—Prov. i. 8, 9. Would you have clothing of wrought gold, and wear those robes [which] "the King's daughter" glories in, when she is brought in to the King of glory, that he may take pleasure in her beauty?—Ps. xlv. 11-13. Would you wear that jewel "which in the sight of God is of great price," beyond those celebrated ones of Augustus or Tiberius? Then get the "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit."—1 Pet. iii. 4. Would you have that which dazzles the diamond, and disparages the Orient pearl? "Adorn" your souls "with modesty, shame-facedness, sobriety, and good works, as women professing godliness."—1 Tim. ii. 9, 10. Would you have the whole furniture of the Gospel?—You have it provided by the apostle: First "put off all these; anger, wrath, malice, blasphemy, lying."—Col. iii. 8; Eph. iv. 25. "Anger" ferments to "wrath," "wrath" boils up to "malice," "malice" swells up to "blasphemy," and all these break out into "lying." And "put on, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering: forbearing one another, and forgiving one another."—Col. iii. 12, 13. And for an upper garment, "be clothed with humility" (1 Pet. v. 5); and that your clothes may not sit loose and indecently on you, but close and fast, gird yourselves with the girdle of truth.—Eph. vi. 14. And would you have all in one? "Then put on the Lord Jesus Christ."—Rom. xiii. 14.

Here, then, is your real ornament, your truly gorgeous apparel: if you have but faith to apply it, skill to use it, decently to put it on, and comely to wear it. In a word: would you have the faithful mirror, that will impartially discover all your spots, all your stains, and help you to judge whether they be "the spots of his children" (Deut. xxxii. 5), such as are consistent with the truth and power of godliness, and which will not only reveal them, but wash them away? Then take the glass of God's Word; therein view and dress your souls every day: but be sure you forget not what manner of persons that glass has represented you to your own consciences: but "be doers of the Word, and not hearers only, deceiving your ownselves."—James i. 22-24.

Weigh it seriously, *what a long train of sins waits upon this stately lady, vain-glory.* Pride never walks the streets alone, nor without a vast retinue of lusts to adorn her pageantry. He that will be profuse in one instance, must be covetous in another; riotous spending is accompanied with penurious sparing. A great fire must have great store of fuel to feed it; and an open table requires abundance of provision to maintain it. Pride must be maintained by oppression—fraud—cozenage. If the tradesman's wife lashes it out in the streets, the husband must fetch it in one way or other in the shop: they that spend unmercifully, must gain unconscionably. The mill will not grind, unless some lust brings grist unto it. A gentleman anticipates his rents in the country: he comes up to town, to vamp his lady and fine daughters with the newest fashion. He ransacks the court and city for the fashion—searches the shops for materials to furnish out the pomp. He returns home: and then his poor tenants go to rack: the sweat is squeezed out of their brows, the blood screwed out of their veins, the marrow out of their bones, that they may pay the unconscionable reckonings and monstrous bills that his own prodigality has drawn upon him.

Nor is it one single sin that fills the train of pride. God is robbed of his worship, the poor of their charity, the creditor of his just debts, posterity of those portions which parents are bound to lay up for their children. Pride drinks the tears of widows and orphans—revels with the hard labours of the indigent—feeds on the flesh of thousands. "A vast estate is enclosed in one small locket; a necklace of almost eight thousand pounds hangs on one single string; a slender neck carries lordships and manors; and the thin tip of the ear wears a jewel or pendant that would defray the charges of housekeeping for a twelvemonth." This is the evil of what the apostle calls "costly apparel."—1 Tim. ii. 9.

THE PLEASURES OF CONTENTMENT.

I HAVE a rich neighbour that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money. He is still drudging on, and says that Solomon says: "The diligent hand maketh rich." And it is true indeed; but he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy: for it was wisely said by a man of great observation: "That there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them." And yet God deliver us from pinching poverty; and grant that, having a competency, we may be content and thankful! Let us not repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches; when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches hang often so heavily

at the rich man's girdle that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness: few consider him to be like the silk-worm, that, when she seems to play, is at the very same time spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself. And this many rich men do—loading themselves with corroding cares to keep what they have already got. Let us, therefore, be thankful for healthened competence, and above all, for a quiet conscience.—*Izaak Walton.*

WIND-STORM IN AMERICA.

While at Washington, I first witnessed the wind-storm, which is common in this country. It is peculiar—sometimes awful. The morning had been hot, and the sky fair; I had been to the Senate, and was now resting and writing in my chamber. Quietly the soft and refreshing breezes went down; a haze came over the sun, so that it shone as behind a gauze curtain. Every noise was stilled, except that of the frog, which was unpleasantly audible. The sky got silently darker and darker; the atmosphere became oppressive; and not a breath of air was felt. Suddenly, in the distance, you would see things in commotion; and, while everything was yet quiet about you, you might hear the distant roaring of the wind. Then the cattle run away to their best shelter; then the mother calls on her heedless children; and the housewife flies from story to story, to close her windows and shutters against the entrance of the coming foe. Now the dust, taken up in whirlwinds, would come flying along the roads; and then would come the gust of wind, which would make everything tremble, and set the doors, windows, and trees flying, creaking, and crashing around you. You would expect the torrent to fall and to roll; but no, there was neither rain nor thunder. It was wind, and wind alone; and it wanted nothing to increase its power on the imagination. It raged for a few minutes, and then passed as suddenly away, leaving earth and sky as tranquil and as fair as it found them. It is not easy to account for this very sudden destruction and restoration of an equilibrium in nature. The phenomenon, however, supplies a fine illustration of some striking passages in Holy Scripture.—*Dr Reed.*

NEW HERESIES OFTEN OLD.

We find by experience, that as there be some doctrines more especially known and published in their respective times and ages, so likewise several ages and many times and places have their peculiar errors, either new ones first forged, or old ones new burnished. The devil makes it his business, and even sets his wits upon the tenters, to furnish the world with variety of lies, suitable to the various humours and interests of men; and when one error is detected, begins to smell rank, and go out of date, through the power and prevalency of the truth, he carefully provides another to succeed it; and if a new one be not at hand, as if his invention failed him, he many times conjures up some old dead one, and makes it walk about in a new dress, and pass for some new or newly-revived truth, when, indeed, it is but the apparition of a long-since buried error. As merchants are wont to observe what commodities please most in such and such places, and at such and such times, and accordingly take care to supply the markets; so the devil looks what wares will vend best in such a country, at such a season, what will be the most grateful to the lusts and interests of men, and then will be sure to supply them with those most which he sees take most. And though we do not say, that every private believer is bound to be a school divine—to be exact in all the niceties and controversies which may arise about matters of religion; yet, sure, every one that is capable of it should labour so to understand the doctrine of religion, as to be able to know what is truth, and what is error; and to be so established in the belief of the truth, as that, though he cannot answer all the quirks and captions of a wrangling sophister, yet he may see a reason (as before) for what he believes, and for his firmly adhering to it.—*Edward Veal.*

A SOFT ANSWER.

The celebrated Aboo Yûsuph, who was chief judge of Bagdad, in the reign of the Caliph Hâdee, was a very remarkable instance of that humility which distinguishes true wisdom. His sense of his own deficiencies often led him to entertain doubts, where men of less knowledge and more presumption were decided. "It is related of this judge, that on one occasion, after a very patient investigation of facts, he declared that his knowledge was not competent to decide upon the case before him. 'Pray, do you expect,' said a pert courtier, who heard this declaration, 'that the Caliph is to pay your ignorance?' 'I do not,' was the mild reply; 'the Caliph pays me, and well, for what I do know; if he were to attempt to pay me for what I do not know, the treasures of his empire would not suffice.'"—*Malcolm's Persia.*

THE DIFFERENCE OF COUNTENANCES.

In what extreme confusion must the world for ever have been, but for the variety which we find to exist in the faces, the voices, and the handwritings of men! No security of person, no certainty of possession, no justice between man and man; no distinction between good and bad, friends and foes, father and child, husband and wife, male and female. All would have been exposed to malice, fraud, forgery, and lust. But now man's face can distinguish him in the light—his voice in the dark; and his handwriting can speak for him though absent, and be his witness to all generations. Did this happen by chance, or is it not a manifest as well as an admirable indication of a divine superintendence?—*Derham.*

Miscellaneous.

Sir Amyas Paulet, when he saw *too much haste* made in any matter, was wont to say: "Stay awhile, that we may make an end the sooner."—*Bacon.*

He that smarts for speaking truth hath a plaster in his own conscience.—*Fuller.*

We find in God all the excellences of light, truth, wisdom, greatness, goodness, and life. Light gives joy and gladness; truth gives satisfaction; wisdom gives learning and instruction; greatness excites admiration; goodness produces love and gratitude; life gives immortality and insures enjoyment.—*Jones of Nayland.*

A man's nature runs either to herbs or weeds; therefore let him seasonably water the one, and destroy the other.—*Bacon.*

If the idle man were compelled to count the tickings of a watch for one hour, he would be glad to pull off his coat the next, and work like a Negro.

Laziness grows on people; it begins in cobwebs, and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has, the more he is able to accomplish; for he learns to economize his time.—*Hale.*

Daily Bread.

FRIDAY.

"Behold I make all things new."—Rev. xxi. 5.

Make me rich, for I am poor—
In thee may I my Eden find;
To the dying health restore,
And eye-sight to the blind.

It is a universal change—all things become new. It is a blessed leaven that leavens the whole lump—the whole spirit, and soul, and body. Original sin infects the whole man; and regenerating grace, which is the salve, goes as far as the sore. This fruit of the Spirit is in all goodness—goodness of the mind, goodness of the will, goodness of the affections, goodness of the whole man. He gets not only a new head to know religion, or a new tongue to talk of it, but a new heart to love and embrace it in the whole of his conversation. In those natural changes spoken of before, there are, as it were, pieces of new cloth put into an old garment; but the gracious change is a thorough change—a change both of heart and life. —*Boston.*

SATURDAY.

"He that toucheth you, toucheth the apple of his eye."—Zech. ii. 8.

'Tis God's almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

Believers have God for their guide and gain; he that meddles with the saints of God, assaults God himself. He that lifts up his hand against them, lifts up his hand against God; though they have many enemies, yet they have one friend that hath more strength than all their enemies. A ragged saint is dearer to God than a glittering emperor that wants grace.—*Dyer.*

SABBATH.

"Love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity."—Eph. vi. 24.

My one desire be this,
Thy only love to know;
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.

Are you willing to give as much for Christ now as you would give in a time of sickness, when you are lying upon your death-beds—when the soul sits upon the lips, and is ready to take its leave? Are you willing to give as much now in health as you would give in a time of sickness? Oh! when a man lies on his sick-bed, and Death knocks at his door, Christ then, it may be, would be very precious to him. Oh! what would he then give for a Christ? Those in Noah's time that never regarded the ark all the while it was a-building—yet when the flood came, what would they have given for an ark then? What would you give for Christ at that time when you are upon a death-bed, ready to be delivered by your death-bed to your cold grave? Certainly, Christ is as precious now as he will be then.—*Nalton.*

MONDAY.

"Loving to slumber."—Isa. lvi. 10.

Dear Saviour! let thy power appear
To outward call to aid;
These drowsy souls can only hear
The voice that wakes the dead.

Men are rocked asleep in the cradle of security—the devil's cradle. Satan makes them believe heaven may be got with a wet finger; and that they may come thither, whatsoever their course and conversation be; and that they may put off their repentance to the last year of their lives; nay, to the last month of the last year; nay, to the last day of the last month; and that that one day is as good as five thousand, to make their peace with God in; and that it is a small matter to repent, and that a *Lord have mercy upon me* will serve thy turn to bring thee to heaven. This despising and undervaluing the heavenly inheritance, is a grievous God-provoking sin.—*Nalton.*

TUESDAY.

"Art thou come to call my sin to my remembrance, and to slay my son?"—1 Kings xvii. 18.

Afflictions, though they seem severe,
In mercy oft are sent;
They show the prodigal his sin,
And lead him to repent.

Afflictions are messengers sent to us on this errand, to remind us of our debts, by awaking our consciences, and setting our sins in order before us. When bitter things are written against us, it is with this design, to make us possess our iniquities. When God distrains upon our comforts, and removes them from us, it is to remind us of the arrears of our rent. These sharp methods, which God takes to put us in mind of our sins, are intimations how severe the reckoning will be if we never take care to get them pardoned.—*Henry.*

WEDNESDAY.

"I will forewarn you whom you shall fear."—Luke xii. 5.

O never suffer me to sleep
Secure within the verge of hell;
But still my watchful spirit keep
In lowly awe and loving zeal;
And bless me with a godly fear,
And plant that guardian-angel here!

Let no man think lightly of sin, which lays the sinner open to the wrath of God. Fear the Lord, because of his dreadful wrath. Tremble at the thoughts of sin, against which God has such a fiery indignation. Do you think this is to press you to slavish fear? If it were so, one had better be a slave to God with a trembling heart, than a freeman to the devil with a seared conscience and a heart of adamant. But it is not so; you may love him, and thus fear him too; yea, you ought to do it, though you were saints of the first magnitude.—*Boston.*

THURSDAY.

"The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God."—Rom. viii. 16.

Saved by blood I live to tell
What the love of Christ hath done;
He redeem'd my soul from hell—
Of a rebel made a son.

This we may know, without ascending into heaven, or prying into unrevealed secrets. If you are believers indeed—all such the Father gave to Christ.—John xvii. 8. If you savingly know God in Jesus Christ—such were given him by the Father.—John vii. 6. If you are not of the world—if you are crucified and dead to it, and are strangers in it—if you keep Christ's Word, by the receiving of its sanctifying effects and influences into your hearts, and practise it to the end—happy are ye.—*Flavel.*

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THE REDEEMER'S PEOPLE.

BY THE REV. ANDREW ELLIOT, FORD.

In a former paper, we directed the attention of our readers to the "Day of the Redeemer's Power," and we now consider the interesting and cheering promise made to him, in reference to that period of his mediatorial dignity and grace: "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power, in the beauties of holiness from the womb of the morning: thou hast the dew of thy youth."

The people of Christ are they who, being given to him in the eternal covenant of redemption to be ransomed by him and brought to glory, are in due time called by his sovereign grace, and made the subjects of his saving power. Chosen according to his everlasting purpose of mercy, and made to know, and believe, and embrace the truth—to submit to the rod of his strength—they not only profess allegiance to him, but yield him a real homage and a sincere obedience. They are the subjects of his spiritual kingdom, governed by its laws, and enjoying its privileges—owning him as their king and lord, trusting exclusively in his all-sufficient salvation, and dedicating themselves unreservedly to his service. And it is here promised—promised by Jehovah the Father, who appointed the Saviour to his mediatorial work, and exalted him to his mediatorial throne—that the Redeemer, in the day of his power, should not only have a people, but they are characterized as a willing, a holy, and a numerous people.

1. It is promised that the Redeemer should, in the day of his power, have a *willing* people: "Thy people shall be *willing* in the day of thy power;" that is, they shall not only submit to thee, but submit to thee *cheerfully*—they shall not only serve thee, but serve thee *freely, readily*, and *affectionately*. And this devotedness of heart and soul, let it be remembered, is characteristic of all the Redeemer's people. It is his power, indeed, that makes them his people, and that produces this willingness. They did not always possess it. On the contrary, they were once his enemies, determined rebels against his throne, and hostile to his cause and interests. Once, instead of loving and serving him, their minds were full of enmity against him; and the language of their feelings and of their actions, if not of their words, was: "We will not have this man to reign over us." They became not his, nor submitted to his sway, till, in the day of his power, he subdued and vanquished them. But, then, what are the weapons by which he has conquered and won them to himself? They are not those carnal weapons which compel men to feign obedience, and to act a hypocritical part. Other conquerors subdue men by physical force, and by the power of external compulsion; and their subjects are frequently only reluctant slaves, who obey merely because they dare not resist, or find that their resistance would not be effectual and successful. But no such weapons as theirs—no such weapons as those which furious and persecuting zealots are accustomed to wield, who strive to force men to believe and to do what their judgments condemn and their consciences abhor—no such weapons as these are to be seen in the hands of the Redeemer. The weapons of his warfare, and by which his triumphs are achieved, though mighty and effectual, are spiritual, and suited to the spiritual nature and character of his kingdom. The rod of *his* strength is his Word, which is powerful only as it enlightens the understanding, satisfies the judgment, and engages the affections. The power which he employs is simply the power of divine truth carried home with energy and effect to the soul by his enlightening and quickening Spirit, and made to take possession of the heart. He compels none to serve him. He uses no external violence, and puts no compulsatory restraint upon the wills and the judgments of men. He will own none as his people who do not give him their hearts, and whose affections as well as reason are not engaged in his service. And, hence, the power which he employs in the day of his strength is a moral and spiritual power—removing prejudices and error, enlightening the mind, and imparting a saving knowledge and conviction of the truth, and thus leading to the love and obedience of the truth. Accordingly, his people engage in his service with readiness and by choice, and render him a reasonable and a voluntary submission. They are willing—they cheerfully yield themselves to his dominion and authority, cheerfully place themselves at his disposal, and cheerfully consecrate themselves to his service.

The word which our translators have rendered "willing," literally signifies, as commentators have observed, a voluntary or free-will offering; and it seems to imply the most unreserved readiness in believers to give themselves and their all to the Redeemer. So was it on the day of Pentecost, and immediately afterwards, when the haughty and selfish crucifiers of Christ were, in that day of his power, made willing, by divine grace, not only to accept of his salvation and to confess his name, but without the least reluctance to devote their all as a free-will offering to his cause and service. And so is it ever with genuine Christians. They regard it as their highest privilege and honour to be engaged in the service of the Redeemer, and it is their supreme pleasure and delight to obey him and advance his cause.

They count none of his commandments to be grievous, and they experience no other restraint than the constraining influence of the Redeemer's love, teaching them to "judge that if one died for all, then were all dead; and that he died for all, that they who live should henceforth not live unto themselves, but unto him that died for them, and rose again." Such are their views of the Saviour's excellency, and such their gratitude for his infinite condescension and grace, that they feel that nothing they can part with can be too great a sacrifice, and that all that they can do is infinitely too little.

2. It is promised that the Redeemer, in the day of his power, should have a *holy* people: "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power, *in the beauties of holiness*." And this part of the promise properly and naturally follows the former. This will readily appear—the Saviour himself is holy. As God, he is essentially and immutably holy. He is an absolutely perfect being, and therefore infinitely removed from sin, which is moral imperfection. "He is the Rock, his work is perfect; for all his ways are judgment: a God of truth, and without iniquity; just and right is he." And as Mediator—that is, as God in our nature, the incarnate Jehovah—his character is the very perfection of moral excellence. He is the holy One, and the just. Even in the days of his flesh, though he tabernacled in our sinful world, and was made in the likeness of sinful flesh—though he was continually surrounded by the workers of iniquity, and exposed to all those evil influences which prove so fatal and corrupting in our experience, his life was purity itself: "He did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth." "He was holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners." And can less be said of him now—now that, seated on the right hand of the Majesty on high, and arrayed in all the effulgency, and displaying all the perfections of the Godhead, he appears the brightness of his Father's glory, and the express image of his person? His kingdom is a kingdom of truth and righteousness—its laws are holy, and its interests are just the interests of eternal truth and holiness. Hence the language of the Father to him: "Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever: the sceptre of thy kingdom is a right sceptre. Thou lovest righteousness, and hatest iniquity; therefore God, thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows." Is he a King? He is the king of righteousness, and the king of saints. Is he a Redeemer? He "gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." Is his name Jesus? It is because he "saves his people from their sins." We ask, then, can any truly and willingly submit themselves to him, and give him the homage of their hearts, and not, at the same time, throw off the yoke and the bondage of iniquity? Must not the love of him and of his service necessarily identify itself with the love of holiness? Can any one voluntarily become the subject of such a kingdom, and cheerfully govern himself by its laws, and cordially prosecute its interests, and still continue under the dominion, and live in the practice, of sin? No; sooner shall light confound itself with darkness. There cannot be a willing people to the Saviour—willing to join themselves to him in an everlasting covenant that shall never be forgotten—willing to be his, and willing to serve him—without being a holy people. To suppose there might—to suppose that we might give our hearts and affections to him, and our powers and exertions to the evil one, whose works he came to destroy, is to suppose an evident impossibility, and what is self-contradictory. It is to suppose that we can serve both God and Mammon, and be at once obedient and rebellious.

What takes place in the day of the Redeemer's power, when divine energy is put forth, and the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ is carried home, by the illuminating and quickening influence of the Spirit, to the heart and conscience of the sinner? How is such an one made willing? It is by a moral and spiritual change which has been effected in his soul, giving a new and heavenly direction to his thoughts, and desires, and affections. And in what does this very willingness consist? It consists in a cordial and entire surrender of ourselves to the Redeemer; and its language will ever be, like that of Paul: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" And if the heart be thus made right with the Lord, the life will also be right. If the internal dispositions be holy, the outward conduct and deportment will also be holy. When the will is graciously renewed, and we are brought with cheerfulness and alacrity to enter on the service of our Lord and Saviour, we shall, we must, also be brought to serve him in truth and righteousness, all the days of our life.

In the phrase, *the beauties of holiness*, there is thought by some to be an allusion to the vestments of the Levitical priests. When they appeared before God in the performance of their official duties, they came clothed in the garments of the sanctuary—garments appointed by God himself, and that were emblematical of the purity and holiness which became the house and the worshippers of Jehovah. In like manner, the people of the Redeemer are represented as robed in the beauties of holiness. They put on righteousness as a clothing, and are beautified with the garments of salvation. The internal principles of grace, implanted in their hearts, manifest themselves in their outward conduct, and exert a hallowed influence on their lives; and those graces of the Spirit by which the genuine believer is distinguished may well be denominated the *beauties of holiness*. They dignify and ennoble the man. They are the true ornaments of his nature, as a moral

and immortal being. While sin debases and deforms the soul, holiness restores it to its original health, and vigour, and loveliness; and adorned with it, we become objects of complacency and delight to all holy beings, and even to God himself. For "the righteous Lord loveth righteousness; his countenance doth behold the upright."

(*To be continued.*)

THE PASTOR'S DAUGHTER.

PERHAPS no country ever presents a more charming prospect to the man of reflection than is seen in the southern part of New England, towards the close of May, or the beginning of June. Those who have ever spent this season of the year in that part of the country need not that I should attempt to describe the loveliness of many of its natural scenes. The traveller is here often seen to stop his horse as he arrives at the top of an eminence, and, in a kind of giddy surprise, to throw his eyes around him on the little glens filled with the abodes of contentment and peace, and richly stored with the choicest gifts of nature. There is likewise something so exhilarating in this scenery, that the heart, not frozen by the cares of this life, must at times warm and throb with gratitude to the Author of all mercies. Before such scenes, too, will the soul of the Christian be raised to that world where every beauty is lasting and perfect.

It was at such a season of the year, at the close of a pleasant day, that I was slowly ascending a high hill, as the clear red sun was setting with such a stillness as might attend his last adieu. From the top of the hill I could count the spires of several village churches rising among the thick trees; while just under its brow a most beautiful river was smoothly gliding between the luxuriant hills which stood on either side, till it reached the Sound, with which it mingled with a gentle murmur, as if unwilling to be swallowed in oblivion. On the banks of the river below me stood a pleasant and quiet village, which seemed to unite activity with innocence and contentment. I rode slowly onward, now admiring the wisdom and goodness of God in the grandeur of the distant hills, or now gazing at the penciled floweret, which seemed to wave its fragrant head in gratitude, or the little songsters that were pouring forth their last evening lays in praise, ere they betook themselves to rest. It was not long ere I approached the house of an aged clergyman, where I had engaged to call. A plain, neat house was pointed out as the residence of the minister; and it was not till I had loudly and repeatedly knocked, that the door was opened by the venerable man himself. He received me with parental kindness of look, though a calm expression of grief, and a finger placed upon the mouth, gave me to understand that he was now actually weighed down by unwonted sorrow.

"My only child, a daughter," said the good old man, "on whom I leaned for support in my old age, is now no more! It was this very morning that I was thanking God for the blessing of such a child to cheer me during the remainder of my pilgrimage here; but she, too, is taken away, that my heart may not be too strongly bound to earth! She was my all in this world; but she was the Lord's; and he to whom I had devoted her in baptism, and to whom she had lately given herself, has called her to himself. Oh! I ought not to lament that which is doubtless her gain; and I know

> ——— 'There is a shore
> Of better promise; and I know at last,
> When the long Sabbath of the tomb is past,
> We two shall meet in Christ, to part no more!'"

I was about to inquire into the particulars of his grief, and to offer the feeble consolation of earthly sympathy, when I saw the door-yard filling with a great number of people, who were bringing in the lifeless corpse of a beautiful girl of about sixteen years old. The venerable minister pointed to the group as an explanation of his sorrows—he covered his face with his handkerchief, but was refused the alleviation of tears. The collection of people consisted of most of the villagers, who had left their houses on hearing of the accident which I am relating. The young lady, whose lovely corpse was now placed in the entry of the house, had attempted that afternoon, in company with a companion, to cross the river on an errand of mercy to a poor sick family on the opposite shore. She was the subject of a late revival of religion, under the labours of her own beloved father; and she had now begun to exercise that benevolence in which the disciples of Jesus will be engaged for ever. The two young ladies were in a little skiff, under the direction of a man who was afterwards discovered to be somewhat intoxicated. By carelessness or incapacity to act, he upset the boat in the deepest part of the river. The man and one of the girls saved themselves by clinging to the sides of the boat till assistance could arrive; but the lamented Eliza S—— was separated from the others. The still waters soon wrapped their liquid sheets around, and encircled her in their bosom! She

> "Fell into the weeping brook: her clothes spread wide,
> And, mermaid like, awhile they bore her up
> —— like a creature native and endued
> Unto that element; but long it could not be
> Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
> Pulled the poor girl ————
> To muddy death!"

She made a few faint struggles, then softly sank, no more to rise. A few bubbles rose and broke on the surface of the water, just in time to inform those who had come to save, that her immortal spirit had for ever fled. They carried the body on shore, where every suggestion of medical aid was exhausted in vain endeavours to recall the cold clay to life. After the last hope of effecting this was over, her remains were brought by the feeling villagers to her father's house. And it was these remains at which we were now gazing. The countenance was still fair and highly intelligent; and so composed that it seemed almost impossible that the spirit should not be still slumbering within. We all gathered round, and all felt ourselves to be too near the grave not to be silent and solemn. The aged father leaned upon his cane as he bent over the cold form of his child; and though he did not weep, yet every one saw that his grief was too big for tears. He stedfastly gazed at the beautiful face of his Eliza, whom he had so tenderly loved, and who he too well knew could never more gladden his heart, or receive his blessing. His remembrance of the past and his anticipation of the future seemed to struggle for ascendency over his feelings. He gazed—and though for a time he said not a word, yet I plainly saw that his every tie to earth was now severed, and his looks seemed to pray—

> "Soon may this flattering spark of vital flame
> Forsake its languid melancholy frame!
> Soon may these eyes their trembling lustre lose—
> Welcome the dreariness night of long repose!
> Soon may this woe-worn spirit seek the bourne
> Where, lulled to slumber, grief forgets to mourn?"

The hardy villagers looked upon their pastor as if they would willingly have taken a share of his grief, had it been possible, into their own bosoms: but they were too wise to attempt to offer any audible expressions of sympathy; for they well knew that at a

time like this, few could do this with profit. The women stifled not their grief, but gave vent to their feelings in tears; the youth and children poured out, in the fulness of sobbings, the overflowings of their hearts; while the little child stood mute with astonishment, and seemed conscious that he was a witness of sorrow too big for utterance. The pastor had now so far exchanged the feelings of a father for those of a Christian as to be able to speak, and inquired for "little Mary." "Here!" said a little girl of about eight years of age, who had been holding him by the skirts of the coat, and weeping as if her heart would break, "here I am! Oh, my dear Miss Eliza—my Miss Eliza!" The old man took her little hand within his, and could then mingle his tears with hers. After giving vent to his feelings, he spoke with a calmness that was truly surprising. "Let us stop our crying, Mary!—we cannot do Eliza any good, and she does not need our tears. She sleeps sweetly, and we should not mourn over her rest." "Asleep! and will she wake again?—oh, will she once more awake?" asked the weeping child with great eagerness. "She will wake again; at the morning of the resurrection she will awake from this sleep. Do you remember what she told you last spring?" "What?—when she came to see my sick mother at the poor-house, and took me home and told me I might live with her, and she would never leave me?—Oh, yes! I remember she told me how that God was a father to good little children, and that all good people go to God when they die, and live with the angels in heaven. Oh! she told me this, and I know she has gone there. She was too good not to be with God; for she used every day to ask me to kneel down with her in her little room, and then she would pray to Jesus Christ for me—she is certainly gone to heaven. But what shall I do without her to teach me my lesson, and to tell me about God? Oh, my good, best friend is dead!"

"Not your best friend, my child. God is your best friend; and if you will give him your heart, he will be your father; and whenever you die, you will go to him, and meet your friend Eliza too. You shall live with me while I live; and when I die, there will be one from under my roof to follow me to the grave. And you," said he, turning to his affectionate congregation, who were almost all, to an individual, standing before him, "you will receive my sincere thanks for your kind sympathies in this hour of sadness. Though my heart is almost ready to burst with its pangs, yet I should be wanting in duty towards you, and towards my Master, should this opportunity pass without my urging its improvement. You are aware that, among all the doubts of hardened men, none have ever dared to deny that we are mortal. How often have we all been called to stand around the lifeless clay of our friends and neighbours; and as we conveyed them to the cold mansions of the dead, how solemn has the voice come to our ears: 'Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh!' Who stands before me whose heart has never been touched with grief at the loss of friends? Where is the person who has never been called to weep at the departure of those who were dear? The mother whose offspring perished from her bosom in the very bud of its existence—the parent—the child—the husband—the wife, have all alike seen the gates of the eternal world open, and their friends and neighbours pass out, never to return! We all know these warnings; we know that we must soon follow; and why can I not persuade you, my friends, to look beyond the verge of the grave, and even now begin to lay up treasures in heaven? Oh! do this, for you are immortal, and cannot cease to exist; do this, for you are probationers, and *must* one day die; do it, for your time is uncertain, and you *may* die soon. When this morning's sun arose, the corpse that is lying before me was in the flush of health, and bade fair to sojourn here for a long time to come. But she is gone, and has left us in this world till a few more rolling suns shall see us placed as low as herself. You will soon follow your pastor to yonder grave-yard; for besides the infirmities of age, I have an assurance within me that I shall have but a few more opportunities to warn you to prepare for death. Consider, then, your being, your destiny, your characters, your lives, and see whither you are going. Let the voice of my dear child reach you as it issues from the shroud: 'Unto you, O men, I call; and my voice is to the sons of men!'"

The good man ceased; for the multitude of feelings and thoughts which rushed upon him choked his utterance; but there was something in his calm and heavenly look, in his solemn and trembling voice, and in the attending circumstances, that made an impression upon his audience never to be effaced. We all were mute, as if listening to a voice from the world of spirits; and I presume no one will ever be free from impressions there received; and it is not unlikely that the great day of account will exhibit results of that occasion which were never imagined on earth.

On a cold autumnal day, but a short time since, I visited the grave-yard of this village. I was alone, and the memory of the past came rapidly before me as I saw the neat white marble raised over the sleeping dust of Eliza S——. Her father, too, was lying beside her; for he was right in predicting that his labours on earth were almost closed. The father and mother were here waiting for the arrival of the great decisive day; and the daughter was lying between them. "They were lovely in their lives, and in their deaths were not separated." I was sad while viewing the simple inscriptions on the stones, and not a little affected when I found the following lines on the tomb of Eliza, which appeared to have been etched with a pen-knife by her father ere he died:—

"Beneath this stone, so feebly reared,
Eliza gently sleeps;
Here shall the sighs of grief be heard,
For here a father weeps!

Here rest, Eliza, free from pain,
And free from mortal care;
Parent and child will meet again,
And wip'd be every tear!"

—*Todd's Simple Sketches.*

THE SCHOOLS OF THE PROPHETS.

THE most remarkable class of religious teachers under the ancient economy were the *prophets*. The frequent allusions to them in the Scriptures show that, at certain times at least, they existed in considerable numbers. In the days of Elijah, when Jezebel had decreed that the prophets of the Lord should be destroyed, Obadiah, the governor of the house of Ahab, took an hundred prophets and hid them in caves, and saw their wants supplied. These hundred prophets were, we suppose, a part only of the whole number in the land.

The prophets were the divines, instructors, and guides of the Hebrews in piety and virtue. They resided oftentimes in some retired place, where they were resorted to by the people, at the new moons and other stated periods, for consultation and instruction in things pertaining to God. They were supported by the free gifts of the people, and held themselves aloof from all worldly employments, devoting their whole time to instruction, study, meditation, and prayer.

The first seminaries or places of instruction among

the Jewish people were the cities of the Levites. The curse pronounced upon Levi by Jacob his father, "that he should be divided in Jacob and scattered in Israel," was thus changed into a blessing. In every tribe these Levitical cities were found, and the means of education for the Levitical office existed; nor is it certain that others did not share in the advantages of instruction with the sons of Levi. After the race of prophets, there arose also the schools of the prophets, in divers places both of Israel and Judah. There was a noted school of this kind at Naioth, near Ramah, the residence of Samuel, over which he presided. There was another at Bethel, and another at Jericho, in which Elijah, and after him Elisha, was president and teacher. Another of these schools existed at Gilgal, where the "sons of the prophets" are represented as "sitting before Elisha." And not in Israel only, but in Judah likewise, was God known. There was a college in Jerusalem where "Huldah the prophetess" dwelt. And it has been thought that Gad, Nathan, Heman, and Jeduthun were teachers in such institutions; that they selected the most promising of the young Levites, and the Nazarites, with those who seemed called of God to the office of the prophet, and trained them up in those habits of intellectual culture, and that acquaintance with the Word of God, which would qualify them for usefulness in their future lives.

The number of pupils in these schools was by no means small. Fifty men of the sons of the prophets stood to view afar off when Elijah smote the waters of the Jordan with his mantle, and when he ascended to heaven in a chariot of fire. They lived together in the same dwelling—which under Elisha they were obliged to enlarge, because the place became too strait for them; they ate at the same table, and were supported in a great measure by the voluntary contributions of the people of God. The man of Baal-shalisha, in a season of famine, brought to Elisha, at the school in Gilgal, "bread of the first-fruits, twenty loaves of barley, and full ears of corn;" which the prophet ordered his servant to set before the sons of the prophets, that they might eat. From the exclamation of the servant, we learn that there were at that time one hundred men members of the school.

These scholars were called "sons of the prophets," as among the Greeks students of medicine were called "sons of the physicians," and were accustomed to address the prophet who taught them by the name of "Father." Thus Elisha, the pupil of Elijah, called his former instructor, at the moment when he was snatched away from him, "My father! my father! the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!" Thus, while he lamented over his own great loss, expressing his sense of the importance of Elijah's influence over the nation, by calling him the chariot and horsemen which defended Israel; giving utterance in these words to that pregnant truth—that religious knowledge and true piety are a better defence to a nation than all the armaments of war.

It was God's ordinary method to call to the prophetical office those who had been educated in these schools. When the call fell upon other persons not so educated, it is mentioned as something out of the ordinary course of the divine administration. Amos was so called. He says: "I was no prophet, neither was I a prophet's son"—*i. e.*, was not educated in the prophetic schools; "but I was a husbandman, and a gatherer of sycamore fruits; and the Lord took me as I followed the flock; and the Lord said unto me, Go, prophesy to my people Israel." And in Zechariah, the false prophets, being in danger of a signal retribution for their fraud and presumption, disclaim utterly the prophetic office. In doing so they mention, to establish their assertion, that they had not enjoyed a prophetic education. "I am a husbandman; for man taught *me* to keep cattle from my youth." The prophetic spirit did not ordinarily fall upon any except such as had passed through this preparatory discipline; hence the admiration and surprise which was occasioned by Saul's being made to prophesy, which gave rise to the proverb: "Is Saul also among the prophets?"

Whether the call to the prophetic office was before or after their education, seems not entirely certain; but if we may judge from the case of Elisha, it preceded a devotion to a life of study, as is ordinarily the case now. "Elisha was ploughing with twelve yoke of oxen before him, and he with the twelfth: and Elijah passed by him, and cast his mantle over him." Elisha at once left all secular employments, became the attendant and disciple of Elijah; seems to have assisted him in presiding over the prophetical schools, and in about ten years from the time of his call became his successor in the presidency of the same.

The education the sons of the prophets went through, seems to have consisted in the study of the divine law, and also, in a great measure, in those exercises of devotion by which their piety was nurtured and increased. We often read of them as engaged in praising God and prophesying "with a psaltery, a tabret, and a pipe, and a harp, before them."

The prophetical impulse might descend temporarily upon one not truly pious; as was the case with Balaam with Caiaphas, and Saul. It might descend upon one not trained by discipline. But when to the special influence of the Spirit of God were added a character of eminent piety, and a mind filled with intelligence respecting all things desirable for men to know, who taught the people and stood before kings as counsellors in matters of state, it is plain their influence with men would be the more commanding; and that to the reverence they would have for them, as moved by the Holy Ghost, there would be added the awe which true holiness inspires, and that respect which knowledge is sure to command. Their original genius and previous education is perceived in their style, though this was doubtless greatly heightened in all its qualities of force and beauty by the divine influence under which they wrote. For the Apostle Peter informs us, with particularity and emphasis, that *holy* men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. Their education would assist them to know what counsel to give, when not under the prophetic impulse; while the Holy Spirit, whose special operation seems not to have been constant, would reveal to them future events which it was important for the Church to understand, and those sublime truths which it was impossible that human reason should ever discover.

The residences of prophets were the resort of the people for religious instruction, especially at those times when degeneracy had crept into the priestly and Levitical orders. The Shunamite's husband asks her "wherefore she would go to the man of God that day, seeing it was neither new moon nor Sabbath;" thus showing that on these days of religious worship it was her practice to resort thither. From this circumstance, probably, the place of public teaching was called "the hill of God;" and from its also being the place of the prophetic school, "the hill of the teacher." These schools and places of worship, we judge to have been the original of those synagogues which were erected after the captivity, and which, in their turn, became the model of the Christian churches under the Gospel. This association of places of religious instruction for the people at large, with places of education for persons training for stations in the Church, may have been the reason why schools were connected with the syna-

gogues at a subsequent period of Jewish history. For we find that it became the practice to attend the worship of the synagogue on the morning of the Sabbath, and to resort to the school in the evening to hear a lecture from the presiding Rabbi.

These schools of the prophets we have now described are called by Lightfoot, "universities and colleges of students." But in our view they resemble, in some principal points, the theological seminaries of the present day far more than they do our institutions for general education. "The study which chiefly occupied these sons of the prophets, was doubtless that of the Divine Word; and the tongues of their teachers were as 'the pen of a ready writer.' Undoubtedly they were employed upon the positive meaning and practical import of divine revelation. If sacred history were the subject of their discourse, it was doubtless for the purpose of tracing, in some edifying manner, the footsteps of Jehovah, or of concluding from things past upon those which were future. Then the mysteries of the Aaronic priesthood, and of the ceremonial law, we may suppose, formed another subject of instruction in the schools of the prophets. Thus, the bleeding Lamb of God, that was to bear and take away the sins of the world, might be presented to them in the exposition of the sacrificial institutions. Moreover, as their religious and civil codes were intermingled, especially under the theocracy, the one would not be studied without the other; neither can we suppose the study of their own language would be neglected, especially as it was the most sacred tongue in the world. Their studies would also be connected with devotion, very differently from the popular studies of the present day. The spirit would be sought after, and not merely the letter. The depths of true wisdom would be sounded; and thus treasures of things new and old would be brought forth by sanctified intellect. These institutions provided the country with many enlightened teachers. And even had they not done so, still their very existence answered a high and holy purpose. They were the depositories of Israelitish light and justice; they shone as luminaries in a crooked and perverse nation; and reproved apostasy more severely by their example, than could have been done by the most powerful language. Their quiet but mighty influence served to oppose the influence of surrounding heathen darkness. They were also a spiritual asylum, wherein spiritual mourners might find instruction, comfort, and peace. And who shall say what streams of living waters, from these fountains of Israel, refreshed and fertilized the country at large!" "The Lord was pleased to have ready such assemblies of his saints, from which, when he saw good, he might select a messenger for himself, endowed with all human preparatives, whenever these were deemed requisite." —*Howe.*

REDEMPTION.

. . . . . And did He rise?
Hear, O ye nations! hear it, O ye dead!
He rose, He rose! He burst the bars of death!
Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates,
And give the King of glory to come in.
Who is the King of glory? He who left
His throne of glory for the pang of death!
Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates!
And give the King of glory to come in.
Who is the King of glory? He who slew
The ravenous foe that gorged all human race!
The King of glory, He whose glory fill'd
Heaven with amazement at his love to man,
And with divine complacency beheld
Powers most illumin'd, wildered in the theme.

YOUNG.

GERMANY—THE NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH.

SECOND ARTICLE.

Now, as to the *character* of the present movement. There have been a great variety of influences at work in Germany, in former years, which have had the effect of partially preparing the way for it. Certain it is, the seed has not fallen upon barren ground; and who can tell but that now, after long years of expectancy, we may soon be privileged to see the fruits of many seed-times ripening into one rich and common harvest? One may hope that, by God's blessing, at a time of general excitement and awakening like the present, the results of many struggles may be developed which at the time seemed to have been followed by no manifest or general blessing from above.

Some of these influences referred to are of a *general* kind, and are to be sought for in the past history of Germany, and the character of its people; while others are more of a *local* and *temporary* nature.

It is quite well known that often since the peace of Westphalia, and still more since the French Revolution, the Catholic Church in Germany has been as little disposed to the doctrine of implicit subjection to the Romish See as the Church in France. For this there was a *twofold* ground. In the first place, the intense *nationality* of its people, opposing itself to the subjection of a foreign power; and, in the second place, their character as a *thinking nation*, utterly precluding their blind adherence to a system which they were required not to canvass but to accept and believe. Indeed, in no country does it seem a harder thing for Popery to remain stationary and undisturbed. The very fact of their clergy being taught at universities where there is also a Protestant faculty (as at Bonn and other places) exercises necessarily a liberalizing influence over their studies and thoughts; while, generally, the advanced state of education among the people, renders any attempt to establish a spiritual despotism of ignorance and superstition, like that of Italy or Spain, quite out of the question.

And then, again, as to the more local movements, several such have occurred in Germany since the peace. For example, the one among the clergy in Silesia and Baden, as to the removal of the law of celibacy; and still more especially the movements headed by Wessenberg in Constance, and Sailer in Ratisbon. Our space does not permit us to enter into details at present on these interesting movements, and we accordingly stay only to specify one—that of *Hermes*, late professor of Catholic Theology in Bonn. This movement acquires an additional interest, from the fact that the late Bishop of Breslau was deposed by the present Pope for giving countenance to his doctrines; which, accordingly, are well known in the district of the present doings of Ronge and his followers.

Hermes acquired a deserved reputation as a theologian, and taught for many years to vast audiences. His influence was such, that he was looked on as the founder of a new school in Catholic theology—the fundamental principles of which allowed greater in-

dependence and freedom of thought on religious matters than had previously been thought compatible with the claims of the Church, as infallibly determining both the spirit and the letter of her dogmas. He laid it down as an axiom, that all belief presupposed doubt, and, in fact, that any rational belief, worthy of the name, was only attainable through doubt. Accordingly, in his theological course, instead of merely expounding the *ipse dixit* of the Church, he set himself in earnest to the calm balancing of evidence in favour of or against particular doctrines, without prejudging them as already settled and unalterable. Now, although he did not attain the length of openly denying the authority of the Church, as the *ultimus arbiter* in religious matters; still, it is evident that the tendency of such a *method* in theology was, to produce a healthy scepticism in matters of faith, which could not but have its influence on the whole cast of a theological and religious system. Hermes died, as he had lived and taught, in great honour and esteem. He had tinctured the whole theology of Bonn. Almost all his students were, in reality, his disciples; and far and wide in the Rhine provinces, and over Germany, among clergy and laity, the number of his adherents was very great. Up to the period of his death, no obstruction on the part of the officials of the Church had been interposed to the teaching and propagation of his doctrines. It was not till some time subsequently (September 1835) that a bull was issued, declaring Hermes a pestilent heretic, and ranking his books among the *libri prohibiti*. The reaction of Catholic feeling on the Rhine, consequent on the affair of the Archbishop of Cologne as to mixed marriages, soon followed; and no toleration was shown to the adherents of the new school. A document was drawn out by the heads of the Church, requiring the other professors to renounce all connection with the condemned opinions. The result of this was, that some of them formally did so; while two others—Drs Braun and Achterfeld—refused, and have accordingly since been suspended from teaching, while their place has been supplied by Professor Dieringer—a man of the most unscrupulous ultramontane opinions.

Now, this is one specimen of a movement, the recollection and even influence of which is quite fresh, and which, from late events, has anew formed the occasion of much controversy on the Rhine. So high, indeed, did party feeling run, that a statement appeared last summer in the journals, to the effect that Dr Hermes should be disinterred, as having, from his heretical character, no right to burial in a consecrated Catholic cemetery!

Such, then, are the different movements which have occurred of late years in Germany—all preparing the way for a more full and open expression of opinion as to the grievances which have been submitted to at the hands of the Church, and the desire of deliverance from her yoke. All these, it is evident, had, to a great extent, prepared the public mind for the events which have lately taken place; and hence it has turned out, that when once the blow had been struck in one place, and that place one so obscure and unimportant as Silesia, almost simultaneously throughout Germany, a series of movements followed, all characterized by the same heart-hatred of Rome, and determination to occupy a position of independence and religious freedom.

But while this has been the case, the very same cause has contributed to the *mixed* character of the movement of which we have spoken, and accordingly its importance, *as yet*, is to be estimated much more from its determined opposition to Romanism than from its *positively evangelical* character as a whole. The motives which have actuated the separatists have been as various as the circumstances that led each to consider a separation necessary; and it is easy to conceive that, under a vast organized system like the Romish Church over Germany, the influences at work, in different cases, would be of the most opposite kinds. Accordingly, so it has turned out; for while with many—and we are glad to find an increasing number—the influences at work have been throughout *evangelical*, with others they have been more of a *rationalistic*, and with others more peculiarly of a *political*, character. Meanwhile, be it remarked, that if actual facts were required to disprove the boasted unity of the Romish Church, they are to be found in rich abundance in such a case as this, where the utterly heterogeneous character of the elements at work under this mere appearance of outward uniformity—of mere external organization—is brought palpably to view. What is to be thought of the character of the Church that, while professing to be one and indivisible, still keeps pent up within it, by the mere power of superincumbent pressure, influences so various and opposed, some having the character of the true spirituality that belongs to the membership of Christ's living body, while others are deeply tainted by those very errors, and that, too, in their worst form, which Romanists are often anxious to make out as the natural offspring of Protestantism; and further, when, under this seeming appearance of subjection to the one all true and holy Church, there are found lurking principles which go at once to sap the foundations, not only of the Church, but of the State, and all true social order? From this statement, it is evident what caution is needed in forming our estimate of this movement; and how evidently opposite principles may be ranked, side by side, under the general opposition to one common enemy. It becomes doubly needful to sift it thoroughly—to discountenance in it whatever does not bear the stamp of a desire for true spiritual freedom, and actively to encourage and direct whatever has this character and tendency.

But let us descend to particulars. The *twofold* character of the movement was, from the first, brought out in the characters of its two great leaders, *Ronge* and *Czerski*, and, in fact, from the very name which each was anxious to give to the New Church —Ronge, from his patriotism, calling it the *German Catholic* Church; Czerski, from his deep love of what was spiritual, calling it the *Apostolic Catholic* Church. To the former no one can withhold the praise that is justly his due, as an upright and lion-hearted man, who felt his whole moral nature crushed and bowed down under the weight of that tyranny which treated men not merely as slaves, but

as machines—and who resolved, at whatever hazard, to assert his freedom as a man, and to struggle for the independence of his country as a German. But when we have said thus much, we fear that we have summed up Ronge's claim to the character of a reformer, and to the name which some have felt disposed to give him, as the second Luther. It is melancholy to be obliged to state that, with all that is noble, and independent, and heroic in his character, we cannot flatter ourselves with the idea that he has, as yet, any true conceptions either of the fearful bondage of sin in which all men are by nature, or of that true spiritual liberty which is to be found in the imputed righteousness of Christ. We have searched all his writings in vain, for anything more than the most general declarations about Christianity as the religion of love and human happiness, and Christ as at once the teacher and the type of the perfectibility of man. We find no references of any kind to the peculiar character of Christianity as a divine system for the return of fallen man to the favour and love of God, through the sacrifice of his Son Jesus Christ. On the contrary, the whole scope of his writings is deeply Rationalistic, and utterly unsatisfactory, if thought of as the writings of one who had been made, like Luther, to feel the awful solemnity of man's relation to God as a sinner, and to strive, as in the very fire, to attain the assurance of God's love in Christ. Hence the fundamental difference, that while the one views the rites and ceremonies of Romanism as superstitious observances, opposed to what he calls the independence of man as a free moral agent; the other views them as refuges of lies interposed between man as a sinner and Him who is the only mediator—in whom, being justified, the sinner can have peace with God. That this Rationalistic element has a vast influence on the present movement, will be evident, if we turn from the opinions of leading men to the decisions of the General Council, which met last Easter in Leipsic, to draw up their Confession, Liturgy, &c. It had five sittings, ending on the 28th of March, and was attended by deputies from the great body of their communities. The Confession of Faith, which was adopted by a large majority, was that of Breslau, which is decidedly the most vague and least satisfactory of the three Confessions published — those of Breslau, Schneidemühl, and Berlin. There was throughout expressed great disapprobation of any attempt at fixing a definite creed for all; and the principle adopted was that of the statement of comprehensive Christian principles, leaving each community at liberty to settle its own articles of faith. Now, were this the only reason in question, we would have had less objection to the step taken in the difficult and trying position in which they were placed; but it is much to be feared that the *real* reason for the step was an *indifference* to all that constitutes the essence and spirit of Christian doctrine. The great danger which they seemed to fear was the substitution of one tyranny for another—in the "imposition of new and binding articles of faith by one member on the conscience of another;" and hence their desire that, as a council, they should not be called on to give a positive deliverance on minute doctrinal points. Now, in all this there is evidently not the mere desire for freedom of conscience—for the right of inquiry; but there was fully brought out the real opposition to evangelical doctrine, and the desire to deal with doctrinal differences as a matter of forbearance, under the one general and all-reconciling principle of Christian love. Indeed, a scheme was virtually held out, on the ground of which all Confessions might be united in one comprehensive formula of belief.

There is all the difference possible between the adherence to a creed which has itself been adopted in the full exercise, and as the result of private judgment, and which commands no other obedience than follows from it in so far as it is the expression of God's own truth, which is binding on all men; and the adherence demanded to a creed which professes and claims an infallibility above all the errors of human reason, and, as such, requires not to be doubted or canvassed, but to be at once implicitly believed and obeyed. If the Bible be the Word of God, it must be true; and as true, it must be believed and obeyed; and this belief and obedience is not altered by the translation of the thoughts of the Bible into the words of man, in so far as the sense is strictly preserved. A Confession of Faith has no right to arrogate to itself any claim to obedience which does not pre-exist in the Bible as a divine revelation; and then the homage which a Church pays to its articles, is really paid to the Word from whose scattered verses they have been formed into a connected and scientific statement of doctrine. Hence it clearly follows, that it is one thing to dispute the authority of a Confession which claims the power of infallibly interpreting the will of God, as containing the doctrines of a Church which cannot err; and quite another thing to oppose any Confession which claims to itself no prerogative further than is compatible with the free exercise of private judgment in any individual man, but which merely professes to be the view taken of divine truth by those who adhere to it. The former is the opposition to one of the worst results of spiritual despotism; the latter is the opposition to the high obligations which attach to the Bible, as a revelation of God's truth to man. Protestantism is at the root of the one opposition; but Infidelity is at the root of the other. There is spiritual tyranny in demanding men to believe what they cannot examine and canvass; but there is none in demanding men to believe what has plainly the sanction of God's own Word. This is the true spiritual liberty of the believer, and whatever goes beyond this is the abuse of it—is, in short, licentiousness.

But we rejoice in being able to state, that there are higher and holier influences at work than those now referred to. Of these, we may take the case of *Czerski* as a fair specimen. In point of power, he is certainly inferior to Ronge, and one desiderates in him that soul-stirring energy which is felt to pervade every paragraph of Ronge; but he seems really to have in him the true elements of the *religious reformer*, and to take part in the movement as a deeply spiritual one. In all his productions, there is manifested a minute acquaintance with Scripture—the study of

which has evidently been blessed to his reaching such a full measure of evangelical truth. Nor is it a great drawback from this statement, that in some points he seems not yet to have shaken himself quite free of Romanism. For we may rest assured, that if he hold the great evangelical doctrines of Protestantism, his theology will become more precise with his spiritual experience; while, in the very fact of his continued adherence to part of the system he has so nobly renounced, we have an additional proof and guarantee of his integrity and want of prejudice. One cannot fail to be struck with the high spiritual tone that pervades the public Confession of Faith of his congregation, and Apology prefixed thereto, dated Schneidemühl, 27th October, 1844. It commences thus:—

"In the Roman Catholic community of this place, there have been for many years a number of members, who, in spite of the opposition of the priests, have secretly studied the Holy Scriptures, and instituted comparisons between the doctrine of Jesus and that of the Roman priests; and have thereby attained to conviction that the said doctrine of the priests was, in the most fundamental articles of belief, opposed to the pure doctrine of Christ and his apostles." Then follows a statement and refutation of the doctrine of transubstantiation, with the averment (which may possibly be the case with hundreds similarly situated over the whole Church), that although they were labouring under these convictions of conscience, still they had not courage to carry them into effect, as there was none among the priesthood to lead or co-operate with them. It then proceeds:—"But after that God, our heavenly Father, was pleased to regard our conscientious difficulties, and our sincere faith on him and his Son Jesus Christ, then he showed compassion upon us. Thus it was the Romish priests themselves that sent us this deliverer. In the month of March, 1844, the General Consistory of Posen sent Vicar Czerski as assistant to the rector. After he had preached several times in the church, we perceived that he was not like the vast body of the clergy, a mere vassal of the Pope, but a real servant of the Gospel. We strove to become better acquainted with his opinions, and became assured that he did not look on the Roman bishop as the only Saviour, but, like ourselves, expected his salvation from the mercy of God, as alone to be attained by a true faith on Jesus Christ, as revealed in his Holy Gospel." Then follows the account of his suspension on the discovery of his opinions, notwithstanding the remonstrances of all the office-bearers, and five hundred of the members of his congregation.

"As the ways of the Lord are at all times wonderful, so they were especially so in our case." To this is appended the statement of their advancing in their conceptions of Christian truth—of the opposition which they had to encounter, and of their final separation from the See of Rome. "The mighty work has been accomplished. That which had for centuries been withheld from our forefathers as a fatal measure, we have secured, in firm reliance on our Saviour. We are now freed from the iron bonds of Rome." . . . . . After stating their case to the Government to whom this representation was addressed, it closes thus: "True, our community is but a little flock; but we continue stedfast in prayer, and full of confidence that, from our example, God will also open the eyes of those whom the priests have blinded; for we seek not what is earthly, but what is of God."

To this preliminary statement is appended a long and minute exposition, by Czerski himself, of their opinions as opposed to the Romish doctrines, displaying a vast extent of scriptural knowledge, and a general clearness and force of thought and expression.

Along with this document, Czerski has published a *Justification*, from which we gave a long extract in a late Number.* There is prefixed to it the verse: "And God said, Let there be light; and there was light." It is, throughout, written in a tone of high-minded independence—it is full of scriptural sentiment, and is rendered exceedingly interesting by the unaffected statement which it gives of his growing acquaintance with divine truth, and the increasing strength of his convictions as to the utterly unscriptural character of the Church of Rome. He commences by a general statement of the impossibility of fettering the mind in its inquiries after divine truth, describing all such attempts as sinful, and arraigning the Church of Rome as setting itself in direct opposition to that liberty wherewith Christ makes his people free. "Yes," he exclaims, "the father of lies has revealed himself in the Papacy. It is Popery which endeavours, and always has endeavoured, to extinguish the light of the Gospel, and to kindle its own in its stead, which strives to close the Book of books that bears witness of God, and to hold up its own lying code of laws. This is the very essence of its system—a degrading spiritual despotism, for the purpose of unlimited temporal power." He then refers to it past history, showing that, in spite of the Inquisition, Bartholomew's night, &c., it has ever been opposed by some faithful witnesses of the truth, up to the present day, when the soul-stirring words of Ronge have been enthusiastically re-echoed far and near. He proceeds to justify the step he has taken, proving that renouncing error does not subject him to the charge of perjury; and contending that those are the perjured parties whose conduct belies their teaching; "for no power on earth can make the wilful liar a hero of truth—not even God himself; for then he would no longer be a God of truth and justice. None but Jesuits hold this position, and hence they have ever been the most faithful servants of him who for centuries has striven to substitute confusion and disorder, ignorance and superstition, and falsehood, in the room of the true, and pure, and plain doctrine which Christ has taught us. But, God be praised, all men are not yet Jesuits!"

He states, that he was born of poor but pious parents, at Werlubian, a village near Nevenburg, in Silesia. After finishing his preliminary education, he was admitted to the clerical seminary at Posen. Here he came through a severe struggle, arising from

* Our readers will find an extract from this exposition in the Number for August 15, p. 295.

his inability to reconcile the doctrines he was taught with his honest convictions of divine truth, as he found it in the Scriptures. He entered into disputations with his teachers, who, unable to reply to his objections, referred him *simpliciter* to the decrees of the Council of Trent, as containing the rules, at least, of his obedience, if not of his belief. His reading was narrowly watched, and his studies were all directed to the one end—producing a passive acquiescence in the doctrines of the Church. As he himself says: "The clergy train the young plant according to their narrow opinions, and water it with the stream of the Tiber, that it may bring forth Roman fruit." The effect of all this was, that he was induced to continue a Catholic priest, whom he still considered as a superior being, elevated above the frailties and weakness of other men. Yet still his mind was ill at ease, and he could not fail to see that he was far from resting securely on the system to which he outwardly belonged. He became vicar in the Cathedral of Posen, where he saw more fully the abuses of the system. Notwithstanding the vast crowd of priests, he saw thousands who were longing for the Word of God, and yet perishing for lack of knowledge. He now began to call in question, successively, the sanctity of the priestly office—the adoration of saints—the confessional—the celibacy of the clergy—the worship of images—the use of the Latin language in devotion—and, last of all, the supremacy of the Pope. It is exceedingly instructive to watch the gradual dawning of light on his mind, and the increasing insight which he obtained into the true character of the system, by his continued and prayerful study of God's Holy Word. It needed no outward aid from man—no communing even with others situated like himself. The work went on quietly in the privacy of his own soul; and, by the blessing of the Spirit, that very Bible which the Church claims the exclusive privilege of interpreting, was the means of leading his mind into the truth; and thus he was brought, at length, to see that the whole system of that Church which professes to be the sole repositary and vehicle of God's truth to man, was, in reality, a refuge of lies. We have only to state, further, that in his case, the main accusation which he brings against the Church was substantially the same as Luther's, namely, that of substituting other mediators between God and man than the man Christ Jesus—of subverting the ground of a sinner's acceptance with God by a multitude of human inventions. It was in the light of this central doctrine that he seems to have been led to detect the hollowness of their traditions and ceremonies, and, at last (see the quotation alluded to in last page), to give utterance to his indignant invective against a system as dishonouring to God as ruinous to man.

After quoting a number of passages of Scripture, to the effect that salvation is only to be found by faith in Christ, he says in his address to the Schneidemühl congregation: "We again declare the Romish doctrine of the remission of sins as repugnant to God's Word; and, as such, we utterly renounce it. We cling rather to Jesus Christ, and him crucified, in full assurance of his divinity, and humbly implore the forgiveness of our sins from God our heavenly Father, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

THE FEUDAL SYSTEM.

LET those who recall with impassioned fondness the days of the bard and the baron, dream on of feudal fealty and chivalrous devotion to the altar and the throne. Thanks be to God, those days will not return. Then religion was hypocrisy in the teacher and superstition in the taught: then every church had its idols, and images took the place of God: then all learning was confined to the logomachy of the schools, and all theology to the legends of the cloister; the Bible was forgotten; the Gospel was unknown; the pardon of sin was bought by money; and the favour of God was sought in the persecution of his saints. Then the rich man was a despot, and the poor man a slave. The devotion of the vassals to their lord was an unprincipled readiness to trample on the rights and destroy the happiness of all against whom he chose to lead them. Then judges were bribed, juries browbeaten, and parliaments silenced or suspended. The monarch trod upon the necks of his subjects, and the priest upon the neck of the monarch. Then the business of life was war, and its recreation drunkenness. There was no religion, no liberty, no literature, and no refinement. Thanks be to God, those days will not return. Let others be wedded to the past; we live in the past, the present, and the future. . . . . But while, like the Utilitarian, we are eagerly anticipating the future, not like him are we speculating on the perfectibility of the race in the exclusion of religious influences. Our present prosperity has been derived, not from philosophy, but from religion. It is the Gospel which has won the battles of our liberty, which has given the nation a capacity to enjoy it, and which has made it safe and stable. By the Gospel, therefore, still must our own prosperity be completed, and that of less happy nations be secured. It is not the spirit of Infidelity, but the Book of God, which threatens the pagodas of China and the mosques of Constantinople. It is not the sagacity of statesmen, but the doctrine of the cross, which must save the world. Before that, all forms of superstition, all modes of tyranny, all popular debasement must give way: and more than the blessings of England will be the inheritance of the nations; because the nations will be the inheritance of Christ.—*Noel.*

A SABBATH IN THE MOUNTAINS.

. . . . . DID you ever sleep near the base of a mountain in July, and wake in the morning at half-past three, and hear the birds that swarm the forest that covers it sing? There is nothing like it in the wide world! Sleeping thus in Housatonicville, a little parish that has lately organized itself, and suddenly risen into a thrifty, noble Church, I was awakened one morning by such a chaos of harmony (if I may use the paradoxical expression) from the great mountain that fairly leaned over me, that I lay perfectly entranced. First came the clear, loud carol of the robin, and then the shrill note of the piper, and last of all the almost ten thousand varied intonations of the countless smaller birds that swarm our fields and forests. And they were all singing at once, and singing at the top of their voices; indeed, apparently singing on a race; pouring forth such rapid and ravishing sounds, ringing and echoing through the clear morning air, that the valley seemed fairly beside itself with the endless, overflowing melody.

And how sweet a Sabbath evening is, in this quiet spot! The throng of worshippers have departed from the temple of God, the echoes of prayer and praise have died away, and it stands with a solemn and half-mournful air in the departing sunlight.

The Housatonic, that flows "fast by it," keeps up its steady chant, and here and there a bird from the mountain sends forth its strain; but all else is still and tranquil, as a Sabbath evening ever should be. Surrendering my heart to the influence of such a scene, and the feelings of such an hour, I have sat and watched the sunlight creep up the mountain ere it leaves the world. Half an hour ago, the valley bade it good night, and is already gathering its dark mantle around it; but look how the golden light goes up and up over the sleeping forest. There, it has just left that huge rock which but a moment before seemed pointed with gold, a black, savage frown on the forehead of the mountain; and now it has stooped over that bold upland swell; and now it seems to gallop up the steep crest; and now lingers a moment on the tallest tree tops; and lo! it has vanished from the sight. How like the lights of Eden, before the entrance of sin, did that retreating glory flee before the encroaching shades of night! A moment, the stern old mountain seems to stand mournful and lonely in its desertion, and then begins to nod on its huge bed for its evening nap, and night embraces the world. The Sabbath is ended—the day of strange and mysterious ceremonies is over, and man lies down in the hand of his Creator to sleep.—*Headley.*

THE DEATH-BED.

We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her being out.

Our very hopes belied our fears—
Our fears our hopes belied;
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came, dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours!

ANON.

"THOU FOOL."

A MAN of intelligence, but of a very sceptical turn of mind, had had many conversations with his clergyman, and was always stumbling at the doctrine of the resurrection, as a vexation and plague to his reason. He stumbled at that stumbling-block, being disobedient. His clerical friend did not succeed in reducing his scepticism; the swelling proceeded not so much from particular difficulties and incredibilities in the mystery before him, as from a proud, self-relying dependence, not upon God, but upon his own reason.

At length for a long time they were separated. The clergyman did not meet the sceptic for years. Meanwhile the grace of God came into his heart, and he was converted, and became as a little child. All his scepticism departed, and now he listened only to God.

The first time he met his former friend after this great change, the clergyman said to him: "Well, my dear sir, and what do you think now of the doctrine of the resurrection?" "Oh, sir," said he "two words from Paul conquered me: 'Thou fool!' Do you see this Bible (taking up a beautiful copy of the Scriptures, fastened with a silver clasp), and will you read the words upon the clasp that shuts it?" The clergyman read, deeply engraven on the silver clasp, "Thou fool!" "There," said his friend, "are the words that conquered me; it was no argument, no reasoning, no satisfying my objections, but God convincing me that I was a fool; and thenceforward I determined I would have my Bible clasped with those words, 'Thou fool!' and never again would come to the consideration of its sacred mysteries, but through their medium. I will remember that I am a fool, and God only is wise."

How striking, how affecting was this! Ah! this *is* the way to come to God's Word. Let every man put this clasp upon his Bible, "Thou fool!" and let him enter it, to sit at the feet of Jesus, and learn of him, just as a little child, remembering the saying of David: "The entrance of thy words giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple."—*American Periodical.*

COMMON MAXIMS IMPROVED.

WERE men but as wise for eternity as they are for time, and did they spiritually improve their natural principles for their souls as they do naturally for their bodies and estates, what precious Christians might men be! For instance:—

1. *To believe good news well founded.* Why then is not the Gospel believed, which is the best news, and best grounded news in the world?

2. *To love what is lovely, and that most which is most lovely.* Why then is not Christ the beloved of men's souls, seeing he is altogether lovely?

3. *To fear that which will hurt them.* Why then are not men afraid of sin, seeing nothing is so hurtful to them as sin?

4. *Not to trust a known deceiver.* Why then do men trust *Satan*, the old serpent, the deceiver of the world?—*the world*, and its deceitful riches?—*their own hearts*, which are deceitful above all things?

5. *To lay up for old age.* Why then do not men lay up for eternity treasures of faith and good works, against the day of death and judgment?

6. *He that will give most shall have it.* Why then do not men give their love and service to God? Doth not he bid most?

7. *Take warning by others' harms.* Why do not men take heed of sinning from the sufferings and torments which others undergo for sinning!

8. *To have something to show under men's hands, because they are mortal.* Why then will not men have something to show under God's hand for their security to salvation, seeing, not God, but they, are mortal?

Ah! if men did but walk by their own rules, and improve their own principles, what a help would it be to godliness! But, alas! God may complain of us, as of his people of old: "My people do not consider."—*Canaan's Flowings; or, Milk and Honey.*

Daily Bread.

FRIDAY.

"What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"—Mark viii. 37.

Vain his ambition, noise, and show—
Vain are the cares which rack his mind;
He heaps up treasures mix'd with woe,
And dies, and leaves them all behind.

Men may meet with losses, which yet they may otherwise recover, or may have something else that may countervail them; but not only nothing can countervail this loss—no more than dross and dung can [countervail] jewels of the greatest price; but if thou dost once lose thy soul, nothing can retrieve or regain it. In this case, it is not allowed to sin twice; if thou once losest thy soul in this life, there is no means hereafter whereby thou mayest recover it; but as the tree falls, so it lieth. Thou that readest this! upon this moment (for aught either you or I know) depends thy eternity. "Is there," as Bernard asks, "another Christ? or do you think that he will be crucified again for thy soul!"—*Vinke.*

SATURDAY.

"The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God."—Ps. xiv.1.

Did men believe there was a God,
How could they live in peace,
When he has threatened against sin
Wrath which will never cease?

Did men believe there were another world, and that they must be called to a strict reckoning for all their actions, and be doomed to an everlasting death for their wicked deeds, they durst not, they could not, do those acts which should make them eternally miserable. Let me say to the most desperate ruffian: "There is poison in this cup; drink this draught, and thou diest;" he would have the wit to keep his lips close, and cast the potion to the ground. Were it not for their infidelity, so would men do, to the most plausible but deadly offers of sin. O Lord, since I know thy righteous judgments, teach me to tremble at them; restrain thou my feet from every evil way; and teach me so to walk, as one that looks every hour to appear before thy just and dreadful tribunal. —*Hall.*

SABBATH.

"I was in the Spirit on the Lord's-day."—Rev. i. 10.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest!
No mortal cares disturb my breast.
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

O Christian, consider what a sin it is to forget God, especially on his own day. If we ought to spend every day in the fear of God, much more the Sabbath-day. What ingratitude is it to forget him this day, who minded us when we could not mind ourselves! The love of God in Christ should swallow up all our thoughts this day. When we seriously consider what Christ hath done for his people, one might think that Christ would never be one whole hour together out of their minds, but that they should carry him up and down in their thoughts and desires; that they should lie down with thoughts of Christ at night, and have him like a "bundle of myrrh lying all night betwixt their breasts"—that is, in their hearts—and, when they awake, "they should be still with him;" that their very dreams in the night should be sweet visions of Christ; and all their words should savour of him.—*Willison.*

MONDAY.

"The righteous is more excellent than his neighbour."—Prov. xii. 26.

Happy the man that finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race,
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.

What is the reason, beloved, that the saints are excellent above all others? Is it for their birth, breeding, or learning, or riches, or greatness, or honour? No, no, it is for none of these; but if you would know the reason, it is because Christ is formed in them—they have the new name, the new nature, the new heart, the new spirit. Christ hath made every believer a king. It is Christ's beauty that makes us beautiful—it is his righteousness that makes us righteous. —*Dyer.*

TUESDAY.

"I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth."—3 John 2.

Pain, and sickness, at thy word
And sin, and sorrow flies;
Speak to me, Almighty Lord,
And bid my spirit rise;
Bid me bear the hallowed cross,
Which thou, my Lord, hast borne before;
Walk in all thy righteous laws,
And go and sin no more.

Get thy heart more affected with spiritual losses, and then thy soul will be less afflicted with those temporal losses that thou mournest under. Hast thou lost nothing of that presence of God that once thou hadst with thy spirit? Hast thou lost none of those warnings, meltings, quickenings, and clearings that once thou hadst? Hast thou lost nothing of thy communion with God, nor of the joys of the Spirit, nor of that peace of conscience that once thou enjoyedst? Hast thou lost none of that ground that once thou hadst got upon sin, Satan, and the world? Hast thou lost nothing of that holy vigour, and heavenly heat, that once thou hadst in thy heart? If thou hast not, why dost thou complain of this or that temporal loss? For what is this, but to complain of the loss of thy purse, when thy gold is safe? If thou art a loser in spirituals, why dost thou not rather complain that thou hast lost thy God, than that thou hast lost thy gold? and that thou hast lost thy Christ, than that thou hast lost thy husband?—*Brookes.*

WEDNESDAY.

"Whoso offereth praise, glorifieth me."—Ps 1 23.

Thy single arm, Almighty Lord,
To us the great salvation brought—
Thy Word, thy all-creating Word,
That spake at first the world from nought.

For this the saints lift up their voice,
And ceaseless praise to thee is given;
For this the hosts above rejoice—
We raise the happiness of heaven;

For this (no longer sons of night)
To thee our thankful hearts we give—
To thee, who call'dst us into light—
To thee we die, to thee we live.

Thanks-giving is good, but thanks-living is better. —*Philip Henry.*

THURSDAY.

"Draw water out of the wells of salvation."—Isa. xii. 3.

Believers, ye shall draw with joy
Water from Salvation's well;
Praise shall your glad tongues employ,
While his streaming grace ye feel.

What are the wells of salvation but God, and Jesus Christ, and his Spirit, and the graces of the Spirit, and the ordinances of God? These are the wells of salvation. If you bring but little buckets, you will get but little water; if you bring large buckets, you will get a large supply of water. If you bring but little faith, you will receive but little from Christ; but if you bring a strong faith—a large and strong bucket—O how much refreshing and soul satisfaction might you receive!—*Nalton.*

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THE CURE OF AN EVIL CONSCIENCE.

BY THE REV. JONATHAN R. ANDERSON, GLASGOW.

To speak of a remedy supposes a disease, and until the disease is known the remedy cannot be applied. The Gospel makes known a cure for an evil conscience; but it is very generally slighted, just because the disease is seldom felt and little dreaded. By those, however, who have so much spiritual discernment as to perceive, and so much spiritual sensibility as to feel, what this disease is, the remedy which has been provided will be highly prized and eagerly accepted; for an evil conscience is the heaviest affliction with which, in the present life, a man can be visited. "The spirit of a man may bear his infirmity; but a wounded spirit who can bear?"

The conscience is set in the soul to be at once the governor and judge of our moral actions. In holding this twofold office, however, it stands in subordination to the supreme Lord of the conscience—the living and true God. In his name the conscience ought to act, according to his law ought it to decide, and for his glory ought it to exercise its functions. If, therefore, a man acts agreeably to the divine will, his conscience, which must, in its character of ruler, have dictated this course, ought, in its capacity of judge, to affix a sentence of approbation to his conduct. But if, on the contrary, he transgresses the law of God, as the conscience, if faithful, will remonstrate with him ere the deed is done, so will it lift up its voice and condemn it when, in spite of its warnings, it has been committed. Now, a man has an evil conscience when, in consequence of some breach of the divine law, he is condemned, and looks with terror to the certain execution of the sentence which has been passed upon him. The man himself is guilty; he has done what is evil; and his conscience, which is the index of his state, and the exponent of his conduct, is said to be evil. The view which it takes of the case may be correct, and the judgment which it pronounces may be righteous; and in one sense the conscience may be called *good*, because it acts faithfully in what it does; but, in another sense, and according to the explanation which has been given, it is said to be an *evil* conscience.

Now, it is plain that the origin of the evil is to be found in the sin which has been committed, and the guilt which is thereby incurred in the sight of God. The trouble that arises in the soul, and the misery which is thus experienced, are only the bitter fruits of the unlawful deed that has been perpetrated; and, therefore, any cure that should be directed merely to the removal of the disquietude, while it left the sin untouched, were as ineffectual as the lopping off some branches of the upas tree, to change its nature, and render it as wholesome as it is pestiferous. To those who are awakened by the Spirit of God to a true sense of what they are as sinners, this becomes very manifest; for whatever be the trouble which they feel, their attention is mainly directed to the offence which they have committed. The language they employ is: "Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and in thy sight done evil."

The troubles of an evil conscience are hence seen to arise from an apprehension of Jehovah's displeasure with sin, and his wrath against it. The conscience has not done its duty—it is evidently not savingly enlightened—it is not acting under the direction of the Spirit of God, if it has not shown to the transgressor that the secret of all its opposition to him, and condemnation of his conduct, is the respect which it has to the purity and excellence of the Most High, and the authority of his holy, just, and good law. To some it seems as if conscience possesses an inherent and independent power, which it wields according to will, and to which all the faculties of the soul and all the affections of the heart ought to bow in meek submission. But this is a capital error. The conscience is but a vicegerent; it acts under commission from the Holy One; and in all its decisions there must be clear and palpable reference to the righteous Judge of heaven and earth. In thus proceeding against a man who has broken the divine law, the conscience shows him that, as it is against God his offence has been committed, so it is to his wrath that he is exposed, and from it he has everything to fear. For "the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all unrighteousness and ungodliness of men;" and, therefore, "cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them."

A feeling of terror is thus awakened in the conscience, and that, too, of a very peculiar kind; for if the man be truly enlightened, he must perceive and acknowledge that God is just in setting himself against those that have risen up against him. In merely natural convictions of guilt, and under the influence of slavish fear, there mingles no such spiritual element. The heart may be deeply agitated with terror, but it is a terror which could be allayed by the simple removal from danger; but in the case which we suppose—where the fear arises from a view of Jehovah's holy displeasure—this would not suffice to give relief. For whatever become of the creature, *the holiness* of divine wrath remains; and if he fee

that he is the object of it, he must be miserable, until, by some suitable means, he can be made as much the object of divine, holy complacency as he now is the object of divine, holy wrath. "If then their uncircumcised hearts be humbled, and they then accept the punishment of their iniquity."

The remarks which have been made on an evil conscience point out the nature of the cure which will prove effectual in removing it; for if sin be the origin of the disease, then to this point must the remedy be directed. We accordingly find that this is precisely the character of the cure which is set before us in the Word of the truth of the Gospel. The wrath of God is provoked by the transgressor of his law; and such is the nature of divine justice, that unless the demands which it makes be satisfied, there can be no favour shown to the guilty. Now, the Lord Jesus Christ appeared in the character of the substitute of sinners; he had laid upon him the iniquity of those in whose room he stood; he bore the curse which was due to what they had committed; and obtained at the hand of retributive justice a sentence of acceptance which responded to his dying words: "It is finished." We hence find the Apostle Paul reasoning: "For if the blood of bulls and of goats, and the ashes of an heifer sprinkling the unclean, sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh; how much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the Eternal Spirit offered himself without spot unto God, purge the conscience from dead works to serve the living God?"

To render the provision available to the cure of an evil conscience, it must obviously be applied. A medicine may possess a sovereign virtue to heal those that are diseased; but if it remain in the laboratory of the apothecary, or stand unused by the bed of the sick, its virtue will not be felt—its healing properties will not be experienced. In like manner, the blood of Christ may be shed; the glad tidings may be published; and, in their own tongue, men may read and hear the wonderful works of divine grace; but, if this be all, they must remain in their sins, and under the power of an evil conscience. The grace which has provided the remedy must apply it to the soul; for it were as reasonable to maintain that men can purchase redemption, as to pretend that they can apply that which is purchased. We allow that to divine, sovereign grace belongs the glory of the plan and the purchase of redemption. But why concede a part, and not admit the whole? why own that grace begins, and deny that it completes? why should God have the honour of the commencement, and man the credit of the conclusion of the work? We have already seen that solid convictions of guilt are from the Spirit of God; and in these do we see the steps that are taken towards the application of the blood of Christ as the cure—the only effectual cure of an evil conscience: "He shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you."

The medium by which the blood of Christ is applied to the conscience is faith—a principle of divine operation, and for the bestowment of which men are indebted to the grace of God: "By grace are ye saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God." In the exercise of this principle, the soul apprehends the glory of the person of Him who stands in the room of the guilty; and this is the primary, the essential acting of true faith. To the man who had received sight, our Lord put the question: "Dost thou believe in the Son of God?" The man inquired: "Who is he, Lord, that I may believe on him?" Jesus answered: "I that speak unto thee am he." The man exclaimed: "Lord, I believe," and worshipped him. The soul, further, receives him as the divinely appointed surety, and, in this character, contemplates and admires him in his whole work of obedience unto death. In the survey which a believer takes of the agency of the Redeemer, he is conducted to the language prepared for him by the prophet, and making it his own, he says: "We all, like sheep, have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid upon him the iniquity of us all." He who is under the influence of true faith looks attentively into those solemn transactions in which divine justice exacted and received atonement from the glorious Surety of his guilty people; and observes that vengeance is taken—unsparingly taken—upon the sin which troubles his conscience, and provokes the curse of God. He sees satisfactory evidence of this fact in the Father's acceptance of the sacrifice which was offered to him by the Lord Christ; and, in this view, rests with peculiar delight upon the testimony which he hears from the excellent Glory: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." By this means the conscience is quieted, just because faith discovers that the Lord of the conscience is reconciled; and leans upon the testimony of his own Word, that "God is just, and justifies the ungodly who believe in Jesus."

To the sinful children of men is this cure open; for all who accept of it, it is sufficient. The truth of these assertions is made manifest from the terms of the calls and offers of the Gospel; and it is with these men have to do when seeking rest to their troubled hearts, and peace to their awakened consciences. The questions, Is there an atonement made? is it one which has been accepted of God? is it sufficient for one so guilty and miserable as I am? is it free to me to accept of it?—all these are directly met and completely answered in the invitations of the Gospel; for "whosoever will may come, and take of the water of life freely." "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life."

Nor is the efficacy of the blood of Christ, as a cure for an evil conscience, confined to any particular period. The man who, for the first time, asks, "What must I do to be saved?" needs it, and is free to take it. The man who has, through grace, believed, but has been backsliding in the ways of God, needs it, and is free to take it. The man who has long walked in the way of life, but who finds that in many things he offends, and in all comes short of conformity to the law of God, needs it, and is free to take it. The man who has fallen into presumptuous sin, and who has thereby inflicted on his conscience a very deep and grievous wound, needs it, and is not shut out from it. In the view of this glorious truth may all say, in the language of the Psalmist: "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

COURAGE AND SPIRIT OF THE COVENANTERS.

We resolved to mount ourselves with horses (being all well armed), and to ride straight toward England, where we doubted not but Monmouth was prospering. But that troop of horse which we had put from the water-side, got other two troops of militia, and so came upon us, and disappointed us of our design. They coming within our view, we marched up to a farm-stead that stood upon the top of a brae, where there was a very pretty thorn hedge enclosing a garden, into which we entered, and resolved there to stand for our defence. When we had waited a considerable time, and saw no appearance of their approach, Sir John says: "These cowardly rogues dare not come and attack us in this strength. Come, let us go out and fight them in the open fields." So he divided his one hundred and fifty men into three companies: himself to command one; and Polwart, another; and Major Henderson the third. So we marched directly towards them, who were drawn up in a plain, a little below the house; who, at the very first appearance of us, fled and went quite out of our sight. So we saw no more of them till it was afternoon; by which time they had got other two troops, the one commanded by my lord Ross—the other by Captain Cleland. These two, being trained forces, were more forward than the country gentlemen. They observed the way that we took, and so cast about an hill, and came just before us, and met us as we were coming up the hill. We were marching in two men rank, the small company that was then of us; for by this time we were decreased to threescore and ten—many dropping off as they had opportunity. When we were advanced a good way up the hill, they came suddenly upon us, and after firing, thought to have ridden us down; but Sir John cries: "Come up, my lads, and stand to it, and through God's grace I will bring you off." Though there was little appearance thereof, yet we took courage, knowing the worst of it. And after we had received their fire, we discharged upon them again very vigorously, and then betook us to our halberts (for every man of us had a halbert, besides special firelocks), so that we made them retire. There was no harm done on either side at the first fire; only Mr Thomas Archer, a young gentleman on our side, received a dangerous wound on the back, by which he was disabled, and left lying on the ground.

Then my lord Ross sent one to treat with us, who told us, we were pretty men: why would we throw away our lives?—would we not take quarters? To which Sir John said: "We disdain your quarters! for we are appearing here for the Protestant religion, and ye are fighting for Popery, for which ye ought to be ashamed." So he returned with his answer. In the meantime, we got into an old stone fold, which was a little defence to us. Sir John took the whole command upon him, and so divided us, and set one half on his right hand, and the other on his left, and gave orders to all to "charge and make ready," and ordered those on his right hand first to receive the enemy's fire, and after that not to fire till he gave them a sign by his napkin, and after the sign to fire briskly, and then to take their halberts in their hands, in case the enemy should attempt to come over the little stone dyke, and to defend themselves bravely; and ordered those on his left not to fire when those on his right fired, till once he gave them another sign, and then to fire close upon the enemy, and after fire to take their halberts and defend themselves from being trodden down.

The enemy approached, and we received their fire, but fired none again till they came very near; and then Sir John gave the sign to those on his right hand, who gave a very close fire. The enemy, not knowing but our shot had been done, attempted to come over the dyke, and break in amongst us, but the lads on the right hand defended bravely. Then Sir John gave the sign to those on the left, who fired furiously upon the enemy, so that several of their saddles were emptied, and amongst the rest Captain Cleland was shot dead at the very dyke-side, so that they were forced to wheel again. One of our lads stept over the dyke and pulled Cleland's scarlet coat off him, and put it upon the top of his halbert, and waved it forgainst the enemy. They stayed a considerable time before they made another assault; and we put ourselves in a posture of defence, and loaded our pieces, and made ourselves ready to receive them. We were ordered to behave ourselves as at the former onset. Sir John said: "They have now lost some blood; therefore they will make a vigorous assault; and therefore, lads, take courage, and stand to it, for our cause is good." So at length they approached again, and we received them as formerly; and beat them from the dyke with the loss of more of their men. And if my lord Ross had not had on harness, he would have gone the same way Cleland went; for the ball broke upon his harness, and hurt him on the neck. They were so affrighted that they durst not give us the fourth onset. The dyke did us good service, and defended us much from their shot; for we were below them. We had none killed in all this action, except one man, who was shot through the head, and two more wounded; besides Mr Archer, who was wounded at the first fire, before we came into the fold. After this, they went to an old stone dyke, and the dragoons lighted from their horses, and stood behind the dyke, where they continued pluffing and shooting without any harm to us, except that Sir John had two shot which lighted upon his buff coat, which smarted very much, but did not pierce his coat. After they were weary with shooting they gave over. Then Sir John said: "It becomes us to bless God for our wonderful preservation." He desired we would be all in a watchful posture; and, in the meantime, to go about the worship of God. And so he took a book and sang the 46th psalm throughout, and after that prayed pertinently. By this time our enemies had guarded us round as a ring, but without reach of our shot. It was an exceeding cold day as ever I saw at that time of the year. I had thrown off my big-coat when we first engaged; and being cold, I went to seek it, where I found Mr Archer groaning in his wounds. When I knew it was he, I was ex-

ceedingly troubled; he being an eminent Christian, and my intimate. He was almost dead, what for want of blood and for cold. He desired me to lift him to the beild of a dyke, and cast something over him—which I did; and got a cloak-bag and put under his head, and laid a cloak about him. I told him I could do no more for him at present, and that we were all yet still in hazard of our lives; for we were surrounded by the enemy. When I returned, I told Sir John that Mr Archer was dying of his wounds, who ordered several to go alongst and carry him to a herd's house which was hard by, and give the people of the house money, desiring them to take care of him. They received him very kindly; from which place he was carried afterwards by the enemy to Edinburgh, where he was executed in the Grass-market; whose speech and testimony are in record amongst the rest of the worthies who suffered for owning the truth.

After this, when it began to grow dark, Sir John said: "What think you of these cowardly rogues? They dare not fight us, for as small a number as we are, but have a mind to guard us in till to-morrow, that the body of the king's forces come and cut us off; therefore, let us still behave ourselves like men" (for indeed there were very pretty men amongst us, that were expert both with sword and gun). "Let us, therefore, charge our pieces well, and let us go off the field in a close body together, with as little noise as we can. If we escape them in the dark, it is well; if not, let us fight our way through them."

We buried our dead man, and so made ready for a march, and so went off the field in a close body, but saw none of our enemies; for they were more afraid of us than we were of them; for whenever it was dark, they had left their ground and fled into Kilmarnock, as if there had been an host pursuing them; as the country folk told us afterwards. So when we had marched very hard for about a mile, Sir John said: "I think we are safely by them now"—we apprehending them to be still keeping their ground. So we began to consider what to do next. And because many had left us the day before, Sir John took an oath of us, that we should not part one from another, without leave asked and given; and then asked, who amongst us knew the ground to be our guide. There were none amongst us that knew it except himself, it being his father's ground that we were then on; so he took the guiding of us himself. And so we marched exceeding hard all that night, that so we might be a good way off from the enemy; but when day began to appear, that we saw about us, behold we had gone the round, and were come back within two miles of the place where we engaged the enemy! Sir John said: "Woe is me! I have led you into a snare. I know not now what to do for it; for if we keep the field the whole body of the forces will be upon us; so come of us what will, we must lodge in some house."

There was a stead hard by, where two of his father's tenants lived. He caused us all sit down upon the ground, till he sent Major Henderson to acquaint the people that Sir John was there, and a company of men with him, and desired they might give us quarters; and to tell them that, if they were quarrelled for it, we were a stronger party than they, and would take it by force; but they most willingly received us. And there was a wonderful providence in our being so near the place of engagement; for when they ranged all the country about, they came never near that place. The major had travelled all that night with a bullet shot in his left shoulder, and sticking like a plum within the skin, none knowing of it but himself; which was cut out when we came to the house. We knew not whether meat or sleep was most desirable; for that was the fourth night we had been without sleep, and with very little meat. There was one of our company dropt asleep on the ground where we had been sitting. When we came to the house we did not miss him, his halbert and his gun being with him. After we were all lodged in the house he slept on, till some people, passing by, could not awaken him, but carried him sleeping to the first house they came to, and set down his halbert and gun in the house beside him, there being some lambs in the house for speaning. He slept there till it was well afternoon, and then he awakened, but knew not how he came there. He thought we were either all taken prisoners, or then killed. So he lay down to take the other nap, till there came a man to take out the lambs, who said: "Friend, you lie not well here, you would lie better amongst your neighbours!" He said: "Where are they?" So the man brought him to us. But he never knew who had carried him to the house, his sleep was so great. Then Polwart said, after we had got some meat: "I know ye have all need of sleep, but of necessity four of you must watch, two at each barn-door, in case we be surprised by the enemy, to give warning to the rest. And the honest men will watch without, and give you notice if they see any hazard." I offered myself for one, and other three did the like. And he desired that within two hours we would awaken him, and he would cause relieve us; which accordingly was done. We lay there all that day very safely, and saw regiments passing by within two miles, but none came near us. So at night we took our march again, having sent before to provide quarters for us. So we got a guide, who conducted us safe to the place where we tarried next day, and sent some friends to inquire if they could get any account of the Earl of Argyle, who would not come alongst with us over Clyde. In the evening they brought us word that he was taken prisoner. Then Sir John called us all together, and told us that my lord was taken, and that we were now free from our oath, and every one of us might shift for himself the best way we could. So we had a lamentable parting.—*Memoirs of Veitch and Brysson.*

GERMANY—THE NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH.

THIRD ARTICLE.

We have already stated, that the character of the documents issued by the Leipsic Council was not favourable, as an exposition of evangelical truth. Indeed, whatever temporary injury may be done by any estrangement between the leading members, still, representing, as these do, principles so opposed, it is evident that any union or co-operation could only be effected at the expense of the truly spiritual character of the movement. Accordingly, in various quarters, the strongest opposition has been made to the decisions of the Leipsic meeting, as wanting in the full statement of Gospel truth, and, as such, not fairly representing the real opinions of those who, while they heartily unite in opposing the errors and abuses of Romanism, still desire to erect in its stead a system of *positive* scriptural truth, embracing the great essentials of Christianity in the matter of the character and work of Christ, and the relation of both to man's condition as a sinner. In *Berlin*, the discussions on this matter have been exceedingly animated—some contending that there ought at once to be a separation between the Rationalist and Evangelical parties in the movement; while others were of the opinion that the time had not yet arrived for taking this step,

and that as in the Lutheran and Reformed Churches differences of opinion as great did not lead to separation, so, for the present at least, they should maintain an unbroken front against the common enemy. What may be the final settlement of the matter, time must prove. Meanwhile, we rejoice to notice the really evangelical character of the influences at work in the Berlin movement; of which the very fact of such a step being seriously proposed, with the loose ideas of Church purity in doctrine, and discipline, and government prevalent in the Prussian Church, is the most convincing proof. As a matter of course, the Catholic journals have magnified differences and dissensions on a multiple ratio. They have even prophesied that the force of the movement was already spent, and that its adherents would soon be found denouncing each other more fiercely than they had done the Church from which they had apostatized. It may be remarked generally of such a movement as this, that it must be judged of by a *Continental*, and not a *British* standard; and one may be better enabled thereby to estimate its character and force from the difficulties to be met with and overcome by everything that partakes at all of the nature of dissent.

From the account which we have already given of *Czerski's* character and opinions, it could not be doubtful that he would strive to maintain the purity of the creed of the New Church; and we rejoice to find him now lifting up his voice against *Rationalism*, as he had before done against the corrupt creed of *Romanism*—against the system which would explain away what was divine, and accommodate it to fallible reason, as against the system which superadds to what is divine that which is human, and strives to accommodate it to the self-righteous heart of fallen man. In reference to the points at issue, he has addressed a letter to the twelve Churches in his neighbourhood, in which he says:—

"You have just cause to be offended that in a Confession of Faith professedly Christian, Jesus Christ himself, from whom alone it derives the appellation, should be passed over in silence. He forms the sole foundation of our faith; for why else are we called Christians? If we regard Jesus Christ in the light of a moral teacher merely, I really see no reason why the disciples of Confucius should not be received as members of our communion; for truly it would not be easy to find fault with his system of morality, which taught belief in God. But, verily, Jesus Christ is God!"

After quoting the Apostles' Creed as his, he concludes his letter thus:—

"You see, brethren, that I hold the true apostolic faith, and that, far from desiring to impugn its venerable, true, and unchangeable doctrines, I rather summon you all to their defence. Our aim is not to pull down what God hath built, but rather to overturn that which men have raised, and falsely called the work of God. We have awaked from sleep. Let the thorns and thistles be gathered into bundles and burned. Take unto you the armour of light and faith; lift up your voices to God, that his almighty arm may protect us against all the powers of darkness, and his grace prove to us a brazen shield against which the arrows of human opposition shall strike in vain. The prize is well worth the combat. A Catholic Church, such as that which Christ founded, the apostles taught, and the martyrs sealed with their blood, is the object of our struggle! Lord, lend us thine arm! May thy grace enlighten us! May thy light shine on our path! Amen."

To this protest of Czerski, a reply has been published by those holding the opinions here denounced, the substance of which is, that they deprecate such discussions—that they were not prepared for this bold step on the part of Czerski, which must of necessity lead to fatal consequences, in so far as the *unity* of the movement is concerned; and, finally, that on a matter which has proved a bone of contention to the Church in all ages, the Leipsic Council had no right authoritatively to determine; while still enough comes out to show that they hold the ordinary Socinian theory of the character and work of Christ. And here, for the present, the matter rests. Reports have been industriously circulated of an open rupture between Czerski and Ronge, but these turn out to be quite groundless. Meanwhile, we are glad to observe that Czerski is taking steps for the summoning of a synod for East Prussia, where his personal influence will naturally have its due weight. There seems no doubt that in all the congregations which he has been instrumental in forming, the strongest sympathy is shown for his opinions against those of the Leipsic Council. In Breslau, also, steps are being taken for the more complete organization of the Churches in its neighbourhood.

Having now said thus much of the character and doings of Ronge and Czerski, we have only to add a brief notice as to the other members of the New Church. In proportion to the number of congregations, which borders on two hundred, the number of priests who have seceded is, as yet, comparatively limited—not exceeding thirty-four; nor, indeed, is it likely that large accessions will be obtained to their present number, until the Prussian or Saxon Governments be compelled openly to sanction the New Church, by giving it the same legal privileges with the other Churches, not in the matter of State endowment, but as regards their purely ecclesiastical status—in the legal validity of their ordinances, and the like. Of the other clerical members of the new community, the three most noted are:—Dr Regenbrecht, professor in Breslau; Dr Schreiber, pro-rector of the University of Freiburg, in Baden; and Dr Theiner, who holds a high ecclesiastical office in the Cathedral, as also in the University of Breslau.

1. *Regenbrecht*, in his letter to the suffragan bishop, states the high expectations which Catholics throughout Europe were led to entertain, when, thirty years ago, the allied powers reinstated the Pope in his chair. They had expected that, in Germany, at least, the Pope could not find a body of men who would blindly carry out his policy, if it should run counter to the true temporal or spiritual interests of the country. These expectations were, however, at once proved delusive, when such men as Sailer, Hug, Hermes, and others were denounced as deluding teachers, though they were men who shone as bright examples to their fellow-countrymen, by their apostolic lives and untiring zeal in the investigation of Chris-

tian truth. The power which the Pope had thereby acquired, was unscrupulously applied to the maintaining his own rule and that of his Jesuit general. The plain doctrine of the Gospel was accounted a dangerous thing; nor could it be allowed to be given to the flock, until it had been "recast into a system of scholastic niceties and Jesuit ambiguities." Then he proceeds to allude to the exhibition of the Holy Coat, which he denounces with great eloquence and indignation, as the artifice of policy and superstition. After praying that God would give them enlightened princes, living in his fear, and preventing their subjects from growing lax in the good cause, and stating that, if so blessed, there would be no ground to despair of the fortunes of their country, as contrasted with such lands as Italy or Spain, he concludes thus:—

"The light of Christ's truth will always shine brighter and brighter through surrounding darkness, if we pray God for it without ceasing, in spirit and in truth. With these words, I sever myself from a Church whose labours I cannot reconcile with the Spirit of Christ. May God's help be with me in my future course!"

2. *Schreiber* is a learned man, of high station and influence in Freiburg, and his accession has given a great impetus to the movement in Southern Germany. In his letter to the archbishop, he states that he has felt himself called on to take this step, not only as a man and a Christian, but also as a teacher in the university. It is to be hoped that, by the accession of some such men, who have themselves been the teachers of the Catholic youth, the cause will gradually force itself upon the attention of the learned, as well as the common people. In 1831, Schreiber published a book on Christian ethics, in which he boldly protests against the celibacy of the clergy; for which, as he refused to recant, he was removed from the faculty of theology, and became an ordinary professor in the university. Since his separation, Schreiber has placed himself at the head of the new community there, and is actively engaged in disseminating his opinions.

3. But by far the most important secession which has yet taken place, is that of *Dr Theiner* of Breslau. He is avowedly one of the most distinguished of the Catholic theologians of Germany, and has, besides, played a principal part in the ecclesiastical affairs of Silesia. It is currently stated that he was, at one time, in the confidence of the leading Jesuits; and, accordingly, the most extraordinary efforts have been making to retain him in the communion of the Church. Of late years, his views have been greatly modified; and as the expression of them, he published an elaborate pamphlet, which created considerable sensation at the time, on the reform of the Church. The report has been currently circulated, that the newly appointed prince-bishop of Breslau at one time entertained similar sentiments, and actually had a long correspondence with Theiner, as to the best method of producing such a reform in the German Church as would secure it the support of all its best friends. As matters stand at present, the two parties are directly at issue. The bishop has published his pastoral address, which, though not ultramontane in its opinions, is yet sufficient to show that there can be but little truth in the report of his being a disciple of Sailer. Theiner, again, not content with a formal secession from the Church, has reiterated his former opinions, published a reply to the address of Deipenbrock, and is actively engaged in disseminating, by word and deed, the principles which have determined him to take this final step. Meanwhile, he has published a *liturgy* for the use of the New Church, which seems pervaded by the true evangelical spirit; and he has at present in the press a large work on Romanism, which cannot fail of drawing the attention of the learned to this singular movement. Let us pray that God would raise up men, actuated by the true principles of the Gospel of Christ, to guide a movement which, for good or evil, is daily becoming more formidable.

4. As to the other members of the New Church, we know but little. *Kerbler*, we fear, is of the school of Ronge; *Licht*, again, who is stationed in Elberfeld, seems to the full as evangelical as Czerski. He is an old man, who was deposed by the Archbishop of Treves, for declaring his opinion, that his congregation should not countenance the pilgrimage of the Holy Coat. He closes his letter of demission thus:—

"It is devoutly to be hoped that the good Spirit of God, whose workings are even now visible in opening up the way of the Lord, will more and more establish and bring near to us the kingdom set up on earth by Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the only Mediator between God and man; and by bringing about and confirming peace and love among all the confessors of his name, hasten the fulfilment of his glorious promise, that 'as there is but one Shepherd, so there shall be but one sheepfold.'"

Of the documents published by the separate congregations, the most satisfactory are those of Elberfeld and Unna; both of which are characterized by a truly evangelical spirit. An admirable letter, formerly noticed, has been drawn up by the orthodox section of the Berlin congregation, which contains an excellent exhibition of the truth as it is in Jesus. The authors of it protest against the anti-scriptural character of the sentiments embodied in the Leipsic Confession and Articles, especially as regards the character of Christ as a divine person, and his work as Mediator. After stating their own views on what they regard as the turning-point of every Confession, they proceed:—

"Our protest is neither the offspring of foreign influence, nor of self-conceit and pride. Our sole but all-engrossing object is the salvation of the immortal souls of those who are committed to our care, as well as of all who will listen to our warning voice; and, therefore, we join to our protest an earnest entreaty to all who share our sentiments, to separate themselves from a movement whose tendency is evinced in the published creed, and to unite with us in trying to realize the true idea of a truly reformed Church, and therefore genuinely Christian Catholic Church. We stand on the positive foundations of Christianity—'on the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone!' Whatsoever in the traditions of the Church is found not to coincide with the Scriptures of the Old and New

Testaments, we unhesitatingly relinquish; but all shall be retained which is proved to be in unison with them. . . . . These are solemn times, and such as call for decision, more especially in circumstances in which indecision must prove the most deadly foe. An act is called for, which may promote the salvation of many, and, perhaps, by God's help, pave the way for that noble unity, after which the believing faithful of all ages and lands have earnestly longed."

(*To be continued.*)

FORSAKING ALL FOR CHRIST.

BEFORE thy throne we daily meet,
As joint petitioners to thee;
In spirit we each other greet,
And shall again each other see.
The heavenly hosts, world without end,
Shall be my company above;
And Thou, my best and surest friend,
Who shall divide me from thy love?

BAXTER.

NOTES ON MADEIRA.

BY THE REV. J. J. WOOD.

NO. II.

THERE are several things in Madeira which strike one, from the illustration which they furnish of Scripture statements. 1. One sees, that "it is hard to kick against the pricks" (Acts ix. 5), when one witnesses the oxen and their drivers on the beach, and in the streets of Funchal. All draught is done in Madeira by oxen; horses are used only for riding. The oxen are of a large dun breed, with immense horns. The horns are almost universally perforated at the tip, and have a thong passed through the hole, by which the animals are led and tied up in the stable. Two of these oxen are yoked to a very primitive sledge (for there are no wheeled carriages), consisting of little more than a strong broad plank, somewhat hollowed out on the upper side. A man or boy goes before, encouraging the oxen by his cries, which usually are not spared; and another man goes behind armed with the prick or goad. This is a pole hooped with iron, having inserted into it a peg of iron protruding about half an inch. With this the drivers urge on the oxen, and when angry, which is too often the case, strike it into them with great fury. Were the animal to kick out against this instrument, it would be an unavailing expression of rage, hurtful only to itself.

2. Wine-making is a very important matter in Madeira. When the grapes are ripe, which is in the month of September, they are gathered in baskets by the women and children. When a superior wine is wished, the grapes are allowed to hang on the vines till they are very ripe—almost raisins. By this means, whilst the quantity is diminished, the quality is improved; and, further to improve the quality, women are sometimes employed to go over the bunches after they have been gathered, and with scissors cut out any unripe grapes which they may meet with.

The grapes are then put into the wine-press, of which there is one in every vineyard. The wine-press is just a large, coarsely made, wooden box or trough, with a spout to carry off the juice. Two men and sometimes four mount into the press, and with their bare feet vigorously tread the grapes—the juice, which is called *must*, making its escape by the spout into the vessel placed to receive it. These naked feet are sometimes none of the cleanest; but *non importe*, there are worse things in cookery. Sometimes they have music, which makes the men prance famously. When they have got all the juice which they can out of the grapes by treading them with their feet, they collect the husks into a heap in the form of a cheese in the middle of the wine-press; this they wrap round with a rope to keep the heap of husks together. This rope is oftentimes made of the roots of the vine, and sometimes of ivy. When the heap of husks is thus prepared, by being wound with the rope, a short strong stick is laid across the top of it. Everything about the wine-press has a name given to it by the country-people, and this stick they call the *juiz* or *judge*. Upon it they lay a piece of strong board, which covers the whole head of the heap; on this board is placed a log of wood which they call *porco* (or the *pig*), and other smaller logs, called *porcinhos* (or *little pigs*), are placed upon it to any number required. A strong pressure is then applied by means of a huge beam fastened at one end, and having a heavy stone suspended at the other, and elevated and lowered by means of a screw exactly like a cheese-press.

When all the juice which can be obtained by this pressure has run off, the beam is raised, the heap of husks is spread on the bottom of the press, and the men again with redoubled vigour attack them with their bare feet. The exertion at this time is very violent, and brings vividly to one's mind that striking passage in Isa. lxiii. 2–4: "Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel, and thy garments like him that treadeth in the wine-fat? I have trodden the wine-press alone; and of the people there was none with me: for I will tread them in mine anger, and trample them in my fury; and their blood shall be sprinkled upon my garments, and I will stain all my raiment. For the day of vengeance is in mine heart, and the year of my redeemed is come." Woe be to the enemies of Jehovah, when he shall tread them in his anger, and trample them in his fury, as the treader in the wine-press furiously trampleth the refuse of the grapes!

After being thus thoroughly pounded, the husks are again made up into a heap with the rope round it, and subjected to the pressure of the press as before, when all the juice possible to be obtained is squeezed out. Sometimes, after this, the men throw a pailful of water upon the husks, and after stirring them and pounding them with their feet, subject them to the press once more. By this they get a thin, weak wine, which they call *aqua de pé* or *foot-water*, and which the common people drink like small beer.

The juice or *must* pressed from the grapes is immediately put into casks, and in the course of a few days a strong fermentation commences. The husks, after having been cleansed from the stalks, are sometimes put into the casks along with the *must*. This is particularly the case with the red wine, which gets its red colour, not so much from the juice of the red

grapes as from the colouring matter of the skins or husks. Isinglas or gypsum, or Toledo earth, is put into the casks to clear the wine. Brandy is usually added. The wine is run off many times from one cask to another; and after being thus treated for a year or two, it is ready for the market.

The wine usually called Madeira is not made from any one particular grape, but from all the kinds which grow in the island mixed together, without any regular proportion, just as they happen to have been growing; consequently Madeira wines differ very much from one another, according to the prevalence of the different kinds of grapes used in making them.

One cannot witness the processes at the wine-press, without feeling that the dealings of God, of which they are made the figure, must be dealings in judgment. And so they are represented throughout all the Scriptures. Thus you find the sufferings of Jerusalem described by Jeremiah (Lam. i. 15): "The Lord hath trodden the virgin, the daughter of Judah, as in a wine-press." And there is a terrible prophecy yet awaiting fulfilment (Rev. xiv. 18–20): Another angel . . . . . cried with a loud cry to him that had the sharp sickle, saying, Thrust in thy sharp sickle, and gather the clusters of the vine of the earth; for her grapes are fully ripe. And the angel thrust in his sickle into the earth, and gathered the vine of the earth, and cast it into the great wine-press of the wrath of God. And the wine-press was trodden without the city, and blood came out of the wine-press, even unto the horse bridles, by the space of a thousand and six hundred furlongs."

Connected with all the vineyards throughout the island, are usually such wine-presses as I have mentioned, but seldom any conveniences for storing and preparing the wines. As soon, therefore, as the *must* comes from the press, it is, for the most part, sent into Funchal, to the wine stores there. It is carried on men's shoulders, in goat skins. The skin of the female alone can be used. It is taken off the animal entire; nothing is cut away but the head and feet, and the hairy side is turned in. In the vintage season, you meet, on all the approaches to Funchal, bands of six, ten, twenty, or more men, loaded with skins of wine, and singing a sort of chant as they proceed. Each man carries about fifteen gallons in his goat skin. Even little boys are sometimes to be seen, in this busy season, carrying their kid skins with their load. After having delivered their wine in the town, they blow out their skins with air like a bladder, and march off to the country for another load; each man swinging an immense goat, but without head or feet, at the end of his stick—the skins when filled with air assuming, of course, the exact shape of the living animal.

It is only the wine grown within six or eight miles of Funchal, and on the same side of the island, that can be thus brought into the town in skins as it comes from the press. That produced in more distant quarters is brought in pipes by the sea. The beach at Funchal is open, and there is no quay. When the boats arrive, therefore, they are anchored a short distance from the shore, in pretty deep water. The pipes of wine are tumbled one by one into the sea, and being specifically lighter than salt water, they float. Men and boys are swimming about, very nearly naked, who lay hold on the floating pipes, and push them to the shore, where oxen and sledges, led as far into the water as they can venture, are waiting for them. The scene is altogether a very extraordinary one to a stranger, and withal very lively and very noisy.

3. In many places of Scripture we read of threshing-floors. The threshing-floor is to be seen all over the island of Madeira. It consists of a circular piece of level ground in the open air, and in as exposed a situation as can conveniently be obtained, for the sake of the wind. It is surrounded by large flat stones, set edge-wise, and the bottom is beaten hard and made as smooth as possible. The threshing immediately follows the reaping. The grain is carried from the field to the threshing-floor, and spread in open sheaf on it, as in this country. A couple of oxen are turned in, and driven round and round, till they have beaten out the grain with their feet. Sometimes one of the sledges of the country is yoked to them to facilitate the operation, and the driver sits on it to add to the weight. The rule of the Mosaic law is uniformly observed (Deut. xxv. 4): The oxen are never muzzled when they are treading out the corn.

This process greatly breaks the straw; and, therefore, when the straw is wanted for thatching the cottages, the grain is separated from it by taking the corn in handfuls by the roots, and knocking it against large stones, or by the women beating it with wooden mallets. When the grain has been separated from the straw, it is cleansed from the chaff, by being thrown up against the wind with large wooden shovels, any more complicated machinery being unknown. Till within a comparatively recent period, this was the method of winnowing corn in use among ourselves; and its antiquity is shown by many passages of Scripture, among others by Isa. xxx. 24: "The oxen likewise and the young asses that ear the ground, shall eat clean provender, which hath been winnowed with the shovel and with the fan."

In some countries — in Barbary, for instance— horses are more generally employed than oxen on the threshing-floors. A strong stake is fixed in the middle of the floor, and a movable iron ring is slipped over it. To this ring two or three horses are fastened by a cord, which can be lengthened or shortened at pleasure, so as to make the horses describe a smaller or larger circle as may be required; and they are driven round the floor till the work is accomplished.

THE SCRIBES, THE SYNAGOGUES, AND THE SCHOOLS.

Besides the Priests, Levites, and Prophets, we read of other teachers which existed in the Jewish Church in the times of our Saviour, apparently with the divine sanction, and probably by the divine appointment. These were the Scribes and the various officers of the synagogues. In the synagogues Christ and the apostles taught and acknowledged the authority of the officers presiding over them. And of the Scribes, our Saviour said: "The Scribes and Pharisees sit in Moses' seat: all therefore whatsoever they bid you observe, that observe and do; but do ye not after their works; for they say and do not."

The Sopherim or Scribes are met with in the Sacred Writings previous to the captivity. The verb ספר signifies *to number* and *to write*—ספר is the Hebrew word for *book*. The Scribes, therefore, were persons employed in some way about books, writings, or accounts—in transcribing, reading, explaining, or correcting them. There were, however, scribes civil and Scribes ecclesiastical. In the earlier Scriptures the ספר is the secretary of state, who issues the royal commissions. Sometimes the Sopherim seem to have been military officers—inspectors-general of the army. In the *later* writings, the Sopher or Scribe is one skilled in the Scriptures—one learned in the law. It is said of Ezra that he was a ready Scribe in the law of Moses, which the Lord God of Israel had given. It is with these Scribes-ecclesiastical alone that we are now concerned. These alone we recognise in the γραμματεῖς of the New Testament. Their office grew gradually, though rapidly, into importance, after the common people had ceased to be acquainted with the Hebrew, in which the Jewish Scriptures were written. And the influence of these Scribes, as we see from the New Testament, was almost boundless. According to Lightfoot, ספרא, *Scribe*, in the Talmuds denotes a learned man, and in this sense is opposed to the word עור, *rude* or *illiterate*. But more particularly the Sopherim or Scribes were such as, being of learned and scholastic education, addicted themselves to the interpretation of the Sacred Scriptures. "Upon the whole," says Jennings, "the Scribes were the preaching clergy among the Jews, and while the priests attended the sacrifices, they instructed the people." The νομικοί and νομοδιδάσκαλοι, *lawyers* and *teachers of the law*, so often mentioned in the New Testament, are the same class of persons. These Scribes were not confined to any tribe. Nor were the learned teachers of the people necessarily of priestly descent. "Out of Zebulun came they that handled the pen of the writer." Hillel was of the tribe of Judah; Rabbi Simeon, and Gamaliel the teacher of Paul, and Paul himself, were of the tribe of Benjamin.

The synagogues were the models before the earliest Christians, according to which, by the Spirit's guidance, the first Churches were formed. Thrice a-year only did the Jews go up to the temple at Jerusalem to worship. The ordinary worship of the Sabbath was performed elsewhere, and these synagogues, of which the land was full, are the places where, on every Sabbath-day, the people were assembled for the ordinary worship of God. According to the Talmud, wherever there were ten Batlanim, or *men of leisure*, who would be responsible for the synagogue service, there a synagogue might be erected. According to some passages in the Talmudic books, there were four hundred and sixty, according to others four hundred and eighty, in the single city of Jerusalem. Making every allowance for Jewish hyperbole, we are still forced to believe that these places of religious worship and instruction were very numerous.

These synagogues had their officers, the principal of whom are copied in the pastor, elders, and deacons of the Christian Church. The ruler of the synagogue, ἀρχισυνάγωγος, presided over the assembly; and it was necessary that he should be a learned man, and set apart by ordination to his office. And as the Christian Churches were formed upon the model of the synagogue, and mostly of persons who had been educated as Jews, what other view could they have had of the Christian ministry than that it should be a learned ministry? And as they were accustomed to have their graver matters of faith and discipline decided by a supreme judicature, the Great Sanhedrim, which was composed of educated men, it was necessary, to secure their respect, that the Presbyteries and Synods of the Christian Church should be composed, at least in a great degree, of men of cultivated mind.

Now the education of these several classes of men was effected by a long course of severe study. Schools of all kinds existed everywhere among the Jewish people. In every city and town, there was a school where children were taught to read the law; and if the establishment of these schools was neglected for any length of time, the men of the place were excommunicated until such time as a school was erected. Besides these, there were Midhrashoth מדרשות, or schools of divinity, where the law was taught to those who resorted to them, and a thorough course of study in Jewish learning was pursued. The two famous and rival schools of Hillel and Schammai are the earliest of this special character of which we read in history, though other learned doctors doubtless preceded them. These Rabbins, whose scholars were always in conflict, differed in their mode of interpreting the law—Hillel enforcing obedience to its spirit, and Schammai to its letter. The grandson of Hillel was Gamaliel, the teacher of Paul the Apostle. The forms and arrangements of these schools have been handed down to us. The teacher was accustomed to sit on an elevated platform raised as high as the heads of his pupils. Hence it is said of Paul that he was brought up at the feet of Gamaliel. The teacher, at least in later times, had himself been previously educated in the schools, and by a formal ceremony had received the degree of Rabbi. This title was first conferred upon Simon the son of Hillel, but afterwards became, like the title Doctor of Philosophy in the Universities of Germany, and Master of Arts in our own, a common literary distinction. When a person had gone through the schools, and was thought worthy of the honour, he was seated in a chair elevated above the company, a key and tablets were given to him, he was ordained by imposition of hands performed by delegates of the Sanhedrim, and then he was proclaimed by the title Rabbi. The imposition of hands was sometimes, however, omitted. The tablets denoted that he had attained these honours by diligent attendance upon the lectures of the doctors, while the key was the symbol of his authority to teach; it was "the key of knowledge," and was afterwards worn by him as a badge of honour. These schools were held in buildings erected for their accommodation, which were called בתי המדרש *houses of study*. The esteem in which the Jews held them is evident from the fact that on the Sabbath they attended on the synagogue in the morning, and in the afternoon resorted to the school to hear a lecture from the Rabbi. And it was a common saying that "they might turn a synagogue into a school, but not a school into a synagogue; for the sanctity of a school is above the sanctity of a synagogue. The number of schools among the Jews before the time of Christ, and during his ministry and that of his apostles, and the number of pupils frequenting them, was certainly very great. Their school learning," Lightfoot informs us, at this time had arrived "at its height."—*Howe.*

THE REDEEMER'S PEOPLE.

(Concluded.)

BY THE REV. ANDREW ELLIOT, FORD.

3. It is promised that the Redeemer, in the day of his power, should have a *numerous* people. "*From the womb of the morning; thou hast the dew of thy youth.*" To some of our readers these

words may appear somewhat dark, and hard to be understood. So they have appeared to many commentators, who have characterized the last clause as one of the most difficult passages in the whole Book of Psalms. As it stands, indeed, in our common translation, it is not easy to say what is the precise idea which it conveys, or to discover any intelligible meaning. It is better given in the margin—"More than the womb of the morning: thou shalt have the dew of thy youth." The rendering of Bishop Louth, however, which we shall adopt as the true one, makes it to contain a most important meaning, and to convey a most cheering promise. He thus justly and beautifully translates it—"More than the dew from the womb of the morning, is the dew of thy youth or progeny;" that is, "thy children begotten to thee through the Gospel, shall exceed in number, and in spiritual beauty the spangles of the early dew, which reflect, in brilliant radiancy, the beams of the orient sun." The sentiment is in the highest degree poetical; and the image selected is one of the most pleasing and beautiful which creation can afford. It would be peculiarly pleasing and expressive to an inhabitant of Judea, where the dew falls with a copiousness altogether unknown in latitudes like ours, and where it is of the most essential service to vegetation. But even we may perceive something of its force and beauty. The morning is personified; and the dew, which has softly and silently fallen on the earth, and hangs in pearly drops on innumerable blades of grass—on every waving leaf, and every painted flower, refreshing the vegetable tribes, is represented as its offspring. Go forth, and count these children of the dawn. Walk abroad, while morning, the mother of dew, yet lingers on our mountains and our plains, as if loath to depart, and fans the earth with her freshening breezes, and number those gems of purest brightness, with which she has adorned the spring's green vestment, which she has hung in richest profusion on the young herbage, and which sparkle and glitter in the beams of the rising sun, and behold an image of the Redeemer's people. Do you find those globes of light, those crystal drops, exceed your calculation? Do you find it a vain task to reckon up their number? Thus innumerable, is it promised, shall be the children of the Redeemer—so countless will be the myriads that shall bless him as their Saviour, participate in the honours and privileges of his kingdom, and be exalted by him to the glories and felicities of heaven.

But you ask, will the promise be really fulfilled? Are we to understand it in its plain and obvious import? Or, are we not rather to account it only a piece of splendid imagery, and a mere poetical exaggeration? No, reader, by no means. Few as, at any one time, or in any one place, may seem to be the true followers of Christ—small as may appear the number of those who worship him in the beauties of holiness—the promise is solemn and real, and will not be falsified. It is the promise of Jehovah, the God of truth, and he will make it good. The Saviour *shall see* his seed *as the dew-drops of the morning*. It is not in vain that he has shed his precious blood; it is not in vain that he has been exalted to his mediatorial throne, as a Prince and a Saviour; it is not in vain that he sends forth the rod of his strength, and his Spirit out of Zion. "He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be *satisfied*."

Has the Redeemer's flock hitherto been, comparatively speaking, only a small one? Remember it has been small *only in a comparative sense*, and that when all those who have believed on him, in every generation and in every country, since the Gospel was first preached with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, are assembled together, the number will not be small. "I beheld," says John, recounting the visions of God, "I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, *which no man could number*, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands." Have the triumphs of the cross as yet been only partial? They will not always be so. A brighter era is before us. A more blessed age is yet to come, and ready to burst upon us, resplendent with all the glories of the millennium, when ignorance, and superstition, and vice, shall be banished from our earth, and truth and righteousness shall reign triumphant. What numbers will then turn to the Lord, when the Saviour shall reign from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth; and before that happy period shall have passed away, what an increase will there be to the subjects of the Redeemer's kingdom; what a mighty accession will be made to the inhabitants of heaven! And when the saints of all countries, and of all ages, are collected together; when the Saviour shall have finished his mediatorial undertaking, and shall present the whole family of his redeemed children to the Father, how glorious and how vast will be the company!

Reader, will you be among them? Are you one of the Redeemer's willing subjects? Have you submitted to his grace; and while you glory in his cross, do you reverence his authority, and honour all his laws? Are you among his regenerated and sanctified ones—the called, and chosen, and faithful, who follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth? Ponder these questions. Life and death, your eternal weal or woe, are involved in them. If you are not his, *whose* are you? You are the slave of another king—ah! how different—who also reigns and prospers. You are "walking according to the course of this world, according to the Prince of the power of the air—the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience." How fearful your condition, if this be your condition; and your condition it most certainly is, if you have not

embraced Christ and his salvation! How tremendous the doom that awaits you, if you continue in this condition! Eternal perdition! everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power! But it is still the day of the Redeemer's power. He is waiting to be gracious. He is able, and he is willing to save you—to save you to the very uttermost. He calls you, he invites you, he beseeches you to come to him and receive life —pardon and reconciliation here, and immortal blessedness above. And will you refuse? Will you spurn his authority, and despise his grace? Surely this cannot be your settled, determined purpose? You cannot seriously desire destruction; you cannot but wish salvation. Then seek it, and seek it without delay. "To-day, if you will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." "Choose you now—this very day—whom you will serve." "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son, shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth upon him."

THE SPRING JOURNEY.

O GREEN was the corn as I rode on my way,
And bright were the dews on the blossoms of May,
And dark was the sycamore's shade to behold,
And the oak's tender leaf was of em'rald and gold.

The thrush from his holly, the lark from his cloud,
Their chorus of rapture sung jovial and loud;
From the soft vernal sky to the soft grassy ground
There was beauty above me, beneath, and around.

The mild southern breeze brought a shower from the hill,
And yet, though it left me all dripping and chill,
I felt a new pleasure, as onward I sped,
To gaze where the rainbow gleam'd broad over head.

O such be life's journey, and such be our skill,
To lose in its blessings the sense of its ill;
Through sunshine and shower, may our progress be even,
And our tears add a charm to the prospect of heaven! HEBER.

THE CHRISTIAN AND HIS MONEY.

THERE are, in the Word of God, examples of the love of money, no less than the love of souls; but these are not such as should invite us to imitate them. The love of money made Balaam unite with the enemies of God, to his destruction; it made Achan violate an express command of the Almighty, which occasioned both his own death and that of all his family; through it Demas became an apostate; it occasioned the fatal lie of Ananias, and under its influence Judas betrayed our Lord into the hands of his enemies. These are not instances to tempt Christians uselessly to hoard up the wealth by which they might do abundant good; even if innumerable proofs were not furnished by every day's experience of the mischief which the love of money does to professed Christians and their children.

Not without reason has St Paul declared, that "*the love of money is the root of all evil.*" For it leads to pride and luxury, to injustice and fraud, to contention between nearest friends, to strife in families, to imperturbable hardness in the sight of human suffering, to absorbing selfishness, to the dislike of spiritual religion, to the neglect of secret prayer, to dangerous association with the world, to a useless life, and a doubtful death, to the loss of all generous sentiments, and the ruin of the immortal soul. . . . . .

If persons who have money to spare for a thousand superfluities, or even for a thousand michievous indulgences, do almost nothing for the spiritual welfare of others, what a condemning contrast do they exhibit between their prayers and their conduct! Day by day they say, in the language of devout zeal: "*Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.*" And while the devil reigns over the world with undisputed dominion, and under his power men in general openly disregard the will of God, they will do nothing to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God. Are their prayers real? Then why not strive to secure their accomplishment? Are they false? Then are they daily uttering that falsehood before the Omniscient. Either let men live to promote the kingdom of God, or cease to pray that it may come. If they will live so as to confirm the world's sensuality, scepticism, and ungodliness, then let them never more utter the petitions which they do not mean; and if they will not labour for the world's conversion, let them not pretend to pray for it.—*Noel.*

BIBLE READING IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

IN the year 1532, Thomas Harding, about Easter holidaies, when the other people went to the church, tooke his way into the woodes, there solitarily to worship the true living God in spirit and in truth. It chanced that one came in great haste to the officer of the towne declaring hee had seen Harding in the woodes looking on a Book, wereupon immediatelie ran desperately to his house to search for Bookes, and in searching went so nigh, that under the bords of his floor they found certain English Bookes of holy Scripture, whereupon this godly man, with his Bookes, was burnt as a relapsed heretic. Such as died in prison, we are told, were thrown out to dogs and birds as unworthy of a Christian burial, and yet all this mercilesse commandement, notwithstanding, som good men there were which buried those who were thrown out, in take sort whom they were wont privily by night to cover, and many times the archers in the fields standing by and singing together psalmes at their buriall.—*Fox's Acts and Monuments.*

Fragments.

THE body is the shell of the soul, and dress the husk of that shell; but the husk often tells what the kernel is.

THE nominal professions of religion with which many persons content themselves, seem to fit them for little else than to disgrace Christianity by their practice.—*Milner.*

HE that remembers not to keep the Christian Sabbath at the beginning of the week, will be in danger to forget, before the end of the week, that he is a Christian.—*Turner.*

IN evil times, it fares best with them that are most careful about duty, and least about safety.—*Hammond.*

Daily Bread.

FRIDAY.

"The chastisement of our peace was upon him."—Isa. liii. 5.

I, I alone, have done the deed!
'Tis I thy sacred flesh have torn;
My sins have caused thee, Lord, to bleed—
Pointed the nail, and fix'd the thorn.

What is this that I see?—my Saviour in an agony, and an angel strengthening him! O the wonderful dispensation of the Almighty!—that the Eternal Son of God, who promised to send the Comforter to his followers, should need comfort!—that he of whom the voice from heaven said, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased," should be struggling with his Father's wrath, even to blood!—that the Lord of Life should, in a languishing horror, say, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death!" These, these, O Saviour, are the chastisements of our peace; which both thou wouldest suffer, and thy Father would inflict. The least touch of one of those pangs would have been no less than a hell to me, the whole brunt whereof thou enduredst for my soul: what a wretch would I be to grudge a little pain from or for thee!—*Hall.*

SATURDAY.

"I take from them the joy of their glory, the desire of their eyes, and that whereupon they set their minds."—Ezek. xxiv. 21.

When, gracious Lord, when shall it be
That I shall find my all in thee?
The fulness of thy promise prove—
The seal of thine eternal love?

The sweetest comforts of this life, they are but like treasures of snow. Now, do but take a handful of snow and crush it in your hands, and it will melt away presently; but if you let it lie upon the ground it will continue for some time: and so it is with the contentments of this world, if you grasp them in your hands, and lay them too near your hearts, they will quickly melt and vanish away; but if you will not hold them too fast in your hands, nor lay them too close to your hearts, they will abide the longer with you.—*Brooks.*

SABBATH.

"The better part."—Luke x. 42.

Gladly the toys of earth we leave,
Wealth, pleasure, fame, for thee alone;
To thee our will, soul, flesh, we give;
O take, O seal them for thine own!

Godliness is the most enriching trade in the world. God's people sometimes gain more by it on a Sabbath-day in one hour, in one sermon, one promise, one prayer, one communion-table, one spiritual breathing, than all the rich men of the shire are worth, put all their estates together. The world will not believe this; but sure I am, one return of prayer, one smile of Christ's face, one look of faith, one grape of Canaan, one glimpse of the promised land, the head of one Goliath, the death of one lust, the strengthening of one grace, which may be obtained in the duties of the Sabbath—any of these is an abundant recompense for all the pains we can be at in God's service this day; they yield more sweetness and content to the soul, than all the pleasures the world can afford. The smallest gleanings of spiritual joy are better than a whole vintage of carnal delights. —*Willison.*

MONDAY.

"He ever liveth to make intercession."—Heb. vii. 25.

See where before the throne he stands,
And pours the all-prevailing prayer!
Points to his side, and lifts his hands,
And shows that I am graven there!

Doth Christ for ever live, and for ever sit at the right hand of God? Doth he continually lay open his wounds—repeat over his sufferings—plead his death and merits—claim a right to a sure purchase? Is he continually perfuming heaven with the odour of that sweet incense which he daily offers up with prayers for all the saints? Believe it, such a sacrifice must needs be acceptable—such an Advocate must needs be prevalent—such a Saviour must needs be all-sufficient.—*Hopkins.*

TUESDAY.

"Walk as Christ walked."—1 John ii. 6.

Thy sinless mind in me reveal;
Thy Spirit's plenitude impart;
And all my spotless life shall tell
Th' abundance of a living heart.

Not only commend God's ways, but walk in them; not only plead his cause verbally, but really, by being, in your proper sphere, active for it. Not only speak well of them that are good, but do good to them. Many will speak for God and good men; but when it comes to doing, there is an end of their goodness; they will not stir a step—not part with a penny. They will be religious as far as good words will go, which cost them nothing, but are loath to be at the charges of doing any real good. How many have their tongues tipped with good discourse, whose lives are unfruitful as to good works! See, therefore, that your actions keep pace with your words—that your religion do not consist merely in talking; *that* will be a sign it is either fantastical or hypocritical. When the fruit of it reacheth no further than the tongue, it is odds if the root reach any deeper than the head; but when your religion appears in action, your enemies themselves will confess the reality of it.—*Veal.*

WEDNESDAY.

"Endure unto the end."—Matt. x. 22.

I see an open door of hope;
Legions of sin in vain oppose;
Bold I with thee, my Head, march up,
And triumph o'er a world of foes.

Hold on your way; make not use of any sinful means, neglect not any part of your duty, to secure yourselves and avoid danger. Do not offend God; be not beholden to the devil for your liberty and peace. What though there be lions in the way? Go on, and proceed boldly, so long as it is the way of God. You may live by faith, while you walk by rule; you may walk believingly and cheerfully, while you walk regularly. The wound that a man gets by sin, will put him to far greater smart and pain, than all his sufferings for God and godliness would have done. He that purchases the favour of men with the frowns of conscience will find he hath made a very hard bargain. Every step from God is a step to ruin.—*Slater.*

THURSDAY.

"It is of the Lord's mercies we are not consumed."—Lam. iii. 2.

Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?—
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

O think, if the devil had but the mixing of my cup, how much more bitter would he make it! There would not be one drop of mercy. Am I afflicted?—"It is of the Lord's mercy I am not consumed." It might have been hell as well as this. There is mercy in his supports under it, and in deliverance out of it. It might have been everlasting darkness.—*Flavel.*

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NOTES ON MADEIRA.

BY THE REV. JAMES JULIUS WOOD

THIRD ARTICLE.

Popery is the established religion in Madeira; and it there presents features much like what it exhibits in countries where it has been left in full possession of the field, neither roused nor kept on the alert by the presence and antagonism of Protestantism. Previous to the contest between the brothers, Don Pedro and Don Miguel, which terminated in 1831, Popery in Madeira was richly endowed—the ecclesiastics were very numerous, and there were several rich convents and nunneries. The priesthood, for the most part, sided with Don Miguel, who was by far a more dutiful and devoted son of the Church than his elder brother; and for this the Church suffered when Don Pedro was triumphant. The monasteries were suppressed, and their revenues were confiscated. There is not now a monk or a friar in Madeira, and the immense melancholy-looking Franciscan convent in Funchal, half in ruins, and occupied as barracks; and the ruins of deserted chapels to be met with in various parts of the island, remind one that things are not with the Church as they once were. There are yet three convents or nunneries in the island, but no new sisters are allowed to join them; and when the present inmates die out, the premises and revenues fall to the government. The clergy are miserably paid; they receive a certain amount from the public treasury, the tithes and other revenues of the Church being drawn by the government. With a few exceptions, the priests are wretchedly ignorant. The more intelligent and better educated among them are, for the most part, Infidels—they do not believe the religion of their own Church, and they know no other. Many of the priests have no copy of the Word of God; some of them do not know that blessed book when they meet with it. One priest, on the question being put to him, whether he had a copy of the Scriptures, replied that he had, but that it was at his brother's, who lived sixteen or eighteen miles distant. Another priest having fallen in with the books of Psalms, Ecclesiastes, and some others bound up together, expressed himself much pleased with what he had read, and asked if any more such books were to be had. Not more than six or seven priests, in the whole island, either can or do preach; and their preaching is confined to particular festas or anniversaries. The great body of the parochial clergy never preach; indeed they cannot.

Besides being deplorably ignorant, the priests (speaking generally) are grossly immoral. I never heard of a devout man among them. Though prohibited by their Church from marrying, many of them have large families, not, we believe, called by the name of sons and daughters, but quite well known as such, and living with them in that character. And those priests who thus live like married men, with their families around them, though forbidden by their Church to marry, are the best of their order. Some are downright profligates—live most depraved lives, and are guilty of crimes which we dare not write. The influence of such a priesthood with the people for good, is, of course, nothing. Their influence for evil is considerable. They enjoy, in general, no respect; and as the people are, for the most part, very poor, their exactions are felt as a great hardship, though, as unpleasant consequences might follow were these resisted, they are reluctantly complied with.

From the people who are dependent for religious instruction on such a priesthood, little can be expected. And, indeed, shut up in their own small island, where nothing can reach them from without, and with nothing stirring them within, the Roman Catholics of Madeira seem to have sunk into a state as near to Paganism as can well be imagined. They have some of the names found in the Bible; but as for any knowledge of Scripture truth, or belief of Scripture doctrine, in many parts of the island they are as destitute of these as the natives of China or Japan. They have what may truly be called their household gods—images of the Holy Ghost, of our Lord, of the Virgin, and of innumerable saints. Some of these are neatly carved and ornamented, and some of them are quite the reverse. I recollect seeing one of these household gods somewhat extraordinary, but very neat withal. Its possessor had parted with it on being brought to worship in spirit and in truth that God who is a Spirit, though once it had doubtless been highly prized and venerated. It was a waxen *menino*, or infant Christ on the cross, reposing in a bed of white cotton wool—a crown suspended over its head, and angels peeping out of the cloud of white cotton wool up in a corner, to look at it. The cross was highly ornamented; and the whole was enclosed in a broad frame, very handsomely gilt. There was to me something new in the idea of an *infant Christ on the cross*. They have also pictures—often the most miserable farthing prints—which they usually do up in a little frame with glass, very like the small mirrors which are often found in the cottages of the poor at home. I have now lying before me one

of these. It is a picture of the Virgin with the infant Jesus in her arms. They both have crowns, and are superbly dressed; and the Virgin holds a large rosary. Below the picture is the following inscription:—*Vera effijies de N. Sª. do Rosario Darª do Barreiro. O Emmo e Rmo Cardl Patriarcha concede 100 dias de Indulgª a todas as pessoas q.' rezarem huma Salve Rª diante desta Imaje*—"A true representation of our Lady of the Rosary.—The most eminent and reverend Senhor Cardinal Patriarch grants one hundred days' indulgence to all the persons who repeat a Salve Regina before this image." This is just an example of what is to be met with in the cottages in Madeira.

In connection with this subject, I have heard Dr Kalley mention an occurrence, of which he himself was cognizant, which most strikingly shows the ignorance and degradation of these poor Romanists. The picture of a triangle, with a dove in the centre, is their representative of the Holy Ghost. Among those with whom he came in contact, Dr Kalley met with an individual who had the triangle duly honoured; but instead of the dove in the centre of it, were figures indicating how many yards the piece had contained to which the triangle had been attached; for in truth, said triangle was the mark which a Manchester or Glasgow manufacturer had attached to his goods before sending them out from his warehouse—the poor Portuguese adorned their persons with the manufacturer's cottons, and made a god of his warehouse mark.

Intellectual Popery tells us that the people do not pray to these images and pictures, but to the beings represented by them. Even that, in most instances, would be bad enough; but the truth is worse; for whatever intellectual Papists may do, many of the poor ignorant people do pray to these images and pictures, as directly and certainly as this is done to their idols by any Heathens in the world. The people ask things from the images and pictures in their own way; and when anything which they wished is obtained, in their own way they give them thanks; and no attempt is made by the priests to prevent this, or to give the people more correct views. Whilst I was in the island, there was a great procession, to do honour to "Our Lady of the Mount" (a name which the Virgin has, as the patroness of a church in the neighbourhood of Funchal), and to entreat her to send rain, as the country was beginning to suffer much from drought. In this procession priests and dignitaries of the Church took a part; and as the image of "our Lady" was borne along, under arches of green boughs and flowers, a canon of the cathedral addressed it—called it to behold the parched country around, to take pity upon them, and to send rain.

And yet all this gives but an imperfect notion of the ignorance of these poor people. From some of the usual phraseology of Scripture being employed by them, one is apt to suppose that they have an acquaintance with the things denoted by that phraseology. But such is not the case. When you speak to them about prayer, they immediately think about *Ave Marias* and *Pater Nosters;* for with them prayer is repeating so many *Aves* or *Paters*—they have no idea of direct petition for the things desired. When, for example, they pray for the recovery of a relative from sickness, they repeat to "Our Lady of the Mount," or "Our Lady of Health," or some saint, a certain number of *Aves* or *Paters*, and then add: "These we present unto thee for the recovery of our mother," or "brother," as the case may be; there running here, as throughout all Popery, the idea of a compensation to be given for whatever good is received. When you speak to them of repentance, they forthwith think of penance—the repeating of so many prayers, which is the most common penance imposed by the priest, or the performance of something difficult or disagreeable. When you speak to them of a prophet, they immediately think of one of the people of Porto Santo, a small island a few miles to the north of Madeira, whose inhabitants are all called *prophetas*—why, I could not learn—and that is the only idea which they have of a prophet. When you talk about angels, they think only of dead little children. The sacrament of the supper, or more properly speaking, the consecrated wafer—the little piece of flour and water, which Popery declares to be the body, blood, and divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ—in consequence of a sinful man having said a few words over it, is commonly known and spoken of among them by the name of *Nosso pai*—"Our Father."

So that not only do these poor people need to be taught the first principles of the Gospel, but before this can be done, they would require to unlearn many false notions, and certain utterly erroneous ideas which they attach to terms that must needs be employed in teaching them. And yet this state of things is one which Popery delights in—which, if she durst, she would use faggot and axe to maintain; and which she is at present striving to perpetuate in Madeira by threats and blows, and fines and imprisonment, and pillage, and condemnation to death itself.

PATIENCE AND IMPATIENCE.

There is, perhaps, no virtue the exercise of which is more continually required, and none more difficult to maintain in a world full of trials and vexation, than patience. We need it daily—sometimes almost hourly; yet there is no furnishing wherewith the youthful mind is more scantily provided, in launching on the troubled ocean of life, and no quality more opposite to the character of the natural man.

Impatience is one of the earliest features portrayed in fallen human nature. The babe

awakes from its peaceful slumbers, and clamours for the fulfilment of its wishes. A moment before, we contemplated on the countenance of the little unconscious sleeper a placid and guileless expression; now the incipient passions which, by their unwise indulgence, may, in time, lead him into many troubles and difficulties, deform the fair face of infancy, and a bitter cry evinces the tumult that reigns within. View him a little older, delighting and delighted; his merry laugh ringing pleasantly, his rosy countenance lighted up with joy, and happier with his bauble than was Alexander with the many crowns of conquered nations. Deny him some small request, or let a companion rudely appropriate the object of his amusement—the storm rises and rages, and the impatient spirit is lord of the ascendant.

This unamiable trait is not equally developed in all, but, in some measure, it certainly exists in all; and if its effects are not in every case so clearly manifested, it is because of some favouring circumstances, counteracting dispositions or principles, which exert their restraining influence.

A really impatient temper is the bane of its possessor, and the torment of others. There is but one effectual remedy for so desperate a disease—the converting power of divine grace; yet, by proper, judicious management, it may be brought under some degree of subordination even to the powers of right reason; and those who have the responsible charge of youth may do much to retard the growth of this unsightly evil. But those who never learned to practise self-control, can scarcely be expected to control others wisely; and when childish irritation is met, and put down, not by the moral power of suasive firmness, but by kindred passion, it is only smothered, not softened or subdued; and the victim, whose situation alone obliged him to yield, will probably embrace the first opportunity of indulging his humour, by venting the pent-up tempest upon an equal or an inferior. In this condition man is found in every age and climate; and wherever despotic power exists, impatience, in word and deed, marks the prevalence of this monstrous mental deformity. It grows by indulgence—it has been the means of losing friends and employment; for even self-interest, paramount as this motive is in the human mind, is not a sufficiently strong curb for so restive a propensity.

Patience was a qualification duly appreciated by the wise among the Heathen, and taught in the schools of their philosophers. It is true, that the principles on which they based their instructions were defective, and the way in which this virtue was exhibited was often unnatural and unprofitable; the results, however, of such training were very serviceable to the commonwealth. Habits of patient endurance are as necessary as the courage which produces brilliant actions; and when almost every country and state were in arms, either for conquest or for defence, those who coveted or obtained any eminent degree of distinction were generally as remarkable for the one quality as the other. In times of peril, many are found capable of great sacrifices, and extraordinary exertions for their country's honour or advantage, who, nevertheless, would risk the overthrow of a cause in a moment of excitement, rather than submit to the smallest personal disrespect; and many an important opportunity has been lost to gratify wounded pride. It may fairly be questioned if a modern patriot would act like the valiant and popular Athenian, Themistocles. When urging, somewhat warmly, his opinion on the subject of fighting the Persians at Salamis, the commander of the Grecian fleet lifted his cane in a threatening manner; but Themistocles, magnanimously resolved not to suffer the feelings of resentment, which conduct so offensive was calculated to produce, to interfere with the duty he owed his country at so critical a juncture, said: "Strike, but hear me." His colleague stood astonished at his forbearance; and this victory over himself was the prelude to that complete victory his wisdom was the means of obtaining over Xerxes, with his myriad forces; or, as the historian expresses it, "Themistocles took all patiently, and the victory at Salamis was the fruit of his patience."

We know not what may be the future destiny of the youth whose impetuosity and headlong self-will it is a duty to teach him betimes to control; but he can enter no sphere of life where he will not find the benefit of such a course. The aim and end of Grecian training were of a very different and far inferior kind to that which is proposed to Christians, when they are exhorted to "run with patience the race set before *them*." The objects held up by Heathen instructors were the withering laurels of earthly ambition, in one or other of its proteus-like forms; yet their appreciation of patience might read a salutary lesson, and is a standing reproach to many professing Christians; for they never heard that divine sentence: "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."—Prov. xvi. 32. The bright light now shineth, and we, who enjoy the benefit of it, are responsible for its use.

Patience, in a mere worldly point of view, is of essential value: it is one of the virtues that tend most materially to sweeten existence. Persons love what they find accommodating; therefore, this qualification is prized, and receives its meed of praise from those whose own gratification or convenience it promotes; but, far from imitating what they commend so greatly in others, the impatient generally mark their appreciation of this excellence by the quantity of forbearance they seem to consider their due from its possessor.

Is there one of a family remarkable for this grace?—that individual is constantly called upon

to put it in practice. Is there a disagreeable duty to be done?—it is sure to be awarded to that "dear good soul" who cannot refuse to be obliging. Is there an unpleasant message to be carried—a troublesome piece of work to be done?—who should be applied to but the always ready? "Oh! I cannot do it," says the idle, or the giddy; "but I am sure Mary will, or John will, at once." So multifarious are the demands made on this individual member of the family, that, if a catalogue were presented on Monday morning of services to be performed through the week, the amount would be startling.

"Are you not doing wrong to keep your sister waiting?" asks one who has not applied a measure to Mary's patience. "Oh! it does not signify," replies the inconsiderate brother, or sister; "she is so good natured, she thinks nothing of it."

The patient is often left to want something, that the impatient may be gratified—to give up their comforts, that the unreasonable may be supplied. Every person in the house loves, in their own way, the patient member; and yet the gentle creature is made to suffer a species of persecution from the self-willed and the indolent. The obliging seems indispensable to each and all; yet few or none are found willing to abate demands on time, temper, or resources; proving that the seeming love, which rewards so many services, is nothing better than the product of the veriest selfishness.

A meek temper will endure much without complaining; and, as its pleasure greatly consists in obliging others, the burden it is destined to carry is thus rendered the lighter; but when no one thinks of giving up even a whim for the gratification of a person who never claims such a concession, this is being made to pay rather a heavy tax for the possession of a valuable commodity dispensed so freely for the benefit of others. The persons who levy it are not generally sensible that they are guilty of so much unkindness; for such a course is, perhaps, never pursued systematically; and self-love is a great enemy to self-examination. Few are willing to confess to a charge that would prove them so unamiable; and some one is shocked at the picture, who might himself have sat for the portrait, so difficult is it to know ourselves. "There is not room in the carriage," says somebody; "one of these girls must stay at home till another occasion." Youth does not like to relinquish the present prospect of a pleasant excursion; one looks anxious, another disconcerted, and Mary—"Oh! surely I will stay," says the gentle Mary. She would have preferred being of the party, but then she can bear disappointment better than her sisters, and while she is pursuing her quiet occupations at home, she is pleased to know that they are enjoying themselves; whereas they may perhaps observe, "It is a pity Mary is not here; but, you know, we could not all come." This argument is quite satisfactory, and it becomes clear that their regrets for her absence sit too lightly to mar their amusement.

(*To be continued.*)

THE LITTLE CHIMNEY-SWEEP.

AN OLD STORY FOR YOUNG READERS.

In London, on the 1st of May, 17—, the Countess of Belville and her son, aged eleven years, were sitting in a magnificent saloon, at the head of a long table; around this table, filled with cakes, sugar-plums, &c., fifty little chimney-sweeps were seated, with clean hands and faces, and with joyful hearts, singing,

"Sweep ho! sweep ho!
From the bottom to the top."

You are astonished, perhaps, my little friends to see these little chimney-sweeps at the table of so great a lady, and in such a beautiful room. I am going to tell you how this happened.

Some years before this anniversary day, Lady Belville had a son about five years old. She was a widow, and this little boy was her only child. Upon her little Charles she had placed all her affection, and this child had become the sole object of her thoughts and her cares. The great desire of the heart of the Countess was, that her son should become pious—truly converted to the Lord. She prayed without ceasing that God would touch the heart of her child, and turn it toward him. The more she prayed, and the more pains she took, the farther he seemed removed from the good end to which she wished to conduct him. He was idle, disobedient, and wilful; and but little disposed to attend to the subject of religion. Whenever the Bible was read to him, he became weary; thinking of other things, turning upon his seat, and gazing at the furniture of the room. When she required him to repeat his morning prayers, he said he wanted his breakfast first; and in the evening, that he was too sleepy, and wished to go to bed. He had no desire to be more wise, and he had no wish to ask God to teach him, and his mother could never be satisfied that he even ever prayed from the abundance of the heart. She prayed often herself, and she greatly desired that her son should pray also. In the hope of encouraging him, she composed some prayers for him to recite each night; but Charles would never learn but one of them; after saying which he would quickly say, "Amen," and go to bed. "Lord, convert me—change my heart; teach me to love thee, and to love my brethren as Jesus Christ loved us. Amen." The poor mother wept much, and prayed more; but we must say that she failed to correct him.

Her weakness imboldened Charles to disobedience, and he every day became more wicked. Lady Belville, seeing that her son changed not, began to doubt of the promises of God, and to her eyes he seemed to fail in his word; for he had said in many passages of the Bible: "Call upon me, and I will answer."

One day, as usual, she was plunged in tears. A servant came to tell her that for an hour they had sought for Charles all about the house without finding him, that the outer gate had been kept fastened, and that the child had been all the morning amusing himself alone in the garden.

You can imagine the anxiety of his mother; she ran through the house—the garden—the neighbourhood; but no person could give her any news of her son. She sent her servants to seek him through all the streets of the city—she sent notices to the authorities—she published in all the papers the disappearance of her child, and offered a large reward to those who would give her tidings of him.

Twenty different persons came within a few days

to bring her intelligence of several children they had seen; but no one brought her any satisfactory information. One had seen a child resembling the description of him who departed in a post-chaise; another had seen a person weeping in the streets, and asking for his mother; a third pretended to have seen a little boy of the same age, clothed exactly in the same manner, amusing himself alone, casting stones into the water, upon the bank of a river; and he affirmed, that having passed a few moments afterwards, he was not to be seen.

This last recital, either that it was more frightful, or the portrait given of the child had more resemblance to Charles, made a deep impression on the mind of the mother, who no longer doubted that it was her son, and that he had been drowned. She had, moreover, reason to believe it, as she learned, not long after, that the body of a child had been found upon the river, and buried in a little hamlet three leagues from the city. This time, well persuaded of the death of her son, the poor mother thought of nothing but to raise a tombstone to his memory, and to go there and weep, and pray to God to console her. She would have wished to persuade herself that her child was not very wicked; and that he had at least some good qualities to redeem his defects. She tried to remember one time in his life when the little Charles had uttered one prayer from the heart; she repeated to herself that which she had taught him; but, alas! what came to the remembrance of the poor mother was always the recollection of his disobedience to the orders of his mother, his impatience during her serious reading, and his weariness during prayer. Oh! if the little Charles could have known how much grief he afterwards caused to his mother, how he would have wept! Perhaps he would not have been so wicked and disobedient. But to console herself, Lady Belville wished to have before her eyes the sweetest recollection that remained to her of her Charles. She caused to be sculptured upon a tomb a young child kneeling, and had inscribed upon the black marble this prayer: "Lord, convert me—change my heart; and teach me to love my brethren as Jesus Christ loved us. Amen."

Now one year, two years, three years passed away, without bringing any solace to the grief of the Countess: her only happiness upon this earth (next to her religious duties) was, whenever she met a child of the age that Charles would have been had he lived, to say to herself, that perhaps it might be her son, and that she was falsely persuaded of his death. She approached every such child, and examined him with care, questioned him with eager curiosity, and always ended by discovering, with sorrow, that the child was not her son!

One day, on returning from the country (where she had been passing some weeks) unexpected by her domestics, who were occupied in cleaning the apartments, she saw, with surprise, on entering the saloon, a little chimney-sweep leaning against the jamb. He was very sorrowful; and, in spite of the soot which covered his face, might be seen his white skin and his extreme thinness. His head rested upon his breast; the poor child was weeping, and large tears rolled down his cheeks, leaving white traces upon his dark face.

"What is the matter, child?" said the Countess.

"Nothing, madam—it is nothing. We are come to sweep your chimney. My master is upon the roof—he is coming down."

"But why do you weep?"

"It is because," trying to restrain his tears, "it is because ——"

"Take courage, my boy," said the good lady; "tell me thy troubles."

"It is because my master will beat me again."

"*Again*, you say—does he beat you often?"

"Almost every day, madam."

"And for what?"

"Because I don't earn money enough. When I return at night, after having cried out all the day without having obtained any work, he says I have been idle; but I assure you, madam, it is not my fault. I cry out as loud as I can, and nobody calls me. I can't force people to let me sweep their chimneys."

"But, then, every day does not pass without work, and then thy master does not whip thee?" said the Countess.

"Well, madam, then he says to me that I don't climb fast enough—that I do not scrape hard enough; and when I come down he strikes me again; and all the time I do all that I can. More than once I have run the risk of falling; yesterday I hurt my leg: you see, madam, my pantaloons are worn through at the knees," and the poor boy wept bitterly.

"But, then, when you work better?" said the good lady.

"Oh! when I work better he is content to scold me."

"And how much do you gain each day?"

"Nothing—only he gives me my food; but so little, that I very often go to bed hungry."

"Ah! well, I will speak to thy master."

"Ah, no, madam—he will beat me more yet. I complain to nobody, but in the evening to ——"

"To whom?"

"To God."

"And what do you say to him?"

"I ask him to take me back to my mother."

"Thou hast then, a mother?"

"O yes! and a very good mother; if I could go to her I should not be so unhappy."

"Do you know where she lives?"

"No: I recollect only one house—one garden. See! see! madam, it was like this. The trees of the garden were seen through the windows of the saloon, as you see these poplars in front. The chimney was on the right hand like this; the door in front; and my mother was like you—only she was handsome, and was not dressed in black as you are."

These words overcame Lady Belville. A shivering ran through her frame—her hands trembled—she could scarcely stand upon her feet. She sank upon the sofa; and taking the boy by one hand, she drew him near to her, and continued the conversation.

"And has the Lord never answered you, my child?"

"Not yet, madam; but he will hear me one day, I am sure."

"Sure! and why?"

"Because he has said so in his Word."

"You have confidence, then, in prayer?"

"Yes, madam; because I have already been heard."

"In what?"

"I have asked God to make me better, and it seems to me that I am not so bad as formerly. Now, I do almost all that my master tells me. When I can, I read a little in the New Testament, which a good gentleman gave me; and I pray every day with pleasure."

"With *pleasure*, do you say?"

"Yes, with pleasure; above all, when I repeat the prayer that my mother taught me by heart."

"And what is that prayer?—tell it me, I beseech you?"

The child knelt down, joined his hands, and shedding some tears, he said, with a trembling voice:

"Lord, convert me—change my heart; teach me to love thee, and to love my brethren as Jesus Christ loved us. Amen."

"My child! my child!" cried the Countess, pressing the boy in her arms; "thou art my son Charles!"

"My mother!" said the child, "where is she? It was thus that she used to call me—Charles! Charles!"

"I am thy mother, I tell thee," and sobs stopped the voices of the mother and the child. They both wept, but they were tears of joy. The mother knelt by the side of the child; and exclaimed, in the fulness of her heart: "My God! my God! forgive me for having offended thee by my unbelief—pardon me for having doubted thy promises—forgive my impatience. I have prayed for his conversion, but I was unwilling to wait; and yet thou hast heard me, and answered my prayer. Teach me, O Lord to confide in thee; teach me to remember that thou hearest always, but if thou deferrest to answer, it is in order to bless the better; but if thou dost not as we would wish, it is because thy ways are not as our ways, and thou knowest better than we what is for our good. Henceforth I will say, Let thy will, not mine, be done."

Here the master sweep entered the saloon, and was much surprised to find his apprentice and this great lady both upon their knees. She asked him how he had become possessor of the child. He answered that a man, calling himself his father, placed him in his hands for a sum of money; that this man for some time past had been ill at the hospital, and perhaps was now dead.

Lady Belville now hastened to the hospital, and found a dying man, who confessed to her that, about three years since, he had stolen a child who was jumping over a garden wall; and that he committed this crime in the hope of gaining some money, by letting him out as a chimney-sweep to one of his vocation. Lady Belville, too happy at this moment to reproach him, and thinking that God had permitted this event in order that Charles might be placed in circumstances more favourable for the good of his soul, freely pardoned the unhappy man; and she saw him die in the hope that God had pardoned him also.

From this time Charles was the joy of his mother; and she, to perpetuate this event in his history, assembled every year, on the 1st of May (the day on which she found her son) a large number of the sweeps of his age, to give them an entertainment, and to relate the history of Charles, to teach them that God always hears our prayers, and answers them; but oftentimes in a manner that we do not expect.

THE DIRGE IN AUTUMN.

Lay her amid the flowers to rest,
The young and gentle dead,
And bid them softly o'er her breast
Their last faint odours shed.
She loved them while she yet lived here,
Then plant them by her grave;
For, drooping, colourless, and sere
Their dry leaves seem to wave
Farewell!
How mournfully they wave!
And she who bloomed as fair as they,
Like them is faded now:
The light passed from her eye away—
The beauty from her brow.
A voice came from the spirit-land
Unto her, soft and low:
It called her to the glorious band,
Deaf to that word of woe
Farewell!
That mournful word of woe!

WOODROOFE.

WHITING BAY,

BEING CONTINUATION OF EXCURSION TO ARRAN.

There is no romance in the name of Whiting Bay; nor has the place itself any of the grandeur of Brodick, Sannox, or Lochranza; yet, as a pleasant residence, it is not inferior to any place in the island. Man has done little for it. It is not divided by trim hedges into regular parallelograms of waving crops. Near to the shore there is not much ground susceptible of cultivation. Even the channel, however, where not reached by the tide, yields a fragrant crop of the little Scotch rose (*Rosa spinosissima*); while the embankment of little rocky hills, close to which the road winds, is adorned with shrubbery of Nature's planting—oak, and birch, and hazel, interspersed with hawthorns, honeysuckles, and trailing brambles; yielding in summer a rich perfume, and in autumn a tempting banquet of hazel nuts and jet-black bramble-berries. In spring, also, there is great sweetness and beauty; for the banks of every little rivulet that leaps among the rocks is bestudded with primroses, while every little glade of the copse presents a rich blow of wild hyacinth and of wood-anemone. Here there is still that sweet seclusiveness which some may now desiderate amidst the gaiety of Brodick; while the outward or homeward bound vessels, which are constantly passing near to the shore, remind you that you are not far from a busy, bustling world. Or if you wish to forget the bustle of the world—amid the deep recesses of the adjoining glen, you may wander for hours with few tokens of living companionship, except the merry chirrup of the grasshopper, the sweet song of the feathered tribes, and the playful frisking of the lambs in their sportive gambols on the grassy slopes of the glen side. Happy he who, in such situations, is "never less alone than when alone." Happy they who, in Nature's solitudes, can trace the footsteps, and mark the handiwork of a benignant God—who, apart from the world, can hold converse with the Eternal, and rejoice in his promise of a purchased inheritance, where the Lamb shall lead them to fountains of living waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

The day on which we visited Whiting Bay was a delightful one; but as it was too hot for a long walk, we engaged a conveyance, which not arriving at the appointed time, part of the forenoon was lost; and after we reached Whiting Bay, some more of our time was occupied in visiting our old friends. A family from Port-Glasgow were the temporary occupants of one of the houses where we called. The greater part of them were at the time in a boat in the bay, wishing to bring ashore with them a fresh supply of fish. The fine whitings they had caught the day before had been nicely split up and placed on a board in the sun; but, when they were just about ready to be sent as a present to their friends, the cows coming round, devoured them all in a twinkling. We knew, however, before this, to our cost, that Highland cows are decided fish-eaters. This need not surprise us, when we know that the Arabs often feed their favourite horses with dried fish.

The geologist will not regard without interest the

numerous trap dykes of various width that traverse the coast at Whiting Bay, some of which intersect each other. The new red sandstone in contact with these dykes is often greatly indurated. Towards King's Cross Point, the rocks assume somewhat of a columnar aspect. This is the case also at the magnificent cascade at the head of Glen Ashdale, where the greenstone cliffs which overlie the sandstone are imperfect columns.

As the hours spent at Whiting Bay on this occasion did not yield much recordable matter, I shall fall back on the reminiscences of former years. In August 1842, I spent several days there; and had more leisure for research. I was then visited by two distinguished naturalists—Mr Adam White of the British Museum, and Mr George Gardner, who had newly returned from Brazil, and who is now exploring the rich recesses of Ceylon. I had been initiated by him in the study of muscology before he went out to South America; and he now entered on botanical research in a Highland glen with as much zeal as if he had never explored the untrodden heights and depths of a foreign country. We searched in vain the hazel copses of Knockingelly for *Epipactis ensifolia*—a rare and beautiful plant. I had often seen it in that locality; but the flowering season was over, and it had died down. Neither could I find *Thalictrum flavum* (meadow rue), which, years before, I had seen at Largiemore. Nor could we discover any remains of *Typha latifolia* (great cat's tail), which once grew abundantly in the mill-dam. This is an interesting plant, rendered very conspicuous by its long black catkins. In Canada, where it is much more common, the fine black down on its long cylindrical head is plucked off and used in beds instead of feathers; and I doubt not that it would make a very comfortable couch.

The most delightful part of our ramble was up Glen Ashdale, being sweetly secluded, especially in the neighbourhood of the water-fall, which is the finest in Arran. There we got some good mosses—the rarest of which were *Hookeria lucens*, and *Funaria Muhlenbergii*, both of which I had before got on the cliffs betwixt Catacol and Lochranza. I was not a little pleased to observe, on the steep bank which overhangs the water-fall, a striking instance of the instinctive search of plants after food and support. A young alder tree had grown on a little projection of the declivity, where the earth underneath had on one side crumbled away. It had struck its roots into the bank above; but on the side of the projection fronting the water-fall, there was an empty space of about five feet; so that on this side, for want of roots, there was a lack both of nourishment and support. Even though it had grown in spite of the scanty supply, it must have brought down the projecting bank by its increasing weight. The tree had evidently felt how critical the circumstances were in which it was placed; and it was doing its utmost to avert the threatened ruin. It had pushed roots straight downwards like leafless, fibreless rods; they were already within half a foot of the bank below; and each rod was beginning to divide and spread in the form of roots, that, striking into the earth, they might not only derive nourishment from the soil, but might form supporting pillars to the tree, on which it would be borne up, even though the earthy ledge on which it had grown should altogether crumble away. Hoare, in his Treatise on the Vine, mentions that a bone being placed in the strong clay of a vine-border, the vine sent out a leading or tap-root through the stiff clay, till it reached the bone. In its passage through the clay, this main root threw out no fibres; but when it reached the bone, it went no farther, but gradually covered the bone with delicate fibres like lace, each fibre entering a pore, and sucking out the luscious nourishment. He who formed the alder and the vine taught the one instinctively to cast forth its roots for distant food, and the other to strike its tap-roots downwards through empty space, to form pillars of support, and also to draw up additional nourishment. He offers to us angels' food for spiritual nourishment; and while he tells us of approaching danger, in which every earthly prop will fail, he points out to us a Rock on which we may with safety lean, amidst the war of elements and the wreck of worlds!

Mr White took with him to London a well-filled *vasculum* of Arran plants; but he was more intent on insects, and on the living productions of the sea. Arran is a very rich field for the entomologist; but I shall mention only a few of its moths, butterflies, and beetles, in a foot-note.* He carried with him to London, for the British Museum, some good zoophytes, found on stones, and shells, and sea-weeds: also a variety of *Echinus lividus*, found in pools among the trap dykes. I found, while at Whiting Bay, some good specimens of the branched variety of *Antennularia*, and what I prized much more, *Plumularia myriophyllum*, or the pheasant's tail coralline. What rendered the specimen peculiarly valuable was, that it was enriched with vesicles, and the only instance in which the vesicles of this zoophyte have been observed. The vesicles are the little pods from which the embryo proceeds. They were not unlike the vesicles of *Plumularia cristata*, but on a larger scale. It attracted the attention of the fisherman, who brought it home to his wife; and she being a person of taste, admired it still more than her husband did. With all due care she planted it in an old tea-pot, filled with earth; and watering it with fresh-water every morning, she had the satisfaction of thinking that it grew a little larger under her judicious management!

Who can be on the shore without admiring the sea shells? God teaches their inhabitants to form, and fashion, and paint them in a way which man, with all his boasted taste and skill, would in vain

* Chrysomela fulgida; Cicendula campestris:—Cynthia cardui; Hipparchia blandina; Hipparchia hyperanthus; Polyommatus alsus; Argynnis aglaia; Anthrocera filipendulæ; Cerura vinula; and perhaps Hipparchia ligea, the Arran butterfly, the rarest, said to have been caught in Arran by Sir Patrick Walker and A. M'Lcay, Esq. A specimen of the Arran brown butterfly, a real native of the island, would bring five guineas in the London market. I have a fine specimen of this rare butterfly; but it was taken, not in Arran, but by my friend Dr Connel, in crossing the Alps, to the no small astonishment of his fellow-passengers in the *diligence*, when they saw a grave-looking gentleman chasing a butterfly!

attempt to imitate. Let us touch a little on one of them, *Bulla lignaria*, found at Whiting Bay by digging in the sand at ebb-tide. It is not easy to give a description of this elegant univalve. It is oval, convex, and slightly spiral, like a thin plate, pretty closely rolled up at one end, and only half rolled up at the other. Inside it is china-looking, and outside it is like wainscot. It is nearly two inches in length, and at the broadest about an inch and quarter across. Never did lady recline on a more tasteful couch. The internal structure of this well-lodged mollusk is deserving of our regard. As the inhabitant of the *Bulla* is as soft as a slug, one would think that it would feed on something as soft as jelly. Instead of that, it swallows entire the fry of another creature, with a shell as hard as its own. This shell-fish is *Mactra subtruncata;* called in the Lowlands *Aikens*, and in the Highlands *Murech baan; baan* denoting the colour, which is white; and *Murech*, it is probable, being the Celtic origin of the Latin *Murex*, the shell fish which yielded the Tyrian dye, or imperial purple. But how can the soft *Bulla* feed on this hard food? Though it has no teeth, it has an equivalent—a gizzard formed of shell as hard as bone, and composed of two valves, or rather milstones. These milstones are bound together with a very strong ligament, leaving only an opening to receive the food. As soon as the young shells are swallowed, they come under the power of the two milstones, which crush, and grind, and reduce them and their living contents to paste, in which state they enter the stomach. This stomach is capacious, in the form of a sack of meal bound at the mouth; and in this deep sack the paste remains, till it yields its substance for the nourishment of the voracious *Bulla*. Various are the methods by which the Lord enables his creatures to supply their wants. He has given sharp teeth to fishes and quadrupeds, and hard bills to birds; but though the *Bulla* has neither tusks nor beak, He has furnished it with a gizzard which still better answers its purpose.

After spending an hour or two pleasantly at Whiting Bay on the present occasion, we set out to walk to Lamlash, about five miles distant. The day was lovely, and when we came to the bridge over the rivulet which separates Whiting Bay from King's Cross district, we could not but seat ourselves on the parapet wall, to listen to the murmuring of the stream amongst the stones, and the sweet warbling of the feathered songsters in the richly tangled copsewood with which the rocky banks of the burn were adorned. It was not the eye nor the ear alone that were feasted. I never saw the hawthorn in greater beauty; and the fragrance sent by it and its sweet kindred on this natural rockery, was not inferior to Sabean odours wafted by the breeze from Araby the Blest. And yet more heavenly music is at times heard, and a sweeter savour at times pervades the glen; for near to this the Free Church tent is placed, reminding one of the days when it was not safe even to pitch a tent, and when under the open canopy of heaven the persecuted remnant worshipped.

> " Fast by such brooks
> A little glen is sometimes scooped—a plat
> Amid the heathery wild that all around
> Fatigues the eye: in solitudes like these
> Thy persecuted children, Scotia, foiled
> A tyrant's and a bigot's bloody laws.
> There, leaning on his spear, ...
> The lyart veteran heard the Word of God
> By Cameron thundered, or by Renwick poured
> In gentle stream: then rose the song, the loud
> Acclaim of praise; the wheeling plover ceased
> Her plaint, the solitary place was glad,
> And on the distant cairns, the watcher's ear
> Caught doubtfully at times the breeze-borne note."

After leaving the bridge, the walk for about a mile is without either interest or beauty; but this only prepares a person the better for one of the most magnificent views to be seen, even in Arran. When you have got within a mile and a-half of Lamlash, there is a sudden burst of mingled grandeur and beauty. From this height you have the noble bay of Lamlash, as it were at your feet; with the Holy Isle, like a great floating cone, guarding its entrance. Beyond the bay you have, in the foreground, Dunphiun and other hills of moderate height; and in the background you have Goatfell and the more northern mountains of Arran, as well as the Cumbraes, and Bute, and the Argyleshire mountains terminating the magnificent prospect. Scotia's children may well say, " The lines have fallen to us in pleasant places;" and if they love Him who has granted them many precious privileges, truly they " have a goodly heritage."

When I said there was nothing interesting in the first part of the walk through the King's Cross district, I should have added, except to naturalists; for to them every place furnishes a banquet, and the most unpromising places, to appearance, are often to them the most productive. In passing through this dreary moor at this time, I was on the outlook for an old friend that I had pointed out to Mr White three years before, as one whose ingenuity I much admired. The Free Church people, in pitching their tent in the neighbourhood, might have done worse than take a lesson from him in tent-making. He had pitched his tent by the way-side. The material of which it was formed was finer than silk, and yet sufficiently strong to stand the pelting of many a storm. The tent consisted of two apartments—a lower and upper storey. Do you wish to know the name of this ingenious artist? Mr White would speak of him under his learned or travelling title—*Epeira;* but he is better known to me under a familiar but ill-favoured name, and therefore I must reluctantly announce him as a large—*spider!* " The spider is in kings' palaces;" and kings and queens too may learn a lesson from it, and so, surely, may we. Spiders have not got justice done to them: they are a much more interesting race than many suppose. They improve on acquaintance: the better they are known, the more they are admired. Mr White has studied their history, and has corresponded with the most distinguished arachnologists; and as this Arran tent-maker was a variety of the tribe that he had not met with, I had pleasure in introducing him to his acquaintance. At that time a whole colony of them were encamped by the road-side, within the compass of half a mile. As he was rather a gigantic spider, his tent, instead of being on the ground, was elevated, like the house of a giant, of whom in early life we have all read.

It was built on the tops of the common grass, *Holcus lanatus*, more than a foot above the ground. Had he built his house on the top of one stalk of grass, the house and its inhabitant might have borne down a single stalk. But he had contrived to bring together several heads, whose roots stood apart, and, with cordage which he could furnish at will, had bound them firmly together, so that his elevated habitation was anchored on all sides. From whatever *airt* the wind blew, it had at once halser and stay. Not only did he bind the heads together, but he bent, doubled, and fastened them down as a thatch roof, under which his habitation was suspended. As he was a larger spider than usual, his house was large. The more capacious apartment, which I believe was the nursery, being below; and the smaller one, which was his observatory or watch-tower, being above, from which he could pounce on his prey, or, in case of hostile attack, could make his escape by a postern gate, so as to conceal himself among the grass.

During my visit in June last, I was anxious, as we returned from Whiting Bay, to ascertain whether this interesting colony of tent-makers was still in a thriving state; and not seeing any at first, I began to fear that a Highland clearing had taken place. When I at last discovered a few of them, I saw that, as there are times of low trade among our industrious two-footed artisans in towns, so are there occasionally hard times among our six-footed operatives in the country. The field in which they encamped had, I suppose, been overstocked. The stately *Holcus* had been eaten down; but these shifty children of the mist had availed themselves of the heather—doubling down the tops of some of the heath-sprigs, and under this thatched canopy forming their suspension tabernacles. As yet, however, it was too early in the season. The house had only one apartment; the web of which it was formed was as yet thin, so that through it I could see the spider, which being but half grown, had not yet got in perfection its fine tiger-like markings. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard;" go also to the spider. He who taught the one taught the other; and, learning humility, let both teach thee.

I said that kings might learn of the spider; and one of the greatest of our Scottish kings, some five hundred years ago, disdained not to learn of an Arran spider in the very district in which this spider is found. The tradition still lingers in Arran, that King's Cross Point was so named, because from this point in Arran King Robert the Bruce sailed for Carrick, his own district in Ayrshire. When he was, by a train of adverse circumstances, almost driven to despair, it is said that after a sleepless night, in a humble cot on this rocky point, he in the morning observed from his lowly bed a spider actively employed in weaving her silken web. To make it firm and extensive, she endeavoured to fasten her filmy threads on a beam projecting from the roof, but in attempting to reach this beam she fell down to the ground. Six times she repeated the attempt with no better success, but instead of being discouraged, she made a seventh attempt—reached the wished-for point, fastened her adhesive cords, and went triumphantly on with her work. On observing this, the king sprang up with reviving hopes and fresh resolution. "Shall I," said he, "be more easily discouraged than this reptile? Shall she, in spite of repeated failures, persevere till crowned with success, though her object is to enslave and destroy? and shall I leave anything untried that I may deliver from thraldom my oppressed subjects?" He hastened to the beach, launched a fishing-boat, sailed from *King's Cross Point* for Ayrshire, which he reached in safety. He secretly assembled his liege men in Carrick—made a bold, and sudden, and successful attack on his own castle of Turnberry, which he took from the vanquished English garrison; and, following up this auspicious blow, he advanced on the tide of victory till, at Bannockburn, he drove the cruel invaders from the land, and set once more our beloved Scotland free.

Stevenston. D. L.

VALUE OF THE SCRIPTURES.

O CHILD of sorrow, be it thine to know
That Scripture only is the cure of woe!
That field of promise, how it flings abroad
Its perfume o'er the Christian's thorny road!
The soul, reposing on assured relief,
Feels herself happy amidst all her grief,
Forgets her labour as she toils along—
Weeps tears of joy, and bursts into a song!

COWPER.

BEWARE OF CURIOSITY.

TAKE heed of curiosity, which is the itch of the mind.—It is not a kindly appetite, but a fond longing, or an ambitious, vain affectation of knowing those things which we are least concerned, or not at all concerned, to know, and which, if known, would do us little good. It is a lust, and therefore not to be indulged in ourselves, but mortified. It appears—

1. In making inquiries into those things which God hath not revealed.—"The secret things belong unto the Lord our God: but those things which are revealed unto us and to our children," &c.—Deut. xxix. 29. God hath revealed enough to us in his Word for our use and furtherance in faith and holiness; and to desire to know more, is to desire to be wiser than God would have us. We must not pry into those things which it is only God's prerogative to know. The angels themselves know not some things, and we should be content, as well as they, not to be omniscient. It is dangerous peeping into God's ark: you know who smarted for it.—1 Sam. vi. 19.

2. Curiosity appears in inquiring into the reason of God's will.—If rulers in the world will not have their laws disputed—if *volumus et jubemus*—("we will and order") be their style—and though they do not give the reason of their commands, yet they count their commands reason enough for their subjects' obedience; sure, we should allow God as much as we do his creatures. We should reckon God's will is never unreasonable. His commands are as wise as [they are] holy; and if he hath not revealed to us the reason of his will, it is because he would exercise our humility, and have us own his sovereignty in our obedience, and acknowledge him to be the supreme Judge as well as Author of our duty.

3. The same we may say of men's inquiring into those things which concern others rather than themselves—when men are learned in other men's duties,

but ignorant of their own—can spy "motes" in other men's eyes, and not see "beams" in their own (Matt. vii. 3)—can criticise upon little faults in their neighbours, and yet overlook much greater in themselves.

4. Men are curious, when they study things rather difficult and nice, than useful and edifying; such as are more fine than substantial—new or rare, instead of great and weighty.—Such seems to have been those "vain babblings"—against which the apostle cautions Timothy (vi. 20) great words of little signification, a noise of something worth just nothing; and such those "questions and strifes of words" about which some doted.—Verse 4. The vainest, emptiest persons amongst us are not more fantastical in their garb or diet, than some others are in their studies and inquiries. They are for that knowledge which is most fashionable. Their very minds must be in the mode. Their notions must be the neatest and newest. They disdain what is common, though never so profitable. What they like must have newness and variety, or else abstruseness and difficulty, to commend it—something, be sure, beside usefulness. They have sick, queasy stomachs, distempered palates—cannot eat their spiritual food unless it be minced, nor relish the most wholesome truths unless set off with a philosophical gust. In a word, they are rather for odd things than good—such as may gratify their wanton fancies, rather than bring any saving benefit to their souls.—*Veal.*

THE SQUIRREL.

It is one of the greatest advantages arising from the benevolence of the present day, that it instils a spirit of philanthropy into the tender bosoms of the rising generation. We see liberality beginning to display itself in almost every professing Christian; and the children of our country are often seen to extend their little hands to aid in the great cause of spreading the Gospel. I have met with several instances recently, which much interested me, only one of which I shall now relate.

It was Sabbath eve, when, at a friend's house, we were all sitting in the piazza, conversing about the exertions now making for the heathen. It was a lovely evening, and the conversation most interesting.

"Father," said little Harriet, after listening a long time to our conversation—"Father, do these little heathen children wish to learn to read the Testament?" "Many of them are anxious for this; and all would be anxious, did they know its value." "But, father, have they all got Testaments, if they did know how to read?" "No, my love; few of them only ever heard anything about the Testament—about God—about Jesus Christ!" "Will half a dollar buy *one* Testament for *one* little heathen girl?" "It would." "Oh!" sighed the little Harriet, "how I wish I had half a dollar! Father, may I sell anything I've got, if I can get half a dollar?" "Yes," said the father, smiling at his daughter's simplicity. Here the conversation ended.

Almost every child has some toy of which it is peculiarly fond. Harriet's toy was a beautiful, tame, grey *squirrel*, which she had brought up, and to which she was excessively attached. It would eat from her hand, attend her in her rambles, and sleep on her pillow. The pretty little Jenny, for this was its name, was suddenly taken sick.

The little girl nursed it with every care, and shed many tears over it as it died on her pillow in her lap. Her father endeavoured in vain to console her—assuring her that Jenny was now insensible to any pain or trouble. "The end of its life has arrived, and it is now no more; but when my little daughter comes to die, if she is a good girl, her immortal spirit will only leave this world, to wing its way to a world happier than this. Be comforted, my daughter, or you make your father unhappy. Why do you grieve so?" "Father," said the weeping Harriet, "did I not love my squirrel?" "Yes." "Did you not say I might sell anything I had for half a dollar, and send a Testament to the heathen children?" "Yes." "Well, I was going to sell my pretty squirrel to Mr Smith, who was to give me half a dollar for it, and I was going to send a Testament to the heathen; but now my Jenny is dead."—She ceased, her speech being choked by her sobs. The father was silent—a tear stood in his eye; he put a silver dollar in his daughter's hand, and she dried her tears, rejoicing that Jenny's death would be the means of sending two or three Testaments to the heathen, instead of one.—*Todd's Simple Sketches.*

SINGING.

1. Singing is the music of nature.—The Scriptures tell us the mountains sing (Isa. xliv. 23)—the valleys sing (Ps. lxv. 13)—the trees of the wood sing (1 Chron. xvi. 33); nay, the air is the birds' music-room, where they chant their musical notes.

2. Singing is the music of ordinances.—Augustine reports of himself, that when he came to Milan, and heard the people sing, he wept for joy in the church to hear that pleasing melody. And Beza confesses, that at his first entrance into the congregation, and hearing them sing (Ps. xci.) he felt himself exceedingly comforted, and did retain the sound of it afterwards upon his heart. The Rabbies tell us that the Jews, after the feast of the Passover was celebrated, sang Ps. cxi. and the five following psalms; and our Saviour and his apostles "sang an hymn" immediately after the blessed supper.—Matt xxvi. 30.

3. Singing is the music of saints.—They have performed this duty in their greatest numbers (Ps. cxlix. 2)—in their greatest straits (Isa. xxvi. 19)—in their greatest flight (Isa. xlii. 10, 11)—in their greatest deliverances (Isa. lxv. 14)—in their greatest plenties. In all these changes singing hath been their stated duty and delight. And indeed it is meet that the saints and servants of God should sing forth their joys and praises to the Lord Almighty: every attribute of him can set both their song and their tune.

4. Singing is the music of angels.—Job (xxxviii 7), tells us: "The morning stars sang together." Now, these morning stars, as Pineda tells us, are the angels; to which the Chaldee paraphrase accords, naming these morning stars, "*aciem angelorum*—a host of angels." Nay, when this heavenly host was sent to proclaim the birth of our dearest Jesus, they delivered their message in this raised way of duty.—Luke ii. 13. They were delivering their messages in a "laudatory singing," the whole company of angels making a musical choir. Nay, in heaven there is the angels' joyous music—they there sing hallelujahs to the Most High, and to the Lamb who sits upon the throne.—Rev. v. 11, 12.

5. Singing is the music of heaven.—The glorious saints and angels accent their praises this way, and make one harmony in their state of blessedness; and this is the music of the bride-chamber.—Rev. xv. 3. The saints who were tuning here their psalms, are now singing there hallelujahs in a louder strain, and articulating their joys, which here they could not express to their perfect satisfaction. Here they laboured with drowsy hearts, and faltering tongues; but in glory these impediments are removed, and nothing is left to jar their joyous celebrations.—*Wells.*

A WORD FOR THE RAMBLING HEARER.

BE sure to be regular in your hearing. "Take heed *how* you hear" (Luke viii. 18), and "take heed *what* you hear" (Mark iv. 24), and from both will follow, that you must take heed *whom* you hear too. Hear those that are most knowing, and best able to instruct you—those that are most sound, and least likely to mislead you. Do not choose to put your souls under the conduct of blind guides. Seek for the law at *their* mouths *whose* lips do best preserve knowledge (Mal. ii. 7); and when you have found such, keep close to them. Settle yourselves under the guidance of some faithful pastor, upon whose ministry you may ordinarily attend. That running to and fro, which is usual among us, is quite another than what Daniel speaks of, and, I am sure, is not the way to increase knowledge.—Dan. xii. 4. Rolling stones gather no moss. Such rovers seldom hit upon the right way. Such wandering stars may be soonest bemisted. They that thus run from one minister to another, may soon run from one opinion to another, and from one error to another. I dare safely say, you may get more sound knowledge of the things of God by constant attendance upon the ministry of *one* of less abilities, than by rambling up and down to hear *many*, though of the greatest gifts. It is a great advantage to your gaining knowledge, to hear a minister's whole discourse, and be able to take up the full design of his work, and not merely to hear *in transitu* ["in passing"] by snatches—to pick up here a notion and there a notion, or hear one man's doctrine in the morning, and another's application in the afternoon. It is no wonder if men that run to and fro be "tossed to and fro." They that are so light of hearing may easily be "carried about with every wind of doctrine."—Eph. iv. 14. The Word of Christ seldom dwells in such vagabond hearers.—*Cripplegate Lectures.*

GEMS FOR CHRISTIAN MINISTERS.

HELP me, thou Friend of sinners, to be nothing, to say nothing, that thou mayest say and do everything, and be my all in all.—*Whitefield.*

We want nothing but the return of apostolical simplicity, self-denial, and love, to bring Pentecostal effusions of the Spirit upon our ministrations.—*Bridges.*

Our preaching ought to be above the rate of moral philosophers. Our divine orator should fetch not only his speculations and notions, but his materials for practice, from the evangelical writings; this he must do, or else he is no minister of the New Testament.—*Edwards.*

Steep your sermons in your heart before you preach them.—*Felton.*

Choose rather to touch than to charm—to convert than to be admired—to force tears than applause. Give up everything to secure the salvation of your hearers.—*Gisbert.*

You must rather leave the ark to shake as it shall please God, than put unworthy hands to hold it up.—*Bacon.*

Our work is to open the oracles of God, even those sacred profound things that angels search into; and if God did not help us, we might soon sink under the weight of such a burden.—*Watson.*

Antonius, archbishop of Florence in the fifteenth century, after a long and laborious life, often in his dying moments declared, as he had frequently done in health, "To serve God is to reign."—*Church History.*

Let your life be a commentary on your sermons.—*Lamont.*

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR MONEY?

I REMEMBER a circumstance which took place at the burning of the steamer "Washington." One of the passengers, on the first alarm of fire, ran to his trunk and took from it a large amount of gold and silver coin which he had carefully stowed away, and loaded his pockets, ran to the deck, and jumped overboard. As a necessary consequence he went down immediately. His treasure was his ruin. So we have got to swim in order to reach the kingdom of heaven; and who can estimate the folly of loading our pockets with the gold and silver which must inevitably carry us under? Great riches hedge up the way to eternal life; and God has shown his mercy in providing an outlet for them, so that they shall not drown us in perdition. It is worthy of thought, that when his people, in years past, would not avail themselves of this natural outlet, God opened a mighty waste-gate. Almost in the twinkling of an eye, the accumulated wealth of Christians vanished into smoke, at the touch of his finger. The waste-gate is again shut; prosperity has returned to all our borders. Let us beware lest, by neglecting the natural channel, we lose our souls, or compel the Lord to open it again. Liberality takes the poison out of riches.—*Wisner.*

ENERGY OF CHARACTER.

I LATELY happened to notice, with some surprise, an ivy, which, being prevented from attaching itself to the rock beyond a certain point, had shot off into a bold elastic stem, with an air of as much independence as any branch of oak in the vicinity. So a human being thrown, whether by cruelty, justice, or accident, from all social support and kindness, if he has any vigour of spirit, and is not in the bodily debility of either childhood or age, will instantly begin to act for himself, with a resolution which will appear like a new faculty.—*Foster.*

Miscellaneous.

A LITTLE error of the eye, a misguidance of the hand, a slip of the foot, a starting of a horse, a sudden mist, or a great shower, or a word undesignedly cast forth in an army, has turned the stream of victory from one side to another, and thereby disposed of empires and whole nations. No prince ever returns safe out of a battle, but may well remember how many blows and bullets have gone *by* him that might easily have gone *through* him; and by what little odd, unforeseen chances death has been turned aside, which seemed in a full, ready, and direct career to have been posting to him. All which passages if we do not acknowledge to have been guided to their respective ends and effects by the conduct of a superior and a divine hand, we do by the same assertion cashier all providence, strip the Almighty of his noblest prerogative, and make God, not the governor, but the mere spectator of the world.—*South.*

WHEN the poet Carpani inquired of his friend Haydn, how it happened that his church music was always so cheerful, the great composer made a most beautiful reply: "I cannot," he said, "make it otherwise. I write according to the thoughts I feel; when I think upon God, my heart is so full of joy that the notes dance and leap, as it were, from my pen; and since God has given me a cheerful heart, it will be pardoned me that I serve him with a cheerful spirit." The reader who is acquainted with the works of Haydn will bear testimony to the practical truth of this anecdote.—*British Magazine.*

PROSPERITY is a bad nurse to virtue—a nurse which is like to starve it in its infancy.—*South.*

Daily Bread.

FRIDAY.

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, he will sustain thee.'—Ps. lv. 22.

He has pardons to impart,
Grace to save thee from thy fears;
See the love that fills his heart,
And wipe away thy tears!

Till you come to Christ, peace cannot come to you. Christ and peace are undivided. You have tried other ways, you have tried duties, and no rest comes; why will you not try the way of faith? Carry the burden to Christ.—*Flavel.*

SATURDAY.

"To everything there is a season."—Eccles. iii. 1.

Seize all occasions as they pass,
And use them for the Lord;
Sinners, ere now, have been aroused
By one well-spoken word.

Though it is precept, not providence, that makes duty, yet providence points to duty—to the time and season of it. Much of our duty lies in complying with the opportunity and occasion that providence gives for the doing of this or that good work. We are never more obliged to our duty, than when we have the fittest opportunity to perform it; and we must eye providence in this. It is the prerogative of God to appoint times and seasons, not only for his own purposes, but for our duty. He appoints the day, and the things of the day—what and when it shall be done. Should you order a servant to do a business to-day, and he should not do it till the next day, would you not count such an one a disobedient servant, because he observed not your time?—*Vinke.*

SABBATH.

"Hear the word of the Lord."—Josh. iii. 39.

Again our weekly labours end,
And we the Sabbath's call attend;
Improve, our souls, the sacred rest,
And seek to be for ever bless'd!

It is not enough to say, We are all present to hear the sermon; but you must say, with Cornelius and his company: "We are present to hear all things commanded us of God." And in a special manner you must be ready to hear and obey his "great command, of believing on the name of his Son," which is the great end of preaching and hearing. Wherefore, when Christ knocks by his word at the door of your heart, be ready to open and welcome him in with joy. Say to him, as Laban to Abraham's servant: "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord; wherefore standest thou without?" Though, alas! I cannot say what follows: "I have prepared the house," yet, Lord, come in and prepare it for thyself; and though "I be unworthy that thou shouldst come under my roof," yet a word from thee can cleanse and repair the house, yea, and "prepare an upper room" for thyself. Lord, speak the word, and it shall be done. —*Willison.*

MONDAY.

"The love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."—Rom. viii. 39.

Poor helpless souls the bounteous Lord
Relieves, and fills with plenteousness:
He sets the mournful prisoners free—
He bids the blind their Saviour see.

"Behold, how he loved him!" could they say when our Saviour shed but a few tears for Lazarus; but much more, when he shed all the blood in his body for our souls, we may well say: "Behold, how he loved them!" Go with Christ a little—cannot ye watch an hour with him? To contemplate this, go into the garden—to the judgment-seat—to Golgotha. Behold him on the cross—hear his strong sighs and groans—they will break thy heart, if anything will; and broken it must be. "And why did God suffer his 'beloved Son, in whom he was well pleased,' to be thus tormented?" Why?—God would rather afflict him for a time, than lose our souls for ever. "And why did Christ, who might have chosen otherwise, so freely give his cheeks to the smiters?" Why?—only he had set his love upon our souls, which he would not suffer to perish.—*Vinke.*

TUESDAY.

"Now is the day of salvation."—2 Cor. vi. 2.

Come, then, ye sinners, to your Lord—
In Christ to paradise restored;
His proffer'd benefits embrace—
The plenitude of Gospel grace.

Like a woman I have heard of, who, when her house was on fire, was very busy in saving of her stuff—carrying out with all her might as much as she could. At last she bethought herself of her child, which was left in a cradle; but when she returned to look after that, she found that the fire had destroyed it: and there she was, first aware of her preposterous care for her goods before her child, running up and down as one distracted, crying: "My child, my child!" as David for his son Absalom. So, alas! when it is too late, all that neglect their souls in this life will howl out in the midst of their scorching flames: "O my soul, my soul! I would I had died for thee, my dear and precious soul!"—*Ibid.*

WEDNESDAY.

"Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."—Heb. xii. 6.

Wash out my stains, refine my dross,
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean!

The devil deals with unwary men, like some cheating gamester, who, having drawn in an unskilful and wealthy novice into play, suffers him to win awhile, at the first, that he may, at the last, sweep away all the stakes, and some rich manors to boot. It is a great judgment of God, to punish sinners with welfare, and to render their lewd ways prosperous: wherein, how contrary are the Almighty's thoughts to theirs! Their seeming blessings are his heavy curse, and the smart of his stripes are a favour too good for them to enjoy. To judge wisely of our condition, it is to be considered, not so much how we fare, as upon what terms. If we stand right with Heaven, every cross is a blessing, and every blessing a pledge of future happiness: if we be in God's disfavour, every one of his benefits is a judgment, and every judgment makes way for perdition.—*Hall.*

THURSDAY.

"I am thy shield and exceeding great reward.—Gen. xv. 1.

He calls a worm his friend—
He calls himself my God;
And he shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.

Every individual Christian hath a propriety in a community; as every person enjoys the whole sun to himself, so every believer possesseth whole God to himself. The Lord hath land enough to give all his heirs. Throw a thousand buckets into the sea, and there is water enough in the sea to fill them; though there be millions of saints and angels, there is enough in God to fill them.—*Watson.*

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ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE EVIDENCES.

BY THE REV. JAMES TAYLOR, ST ANDREWS.

The question, How do you know the Scriptures to be the Word of God? is one of paramount importance to the best interests of mankind, and yet we have no reason to doubt that there are many professing Christians who are totally unable to return to it a satisfactory answer. Their belief in the inspiration of the Bible is founded, not upon knowledge, but upon tradition and authority. It was long ago observed by Baxter, that "few Christians among us have any better than the Popish implicit faith on this point, nor any better arguments than the Papists have, to prove the Scriptures the Word of God. They have received it by tradition—godly ministers and Christians tell them so—it is impious to doubt of it; therefore they believe it. Though we could persuade people never so confidently that Scripture is the very Word of God, and yet teach them no more reason why they should believe this than any other book to be that Word, as it will prove in them no right way of believing, so it is in us no right way of teaching." It must be evident that a superstructure based on such a foundation will not stand in the day of temptation and trial; and at the present moment, when the abettors of error and impiety are manifesting such unwonted activity and zeal—when Infidel and Socialist publications are widely diffused, and the most strenuous efforts are made to lead the young and inexperienced to make shipwreck of faith and a good conscience, it surely concerns every Christian that he be able, and "ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh him a reason of the hope that is in him."

In pursuing our inquiries into the inspiration of the Sacred Scriptures, the first point to be considered is, Are these books genuine? in other words, are they the writings of the persons whose names they bear, or to whom they are ascribed? Now this must be ascertained precisely in the same way as the genuineness of any other ancient writing is determined — by an examination of contemporary testimony. We go back to the period at which the work in question bears to have been written, and inquire whether it is mentioned, or quoted, or referred to in the writings of those who either lived in the same age, or so little posterior to it that they must have had ample opportunities of forming a correct opinion on the subject. The same plan must be adopted when we come to inquire into the genuineness of the Sacred Scriptures. We must appeal to the Christian writers of the first ages to determine whether or not these writings were composed by the apostles and disciples of Christ, and by them delivered to the world as an authentic account of their Master's life, and character, and work. Now, on examining these records of antiquity, we find that the books of the New Testament are quoted as the productions of the writers whose names they bear, by Christian authors of the first century, several of whom had known and conversed with the apostles and immediate disciples of Christ; that they were uniformly spoken of in terms expressive of the highest respect, as inspired compositions; that they were publicly read and expounded in the religious assemblies of the early Christians; that they were in very early times collected into a distinct volume, and distinguished by appropriate names and titles of respect; that commentaries were anciently composed upon them, harmonies were formed out of them, and translations of them were made into different languages; that they were received, not only by orthodox Christians, but by heretics of various descriptions, and were appealed to as authorities in matters of doctrine and controversy; that even the early adversaries of Christianity have never questioned the genuineness of the sacred books, but speak of the Gospels as the composition of the evangelists; that formal catalogues of the Scriptures were formed by private individuals, and by councils, from which it appears that the same books were then received which are at present acknowledged; and, finally, that they were carefully distinguished from all spurious productions.

"When Christian advocates merely tell us," says Paley, "that we have the same reason for believing the Gospels to be written by the evangelists whose names they bear, as we have for believing the Commentaries to be Cæsar's, the Æneid to be Virgil's, or the Orations Cicero's, they content themselves with an imperfect representation. They state nothing more than what is true, but they do not state the truth correctly. In the number, variety, and early date of our testimonies, we far exceed all other ancient books. For one which the most celebrated Greek or Roman writer can allege, we produce many." So numerous and ample, indeed, are the testimonies of the early Christian writers to the genuineness of the Sacred Scriptures, that, according to Dr Lardner, there are more and larger quotations of the New Testament in the writings of Tertullian alone, than there are of all the works of Cicero in writers of all characters for several ages.

We have no reason to believe that the early Christians were easily induced to acquiesce in the claims made in behalf of certain books to be received as inspired compositions, or that

these claims were either admitted or rejected without discrimination. The interests they had at stake were of too great magnitude to make it at all likely that in a matter of such transcendent importance they would act either carelessly or rashly. They had left all to follow Christ. For his sake they had forfeited all they once held dear in life—the favour of their relatives and friends—the hope of wealth, and fame, and preferment, of ease and security; and had subjected themselves to contempt, and ridicule, and scorn—to open and violent hostility—to the dungeon, the cross, and the stake. Can we believe that, in these circumstances, they would have risked their all upon an uncertainty—that they would have periled their happiness here and hereafter, without exercising the utmost care in distinguishing whether the records of the life and doctrines of Him to follow whom they had left everything dear and valuable, were genuine or false?

We know, in point of fact, that the primitive Christians were cautious and discriminating in acknowledging the authority of those writings which claimed to be regarded as part of the inspired record. In the early ages there were many spurious Gospels and Epistles, claiming to have proceeded from the Spirit of inspiration, whose claims were rejected. We know, likewise, that the authority of some of the books which have been admitted into the Sacred Canon was called in question by some. But, as it has been justly said by Dr Dick, "these facts, instead of creating any suspicion with respect to our present Scriptures, serve to confirm us in the belief that they are authentic. They prove that the Church did not rashly give credit to the pretence of inspiration, but examined it with the most scrupulous care; in consequence of which caution, some inspired books were not at once received in every part of the Christian world, and others which assumed the names of apostles, being found spurious, were rejected. A proneness to believe, and a disposition to scepticism, are alike unfavourable to the discovery of truth. The primitive Church neither received nor rejected all the books which laid claim to inspiration, but admitted or excluded them after the evidence on both sides had been maturely considered. A spirit of discrimination was exercised; and we may have the greater confidence, therefore, in the canon which was finally agreed upon."

The genuineness of the books of the Old Testament is established in a precisely similar manner. In the days of our Saviour we find these books existing, and arranged in three classes—the Law, the Prophets, and the Holy Writings—an arrangement to which he seems to have alluded, when he said to his disciples: "These are the words which I spake unto you, while I was yet with you, that all things must be fulfilled, which were written in the Law of Moses, and in the Prophets, and in the Psalms, concerning me."—Luke xxiv. 44. This testimony is corroborated by that of Philo the Jew, of Alexandria, who was contemporary with our Saviour, and who quotes or refers to nineteen books of the Old Testament, and by the evidence of Josephus, the Jewish historian, who was contemporary with the apostles. We can trace these Scriptures three hundred years before the advent of Christ, to the time when they were translated into Greek; and in that translation, known by the name of the Septuagint, are the same books that are at present found in the Hebrew copies of the Scriptures. It cannot be doubted that they were in existence at the termination of the Babylonish captivity, about which time the canon was completed by the writings of Haggai, Zechariah, and Malachi; for the "Book of the Law of Moses" is often referred to in the writings of Ezra and Nehemiah. It was publicly read, in their days, in the congregations of the people; and, in obedience to its precepts, the Jews put away the strange wives which they had married. It existed in the days of Josiah, when a copy was found in the temple—probably the identical copy which Moses deposited in the tabernacle. We trace it in the reign of Hezekiah, when all things were done "according to the Law of Moses, the man of God;" and in the reign of Jehoshaphat, who sent judges through the land, who had "the Book of the Law of the Lord with them," and "taught the people." It must have been composed prior to the separation of the kingdoms of Israel and Judah—a period of three hundred and seventy-seven years from the captivity, and nine hundred and seventy before the birth of Christ, otherwise it is impossible to account for the existence of the Samaritan copy, and for its reception as an inspired record by the revolted tribes—the hereditary hostility between the rival communities rendering the reception of the Jewish books by the Samaritans at any later period altogether impossible. Moreover, the Law of Moses was unfavourable to the designs of the Israelitish monarchs. It allows no separation of tribes. It supposes all the descendants of Jacob united in one body—having one law, one ritual, one high priest, and one place of worship, to which they were all commanded to repair three times a-year. If, then, it was not acknowledged by the Ten Tribes before their separation, we cannot conceive it possible that it could have been received by them after that event had taken place. It must have existed in the reigns of David and Solomon; for we find the former, before his death, charging the latter "to keep the statutes and commandments, the judgments and testimonies of the Lord, as it is written in the Law of Moses." It must have been composed before the commencement of the monarchy; for the form of government which it exhibits is not regal. It notices kingly government as an innovation which the people would introduce, and lays the kings under restrictions which must have been equally irk-

some to their sensuality and their ambition. During the succession of the judges, the law of Moses was the rule according to which they governed the people; and this was the charge of Joshua to the Israelites: "Be ye very courageous to keep and to do all that is written in the Book of the Law of Moses, that ye turn not aside therefrom to the right hand or to the left." All the other Jewish books, therefore, pre-suppose the existence and truth of the books of Moses; and "unless the whole history of the Israelites be rejected as a forgery—and on better ground we might reject the history of the Greeks and Romans—the repeated references which are made to the Law of Moses, plainly with no design but to appeal to it as the law of the land, furnish sufficient evidence that it existed not as a tradition, but in writing from his own time down to the close of the Old Testament Scriptures."

We cannot, indeed, as in the case of the New Testament Scriptures, prove the genuineness of the books of Moses by the testimony of contemporary writers. If there were any at that remote period, which may reasonably be doubted, their works and their very names have long since been buried in oblivion. "The Jews, as a nation," says Bishop Sumner, "were always in obscurity—the certain consequence, not only of their situation, but of the peculiar constitution and jealous nature of their government. Can it, then, reasonably be expected that we should obtain positive testimony concerning this small and insulated nation from foreign historians, when the most ancient of these whose works remain lived more than a thousand years posterior to Moses? Can we look for it from the Greeks, when Thucydides has declared that, even respecting his own countrymen, he could procure no authentic record prior to the Trojan war? or from the Romans, who had scarcely begun to be a people when the empire of Jerusalem was destroyed, and the whole nation reduced to captivity?" When Heathen writers, however, such as Tacitus and Juvenal, do speak of Moses and his Law, they do so in a manner which plainly indicates that they regarded his writings as genuine.

If we turn from the external to the internal evidence for the genuineness of the books of Moses, we find that the style is of a simple character, agreeing with the supposition of a remote age, and that the tone and structure of the composition are such as we might expect from a man placed in the situation in which it represents Moses as placed. "The order of discourse," says Jahn, "is not everywhere the most convenient; it frequently runs on in broken and unconnected fragments, many of which are wound up with distinct conclusions. All this shows a writer distracted by a multiplicity of business, writing not continuously, but with frequent interruptions, and in the constant anticipation of interruption."

Another conclusive argument for the genuineness of the books of Moses may be drawn from the manner in which they are arranged. They are written, for the most part, in the manner of a journal, exactly as an eye-witness would be likely to write, but very different from the manner in which the compilation of an author, writing in a later age, would have been constructed. "The Pentateuch, not only in connection with laws, records the occasions which respectively gave rise to them, but in later passages it repeals laws prescribed in earlier, or changes or abrogates them; a course in which it is not easily conceivable that any one should proceed who did not live at the time of their enactment, repeal, or change." Compare this with the manner in which the very same events are narrated by Josephus: "All things," says he, "are written by me as he [Moses] left them, nothing being added for the sake of ornament, nor which Moses did not leave; but I have made the innovation of *arranging everything agreeably to its subject.* For by him the things written were left without arrangement, just as he had obtained them severally from God." In precisely the same manner are the details given respecting the construction of the tabernacle. In the first place, the most minute directions are recorded as to the manner in which it was to be constructed, as if for the purpose of instructing the artists how to perform the work; and then, with the same minuteness, it is related how these orders were executed; whereas Josephus confines himself to a description of the general arrangement and effect of the edifice, as we would naturally expect a writer to do who lived after its construction. We can account for these differences only on the supposition that the accounts given in the books of Moses were written by an eye-witness, and by an eye-witness whose business it was to superintend and direct every circumstance of what he has described.

Finally, unless we admit that "the Book of the Law of Moses" was in reality written by the great Jewish legislator, it is impossible to account for its reception by the Jews at any subsequent period of their history. If it was not the work of Moses, it must be a forgery imposed upon the nation in his name. This could not have been done during his life, or shortly after his death. If a forgery at all, it must have been fabricated at a period long subsequent to the age of the Jewish lawgiver. And if so, how can we account for the universal credit and authority which it obtained among the Jews? The events which it related were of the most remarkable kind; and the laws and institutions founded on them were so important, and of such a singular nature, that they never would have been received by any nation unless supported by the clearest evidence, and prescribed by an authority entitled to implicit obedience. They inculcated the performance of rites and ceremonies minute, tedious, and burdensome. "They prescribed usages

which separated the Israelites from all other nations, and exposed them to reproach. They required them not to till their ground once in seven years; and every fiftieth year, to give liberty to their slaves, and to restore mortgaged lands to their original proprietors. They commanded all the males thrice a-year to repair to the place of solemn worship, and thus leave the country open to the invasion of their enemies." Is it credible that these laws, so contrary to human policy, would have been adopted by any nation as the rule of their civil and political constitutions, on the ground that they were the work of their ancient legislator, and had been observed by their fathers, and handed down from generation to generation, unless this had really been the case? or, that the books in which they were contained would have been acknowledged as an inspired record, if they had been merely the fabrication of an impostor? In short, there is a manifest impossibility that the books of Moses could ever have been received as genuine by his countrymen, unless they had really been written by him, and been published in his own lifetime.

THE TWO TRIUMPHS.

(*From "Stories of the Primitive Church," by Miss Woodroofe.*)

It was a winter's day; not cold, bleak, and snowy, like a winter's day in England, but mild and sunny; for it was the winter of an Eastern clime—almost as beautiful as the summer of a colder country. The rays of the morning sun gleamed faintly on the distant sea. They danced more brightly on the sparkling waves of the proud River Orontes; and they were reflected, in dazzling splendour, from the domes and palaces of the gorgeous city near its banks. Glorious, indeed, was that city of Antioch, and well worthy was it to be called *the Queen of the East*—glorious, with its magnificent temples and shrines richly adorned with gems and gold—glorious, with its stately arches and long colonnades, its gilded roofs, and palaces furnished with every luxury.

Sloping from the city down to the river side, was the Daphne, as it was called—a space of four or five miles, planted after the manner of a park, with trees, chiefly laurel; and sprinkled with the villas of the more opulent citizens. Even in winter it looked fresh and green; and a pleasant sight it was to the eye, tired with the glare and magnificence of the lordly town.

At all times the scene was beautiful, but on the day of which I am speaking—a day in the year A.D. 107—its beauty was increased by a pageant such as Antioch had not beheld for many years. The streets were strewn with boughs and flowers; the houses were decked with hangings of the brightest colours; and the people were crowding together, with eager faces, to gaze on a sight more splendid than they could ever expect to see again.

The Emperor Trajan of Rome was going to make war upon the Parthians—a far-distant nation; and on his way to their country he intended to enter Antioch in triumph. This was the day fixed for his coming, and it was still early morning when he arrived at the gate of the city.

First in his train came a number of persons playing on instruments of music, which made the air resound with proud and joyous melody; then followed thousands and thousands of soldiers, with their bright armour flashing in the sunshine, and with wreaths of green ivy round their helmets. In the midst of these was the Emperor himself. He was seated on a lofty car, covered with rich ornaments; and he wore a robe of purple, and bore a crown of gold on his head. Thus he moved slowly on, through the principal streets of the city, to the palace prepared for him; while the sweet sounds of the music were drowned by the shouts of the people, and while from every part ascended the smoke of incense and perfumes.

This was the triumph of the power and glory of the present world; and a stranger, looking only at the outside of the pageant, might well have deemed it a splendid and a joyful sight.

But one who looked deeper could have perceived the signs of care upon the face of the Emperor; and he might likewise have noticed tokens of fear and discontent among many of the persons who seemed loudest in their mirthful vociferations.

Nor was this all. Far away from the noise, and the crowd, and the glare of imperial splendour, in a more obscure and retired part of the city, were a band of men, who, with deep and thrilling anxiety, had been expecting the Emperor's arrival. They were Christians; and from the splendid Heathen sovereign—splendid in the triumphant glory of this world—they anticipated persecution and torture for the sake of their religion.

The bishop of the Church of Antioch at that time was Ignatius, the disciple of St John, the last surviver of the apostolic college; and, doubtless, both he, and his clergy, and his people, spent much time in prayer to God, that he would either preserve them from all danger, or would strengthen them to endure whatever he should call them to suffer.

Almost the first act of the Emperor, after his arrival, was to inquire into the state of religious affairs at Antioch. Ignatius hearing this, hoped that, by risking his own life, he might be the mean of preserving the Church committed to his charge. He therefore boldly entered the presence of Trajan.

As soon as he appeared, the Emperor thus addressed him:—

"What an impious spirit art thou! both to transgress our commands and to entice others, to their ruin, into the same folly!"

"Theophorus," replied Ignatius, "ought not to be so described; forasmuch as all wicked spirits are far departed from the servants of God. But, if thou callest me impious because I am at war with evil spirits, in *that* respect I own the justice of the charge; for, through the inward support of Christ, the heavenly King, I break effectually through all their snares."

"Pray, who is Theophorus?" asked Trajan.

"He," replied Ignatius, "who has Christ in his breast."

"And thinkest thou not," asked the Emperor, "that the gods, who fight for us against our enemies, reside in us also?"

"Thou mistakest," said Ignatius, "in calling the demons of the Gentiles by the name of gods. There is only one God, who made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is; and there is one Jesus Christ, his only begotten Son—whose kingdom be my portion!"

"*His* kingdom, do you say?" exclaimed Trajan, "*His* kingdom who was crucified under Pilate?"

"*His*," replied Ignatius, "who crucified my sin with its author, and who has put all the fraud and malice of Satan under the feet of those who carry him in their heart."

"Dost *thou*, then," asked the Emperor, "carry within thee Him who was crucified?"

"I do," answered Ignatius; "for it is written: *I dwell in them and walk in them.*"

Thus ended the dialogue; and Trajan, finding that he could not force Ignatius to renounce his faith, condemned him to be sent to Rome, and there to die a cruel death—namely, that he should be thrown to the wild beasts, for the entertainment of the people. Thus wantonly, and for the savage amusement of a brutal mob, did Paganism shed the blood of the saints as water. Trajan has been much lauded for his good qualities; but what can we think of a prince who could condemn an innocent person to be torn limb from limb, that the Roman populace might be thus entertained? and what can we think of the Roman populace, that could be amused and gratified by so horrid a spectacle? Yet such is human nature, when unchanged by grace, and when unrestricted by pure religion.

Winter passed away, and spring came, calling out the young flowers, and clothing the trees with fresh leaves; then followed the hot summer, with its harvest; and then succeeded the pleasant autumn, with its grape-gathering and vintage—these, too, had passed by, and winter was come again, when Ignatius arrived at Rome.

A day was soon fixed for him to suffer.

Very early in the morning the rolling of chariots was heard in all parts of the city; and the footsteps and voices of numberless people crowding along the streets sounded like the deep murmur of the sea.

A little later there was a silence as of death in all the alleys and suburbs; but the principal streets were filled with multitudes all pressing the same way. Men, women, and children were there, dressed in their holiday apparel, and with pleased and eager faces, as if they were anticipating some joyous and merry sight. But here and there might be seen persons looking grave and sorrowful, who appeared to mingle in the crowd almost against their will. Still, as if fascinated, on they went; till at length, by noon, the rolling of wheels, the trampling of horses, and the voices and footsteps of passengers had died away in the streets, and had left them silent and empty.

But there was no silence where the crowd were now gathered together. This was in the amphitheatre—a building that enclosed a large space of ground, all around which were circular rows of seats, rising one above the other to a great height.

The lowest of these was divided, by a strong fence, from the open space beneath, which could be entered in different places, by passages constructed under the rows of seats. And here were now come together thousands of people—the noble and the rich—the poor and the mean—women as well as men—a disgusting total of Roman brutality, to behold the cruel games and barbarous executions which were to be shown that day.

The spectators being assembled, the door of one of the passages was soon opened, and several men were brought in, who, for the amusement of the degraded and inhuman crowd, were obliged to fight until several of them were killed; nay, if one were only wounded, and had not by his prowess given the savage monsters satisfaction, they would themselves deliberately give the well-known signal that his adversary should put him to death.

After this, another door was opened, and several wild beasts were let out, to tear one another to pieces with their fangs and their claws.

When the mob of patricians and plebeians, male and female, had been satisfied with these barbarous sights, their love of blood required something still more highly seasoned; and the virtuous Trajan, celebrated by Pagan writers for his clemency and good qualities, had carefully provided that their appetite should not be disappointed.

A third door was now opened, toward which the eager eyes of every spectator were instantly turned. Forthwith appeared a venerable old man. After a moment's pause, he walked, with slow but firm steps, to the middle of the amphitheatre. There he stood alone, with his eyes raised to heaven. A feeling of surprise, perhaps almost a feeling of reverence, came over the sanguinary multitude, as they gazed upon Ignatius; for he it was who now stood before them. And truly he stood, not like a criminal sentenced to a cruel and shameful death, but like a conqueror about to receive his crown. A few of his friends had come with him from Antioch, and were now among the people. Doubtless their minds went back to the time when, a year ago, the Emperor had made his triumphal entry into their city; and they thought how mean and how poor was that gaudy pageant, in all its outward pomp and beauty, when compared to the triumph which they were now about to behold. *That* was the triumph of earthly power, and riches, and pride—*this* was the triumph of faith in Jesus Christ!

For a short space Ignatius remained standing in silent prayer, awaiting calmly what manner of death he should suffer. In a few moments a fierce lion was let loose into the amphitheatre. Ignatius did not stir or shrink. His countenance did not change. He still showed the same holy trust and courage. The lion rushed furiously upon him, threw him to the ground, and devoured him before the eyes of the assembled multitude! His friends were afterwards allowed to come and take away his bones, which they carried back with them to Antioch, where they buried them outside the gate of the city leading toward the Daphne.

Ignatius had tarried awhile at many places, on his way from Antioch to Rome; and we may well believe that his friends, on their return, stopped in the same places, and related to the Christians with whom he had conversed there, how God had been glorified in his martyrdom. We may well believe that (in the words used by one of them in writing of him) they gave thanks together for "that high-souled martyr of Christ, who trod under foot the devil, and who completed the course which he had devoutly wished to run in Christ Jesus our Lord; by whom, and with whom, all glory and power be to the Father with the blessed Spirit for ever. Amen."

GERMANY—THE NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH.

FOURTH ARTICLE.

It was manifestly impossible that the events we have been speaking of could pass over in silence. The fanaticism of priests and people has been roused. The pulpit has resounded with the wildest appeals to the passions, or ignorance, or superstition of the people; while from the press a host of ultramontane productions has appeared, denouncing the reformers, and all but instigating to deeds of vengeance. We presume that our readers have been already made aware of the late breaches of the peace at Posen and Leipsic, and we do not deem it necessary further to refer to what has already appeared in the public journals of this country. Suffice it to state, that blood has been shed, and that on several occasions the lives both of Ronge and Czerski have been in eminent danger. Meanwhile, they both continue their labours indefatigably, and seemingly with increasing success.

A spirited resistance has been shown in Leipsic against the manifesto of the minister, declaring the New Church illegal. Contradictory reports are circu-

lated as to the intentions of the Prussian Government. According to one account, the leaders of the movement are to be confined to preaching in their respective parishes; while, according to another, the Government were resolved to adhere to their position of strict neutrality. We rejoice to notice that, by a late enactment of this Government, the old Lutherans who refused to sanction the union of their Church with the Reformed, and who, in consequence, have had to submit to a great deal of hardship and persecution, have been at length formally recognised as a Church, with the full guarantee of legal privileges.

Of late a movement of a different kind has sprung up in Prussia, in one of the most revolting exhibitions of Rationalism which Germany has yet witnessed. We shall unfeignedly rejoice if it prove the occasion of directing the attention of the good men in the Church to the sin of having thus fellowship with unbelievers. A beginning has taken place, and one of the clergy of Halle (Wislicenus) has been tried by the consistory, and suspended. No doubt can be entertained of his final deposition. The king had been personally appealed to on the matter, and declared his determination to allow justice to take its course with a man who had so grossly violated his ordination vows, at the same time assuring him that the way was open for him to found a new sect. By later accounts, the meetings of this party in Berlin, under Pastor Uhlich of Pommete, have been suppressed by law; but if the former statement be correct, this must rather have been on the ground of their being *public* meetings, than meetings for *religious* purposes.

From such opposite quarters has the religious peace of Prussia been disturbed. Having formally sanctioned the legal privileges of the old Lutherans, and also done everything to discountenance this last ebullition of Rationalism, the probability seems, that the Government will be greatly guided in their measures by the prevailing tendency which will soon be found to characterize this new movement; and we entertain little doubt that, should it eventually be proved to be in the main an evangelical movement, so far from opposing it, they will countenance and support it. To this the Government is virtually committed, not merely by their whole policy for some years, which has been to discountenance Rationalism, but especially by the overt act of the king, in placing himself at the head of the Gustavus Adolphus Society, thereby constituting himself virtually the Protestant chief of Germany. We may here merely state, in a single sentence, that the object of this society is to maintain poor Protestant congregations in Catholic countries, especially Bavaria and Austria. It has already about four hundred branches in all parts of Germany, and is at present the great rallying-point of the Protestant cause. As matters stand at present, nothing can be more harassing than the embarrassment in which the New Church is placed from the policy of the Continental Governments; and it is earnestly to be hoped, that they may beware of placing themselves in such a position to them as would degrade a free religious movement under the secularity and temporizing influences of the kingdoms of this world. The interference of the State in the affairs of the Church in Protestant Germany has been so baneful already, as in reality to have left scarce a vestige of independence in the Church, which has in many things become, in a truly Byzantine sense, the creature of the State. We rejoice at the movements that are now being made to awaken the Church there to a sense of its true spiritual character, and to the exercise of the spiritual functions that flow from it as the body of Christ, which he has redeemed and made free. The present movement we watch with increasing interest, and earnestly hope that, in so far as it is of God and not of man, it may be kept free from whatever would thus compromise its high character and holy obligations!

But while these movements have been going on, let not our readers suppose that the Catholic Church has been looking on idly and unconcerned. Nay, so far from this being the case, it has been with it as it was at the time of the Reformation; for as then the soldiers of Loyola, "the bodyguard of the Papacy," were sent forth to rally the Church's forces which were scattered and staggered by the onset of Luther and the Reformers; so now, too, a similar re-action has been produced, and as the battle-field is the old one, so the opposing forces *on both sides* are the same. The revival of Protestantism has led to the revival of Popery. The old allies of the Church are again in the field, and every country of Europe can now tell of Jesuit diplomacy. The sluggishness and death-like monotony of the past century, in a spiritual point of view, is over, and has been succeeded by the new life and energy breathed into systems which seemed like to die of atrophy or silent decay. The shock of the French Revolution has been overcome. Under its tornado-like fury the eternal city itself was dismantled. The occupant of the chair of St Peter, unable, like his great predecessor, by the mere majesty of his presence and sanctity of his office, to make the barbarian conqueror refrain from touching one stone of the Holy City, was led a poor captive to a solitary prison. The times are now changed. The infidelity of France has not been found a match for the superstition of Rome. And now those levelling doctrines which were carried over the Alps, and desecrated the temples of Italy, and parodied the creed of the apostles into a blasphemous adoration of Napoleon, have themselves been gradually giving way before the silent progress of those very opinions which then they would have laughed to scorn, or punished as opposed to the rights of man. France herself now can testify that the Vatican and Propaganda were more than a match for Robespierre and Napoleon!

But let us turn to *Germany*. Here, too, the same game has been playing. The open patronage of infidelity under Frederick the Great, has been followed by the as open patronage of what are, in the main, evangelical opinions. Infidelity there still exists in abundance, in the Church and out of it; but even it has been obliged to give up its old alliance with the frivolity of Voltaire, and has partaken of the spirit of earnestness that characterizes all the movements of the age. And now as to *Popery*. It has not, as before, to fear the scoff and scorn of men. It, too, is

a different thing from what it was under such a Pope as Leo X., or such a king as Louis XVI. Especially in the tract of country where the events of the Holy Coat have been taking place, it is now full of zeal, and energy, and enterprise. The same spirit that led to the institution of the order of the Jesuits is busily at work. The bishops are exercising a far stricter *surveillance* over the clergy, and the clergy over the people. Far greater attention is being paid to the instruction in the universities and in the clerical schools and gymnasia. The hostile press is denounced from the altar. Old ceremonies are being revived with new pomp. Pilgrimages are the order of the day; for, notwithstanding the results of the late exhibition at Treves, but a few weeks have elapsed since Cologne sent forth its twenty thousand individuals on an eight days' pilgrimage, to pay their devotions to some wonder-working image of the Virgin. As the expression of these doings, may be regarded the formation of a society on the Rhine, which has evidently been suggested by the Gustavus Adolphus Society, for supporting the cause of Protestantism in Catholic countries. As the warrior-hero of the Reformation gave his name to the one; so, in like manner, this new Catholic society has received its name from one of the great defenders of the Romish faith—*San Carlo Borromaeo*. He was born in 1538, became Archbishop of Milan, and there signalized himself by his zeal in advancing the interests of the Papacy. During his lifetime he was the confidential adviser of the Pope, and especially gave proof of his diplomatic powers in directing the deliberations of the Council of Trent. He led an austere life, and was indefatigable in his attention to everything, civil or ecclesiastical, by which the ascendency of the Church could be secured. He was canonized in 1616. Churches to San Carlo are common in Italy; and the celebration of his birth-day in the church dedicated to him in the Corso of Rome, is the occasion of one of the grandest festivals of the Church—the Pope and Cardinals always attending. One great object of this Borromäus Society, is, by the circulation of cheap literature, in the shape of tracts, journals, reprints of standard books on controversy or devotion, &c., to leaven the minds of the population with ultramontane principles, and counteract the influences now at work, as weakening the hold which the Church has upon them. The same thing is true of Bavaria and Austria; and so striking is the revival that has taken place, that ordinary travellers perceive the great change which a few years have produced. To take but one instance from the former country. But a few months have elapsed since the king was desirous that the Protestant clergy of the Synod of Ansbach should be held guilty of treason for remonstrating against their grievances; and this, while but shortly before he sent a letter to the Bishop of Wurzburg, declaring his wish that the clergy be brought up in the principles of the good Bishop Sailer. He has, moreover, inflicted a severe blow on Protestantism, by removing Dr Harles, one of the best of the German divines, and an active supporter of all evangelical movements in Bavaria, from his professorship in Erlangen.

Such, then, is the state of matters while we write. Notwithstanding all obstacles, every day's intelligence confirms us as to the rapid advance of the movements. "Yet it moves." Since these papers were begun several additional secessions have taken place among the clergy. Thirty clergy in the diocese of Constance have been petitioning for extensive reforms in the Church; and also in the upper part of the Rhine, in Alsace, under the French Government, the excitement is represented as general among clergy and laity. A meeting of the Reformers of Southern Germany was to be held this month at Stuttgart, at which Ronge was to be present. How much to be deplored is it that he still speaks of the movement as one for *mental freedom!*

We have but one word to add in conclusion. We have already cautioned our readers against passing a hasty judgment as to this movement. We have shown something of the double character which it bears, and we must beware of expressing our sympathy with so much of it as, it is feared, savours little of the truth as it is in Jesus. Every event is plainly teaching us that now-a-days superstition has a deeper hold of human nature than infidelity; and thus what may be at present interesting as a secession from Rome, may afterwards become a scandal to all religion whatever. Over such opposition the enemy must eventually triumph; and Romanists may anew attempt, by an appeal to this very case, to make out infidelity to be the child of Protestantism. To Protestants, this wretched sophism needs no reply; but it is incalculable how successfully such things are made a handle of to confirm the faith of Catholics themselves. Accordingly, wherever such false sympathy is shown, there is a great danger of such a perversion being made of it.

But we have also said enough to show that there are far higher and holier influences at work. Here our course is plain. A solemn duty lies on all Protestants to lend a helping hand, or at least to give them the benefit of their prayers. Let us trust that the time is at hand when a large reinforcement will be made to the true Church of many of those who hold the truth in the love of it, and who are not led away by the vain doctrines of men! The times are so like the days of Luther, that it seems almost like the dream of the warrior over the old battle-field, with the old companions in arms by his side—the same foe in his front—the same cause at issue in the fight. History seems to repeat itself; and there are historical parallels between ages as well as individual men. Let us take courage from the impressive lessons of the past; and confident as to the result, and relying on the arm of the Lord of hosts, let us fight the good fight, using only the armour and weapons of him who is the Captain of our salvation!

J. N.

THE VOICE OF PSALMS.

BY THE LATE JOHN BETHUNE.

(*Never before Published.*)

THE curfew's solemn toll had rung,
The birds their evening song had sung;
'Twas loud and long, and full of glee,
But now 'twas hushed on hedge and tree,
As if they dropp'd their tuneful joys
To listen to a holier voice,

Which rose in accents sweet and clear,
And thrill'd the air, and charmed the ear.

It was a household hymn which broke
Upon the silent air, and woke
The woodland echoes near, which gave
The music back in many a wave
Of undulating sound. It seem'd,
At least so listening Fancy deem'd,
As if kind Nature would prolong
The melody of such a song,
And lend at once her thousand chords
To glorify the Lord of lords.

Mingled in that sweet strain there was
A father's deep sonorous bass,
A mother's mellow tones, and soft
The voice of childhood rose aloft,
In one united peal of praise
To Him whose love prolong'd their days—
To whom they gave their souls to keep
Through the unconscious hours of sleep.

Could those who taste eternal bliss
Find aught in such a world as this,
'Mid mortal care, resembling even
The least beatitude of heaven;
Could spirits pure, beneath the skies,
Forget the songs of Paradise;
Angels, upon their errands dear,
Had paused to sing and listen here.

And did they not? O who can tell
How sweetly seraph voices swell,
Although unheard by mortal ears,
Charming the blest of other spheres?
'Tis said that there is joy in heaven
O'er one repentant soul forgiven;
And may not, then, the song of love
Repeated oft arise above,
And ring around the throne supreme
Of Him whose glory is the theme?

May it not mount from choir to choir,
Ascending higher still, and higher—
Losing each tuneless tone and jar
As up it soars from star to star,
Until the cottage psalm at last,
From world to world by seraphs pass'd,
Resounds in harmony complete,
Where heaven and earth in chorus meet?

BIBLE RIVERS AND LAKES.

NO. III.

BY THE REV. J. W. TAYLOR, FLISK AND CRIECH.

Arnon—Jabbok—Kishon.

Of the seven streams which send their waters into the Dead Sea, the ARNON, second to the Jordan, claims our notice. This stream rises in the mountains of Gilead, follows a south-west course, and falls into the Dead Sea. In its progress, it forms the north boundary of Moab, dividing that country from the Amorites. It served as a line of protection to the Moabites from the all-conquering arms of Israel; for the Lord had given commandment, saying, Thou shalt not "distress the Moabites, neither contend with them in battle; for I will not give thee of their land for a possession." The land of Moab is spoken of in Scripture under the appellation of Ar (Deut. ii. 9); and this river, being the chief of its streams, may thence have borrowed its name. In the poetical style of the Bible, which often speaks of particular countries under the names of their most celebrated rivers, we find the Arnon thus used in reference to Moab. Isaiah, in describing the calamities of Moab, represents "her daughter at the fords of Arnon, as a wandering bird cast out of her nest." The nobles of Moab are designated as "the lords of the high places of Arnon." *

In speaking of Moab, we are naturally reminded of the desolations which prophecy had pronounced against her. The destruction of the cities of Moab is the burden of the prophet's predictions. "The spoiler shall come upon every city, and no city shall escape. Give wings unto Moab, that it may flee and get away: for the cities thereof shall be desolate, without any to dwell therein." In furnishing an account of Moab, the modern traveller gives nothing but an unvaried account of ruins. Heaps of rubbish mark the places where once stood her proud and flourishing cities.

On the same side of the Jordan as the Arnon, flows the JABBOK. This river is about thirty feet in width—deep and impetuous in its current. It passes through a fertile and picturesque country—the rich pasture-grounds of the tribe of Gad—and swells the Jordan with its waters. On its banks the oleander and plane tree, the wild olive and almond, grow in rich profusion. Between this brook and the Arnon lay the territories of Sihon, king of Heshbon. Refusing to let the people of Israel pass through his land, this prince was the first to experience that no arms can resist those who fight under the banner of the Lord; and his name swells those songs of triumph which celebrate the glorious marching of God's own people to the promised land:—

"Who slew famous kings;
For his mercy endureth for ever:
Sihon king of the Amorites;
For his mercy endureth for ever."

The banks of the Jabbok witnessed Jacob's singular struggle, when, having sent all his company across the brook, and preparing to follow, he encountered his mysterious visitant, and wrestled with him until the breaking of the day.—Gen. xxxii. 24. Shall we, with some writers, suppose that this contest with the angel took place in a dream or symbolical representation, and that, laying himself down after importunate prayer, prolonged during the night, the patriarch in a vision engaged in this wondrous struggle? or, subjecting human wit to the literalities of the Word, shall we not rather receive the narrative simply as it is given us—that, in the appearance of a man, the Lord Jesus did meet with the patriarch on the banks of the Jabbok, in the stillness of the night, and after a corporal manner did wrestle with his servant? Probably, as the angel retired when the day was a-breaking, thus intending that the conflict should be

* The modern name of the Arnon is Modjeb.

unwitnessed by any, and that even Jacob's eye should not too closely behold him; so the Spirit of God, by withholding the particulars which are necessary for a fuller comprehension of the transaction, may mean that a dim, uncertain light should rest upon it, and that the passage should thus serve as an exercise of reverent humility, and a check to an over-speculative curiosity. Whatever difficulties encompass the interpretation of the passage, none obscure its practical intention. We learn from it that prayer has power with God, yea, it has power with the angel, and prevails—that the kingdom of heaven suffers violence, and the violent take it by force. Here is the light which the poetical and devotional mind of Charles Wesley reflects upon it:—

"Come, O thou traveller unknown!
Whom still I hold, but cannot see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee—
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

. . . . . .

"In vain thou strugglest to get free;
I never will unloose my hold!
Art thou the man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

"Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell—
To know it now resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know."

. . . . . .

Crossing the Jordan, and preserving a north-west direction, we reach the Plain of Esdraelon, in the district of Upper Galilee, through which the KISHON flows. The plain is also known in Scripture as the Valley of Megiddo, the Plain of Jezreel, and emphatically as "the Plain," inasmuch as it is beyond comparison the finest plain in Palestine. The grandeur of this vast vale is celebrated by every traveller. The excellency of Tabor and the beauty of Hermon have been given to it. A feeling of solitude does at times steal over the mind, in journeying through its wide extent, which is rarely gladdened by a village, a cottage, or by the labours of man; yet, where cultivation has been employed, there are presented symptoms of such fertility as might have been expected from a region once celebrated, even in this land of exuberant produce, for its abundance in corn, wine, and oil.—Hos. ii. 22. To the fertilizing influence of the River Kishon may the once abundant crops of this vale be largely ascribed.

The Kishon rises at the foot of Mount Tabor, and after winding, with many a graceful sweep, through Esdraelon, falls into the Mediterranean Sea at the Bay of Acre. As it is fed by many small mountain streams, it is subject to many overflowings. "When we reached the banks of the Kishon," writes Carne, in his delightful Letters from the East, "much swollen at this time by the heavy rains, we could not find a ford to cross over; by going much lower down, however, we at last succeeded, and, crossing part of the plain, wound up the hills till the night fell."

The remembrances with which this river is associated will be fresh in the recollection of every Bible reader. Here the arm of the mighty was withered in the battle of the Lord—when the stars in their courses fought against Sisera, while the river of Kishon, suddenly swollen by the mighty storm, swept away his hosts—that ancient river, the River Kishon. Here stood the city of Meroz, against which went forth the bitter curse, because, being near the battle-field, and its strength great, its inhabitants, out of faithlessness or fear, remained in a detestable neutrality, and came not forth to the help of the Lord against the mighty. Tabor Mount recalls that scene of glory, when our Saviour, laying aside for a time his humanity, assumed the beaming radiance of divinity. The hill of Hermon suggests feelings of softness, grateful as its own refreshing dews; while the hill of Carmel, whose base is washed by the Kishon, reminds us of that day of decision when, by fire from heaven consuming the sacrifice, God vindicated his absolute divinity, and forced from the idolatrous Israelites the loud and united testimony: "The Lord, he is the God! the Lord, he is the God! And Elijah said unto them, Take the prophets of Baal; let not one of them escape. And they took them: and Elijah brought them down to the Brook Kishon, and slew them there."

If we speak of the Kishon as the waters of Megiddo—a name which Scripture applies to it in Judges v.—we are reminded of other scenes of tenderness and terror. It was at Megiddo, near to the Kishon, that young Josiah fell, and with him the flower of Israel. He had gone forth to oppose the progress of Pharaoh-necho, King of Egypt, who was marching through his land to fight against the King of Assyria. Pharaoh-necho was desirous to avoid an engagement with Josiah, and sent ambassadors who should say, that it was with no hostile intention he was passing through Josiah's territories, and who should even plead the authority of God for the expedition on which he was going. In spite of these remonstrances, Josiah persisted in his determination to oppose the King of Egypt. The hostile armies met in the valley of Megiddo. Israel was routed, and Josiah was mortally wounded. Such is the simple account which the sacred historian gives, and the event corresponds with the account. No doubt, the necessarily succinct history of the Bible leaves us in ignorance regarding many particulars connected with Josiah's conduct, which would have thrown a clearer light upon the story, and relieved us from difficulties which are apt to present themselves. Dean Prideaux has endeavoured, in the first volume of his Connections, to defend Josiah from the charge of wilfulness; but the difficulties which attend his view of the subject are as obvious and perplexing as those which he seeks to remove. Wide and deep was the mourning which the death of good Josiah caused. He had risen as a reformer in Judah; and during his reign the hearts of his people were cheered with the hope that God would yet again make his face to shine upon Jerusalem, and revisit the land with its former greatness. Good men bewailed his fall: "Jeremiah lamented for Josiah: and all the singing men and the singing women spake of Josiah in their lamentations to this

day, and made them an ordinance in Israel." In Hadadrimmon, especially—a town in the vale of Megiddo—the wailing was loud and long-continued; and hence, as in Zech. xii. 11, the mourning of Hadadrimmon became proverbial for any extraordinary lamentation. Already has there been "a great mourning in Jerusalem—a spiritual mourning, as the mourning of Hadadrimmon, in the valley of Megiddo"—when, on the day of Pentecost, the assembled thousands, directed by the preaching of Peter, looked to Him whom they had pierced, and with wicked hands had crucified and slain; and when they were pricked in their hearts, and, like men astonished, anxiously asked, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" In almost every instance where a general revival of religion takes place, there is much of tenderness and visible mourning. The place becomes a Hadadrimmon. We have heard the sound of such lamentations in our own times. "The most distinguishing feature of this kind," says Mr Macbride, in his account to the Assembly of the revival at Knapdale, "is mourning; for there has been weeping to a degree I never witnessed in any case before. I honestly confess, that I did not think nature capable of such weeping—that one could weep so long, or shed tears in such abundance. The reason of such mourning, when asked, they readily acknowledged to be sin—sin of heart and life." But "the mourning of Hadadrimmon" is yet awaiting its full manifestation. Then shall it be seen, when Israel shall be restored. Then will the Jewish mind be stirred to its lowest depths; and when, after the woes of their outcast state, they shall be brought again to Jerusalem, the sight of Calvary will recall, with freshened feeling, the Saviour whom their fathers had crucified, and whom themselves had rejected; and looking on Him whom they have pierced, will they lift up their voice as one man, and mourn with a great and grievous lamentation.

This plain of Megiddo has been called "the battle-ground of nations." Dr Clarke has graphically said: "Jews, Gentiles, Saracens, Christian Crusaders and Antichristian Frenchmen, Egyptians, Persians, Druses, Turks, and Arabs—warriors out of every nation under heaven—have pitched their tents on the Plain of Esdraelon, and have beheld the various banners of their nations wet with the dews of Tabor and Hermon." In allusion to its past history, as a place of conflict, revelation points to Armageddon (the hills of Megiddo or the hill of destruction), as the scene of final contest betwixt the mustering hosts of Antichrist and of the Lamb. Fearful will the struggle be. Untold destinies hang upon it. As yet, we can look upon it only through a glass darkly; for Scripture, although it exhibits the particulars of the conflict with more than an ordinary minuteness, exhibits them under those symbolical figures which the event alone can fully explain. Let us glance at the particulars. 1*st*, We have a representation of the principles by which the forces of Antichrist will be brought and kept together. Three unclean spirits like frogs come out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet. And these three unclean spirits are the spirits of devils, which go forth unto the kings of the earth, and of the whole world, to gather them to the battle of that great day of God Almighty. The unclean spirit which comes out of the mouth of the dragon, that old serpent the devil, may fitly represent a spirit of hellish enmity, which Infidelity often breathes against evangelical religion. By the unclean spirit which comes out of the mouth of the beast—an immoral civil power—we may understand that unprincipled expediency which leads worldly politicians to seek their own selfish and party ends at the expense of truth and righteousness; while the unclean spirit which comes out of the mouth of the false prophet—the Papal hierarchy—may designate the deadly and spreading power of Jesuitism, which numbers even now its forty thousand emissaries. Through the combined influence of these corrupt principles—false religion, worldly policy, and Infidelity—will Antichrist's unholy league be formed. 2*d*, We have the opposing forces in this great combat distinctly described. On the one hand is seen the rider on the white horse, whose eyes are as a flame of fire, whose head is crowned with many crowns, whose clothing is a vesture dipped in blood, and on whose vesture and thigh is this name written, KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS. The Captain is glorious—his company is goodly. The armies which were in heaven followed him upon white horses, clothed in fine linen, white and clean. On the other hand are seen the deep and dark lines of Antichrist. The beast and the kings of the earth, and their armies—captains, and mighty men, free and bond, small and great—all gathered together to make war against him that sat on the horse, and against his army. Dreadful will be the shock of battle in that great day of God Almighty; for the conflict is not alone with flesh and blood, but with principalities and powers—with the rulers of the darkness of this world—with wicked spirits in high places. It is the struggle which shall decide whether righteousness or iniquity shall rule our world—whether this earth shall be a province of hell or the kingdom of God and of his Son. But although the struggle will be severe, we are not left in doubt regarding the issue; for, 3*d*, We are told of Christ's complete victory. He shall put down all rule, and all authority and power. He must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet. The beast and the false prophet will be cast alive into a lake of fire burning with brimstone. The dragon will be bound for a thousand years, and will be cast into the bottomless pit, and shut up, that he should deceive the nations no more till the thousand years should be fulfilled. The dark night will usher in a bright day—the great battle will be followed by a lasting peace, even a millennium of righteousness and rest.

The time when we are to look for the fulfilment of these great events is also indicated to us. It is during the pouring out of the sixth vial upon the great River Euphrates, when the waters thereof will be dried up, that the mustering to the battle will take place. Almost all modern commentators agree in thinking, that by the great River Euphrates is meant the Turkish Empire. And may we not, with our own eyes, see a drought upon her waters? Every year is bringing along with it successive decays to this

once vast, but now rapidly declining, empire. Her influences and resources are gradually wasting away, as a river whose waters fail in the heat of summer. She looks to the great European powers for protection against the encroachments of her own ambitious pachas. She is dependent, at present, for her very existence as a separate power, on the uncertain policy of European cabinets.

Let us not forget that, amid these vast revolutions, an individual duty and responsibility rests upon each one of us. We are apt, in the contemplation of changes so wide, to get bewildered, and to lose sight of the fact that there is a duty suited to the times, which God requireth of every individual. Revelation is careful to correct this mistake. In the very midst of describing the great things which are coming upon the earth, Scripture pauses, and tells to every one of us our duty. It hath told you, O man, what is good, and what the Lord requireth of you when the sixth angel pours out his vial, when the Euphrates is drying up, and when God gives symptoms of mustering his hosts to the battle. Read, and take heed: "Behold, I come as a thief. Blessed is he that watcheth and keepeth his garments, lest he walk naked, and they see his shame." The warning seems intended, not so much for those who mingle in the battle, as for those who, like ourselves, live in the times which precede that fearful conflict. It calls us to expectancy—to a waiting and watching—so that we may not be seized with any sudden amazement when the great day of the Lord comes. It calls us to a holy circumspection—to a keeping of our garments unspotted with the defilements of Antichrist—so that, being separated from her sins, we may not be partakers of her plagues, and may be prepared to join the armies which follow the Lamb, and which are clothed in fine linen, white and clean. "Blessed is that servant whom his Lord, when he cometh, shall find so doing."

INQUIRING SAINTS.

I WAS asked the other day whether I had had any recent meeting for inquirers. I replied that I had not—that there were few inquiring sinners in the congregation; and I judged the reason to be, that there were few inquiring *saints*. "Inquiring saints! that is a *new* phrase. We always supposed that *inquiring* belonged exclusively to sinners." But it is not so. Do we not read in Ezek. xxxvi. 37: "Thus saith the Lord God, I will yet for this be *inquired* of by the house of Israel to do it for them?" *By the house of Israel*—that is, by his people—by the Church. You see that God requires and expects his covenanted people to inquire. It is true that saints do not make the same inquiry that sinners do. The latter ask what they must do to be saved, whereas the inquiry of Christians is: "Wilt thou not revive us again?" It is a blessed state of things when the people of God are inquiring. It is good for themselves, and it has a most benign influence on others. When the people of God inquire, presently the impenitent begin to inquire. That question: "Wilt thou not revive us?" is soon followed by the other: "What must I do to be saved?" Yes, when saints become anxious, it is not long ere sinners become anxious. The inquiry of three thousand on the day of Pentecost: "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" was preceded by the inquiry of the one hundred and twenty, who "all continued with one accord in prayer and supplication." Generally, I suppose, that is the *order*. First saints inquire, and *then* sinners; and whenever, in any congregation, religion does not flourish, one principal reason of it is, that the saints are not inquiring. *They* do not attend *their* inquiry-meeting appointed for them. The saints' inquiry-meeting is the prayer-meeting. In that Christians meet together to inquire of the Lord "to do it for them"—that is, to fulfil the promise about the new heart and the new spirit, of which he had been speaking. Now, when this meeting is crowded and interesting—when the inquiry among Christians is general, and earnest, and importunate—the sinners' inquiry-meeting usually becomes crowded and interesting.

O that I could make my voice to be heard by all the dear people of God in the land on this subject! I would say: You wonder and lament that sinners do not inquire; but are *you* inquiring? You wonder that they do not *feel*; but do *you* feel? Can you expect a heart of *stone* to feel, when a heart of *flesh* does not? You are surprised that sinners can sleep. It is because you sleep along-side of them. Do you but awake, and bestir yourselves, and look up and cry to God, and you will see how soon they will begin to be roused, and to look about them, and to ask the meaning of your solicitude. O that the saints would but inquire!—*Nevins.*

OBSCURE PASSAGES IN THE BIBLE.

A GENTLEMAN who visits with great regularity the Philadelphia Penitentiary, the inmates of which his piety prompts him to instruct, had given a Bible to a convict, who would ask him, at each visit, with much shrewdness, some difficult question formed from passages of the Sacred Volume; each time declaring he would not go on if this was not first explained to him. The gentleman was unable to persuade him that it would be best for him first to dwell upon those passages which he could easily understand, and which plainly applied to his situation. After many fruitless trials to induce the convict to this course, his friendly teacher said: "What would you think of a very hungry man, who had not eaten a morsel of food for the last twenty-four hours, and was asked by a charitable man to come in and sit down at a richly covered table, on which were large dishes of choice meat, and also covered ones, the contents of which the hungry man did not know. Instead of satisfying his exhausted body with the former, he raises one cover after another, and insists on finding out what these unknown dishes are composed of. In spite of all the advice of the charitable man to partake first of the more substantial dishes, he dwells with obstinate inquiry on nicer compounds, until, overcome with exhaustion, he drops down. What do you think of such a man?" "He is a fool," said the convict, "and I will be one no longer. I understand you well."—*Dr Luther.*

Fragments.

REPROOF.—None take reproof so well as those who most deserve to be commended.

CUNNING is a crooked wisdom. Nothing is more hurtful than when cunning men pass for wise.—*Bacon.*

CATO MAJOR would say, that wise men learned more by fools, than fools by wise men.—*Bacon.*

THE gates of death stand open by night as well as by day.

HE who is always his own counsellor, will often have a fool for his client.—*Hunter.*

Daily Bread.

FRIDAY.

"The Beloved."—Eph. i. 6.

Join all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew—
That angels ever bore;
All are too mean to speak his worth—
Too mean to set our Saviour forth.

Alas! what are all the crowns and kingdoms of the world, all the thrones and sceptres of kings, to Christ? I say, what are the treasures of the east, the gold of the west, the spices of the south, and the pearls of the north, to him? As all waters meet in the sea, and as all the lights meet in the sun; so all the perfections and excellences of all the saints and angels meet in Christ. Nay, Christ hath not only the holiness of angels, the loveliness of saints, and the treasure of heaven, but also the fulness of the Godhead—the riches of the Deity are in him: "For it hath pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell"—fulness of grace, fulness of knowledge, fulness of love, fulness of glory. He is lovely to the Father, lovely to the angels, lovely to the saints, and lovely to the soul.—*Dyer.*

SATURDAY.

"Guide thine heart in the way."—Prov. xxiii. 19.

Blessed are the pure in heart,
Prepared their God to see!
Jesus, to my soul impart
The spotless purity!

Men keep the heart principally from hurt, because every wound there is mortal. O that men were as wise for their souls! God's eye is mainly on the heart. The heart well guarded and watched, keeps all in security. Alexander was safe while Antipater kept the watch; so all within that little world, man, will be safe while the heart is strongly guarded. The heart is the fountain, the root, the store-house, the *primum mobile*—the great wheel that sets all a-going; and, therefore, above all keepings keep your heart. It is a foolish thing to watch the outworks, and leave the fort-royal without a guard; so it is a foolish thing to watch the out-works, the eye, the ear, the tongue, the hand, the feet (though these all must be watched) and to leave the heart, which is a Christian's fort-royal, without a guard.—*Brooks.*

SABBATH.

"Blessed is the man that keepeth the Sabbath."—Isa. lvi. 2.

Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

The Sabbath is God's weekly market-day; and a free market it is, wherein we may "buy, without money and without price,"[2] the richest commodities that heaven and earth can afford, even the bread and water of life for the lives of our souls, the wine of Christ's blood to cheer us, the milk of his Word to nourish us, the gold of his grace to enrich us, and his precious eye-salve to enlighten us, and his white raiment to clothe and adorn us. Is this day so profitable to us, and will we not regard it? It is God's stated alms-day, or public deal-day, wherein he scatters blessings and crumbs of the bread of life among needy souls. It is the day for ascending Mount Tabor, to see Christ transfigured before our eyes; and for getting to the top of Pisgah, to get a sight of the promised land.—*Willison.*

MONDAY.

"The full assurance of hope"—Heb. vi. 11.

Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain-top
See all the land below:
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of Paradise
In endless plenty grow.

Until assurance be attained, it is impossible but that men should "all their lives long be kept in bondage through the fear of death" (Heb. ii. 15); but an assured person can wish for death, and say, with Paul: "I desire to be dissolved." Assurance carries the soul to the top of Pisgah; and from thence a believer, as he hath a general view of the whole Land of Promise, so by the eye of an assuring faith he is able to espy his own lot and portion in heaven and glory; and can he be unwilling to go through Jordan, or the channel of the grave, to take possession thereof?—*Fairclough.*

TUESDAY.

"Let your profiting appear unto all men."—1 Tim. iv. 15.

O let our faith and love abound!
O let our lives to all around
With purest lustre shine!
That all around our works may see,
And give the glory, Lord, to thee,
The heavenly light divine!

Let your "paths be as the shining light," shining forth "more and more."—Prov. iv. 18. Not only grow in grace and inward holiness, but abound in the fruits of righteousness. A sensibly-thriving religion cannot be thought to be an imaginary one. They that observe the progress you make, will not be able to question the grounds upon which you go. When they see that, as you grow older and wiser, so you grow better, they cannot reasonably imagine that strength of fancy ever raised you to that height of goodness, but rather suppose that you do more good than you did, because you see more reason for it, and have more lively hopes of being gainers by it.—*Veal.*

WEDNESDAY.

"What God hath prepared for them that love him!"—1 Cor. ii. 9.

Give me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be!

Be in the altitudes. Think what God hath "prepared for them that love him." O that our thoughts could ascend! The higher the bird flies, the sweeter it sings. Let us think how blessed they are who are possessed of their heritage. If one could but look a while through the chinks of heaven-door, and see the beauty and bliss of Paradise—if he could but lay his ear to heaven, and hear the ravishing music of those seraphic spirits, and the anthems of praise which they sing—how would his soul be exhilarated and transported with joy!—*Watson.*

THURSDAY.

"I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord."—Phil. iii. 8.

All things for Christ account but loss,
And give up all your hearts to him;
Of nothing think or speak beside—
"My Lord, my love, is crucified."

There is a thousand times more worth, and beauty, and sweetness, and excellency in Jesus Christ, than you can know; as he said: That man that knows Jesus Christ well, although he be ignorant of all other things, he is the right knowing man. If a man had all the learning of both universities concentrated in himself, and yet ignorant of Jesus Christ, he were but a poor simple sot.—*Nalton.*

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"HIS VOICE AS THE SOUND OF MANY WATERS."—(REV. i. 15.)

BY W. D. KILLEN, D.D., BELFAST.

MANY have supposed that there is here an allusion to the sound of a cataract. And, doubtless, we can scarcely fail to be impressed with feelings of the awful and sublime, as we listen to some mighty river, tumbling over the brow of a frightful precipice, and descending, with the noise of thunder, into some deep and rocky gulf below. The same form of expression is, however, to be found in the 93d Psalm at the 4th verse; and it is probable that the allusion in this place is the same as that which is there more distinctly recognised. The Psalmist says: "The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, *yea, than the mighty waves of the sea.*" The reference, then, appears to be, not to the roar of a waterfall, but to the motion of the tides. And we can easily conceive why, under existing circumstances, such a comparison was suggested by the Spirit to the mind of the apostle. He was now an exile in the little isle of Patmos; and, possibly, the dashing of the waves against the shores of his lonely residence supplied him with many a theme for holy meditation; and when the Glorious Being who walked in the midst of the golden candlesticks condescended to address him, it may have been that emotions akin to what he had often experienced as he passed along the beach, were awakened in his mind, so that he was led to say: "His voice is as the sound of many waters."

By the voice of Christ we are to understand the word of his testimony. We read, accordingly: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear *my voice*, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."—Rev. iii. 20. The voice of the Son of God speaking in the Gospel may, for various reasons, be compared to the sound of many waters.

I. *It is never altogether silent.* How many are employed, in almost every quarter of the globe, in proclaiming the message of mercy! As the noise of the seas is created by a multitude of separate waves, so the glad tidings of great joy are announced by a multitude of individual heralds. And as wave follows wave in endless succession, so that, as we approach the shore, we always hear the sound of many waters, thus, too, the voice of Christ speaking in his Gospel is sustained from generation to generation. Ministers are but the trumpets of the Lord; and when one passes away, another begins to sound; and in this way, from age to age, the message of grace is preserved and promulgated.

II. *The voice of Christ is addressed to all the ends of the earth.* As we stand upon the beach, we may have something like a community of feeling with the inhabitants of the most distant climes; for the waters of the same great deep wash the shores of all the continents of the globe, and speak in the same tones of mystery and magnificence to all the sons and daughters of Adam. It may be said of the ebbing and flowing tides, as of the other works of creation and of providence: "There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world."—Ps. xix. 3, 4. And the love of Christ is expansive as the broad ocean; for he sends forth his invitations of mercy to every kindred, and people, and nation. The inhabitants of the various countries of the globe cannot understand each others speech, as every province has its own tongue or dialect; but the noise of the seas is a universal language, proclaiming to all the power and the majesty of the ever-living Jehovah. And how delightful to anticipate the period when the harmony of the heralds of salvation will be as the sound of many waters, when the same truths will be echoed from shore to shore, and when the uniform reverberation of the tides will be emblematic of *the one Gospel* preached among all nations! Through the visions of prophecy we can look forward to this era; for it is written: "Thy watchmen shall lift up the voice; with the voice *together* shall they sing: for they shall see eye to eye, when the Lord shall bring again Zion."—Isa. lii. 8.

III. *The voice of Christ is fitted to inspire us with awe and reverence.* There is something in the very aspect of the ocean which expands and elevates the mind. Almost every one is constrained to be serious as he stands solitary on the strand, and looks abroad upon the world of waters before him, and listens to the ceaseless agitation of the far-resounding surge. The shoreless sea is the mirror of infinite duration; and as the floods lift up their voice, we feel as if they were repeating their commission from the High and the Holy One who inhabiteth eternity: "The voice of the Lord is upon the waters: the God of glory thundereth: the Lord is upon many waters. The voice of the Lord is powerful; the voice of the Lord is full of majesty."—Ps. xxix. 3, 4. It is thus, too, with the Gospel. David could say: "My heart standeth in awe of thy word."—Ps. cxix. 161. The truth as it is in Jesus has a self-evidencing power—it commends itself to the conscience—it carries with it a conviction that it is a communication from heaven. The Infidel may meet it with a host of plausible sophistries, and

may attempt to laugh away its evidences; but when it is pressed home upon him closely and earnestly, it compels him to be serious, and to quail before its revelations. The Word of God is every way worthy of its Author—its doctrines are distinguished alike by their sublimity and excellence, and the simple majesty of its style bespeaks the greatness of the Master of the universe. There is something very grand and imposing in the noise of the sea, when the Lord "commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind which lifteth up the waves thereof;" but the still small voice of the Word, when accompanied by the Spirit, produces a far deeper and more permanent impression. "My flesh trembleth for fear of thee," says the Psalmist, "and I am afraid of thy judgments."—Ps. cxix. 120. Even the most abandoned wretch can scarcely divest himself of the conviction, that there is something in Christianity which is entitled to his respect. He feels that the Author of the Bible is a God of holiness, that his Word is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart, and that his testimonies are true and righteous altogether.

What sound in nature conveys a more vivid idea of the omnipotence of God than that of the sea, when the waters thereof roar and are troubled? And even when its surface is comparatively calm, there is an interest attached to the murmur of the gentlest wave; for it may be regarded as the utterance of a great monarch who cannot be controlled. In the days of Noah, when the deep burst forth from its ocean bed, and, sweeping over hill and plain, buried all in one dreary deluge, the sound of the approaching waters must have filled an unbelieving generation with unspeakable terror. They had despised the "preacher of righteousness"—they could now retire to no ark of safety; and, as they heard the rushing of the flood, they must have sunk under a sense of their utter helplessness. But there is a day coming when the voice of Jesus will be far more appalling even than that sound of many waters; for when Christ shall come in the glory of his Father, and all his holy angels with him, how dire shall be the confusion of the children of disobedience! How shall they be consumed with terrors, as they hear the great King saying to them: "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels!" In the symbolical language of prophecy, *waters* denote the masses of society, and thus the sound of many waters betokens the noise of many people. Hence, in the 10th chapter of Daniel, at the 6th verse, where we have an account of a manifestation of Christ somewhat similar to that given in the 1st chapter of the Apocalypse, we are told that "the voice of his words was *like the voice of a multitude*." The voice of the people is an element of tremendous power. The stoutest heart will quake before the shout of an adverse multitude, and the veriest tyrant that sits upon a throne cannot venture to trifle with the expressed will of all his subjects. But what is the voice of the united myriads of the human family to the voice of the Eternal? "He saith, and it is done; he commandeth, and it standeth fast." His word is the law of the universe. All the promises he has revealed shall be fulfilled, and all the threatenings he has denounced shall be executed. "The Lord of hosts hath sworn, saying, Surely as I have thought, so shall it come to pass; and as I have purposed, so shall it stand. The Lord of hosts hath purposed, and who shall disannul it? and his hand is stretched out, and who shall turn it back?"—Isa. xiv. 24, 27.

IV. *The voice of Christ is by many disregarded.* How few, as they pass along the beach, ever think of listening to the dashing of the waves! Some may mark their various murmurs, and their magnificent echoes, and, ascending in thought to Him who formed the seas, and who sendeth the wind out of his treasuries, may contemplate with adoring wonder the glory of Jehovah; but upon the mass of individuals, the noise of the many waters makes no impression. And it is thus, too, with the Gospel. Of how many of its ministers may it be said as of Ezekiel: "Thou art unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument: for they hear thy words, but they do them not!"—Ezek. xxxiii. 32. How many make light of the great salvation! How many listen to the joyful sound, as to a matter in which they have no interest—even as to the noise of many waters! Many preachers appear to be intrusted with the commission of Isaiah: "Go and tell this people, Hear ye indeed, but understand not; and see ye indeed, but perceive not. Make the heart of this people fat, and make their ears heavy, and shut their eyes; lest they see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and understand with their heart, and convert, and be healed."—Isa. vi. 9, 10.

PATIENCE AND IMPATIENCE.

(*Concluded.*)

ALTHOUGH patience is prized in a family circle, on account of its usefulness, a decided preference is often evinced for qualities of a very different order, and which take their rise more from human passions than from a higher source—proof undeniable that our thoughts are not as His who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity. The world's commendations are bestowed on what is called high spirit, or wit, or genius; but in the sight of God, a meek and quiet spirit is of great price.

Partiality palliates the passionate sallies of the showy or the talented, though fraught with pain and discomfort to others. "It is readily granted that Charles is hasty; but then he is so kind and generous withal! His passion has drawn tears from the eyes of Mary; but every body says she is very silly to mind him; he has

so kind a heart, and he did not mean any harm." But he has wounded feelings too delicate for him to understand. It is perhaps true that he is kind, after his own fashion; when the fit goes off, he may be very sorry, and possibly will endeavour to procure a peace-offering. Gold has no charms that can heal lacerated feelings; but, in such a case, their possessor will not turn sullenly away from the offer of reconcilement; and the blue hedge flower coming with an expression of regret for the past, will be as kindly and gladly accepted as the most costly gift. Nothing, however, can make up to a placid spirit for the continual breaks upon its cherished repose by anothers wayward and uncertain temper.

Examples drawn from the common occurrences of every-day life may appear trivial, in treating the subject so seriously; but petty vexations, which, in some shape, are continually crossing our path, disregarded as they are by uninterested onlookers, are often more sifting to the temper than such trials as will readily be acknowledged great. There is a species of patience that arises from the absence of very acute sensibility. In such instances it will manifest itself more in a passive than an active manner; and current events do not deeply affect such a temperament. But when, on the other hand, patience exists in a sensitive nature, many a pang is endured when much is done, and much forborne, and no adequate return experienced. A placid disposition is so pleasing, that, like other good and valuable things, it has its counterfeits; but as no mere imitation can bear a very close scrutiny, an assumed meekness will be quickly detected in the crucible of temptation. The patient are not perfect, and those who are naturally gifted with a large share of meekness, are little aware of the hidden malice that may lurk in the unexplored recesses of their hearts, if no outward trial has yet overtaken them sufficiently fiery to draw out the dross into open view. Certain feelings will spring up, in the contemplation of kind offices unrequited by a becoming sense of their value. When these troublesome intruders ruffle the wonted composure of the spirit, then it is time to look within.

What has been the object of those fond desires thus grievously disappointed? If the moving spring of your actions was merely to please a fellow-creature—to hold a high place in the esteem of others—then there was selfishness mingled with self-denial, and ingratitude to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, in withholding from him the heart's supreme affections, and so giving up to the service of the creature those energies that should have been devoted to the Creator. What an affecting exclamation was that of the dying Cardinal Wolsey! "Had I served God as diligently as I have done the king, he would not have abandoned my grey hairs; but this is my great reward." Thus those who sow the wind, need not be surprised that they should reap the whirlwind.—Hos. viii. 7.

But it is not among the unconverted or the thoughtless alone that the evils of impatience are seen and felt; neither are they confined to our conduct towards one another. There is a dark point in its fatal history which many are slow to confess, even to themselves—the way in which it affects the heart towards God. Bitter feelings towards a human creature may be too manifest for concealment; but who is willing to own that his heart rises in rebellion against his Maker, when he sees fit to deny wishes, to disappoint hopes, to blight flattering prospects, or visit with sore affliction? yet a sullen mood or an irritable spirit, under such troubles, are sure indications of this unsanctified frame of mind. The murmurer might tremble to give utterance to his rebellious thoughts; but He who scans the inmost recesses of the heart, requires no vocal expression to discover our sentiments. There is nothing but the "patience of the saints" which is not the mere product of any earthly temper, however amiable, that can carry us with "meekness of wisdom" through the many trials we may be called to endure; it is a fruit growing out of the felt assurance that nothing can happen to us without the divine permission, and that second causes but subserve the purposes of the great First Cause.

It is certain, that no one can be fully exercised in the Christian grace of patience without being taught of the Spirit; and much teaching, even in the school of Christ, is necessary, before the spirit that "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things," is wrought into the heart, and becomes the very habit of the soul. Gifts, however useful, and talents, however shining, must yield the palm to the quiet, unobtrusive, but most heavenly, grace of patience. "In your patience possess ye your souls," said the Pattern of divine perfection; and, says his servant Paul, who himself had need of it in an eminent degree, "Tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope."

When the sinner's eyes are opened, and his feet seek the narrow way of eternal life, it is indeed a blessed change; but he will greatly mistake his circumstances, if he imagines that he shall meet with no difficulties therein. He is only commencing a warfare—not celebrating a triumph; and except that the weapons of his warfare are not carnal, no child of Adam should ever win the victory. He has much to learn, and much to unlearn. Although he hates his sins, they still cleave to him; the difference is, that whereas they were before no burden, they are now a grievous load, from which he desires to be freed. He longs to relinquish them all—he struggles for emancipation from their bondage, and sometimes he is strengthened to overcome those enemies of his soul's peace, but at others he is, alas! overcome; he

is not contented, however, to remain a slave, and in the midst of temptation, and partial defeat, he will, though faint, be yet pursuing.

POPERY IN SPAIN.

CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

ITS DECLINE—EVANGELISTIC EFFORTS.

THOUGH within these few months there has appeared, among the many politico-ecclesiastical changes of which Spain has for years been the subject, one in favour of the ancient Popish despotism, civil and sacred; yet, regulating our judgment, not by the experience of months, but of recent years, it is matter of joy that there has been a decided decay of the power of Popery—a decay which, it is earnestly hoped, no accidental advantages will ever enable it to recover. The change which has taken place in Spain is not like that which has appeared either in France or in Germany—not like the gain of Protestantism against Popery in the former, through the labours of evangelical societies—not like the revolt spreading in the Popish Church itself in the latter, and, without the intervention of Protestants, carrying multitudes over to evangelical ground. It is not so far advanced as either movement; it is little more than the mere decline of Popery, from its felt absurdity and oppression long continued. There is a spirit of political liberty, but it is evidently not strong. Popery has deprived it of materials for working out its longings in a constitutional way, by the low tone to which it has degraded the public mind; and hence the decay of Popery in Spain seems to be rather the result of passive weariness and exhaustion, than of any strong positive principle, political or religious. Still there is decay, and we should be grateful to God whatever may be the way in which it is brought about. The weakening of the great enemy of Christ and of the souls of men, in an interesting land, over which he has long tyrannized, is ever important, especially if this be the mode in which the ground is to be cleared for a future foundation of good.

From the peculiarities of the position of Spain—for ages the champion of Popery, sealed at every point against the truth, the abode of the Inquisition when it had disappeared from other lands—it is plain that, if blessed with favourable change, this must be the result of events not from without, but from within. Accordingly, we find that the first propitious event was the translation and circulation of the Scriptures, in a comparatively popular form, about 1790. This was the deed of the king and the government, and was very obnoxious to the priesthood generally. They were not, however, backed though they were by the officers of the Inquisition, able to prevent it, after the public concessions which the Vatican, the better to meet the taunts of Protestants as to Rome forbidding the reading of the Word of God, had unwittingly made. This edition of the Spanish Scriptures has since been repeatedly reprinted in Spain, and also in Britain and America. At its first appearance, it was prefaced by an excellent essay "On the Reading of the Sacred Scripture in Vulgar Tongues," prepared by Dr Villanueva, under royal authority. It has since become a standard in Spain, and has been much read by the higher classes of society. Thus does God wonderfully provide agents for carrying forward his own work. Men cannot exclude the Word, if He purposes it shall be circulated. If likely agents are awanting, extraordinary ones—it may be Popish monarchs—shall be called into the field.

The next important event, adverse to Popery in Spain, was the suppression of the Inquisition by Bonaparte in 1808. At that time, it had twenty thousand familiars, open and secret agents, laymen and ecclesiastics, who, doubtless, counteracted as much as possible that circulation of the Scriptures which they could not altogether prevent. Along with the abolition of the Inquisition, there was the suppression of the convents to one-third of their former number. This was scarcely, if at all, less important. How remarkable, that Bonaparte, no evangelical Protestant—if anything, an Infidel—should be a greater weakener of the power of Popery, than the warmest friends of true religion! Prophecy has proclaimed that the destroyers of the Beast are not to be drawn from the ranks of evangelical Christians, but from among her own supporters; and events, so far as they have gone, strikingly confirm the prediction. The arrangement is a pleasing one, as showing, among other things, that the final catastrophe may come much more rapidly than faithful Protestants might otherwise have feared. As indicative, further, of the decline of Popery, it may be stated, that from 1808 to 1823—in other words, in fifteen years from the first blow of Napoleon—the friars and nuns of Spain had been reduced one-half, and that the priesthood also were seriously impaired in strength. Such was the spirit of inquiry awakened by public events, that the king's brother found it necessary, in 1827, to have Cobbet's caricature of the British Reformation translated and circulated in Spanish. This is an indirect testimony, at least, to the dread of the awakening spirit of Biblical inquiry in the land. The Rev. Mr Rule states, that it has been an invariable practice for the more celebrated Lent-preachers not only to denounce Protestantism, but to use means to collect and destroy copies of the Sacred Scriptures—all showing the fear of the Bible and of the reformation to which its free circulation necessarily conducts. Meanwhile, the friends of the Bible in this country were not idle, so far as events supplied them with openings into Spain. Little may have resulted from the translation, or rather paraphrase, of Amat, bishop of Astorga. Though contributions were raised in Britain to aid him in the work, he does not seem to have acted a straight-forward and honest part; but many thousands of copies of the Scriptures, without note or comment, found their way into Spain. Who has not heard of Borrow's "Bible in Spain?" The author's eccentricities may have been great and inexplicable, but his zeal in disseminating the Word of God was undoubted, and his very eccentricity in such a country may have contributed to his success.

Among the political proofs of the progress of change, we may refer to the contrast stated by Mr Rule between the article of the constitution establishing the Church of Rome as the national religion in

1812, and that establishing it in 1837, after a lapse of twenty-five years.

In the first case, the article was exclusive and intolerant, and ran in these terms :—

1812.	1837.
"The religion of the Spanish nation is, and shall be perpetually, the Catholic, Apostolic, Roman—only true. The nation protects it by wise and great laws, and prohibits the exercise of any other."	"The nation obliges itself to maintain the worship and ministers of the Catholic religion, which the Spaniards profess."

The latter article, after an able and wonderfully enlightened discussion, was carried by one hundred and twenty-five against thirty-four votes.

But, perhaps, the most striking proof of Popish decline is to be found in the feelings of indifference and infidelity with which large numbers of all classes regard the teaching and institutions of the Church of Rome, even in the most sacred forms.

We have already referred to various proofs of irreverence and unbelief. We subjoin another, expressive, at least, of great unconcern about the fortunes of the Romish Church. Mr Rule visited Valencia in 1838, and though it retains much more, externally, of Popery than many others, he states, that "the ruin of the Church appeared to be witnessed by the population with profound indifference." He mentions examples: One church was converted into a granary; heaps of corn covered the marble pavement, and half concealed the gilded altar-pieces; the pictures of saints, &c., retained their places, but called forth no symptoms of honour or reverence. In another church, a smith's forge was set up, and three or four men were shoeing horses; the chapels of the building were converted into stalls, and the altars served as mangers, at which horses were feeding; and the poor beasts tossed their heads before 'the miraculous picture,' still unremoved. The spectator was forcibly reminded of the exclamation: 'Babylon is fallen, is fallen.'" He adds: "*Similar indications of her fall have been, and still are, exhibited all over Spain.*"

To sum up the whole, Mr Rule, speaking of Spain very recently, says: "The dissolution of the monasteries, the diminution of the number of the parochial priesthood, the transfer of property from the Church to the State, the hostile position assumed by either party, and the open association of absolute monarchy and Papal tyranny, have not merely reduced almost to nothing the influence of the priests over the people, but have placed the people over the heads of the priests; and a crisis is brought about which cannot be of long continuance, but must rapidly induce a new state of things."—P. 350.

But some may ask: "Are there no symptoms of spiritual life? Are the only indications of the decay of Popery to be found in the breaking down of the adverse power, and the spread of the elements of renovation? Are there no indications of real spiritual building up?" From the circumstances of the case, very little of this can as yet be expected. At the same time, hermetically sealed as Spain has been against the truth of God from the days of the Reformation, it is interesting to find that the learned Doctor, who was called on to write a preface recommendatory of the reading of the Scriptures, in 1791, incidentally confesses that "here and there, one might be found infected with the old contagion of Lutheranism"—so difficult is it to root out the truth where it has once obtained a footing. To the great honour of the Wesleyan Methodist body, who have ever been eminently missionary in their spirit, there was a small congregation of professing Christians in that connection at Gibraltar, the southern point of Spain, seventy years ago. This body was blessed with a revival of religion. In the absence of a regular ministry, and disregarding the fancied "apostolic succession," pious officers from the British garrison conducted religious ordinances. When the French Revolution broke out in all the horrors of Infidelity, the Gibraltar congregation numbered one hundred and twenty members—as many as assembled in the upper room at Jerusalem. They were weakened by the military changes which were so frequent in those eventful times; but the chain was never broken. In 1804, the humble congregation first received the services of a regular ministry, which has been kept up ever since. To the deep disgrace of the parties more immediately concerned, the Methodist worshippers were repeatedly persecuted by British officers, instigated by British chaplains. Methodist soldiers were forbidden to walk or converse together; and two of their corporals were actually reduced, and received two hundred lashes each, for no offence but attending the place of Methodist worship! We are justly indignant at the intolerance of Spain, and wonder at the execution of a poor Quaker at Valencia, a few years ago, for no crime save his adherence to his conscientious religious convictions! but where differs the case, except in the extent of its severity, from that of the persecuted soldiers at Gibraltar? Surely the guilt of the British authorities, in the sight of God, is not less, but more aggravated, than that of the benighted Spaniards.

The faithful Methodists of Gibraltar, seem always to have had an eye, more or less decided, to the spiritual good of the natives, as well as to that of their own countrymen; but it was under the ministry of Mr Rule that the greatest and most successful efforts were made. Not satisfied with his labours at Gibraltar, which embraced schools attended by four hundred children, nor with the circulation of the Scriptures, and the translation and dissemination of evangelical books, he made more than one attempt to establish not only schools but Christian congregations, on the territory of Spain. Such was the blessing of God upon his efforts, that at Cadiz he soon had one hundred children at a Christian school, and a small, but increasing congregation besides. This, however, with all his circumspection and prudence, was too much for even falling Popery to endure; and so, after the Cadiz school had been repeatedly shut by one authority and opened by another, he found it necessary to withdraw for the present; not, however, before he had practically proved the important points, that there is a growing religious freedom springing up in long-oppressed Spain, and that many of her people would gladly hear the word of life, if only permitted.

A high testimony to the altered state of feeling, civil and religious, in Spain, is to be found in the fact that, provoked by the labours of the friends of true religion, a society was, for the first time, formed in Spain in 1839, entitled "The Religious Society of Spain," for the express and avowed purpose of defending the Church of Rome, and counteracting the evangelistic efforts then in operation. It is founded on the model of similar societies in France—at Paris, Lyons, and Circassonne—and is intended to aid the cause of Popery both in Spain and in Heathen lands. Its labours, it is understood, have made little impression; but its existence shows at once the dread which has been awakened, and the change which has taken place in the public mind. Instead of a summary appeal to force—a cry for the Inquisition or the Jesuits—there is a call to the exercise of private judgment. Arguments and moral suasion are the weapons employed.

The reader may wish to see what sort of books Mr Rule has translated into Spanish. Besides smaller publications connected with the Methodist Church and worship, and school-books, there are such works as Bogue's Essay on the New Testament—a valuable treatise on the Evidences; Nevin's Thoughts on Popery; Gurney's Observations on the Sabbath; Horne's Romanism Contrary to Holy Scripture; Letter on Religious Toleration and the Abuses of Rome; the Four Gospels, translated from the Greek, with Notes; Andrew Dunn—an admirable tract in the Popish controversy; Christianity Restored; and lastly, though not least in importance, Bishop Jewell's Apology, which has been translated by a professor of divinity, who, disgusted with the Romish Church, is longing for the peace and rest of the evangelical faith. Referring to his own translations, Mr Rule says that there have been, and continue to be, very frequent applications for them, both by inhabitants of Gibraltar, and strangers of all classes from Spain. They are dispersed along the coasts, and in many of the chief towns of the interior, Madrid included, the Balearic Isles, and the Spanish and French settlements in Africa.

We have now finished the object which we had in view—to acquaint the Christians of this country with the present moral and religious condition of Spain, leaving them to judge, from the information supplied, what is their duty, and the way in which they should seek to accomplish it. We have made full use of Mr Rule's "Memoir," because it is the only book on the subject, and because, after ten years' missionary labour in Spain, he is well entitled to be heard with all respect. It is not necessary to say anything recommendatory of the object; the facts speak for themselves. Suffice it to say, that the claims of our own countrymen sojourning in Spain are not insignificant. British are to be found in considerable numbers in all the sea-ports, and, with the revival of mining industry and the extension of steam navigation, are rapidly increasing. But the claims of Spain itself are far more serious. Is it no dishonour to the Churches of Britain and America, that, with the exception of the British Churches at Gibraltar, Mr Rule has for years been the solitary evangelical agent to above twelve millions of Europeans, within a few days' sail of our shores? No doubt there are difficulties in the way of any extensive operations. Spanish Popery, with all its decline and poverty, is still very powerful. It is contributing largely to the spread of Popery in France. Portugal, a twin-sister, has shown, in the recent case of Madeira, that persecution even to death may, if need be, be soon witnessed in Europe. Mr Rule's correspondence with Lord Palmerston, in 1839, shows that British subjects, labouring to proselytize in Spain, will enjoy as little protection from British treaty as Lord Aberdeen assures us they will enjoy under Portuguese rule. But there are also many encouragements. Spain is more open than it has been for generations. More than one Spanish priest has lately abandoned the Church of Rome; and Merle D'Aubigné, who has had two of them as pupils, declares: "From what I have seen of these two friends, I do not hesitate to say, that the Spanish priests seem to be superior in uprightness to those of other Papal countries." If not by direct preaching, yet by the circulation of the Scriptures, and evangelical books and tracts, not a little, with God's blessing, may be accomplished. Whatever may be done should at least be attempted, and that without delay.

ERRATUM.—In the second paper of this series, p. 379, column 2, line 20, for "eleven thousand," read "*eleven hundred.*"

"A BROTHER BORN FOR ADVERSITY."

HAST thou on Pleasure's sunny hill
Been lulled to sleep in rosy bowers,
And only waked to drink thy fill
Of happy day-dreams 'midst its flowers?
And have they vanished like the dew,
When by the wind the grass is shaken,
Or as the passing shadow flew,
Leaving the heart of hope forsaken?
Seek not again the airy height,
Where gay illusions cheat the sight;
But turn thee unto Him who gave
His life th' all hopeless else to save.

Did troops of friends when wealth was thine,
With smiles and talk thy table throng,
And eat thy bread, and drink thy wine,
And join with thee in dance and song;
But when along thy dark green leaf
The mildew of misfortune fell,
Fled they with speed thy home of grief,
All lonely leaving thee to dwell?
Mourn not their loss—a craven crew
To Mammon's worship only true:
But turn thee to that faithful Friend
Who loves his own—loves to the end;
In want or woe forsakes them never,
Sustains them now—enthrones for ever!

A. BETHUNE.

"LORD, IF THOU HADST BEEN THERE!"

A TRADITION OF THE CHURCH AT LAODICEA.

BY MRS HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

AT the time when the Laodicean Church was in the state described in the first part of the Revelation of John, lived the Elder Onesiphorus. The world had

smiled on him; and, though a Christian, he was rich and full of honours. All men, even the Heathen, spoke well of him; for he was a man courteous of speech and mild of manner.

His wife, a fair Ionian lady but half reclaimed from idolatry, though baptized and accredited as a member of the Christian Church, still lingered lovingly on the confines of old Heathenism; and if she did not believe, still cherished with pleasure the poetic legends of Apollo and Venus—of Jove and Diana.

A large and fair family of sons and daughters had risen around these parents; but their education had been much after the rudiments of this world, and not after Christ. Though, according to the customs of the Church, they were brought to the font of baptism, and sealed in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and although daily, instead of libations to the Penates, or flower-offerings to Diana or Juno, the name of Jesus was invoked, yet the *Spirit* of Jesus was wanting. The chosen associates of all these children, as they grew older, were among the Heathen; and daily they urged their parents, by their entreaties, to conform in one thing after another to Heathen usage. "Why should we be singular, mother?" said the dark-eyed Myrrah, as she bound her hair and arranged her dress after the fashion of the girls in the Temple of Venus. "Why may we not wear the golden ornaments and images which have been consecrated to Heathen goddesses?" said the sprightly Thalia; "surely none others are to be bought, and are we to do altogether without?"——"And why may we not be at feasts where libations are made to Apollo or Jupiter?" said the sons; "so long as we do not consent to it or believe in it, will our faith be shaken thereby?" "How are we ever to reclaim the Heathen, if we do not mingle among them?" said another son; "did not our Master eat with publicans and sinners?"

It was, however, to be remarked, that no conversions of the Heathen to Christianity ever took place through the means of these complying sons and daughters, or any of the number who followed their example. Instead of withdrawing any from the confines of Heathenism, they themselves were drawn so nearly over, that in certain situations and circumstances they would undoubtedly have been ranked among them by any but a most scrutinizing observer. If any in the city of Laodicea were ever led to unite themselves with Jesus, it was by means of a few who observed the full simplicity of the ancient faith, and who, though honest, tender, and courteous in all their dealings with the Heathen, still went not a step with them in conformity to any of their customs.

In time, though the family we speak of never broke off from the Christian Church, yet if you had been in it, you might have heard much warm and earnest conversation about things that took place at the baths, or in feasts to various divinities; but if any one spoke of Jesus, there was immediately a cold silence—a decorous, chilling, respectful pause, after which the conversation, with a bound, flew back into the old channel again.

. . . . . .

It was now night, and the house of Onesiphorus the Elder was blazing with torches, alive with music, and all the hurry and stir of a sumptuous banquet. All the wealth and fashion of Laodicea were there, Christian and Heathen; and all that the classic voluptuousness of Oriental Greece could give to shed enchantment over the scene was there. In ancient times, the festivals of Christians in Laodicea had been regulated in the spirit of the command of Jesus, as recorded by Luke, whose classical Greek had made his the established version in Asia Minor: "And thou, when thou makest a feast, call not thy friends and thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbours, lest they also bid thee, and a recompense be made thee. But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, and the maimed, and the lame, and the blind, and thou shalt be blessed; for they cannot recompense thee, but thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just."

That very day, before the entertainment, had this passage been quoted in the ears of the family by Cleon, the youngest son, who, different from all his family, had cherished in his bosom the simplicity of the old belief.

"How ridiculous! how absurd!" had been the reply of the more thoughtless members of the family, when Cleon cited the above passage as in point to the evening's entertainment. The dark-eyed mother looked reproof on the levity of the younger children, and decorously applauded the passage, which she said had no application to the matter in hand.

"But, mother, even if the passage be not literally taken, it must mean *something*. What did the Lord Jesus intend by it? If we Christians may make entertainments with all the parade and expense of our Heathen neighbours, and thus spend the money that might be devoted to charity, what does this passage mean?"

"Your father gives in charity as handsomely as any Christian in Laodicea," said his mother warmly.

"Nay, mother, that may be; but I bethink me now of two or three times when means have been wanting for the relieving of the poor, and the ransoming of captives, and the support of apostles, when we have said that we could give no more."

"My son," said his mother, "you do not understand the ways of the world."

"Nay, how should he?" said Thalia, "shut up day and night with that old papyrus of St Luke and Paul's Epistles. One may have too much of a good thing."

"But does not the holy Paul say, 'Be not conformed to this world?'"

"Certainly," said the elder; "that means that we should be baptized, and not worship in the Heathen temples."

"My dear son," said his mother, "you intend well, doubtless, but you have not sufficient knowledge of life to estimate our relations to society. Entertainments of this sort are absolutely necessary, to sustain our position in the world. If we accept, we must return them."

But not to dwell on this conversation, let us suppose ourselves in the rooms now glittering with lights, and gay with every costly luxury of wealth and taste. Here were statues to Diana and Apollo, and to the household Juno—not meant for worship, of course not, but simply to conform to the general usages of good society; and so far had this complaisance been carried, that the shrine of a peerless Venus was adorned with garlands and votive offerings, and an exquisitely wrought silver censer diffused its perfume on the marble altar in front. This complaisance, on the part of some of the younger members of the family, drew from the Elder a gentle remonstrance, as having an unseemly appearance for those bearing the Christian name; but they readily answered: "Has not Paul said, 'We know that an idol is nothing!' Where is the harm of an elegant statue, considered merely as a consummate work of art? As for the flowers, are they not simply the most appropriate ornament—and where is the harm of burning exquisite perfume? and is it worse to burn it in one place than another?"

"Upon my sword," said one of the Heathen guests, as he wandered through the gay scene, "how liberal and accommodating these Christians are becoming! Except in a few small matters in the temple, they seem to be with us entirely."

"Ah!" said another, "it was not so years back.

Nothing was heard among them then, but prayers, and alms, and visits to the poor and sick; and when they met together at their feasts, there was so much of their talk of Christ, and such singing of hymns and prayer, that one of us found himself quite out of place."

"Yes," said an old man present, "in those days I quite methought me of being some day a Christian; but, look you, they are grown so near like us now, it is scarce worth one's while to change. A little matter of ceremony in the temple, and offering incense to Jesus instead of Jupiter, when all else is the same, can make small odds in a man."

But now, the ancient legend goes on to say, that in the midst of that gay and brilliant evening, a stranger, of remarkable appearance and manners, was noticed among the throng. None knew him, or whence he came. He mingled not in the mirth, and seemed to recognise no one present, though he regarded all that was passing with a peculiar air of still and earnest attention; and wherever he moved, his calm penetrating gaze seemed to diffuse a singular uneasiness about him. Now, his eye was fixed with a quiet scrutiny on the idolatrous statues, with their votive adornments; now, it followed earnestly the young forms that were wreathing in the graceful waves of the dance; and then he turned toward the tables, loaded with every luxury, and sparkling with wines, where the devotion to Bacchus became more than poetic fiction; and, as he gazed, a high indignant sorrow seemed to overshadow the calmness of his majestic face. When, in thoughtless merriment, some of the gay company sought to address him, they found themselves shrinking involuntarily from the soft piercing eye, and trembling at the low, sweet tones in which he replied. What he spoke was brief, but there was a gravity and tender wisdom in it, that strangely contrasted with the frivolous scene, and awakened unwonted ideas of heavenly purity, even in thoughtless and dissipated minds.

The only one of the company who seemed to seek his society was the youngest—the fair little child Isa. She seemed as strangely attracted towards him as others were repelled; and when, unsolicited, in the frank confidence of childhood, she pressed to his side, and placed her little hand in his, the look of radiant compassion and tenderness which beamed down from those eyes was indeed glorious to behold. Yet here and there, as he glided among the crowd, he spoke in the ear of some Christian words which, though soft and low, seemed to have a mysterious and startling power; for, one after another, pensive, abashed, and confounded, they drew aside from the gay scene, and seemed lost in thought. That stranger—who was he? Who? The inquiry passed from mouth to mouth; and one and another, who had listened to his low earnest tones, looked on each other with a troubled air. Ere long he had glided hither and thither in the crowd, he had spoken in the ear of every Christian—and suddenly again he was gone, and they saw him no more. Each had felt his heart thrill within him — each spirit had vibrated as if the finger of its Creator had touched it, and shrunk conscious as if an omniscient eye were upon it. Each heart was stirred from its depths. Vain sophistries, worldly maxims, making the false seem true—all seemed to rise and clear away like a mist; and at once each one seemed to see, as God sees, the true state of the inner world—the true motive and reason of action; and in the instinctive pause that passed through the company, the banquet was broken up and deserted.

"And what if their God were present?" said one of the Heathen members of the company next day; "why did they all look so blank? A most favourable omen, we should call it, to have one's patron divinity at a feast."

"Besides," said another, "these Christians hold that their God is always everywhere present; so, at most, they have but had their eyes opened to see Him who is always there!"

. . . . . .

What is practically the meaning of the precept, "Be not conformed to the world?" In its every-day results, it presents many problems difficult of solution. There are so many shades and blendings of situation and circumstances, so many things, innocent and graceful in themselves, which, like flowers and incense on a Heathen altar, become unchristian only through position and circumstances, that the most honest and well-intentioned are often perplexed.

That we must conform in some things is conceded; yet the whole tenor of the New Testament shows that this conformity must have its limits — that Christians are to be *transformed*, so as to exhibit to the world a higher and more complete style of life, and thus "*prove* what is the good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God."

But in many particulars as to style of living, and modes of social intercourse, there can be no definite rules laid down, and no Christian can venture to judge another by his standard.

One Christian condemns dress, adornment, and the whole application of taste to the usages of life, as a sinful waste of time and money. Another, perceiving in every work of God a love and appreciation of the beautiful, believes that there is a sphere in which he is pleased to see the same trait in his children, if the indulgence do not become excessive, and thus interfere with higher duties.

One condemns all time and expense laid out in social visiting as so much waste. Another remembers that Jesus, when just entering on the most vast and absorbing work, turned aside to attend a wedding feast, and wrought his first miracle to enhance its social enjoyment. Again, there are others who, because *some* indulgence of taste, and some exercise for the social powers is admissible, go all lengths in extravagance, and in company, dress, and the externals of life.

In this matter, there are some things about which, on reflection, most devout Christians are agreed. All are agreed that any custom or indulgence, however in itself beautiful, becomes sinful when its effect is to countenance any form of evil. In the first ages, when a Christian could not adorn his house with a picture or a statue, without giving countenance to idolatry, the indulgence of taste in this form became sinful; and now there are many indulgences of taste, held forth in theatres and operas, and in some popular forms of social amusement, which the Christian must abandon for the same reason. He may have as fine an ear for music—as quick an eye for scenery and decoration—as vivid an appreciation of artistic grace as any other man—yet he must not indulge it, simply because he shall become an encourager of very serious evils if he does.

In the same manner, with regard to style of life and social entertainment—most of the items which go to constitute what is called style of living, or the style of particular parties, may be in themselves innocent, and yet they may be so interwoven and combined with evils, that the whole effect shall be felt to be decidedly unchristian, both by Christians and the world. How, then, shall the well-disposed person know where to stop, and how to strike the just medium?

We know of but one safe rule: Read the life of Jesus with attention—*study* it—inquire earnestly with yourself: "What sort of a person, in thought, in feeling, in action, was my Saviour?"—live in constant sympathy and communion with him—and there will be within a kind of instinctive rule by which to

try all things. A young man who was to be exposed to the temptations of one of the most dissipated European capitals carried with him his father's picture, and hung it in his apartment. Before going out to any of the numerous resorts of the city, he was accustomed to contemplate this picture, and say to himself: "Would my father wish to see me in the place to which I am going?" and thus was he saved from many a temptation. In like manner the Christian, who has always by his side the beautiful ideal of his Saviour, finds it a holy charm, by which he is gently restrained from all that is unsuitable to his profession. He has but to inquire of any scene or employment: "Should I be well pleased to meet my Saviour there? Would the trains of thought I should there fall into —the state of mind that would there be induced, be such as would harmonize with an interview with him?" Thus protected and defended, social enjoyment might be like that of Mary and John, and the disciples, when, under the mild, approving eye of the Son of God, they shared the festivities of Cana.—*New York Evangelist.*

BIBLE RIVERS AND LAKES.

CONCLUDING PAPER.

BY THE REV. J. W. TAYLOR, FLISK AND CRIECH.

The Kedron.

PASSING out of Jerusalem by the gate of St Stephen, which looks to the south, you descend to the torrent of the Kedron. A bridge of one arch is here thrown over its deep and rocky bed. During nine months of the year it is mostly dry; but in the rainy season it is a wintry torrent, rapid and swollen. Its channel leads to the Dead Sea, and, in its course, is marked by its picturesque spots. Thus, where the Convent of St Saba crowns a rock on its banks, midway betwixt Jerusalem and the Dead Sea, its deep sides sink into a dell through which the waters of the brook may be seen, now forming into pools, or gliding on with a murmuring motion over its rocky channel.

In the neighbourhood of Jerusalem it is that the Kedron is invested with the deepest interest. Here every object which it passes speaks to the heart. Now it kisses the foot of the Mount of Olives, where oft our Saviour was wont to repair in company with his disciples. Again, it skirts the Garden of Gethsemane, with its eight venerable olive trees—the scene of Jesus' bloody agony. Through the Valley of Jehoshaphat, "as through a valley sacred to sweet peace," its scanty waters it distils from stone to stone with gentle motion; here gliding past the crowded tomb-stones of the humbler Hebrews; there passing the more adorned resting-places of Jerusalem's ancient kings—the pillar of Absalom and the tomb of Zacharias. Over this brook did David pass, when fleeing from the face of Absalom (2 Sam. xv. 23); and over it did Christ go, in that night of sorrow and amazement when he was betrayed into the hands of sinners.—John xviii. 1. It was by the Brook Kedron, that the good kings Asa and Josiah burned the idols of their apostate predecessors, and recalled to Israel the departed favour of Heaven.

Such is a general description of the principal Bible Rivers and Lakes. In contemplating everything connected with this once beloved land, the mind yields itself to sadness; and the train of bright recollections, which every spot of it recalls, throws an additional gloom over its present desolations. Lebanon no longer rejoices in the multitude of her cedars; the vine of Sorek is withered up; the excellency has departed from Carmel; and the rose of Sharon has drooped its head and died. No spreading vineyards, few cultivated fields, no flourishing cities or smiling villages attest the industry and happiness of its people. The religion which once dignified its inhabitants, and still consecrates its soil, has disappeared; while, through this scene of sorrow its rivers flow, and mourn in their courses for their diminished glory.

But though Palestine at present wears the appearance of a land which has felt the curse of Heaven, Memory yet loves to linger around it as the scene of events the most interesting to our race, and Hope looks forward to those bright days of returning prosperity of which her prophets have spoken. "And it shall come to pass, that as ye were a curse among the Heathen, O house of Judah, and house of Israel; so will I save you, saith the Lord, and ye shall be a blessing: fear not, but let your hands be strong." Jerusalem shall yet be safely inhabited, and she shall be called a city of truth. But while this will be a day of returning mercy to Judah, it will be a day of trouble to the nations who have trodden down that goodly land. The dispensations of mercy to the one, and of judgment to the other, are inseparably conjoined in the sure word of prophecy: "For, behold, in those days, and in that time, when I shall bring again the captivity of Judah and Jerusalem, I will also gather all nations, and will bring them down into the Valley of Jehoshaphat (the valley of the judgment of God), and will plead with them there for my people and for my heritage Israel, whom they have scattered among the nations, and parted my land." The Red Sea may again be smitten, and Egypt become a desolation—the great River Euphrates will be dried up, and the Turkish power be destroyed; but the bare channels of Palestine's streams will be covered, and "all the rivers of Judah shall flow with waters, even living waters shall go out from Jerusalem, half of them toward the former sea, and half of them toward the hinder sea; in summer and in winter shall it be." The mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

THE LIGHT OF GOD'S COUNTENANCE.

OUTWARD enjoyments are indeed sweet; but my God, the author of them, is infinitely more sweet. They have all, even the most defecate of them, a tang and smack of the cask and channel through which they come. A single God is infinitely more sweet than the enjoyment of all created good things that come from him. Though, indeed, I can smile, when my corn, and wine, and oil increaseth; and bear a part with my valleys, when they stand so thick with corn that they even laugh and sing; alas! this, without the enjoyment of a God, is but a mere *risus Sardonicus*—the leaping of the head after the soul is gone. True, indeed, these are some of God's love-tokens; but what are these to his person and presence? These, indeed, are rich cabinets; but, O the light of his countenance! that, that is the jewel!—Ps. iv. 6. In having these, I can say, with Esau, "I have

much!" But, give me Him, I can exult and, triumphing, say, with Jacob, "I have all."—Gen. xxxiii. 9, 11. These are some of his left-hand favours—some of his bottles of milk and gifts—a fit portion for Ishmael and the sons of Keturah. But it is an Isaac's inheritance, waters of the upper fountains, which my soul thirsts after; those right-hand blessings, his presence—his soul-ravishing presence, in which there is "fulness of joy, and pleasures for evermore."—Ps. xvi. 11. These may serve for my comfortable passage; but nothing but himself can content and satisfy for my all-sufficient portion (Ps. lxxiii. 26)—according to that in Ps. xxxvi. 8. He alone can fill up all the gaping chinks and chasms of my soul. He is my "sun and shield" (Ps. lxxxiv. 11)—my root and branch (Isa. xi. 10)—my "foundation and corner-stone" (Isa. xxviii. 16)—my "sword and shield."—Deut. xxxiii. 29. He only can answer all my desires—all my necessities. "My God and my all." Thus faith fixes its aspect on God.—*Lyc.*

CLOCKS IN CHURCHES.

Few, if any, human inventions, embody so much moral character, as the time-keepers. Poets and preachers have been helped to many useful truths by this device. The Prophet Isaiah (2 Kings xx.) made most effective use of "the dial of Ahaz," in his solemn errand to the dying Hezekiah. What force it gave to that miracle!

The passage of time has ever been a favourite theme to pious minds. Instruments to measure it, have, of course, been favourites also. On the pulpits of our Puritan fathers it was common to see an iron frame, in which stood the primitive hour-glass. Children then knew what the primer means—

> "As runs the glass
> Man's life doth pass."

How that silent monitor of time spake to the heart! It was a natural, forceful preacher in that solemn house where time and eternity come so near together. The falling sands were emblems of years and hours crumbling in silent fragments into eternity.

Mechanical skill has given for the dial and glass the more complete, if less impressive, chronometer. It is a fit appendage to the walls of the sanctuary. Its iron finger, slowly, but unceasingly, travels the unending dial circle—a meter of time—an emblem of eternity. It is an *iron finger*—unfeeling—almost remorseless. The young, the gay, do not beguile it; nor the old and trembling beg it from its ceaseless march. It ever points—on—on—to death, the grave, and to eternity. Oh! how it preaches to dying, fading man. Each faint tick is the knell of a departed moment, bearing in its flight some *soul* into eternity. It is the warning of another moment of our lives—its dying warning—as it goes to mingle with all gone before in eternity. In the day of judgment will not these measured moments accuse the slothful, the unready? will they not be a witness against those "taken at unawares?" Reader, when you hear again that solemn monitor, think, yea think, what lessons for eternity it giveth thee.

In one of my college years, a fellow-pupil suddenly died. On the Sabbath following, the venerated Dr F—— joined his discourse with this event, which was itself preaching very solemnly to some of us. This was a sentence: "Young man, thou art now strong and full of health; but I will tell you, the spade which shall dig thy grave may be already forged, thy winding-sheet be lying in yonder store, and *that clock* (pointing to the one on the gallery) *be counting out the moments in the last Sabbath-day of thy life.*" He paused. It was as the stillness of the grave for a minute—but oh! the *tick of that clock!*"—it entered my soul—it seemed like the sound of the keys in the doors of the eternal world. No voice, no speech could have searched the audience as did that awful voice of our departing moments. Since that day, I ever look seriously upon the face, and listen solemnly to the voice, of the sanctuary clock.—*Christian Sentinel.*

MOCK REPENTANCE.

Take heed of a mock repentance, saying: "I cry *God-mercy! God forgive me!* I sin daily, and repent daily. When I have sworn or been drunk, I am heartily sorry. Is not this repentance?" I answer, No; repentance is quite another thing. "The burnt child," we say, "dreads the fire." Thou hast smarted for suretiship, and hast repented of it. Thy friend comes again and desires thee to be bound with him once again. Thou repliest: "I have paid dear for suretiship already. I have repented of my folly. I have resolved to come into bonds again no more; no, not for the best friend I have." Thou art importuned by many arguments, but peremptorily refusest: "Urge me no more; I have vowed and resolved against it, and have made an oath I would never be taken in that fault again." Now I believe thee, that thou hast truly repented of suretiship; why dost thou not *thus* when thou art enticed into sin again? Why dost thou not say: "I have smarted, confessed, bewailed, been heartily sorry, for my former folly. Now speak no more of it; 'I have sworn, and will perform it, to keep God's commandments.'—Ps. cxix. 106. 'Away from me, ye wicked; I must keep the commandments of my God?'"—Ps. cxix. 115. This would be somewhat like true repentance. But take heed of a mock repentance, lest, as true repentance meets with a true pardon, thy mock repentance should be answered with a mock pardon, as Tertullian excellently saith: "There be some that say their heart is good; they fear God, grieve for sin, though yet they fall into sin." "They can live in sin, nevertheless, notwithstanding their faith and repentance; and God can damn them nevertheless, notwithstanding his mercies, and promises, and pardoning grace." True repentance, among other companions, is always attended with these three: "What CAREFULNESS, what INDIGNATION, what FEAR hath it wrought in you!"—2 Cor. vii. 11.—*Sheffield.*

HEAD VERSUS HEART.

The knowledge of the most excellent truths may be unprofitable to us, if we know not our duty too. It is best for us to know those things which may make us best—such as may further our graces rather than heighten our reputation, make us rather useful than famous, and serviceable to God rather than admired by men. It is a vain thing to know what to hold and not know what to do—to understand controversy and be ignorant of duties. Men are to study those things which are most profitable—such as will better their condition, and not only improve their understanding. You know a sick man had rather have a good medicine than fine clothes; he minds more the easing of his pain than the dressing-up of his body. That which will make you spruce will not always make you well. Fine trappings will not cure a lame horse, nor the painting of the face heal the diseases of the spleen or liver. That knowledge which adorns your mind yet may not always mend your heart.—*Veal.*

RELATIVE RESPONSIBILITY.

PLATO, seeing a child do mischief in the streets, went forthwith and corrected his father for it. That father that does not correct his child when he does amiss, is justly corrected for his faults; and it is the pattern of God's judicial proceedings. As he visits the iniquities of the fathers upon the children who *imitate* them; so he visits the iniquities of the children upon the fathers who *countenance and indulge* them. As Jacob was accountable to Laban for the whole flock—not a sheep or a lamb lost or torn but it was required at his hands (Gen. xxvi. 39); thus must family governors be accountable to God for every lamb in the fold—for every child in the family—for every servant in the house. Says God to him: "Give an account of thy stewardship; for thou mayest be no longer steward."—Luke xvi. 2. So will God one day cry aloud in thine ears: "Husband, father, master, wife, give an account of thy husbandship, give an account of thy fathership, give an account of thy mastership, give an account of thy wifeship," &c. This made Joshua (xxiv. 15) undertake for his house as well as for himself. And this made David careful of his house, as well as his heart: "I will walk within my house with a perfect heart" (Ps. ci. 2); not only *with a perfect heart*, but *in his house with a perfect heart*, so as to reform his family, that that may be the Church of God (Col. iv. 15; Philem. 2); as well as to reform himself, that he may be the "temple of God."—1 Cor. iii. 17. vi. 19.—*Kitchin.*

A HINT WHICH MANY MIGHT TAKE.

A MINISTER was about to leave his own congregation for the purpose of visiting London, on what was by no means a pleasant errand—to beg on behalf of his place of worship. Previous to his departure, he called together the principal persons connected with his charge, and said to them: "Now I shall be asked whether we have conscientiously done all that we can for the removal of the debt; what answer am I to give? Brother so-and-so, can you in conscience say that you have given all you can?" "Why, sir," he replied, "if you come to conscience, I don't know that I can." The same question he put to a second, and a third, and so on, and similar answers were returned, until the whole sum required was subscribed, and there was no longer any need for their pastor to wear out his soul in going to London on any such unpleasant excursion.—*Christian Witness.*

DROPS FROM "CANAAN'S FLOWINGS."

WORLDLY sorrow breaks hearts, but godly sorrow heals broken hearts.

Sorrows lie heavier than sin on the wicked; but on the godly sin lieth heavier than sorrows.

A saint prayeth that God will not suffer him to take any work in hand but what he will prosper, and then prays God to prosper the work he takes in hand.

If things fall not out as we would have them to be, yet let it content us that they fall out as God would have them to be. God attains his end, though we miss ours. Can we be better disposed of, than by wisdom, goodness, and faithfulness itself? Doth not God do all things well? We, therefore, should not open our mouth to complain, because it is his doing; "but in *everything* give thanks, for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning us."

Indirect [unlawful] means may sometimes prosper, but are never blessed.

SEVEN FOOLS.

THE angry man—who sets his own house on fire in order that he may burn that of his neighbour. The envious man—who cannot enjoy life because others do. The robber—who for the consideration of a few dollars gives the world liberty to hang him. The hypochondriac—whose highest happiness consists in rendering himself miserable. The jealous man—who poisons his own banquet and then eats of it. The miser—who starves himself to death in order that his heir may feast. The slanderer—who tells tales for the sake of giving his enemy an opportunity to prove him a liar.

Miscellaneous.

DIOGENES walked on a day with his friend, to see a country fair, where he saw ribands, and looking-glasses, and nut-crackers, and fiddles, and hobby-horses, and many other gim-cracks; and having observed them, and all the other finnimbrums that make a complete country fair, he said to his friend: "How many things there are in this world of which Diogenes hath no need!" And truly it is so, or might be so, with very many who vex and toil themselves to get what they have no need of. Can any man charge God that he hath not given him enough to make his life happy? No, doubtless; for nature is content with a little: and yet you shall hardly meet with a man that complains not of some want; and thus, when we might be happy and quiet, we create trouble to ourselves. I have heard of a man that was angry with himself because he was no taller, and of a woman that broke her looking-glass because it would not show her face to be as young and handsome as her next neighbour's was. And I knew another, to whom God had given health, and plenty, but a wife that nature had made peevish, and her husband's riches had made purse-proud, and must, because she was rich and for no other virtue, sit in the highest pew in the church; which, being denied her, she engaged her husband into a contention for it; and at last, into a law-suit with a dogged neighbour, who was as rich as he, and had a wife as peevish and purse-proud as the other: and this law-suit begot higher oppositions, and actionable words, and more vexations and law-suits; for you must remember that both were rich, and must therefore have their wills. Well, this wilful, purse-proud law-suit, lasted during the life of the first husband: after which his wife vexed and chid, and chid and vexed, till she also chid and vexed herself into her grave: and so the wealth of these poor rich people was cursed into a punishment, because they wanted meek and thankful hearts, for those only can make us happy.—*Walton.*

A SOFT ANSWER TURNETH AWAY WRATH.—When Sir Matthew Hale dismissed a jury, because he was convinced that it had been illegally chosen, to favour the Protector, the latter was highly displeased with him; and when Sir Matthew returned from the circuit, Cromwell told him in anger that he was not fit to be a judge; to which all the answer he made was, *that it was very true.*

THE JESTER.—He who never relaxes into sportiveness is a wearisome companion; but beware of him who jests at everything! such men disparage, by some association, all objects which are presented to their ludicrous thoughts, and thereby render themselves incapable of any emotion which can either elevate or soften them; they bring upon their moral being an influence more withering than the blasts of the desert.—*Southey.*

To criminate and recriminate never yet was the road to reconciliation.—*Burke.*

Daily Bread.

FRIDAY.

"Looking diligently lest any man fail of the grace of God."—Heb. xii. 15.

Father, on me the grace bestow,
Unblamable before thy sight,
Whence all the streams of mercy flow;
Mercy, thy own supreme delight,
To me, for Jesus' sake impart,
And plant thy nature in my heart.

Little grace may be true grace; but little grace is next to no grace; and therefore weak grace is seldom discerned. Just as those "motes" or "atoms," as they are called, which are small particles of dust, and fly abroad in the air, are true bodies, but they are invisible bodies: thus while faith is but as "a grain of mustard seed" (Luke xiii. 19), it may be true, but it will be hardly seen. When love to God is (as a small spark of fire covered with a heap of ashes) smothered with too great a mixture of sensual and carnal affections, it is not easily discovered or found without much search; but faith grown up to a tree, and love blown up to a flame, cannot be hid; for thus they render themselves most visible and manifest. That poor woman that had lost her groat, was forced to "light her candle," and "sweep diligently her house," and to look long before she found it, because it was but a drachm—a very small piece (Luke xv. 8); had it been a talent, or shekel of the sanctuary, it would have been more easily found. Let the print be true and exact, yet if small, it is often not legible, especially to weak eyes. If you would attain to assurance, labour to make your calling more sure in itself, by growing eminent in grace.—*Fairclough.*

SATURDAY.

"Behold this selfsame thing, that ye sorrowed after a godly sort, what carefulness it wrought in you, . . . yea, what indignation, yea, what fear." . . . .—2 Cor. vii. 11.

Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn—
That drove thee from my breast.

It is the nature of true grace to gather strength by every wound. Grace gathers strength by contraries, as fire doth when it is compassed about with coldness by an antiperistasis. By all a Christian's falls his graces grow brighter and stronger. At the long-run, a Christian, by all his falls loses nothing but his dross, his chaff, his scum, his filth. Now he that finds his sins thus overruled for the good of his soul, he is certainly a gracious soul.—*Brooks.*

SABBATH.

"I have spoken peace to my people and to my saints; but let them not turn again to folly."—Ps. lxxxv. 8.

Lo! I take thee at thy word;
My foolishness I mourn:
Unto thee, my bleeding Lord,
However late, I turn.

Has God graciously remitted us our arrears?—let us pay our rent more punctually for time to come. Every day is a rent day with us, and we must be careful, by filling up time with duty, and doing the work of every day in its day, to pay our rent duly; and wherein we come short, balance our accounts with the blood of Christ, which cleanses from all sin, by a renewed application of the virtue of that to our souls; and thus keep touch with him who is, and ever will be, faithful to us.—*Henry.*

MONDAY.

"Behold, I have set before thee an open door."—Rev. iii. 8.

Find in Christ the way to peace—
Peace unspeakable, unknown:
By his pain he gives you ease—
Life by his expiring groan.

Immediately upon Adam's sin, the door of communion with God was locked, yea, chained up, and no more coming nigh the Lord: not a soul could have any access to him, either in a way of communion in this world, or of enjoyment in that to come. It was Jesus the Mediator that opened that door again, and in him it is that we have boldness, and access with confidence.—*Flavel.*

TUESDAY.

"Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."—Ps. cxix. 105.

Divine Instructor! gracious Lord!
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy Sacred Word,
And view my Saviour there.

O that with hands and hearts lifted up to heaven, ye would adore the free grace of Jesus Christ to your souls! How many round about you have their eyes closed and their hearts shut up! How many are in darkness, and there are like to remain, till they come to the blackness of darkness which is reserved for them! O what a pleasant thing is it for your eyes to see the light of this world! Bless God, and boast not: rejoice in your light, and beware ye sin not against the best and highest light in this world. Jesus Christ intended, when he opened your eyes, that your eyes should direct your feet. Light is a special help to obedience, and obedience is a singular help to increase your light.—*Ibid.*

WEDNESDAY.

"Take heed lest he also spare not thee."—Rom. xi. 21.

If grace be offered and refused,
What is the sinner's plea?
For sin God spar'd not his own Son,
And think'st thou he'll spare thee?

If one might have expected sparing mercy and abatement from any, surely Christ might most of all expect it from his own Father; yet you hear God spared not *his own Son.* Sparing mercy is the lowest degree of mercy, yet he abated him not a minute of the time appointed for his suffering, nor one degree of wrath he was to bear. "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." Woe and alas for evermore to that man who meets a just and righteous God without a Mediator! Whoever thou art that readest these lines, I beseech thee, by the mercies of God, by all the regard and love thou hast to thy own soul, neglect not time, but make quick and sure work of it.—*Ibid.*

THURSDAY.

"When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them."—Isa. xli. 17.

I thirst for a life-giving God—
For him that on Calvary died;
The fountain of water and blood
Which gush'd from Immanuel's side!

Lord, make us as hungry as we are empty, and thirsty as we are dry. Lord, if thou deal with us according to our sense of need, we will get little; but Lord, we plead thou wilt deal with us according to our real need and thy royal bounty, and then we will be right enough.—*Willison.*

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NOTES ON MADEIRA.

BY THE REV. JAMES JULIUS WOOD.

FOURTH ARTICLE.

THE bigotry of Popery was, at one time, very intense throughout the Portuguese dominions, and nowhere more so than in Madeira. To such an extent was it carried, that burial was denied to Protestants who happened to die in the island, and their bodies were thrown into the sea. For many years past, however, the case has been different. The numbers of British subjects who settled in Madeira for trade, rendered some relaxation of this bigotry necessary; and the occupation of the island by British troops for many years, during the last European war, secured for foreign Protestants a fair share of liberty of conscience. This liberty has been expressly recognised and confirmed in the Constitutional Charter granted by Don Pedro. Tit. i., art 6, of that charter is as follows :—"The Roman Catholic Apostolic religion shall continue to be the religion of the State. All other religions shall be allowed to foreigners, with their domestic and private worship, in houses appointed for that purpose, without any exterior appearance of a church." There seems, therefore, to be entire liberty of conscience secured to foreigners—a complete right to exercise their own religion.

The British subjects in Madeira consist of two classes—those who have fixed their residence there, and those who visit it for a longer or shorter period on account of their health. They have formed two congregations—the one Episcopalian, the other Presbyterian. The Episcopalian congregation is the older of the two, and has existed for many years. Their chapel cost about £16,000, though one scarcely sees how so much money has been expended on it. In conformity with the law of Portugal, it presents no appearance of a church externally, but a good deal of pains has been bestowed on the interior, though it can hardly be said to be either commodious or elegant. According to the provisions contained in the Consular Act, one-half of the current expenses of maintaining public worship in this chapel is borne by the British Government, and the other half by the congregation.

Some years ago, the state of religion among the British residents was at a very low ebb. Business and pleasure wholly engrossed their time. The Word of God was neglected, nay, almost unknown; the Lord's-day was systematically profaned; immorality extensively and glaringly prevailed; and men sinned openly, and with a high hand, as if there were no God to see or to judge on the earth. Matters are vastly improved now. The present incumbent in the Episcopal chapel is a gentleman of irreproachable character, a scholar, and possessed of some name in the scientific world from his acquaintance with natural science. He is a rigid observer of the rubric; and, by precept and example, urges on his people strict attention to the requirements and forms of the Church. From the respectability of his private character, his general kindness in his intercourse with his people, and the earnestness and perseverance with which he has urged on their attention the Church and her rites, he has succeeded in causing a pretty general attendance on the Church services, and in rendering disreputable open and gross immorality. In Madeira there is, at the present day, no small discussion on religious subjects, and among Protestants an average outward respect, at least, to religious ordinances. This state of matters, however, has unquestionably, in a certain measure, been brought about by the labours of Dr Kalley among the Portuguese, which have engaged a large share of the public attention, and by the formation and influence of the Presbyterian congregation. These have excited observation, have been the subject of conversation and discussion, have brought religious truth often and in various ways before the public mind, and thus have exercised a salutary influence on the Protestant community at large.

It is deeply to be lamented, that, with all his respectability, and science, and kindliness of disposition, the minister of the Episcopal chapel is decidedly and strongly an adherent of the Tractarian party in the English Church. He has been carrying out to the fullest extent the views of that party in regard to the rites and ceremonies of the Church. That, indeed, would be of comparatively little consequence, did he not also teach the distinctive doctrines of that school, which are deadly poison to men's souls.

Many of the Protestants in Madeira are persons who have received intimations of the approach of an insidious and fatal disease, or who are already within its grasp. If they have been roused truly to think of their state as sinners, and look around for a Saviour, they need to be affectionately and joyfully told that Jesus Christ came to seek and to save that which is lost; that there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved; that he that believeth shall be saved, and that he that believeth not shall be condemned; that whosoever will, may take the water of life freely; and that Jesus is able to save to the uttermost those who come unto

God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them. If the alarming threatenings, or the actual and decided attacks of disease have failed to rouse them, a solemn, affectionate warning-note needs to be sounded in their ears — the Word of God, weighty, sharp, powerful, needs to be opened up and applied. And with regard to those who are living in health, exposed daily to the influence of Madeira Popery, mingled faithfulness and affection should be used towards them. Cruel it were to heal the wound of any of these slightly—to speak words of peace when the holy anger of God yet burns—to direct to a remedy of no efficacy. Baptismal regeneration, justification by works or inherent righteousness, the apostolical succession necessary to the ministerial office and to the reality and efficacy of the sacraments, the miraculous change of the elements in the Supper into the body and blood of the Lord, the authority of the Church, and the merit of Church services, constitute the chief part of the teaching in the Episcopal chapel. Surely the teaching of the Word of God is very different. That Word says: "Except a man be born again, he cannot enter the kingdom of God. In Jesus Christ, neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision, but faith, which worketh by love. Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the Word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever."

During the winter months the communion is dispensed every Lord's-day; the chapel is open for public prayers twice every day in the week; and there is regular service every saint's-day: which things have, indeed, a show of wisdom in will worship; and they are well suited to furnish a hollow resting-place for the soul to those who, being ignorant of God's righteousness, go about to establish a righteousness of their own.

It was the unsound doctrine taught in the Episcopal chapel which caused the formation of the Presbyterian congregation. Several pious Presbyterians having been led, in the providence of God, to sojourn in Madeira, found that, by reason of the doctrine taught by the Episcopal clergyman, it was impossible for them, either comfortably or conscientiously, to attend on his ministry. They asked first a Mr Barry, a preacher of the United Secession, and afterwards Dr James Henderson of Glasgow, to conduct public worship in the Presbyterian form. A Scotch merchant gave the use of his drawing-room; and a few assembled there to hear the Gospel as they had heard it aforetime in their own land—the way of salvation through faith in Jesus Christ. Subsequently, a liberal-minded Portuguese gentleman granted a public room at his disposal as a place of worship on the Lord's-day; and at a later period, the congregation succeeded in obtaining, on lease, a large room, which, at considerable expense, they repaired, and fitted up as a church. In this they meet at present. It is seated for between one hundred and thirty and one hundred and forty, and for some years past has been fully let; but as the congregation have only a short lease of their present church, and as it is situated in a noisy locality, and is too much crowded for such a climate and audience, they have resolved to build a place of worship in a convenient situation, and of a suitable size. A considerable sum of money has already been obtained for that purpose; but the larger part of what is required is still wanting. There are many in the British Islands who have sojourned for a time in Madeira, or who have had relatives or friends sojourners in that distant land; and if they have learned to value Christ and his salvation, they doubtless experienced what a comfort it was to them to enjoy a preached Gospel, or to know that its consolations were ministered to those who were dear to them, when in circumstances which greatly required it. Some of these have already contributed of their substance to aid in building a Presbyterian church in Madeira, and others will, doubtless, help in this really important and interesting work.*

But besides the personal interest which those who have been in Madeira, or who have had relatives or dear friends there, must feel in the maintenance of a preached Gospel in that island, the station is itself of such importance as to deserve the support of the people of God. The congregation is comparatively small; but it is collected from all parts of the British Islands, and often includes in it persons of rank, wealth, and influence. Whatever may have been the state of religion in the place from which they came, in the place of their sojourn they are brought under a preached Gospel in circumstances very favourable for being impressed with it. Then the congregation almost totally changes every season; so that, though it be small at any particular time, yet, in an aggregate of years, a large number of persons are connected with it, and reap its benefits. Besides, it forms a point of very delightful union for Christians of different denominations. Episcopalians, righteously dissatisfied with the unscriptural teaching in their own chapel, are to be found regularly worshipping there, along with their Free Church brethren, and members of the United Secession, of the Establishment, and Independents, and Methodists, and Relief, and Baptists, and Original Burghers, and occasionally Romanists, and even Quakers. Many of these sit down at the same table to commemorate our Lord's death. Such union is very delightful; and it is not without its influence in promoting a spirit of union and Christian love among the people of God belonging to different denominations, wherever the future earthly lot of these indi-

* Subscriptions for this purpose will be gladly received by our Publisher, No. 2, Hunter Square.

viduals is cast. Nor does this union involve any abandonment of principle—not anything that is held to be truth is given up. The points which are essential are those on which all God's people are agreed. The points on which they differ there is little reason to advert to.

Connected with the Presbyterian Church is an excellent and rapidly increasing library, theological and miscellaneous, already containing upwards of five hundred volumes. It is open on the most liberal terms, and for a small annual subscription, to all who choose to avail themselves of it, whether they attend the Presbyterian church or not. There is also a library at the Episcopal chapel, but it is wholly under the control of the clergyman, and his High Church or Tractarian principles have given a decided High Church and Tractarian complexion to it. He refused to admit one of Dr James Buchanan's works on Affliction, because he found in it a recommendation that elders of the Presbyterian Church should visit and pray with the sick.

Such are the means of religious instruction provided for our countrymen in Madeira. May the Lord amend what is wrong in them, and prosper what is according to his own will! Verily, sinful immortals on the brink of eternity need the truth pure, plain, and affectionate.

There is a burying-ground set apart for the British; for Popery tolerates not the burying of heretics in her consecrated places. It is kept in beautiful order, and is a very interesting and deeply affecting spot. There many a pilgrim from the British Isles, in search of health, has found a resting-place. The geranium, the rose, and the fuschia blossom gay over those graves of strangers, where dust, far from its kindred clay, awaits the morning of the resurrection. Most of the inscriptions tell that the tenants of these foreign graves were young in years. And as one gazes around, and wanders from walk to walk among the tombs, he sometimes thinks how many sorrows and anxieties found here an end—how many hopes were here extinguished—how many affectionate, sorrowing thoughts from distant lands have visited this little spot! And, passing from what has been to what shall be, one sometimes thinks who of all these seekers for health sought and found the Saviour—who of them shall come forth with joy to meet him at his coming? And as he rests in the thought, "O Lord God, thou knowest," there comes, as it were, a still small voice from every grave; and it says: "Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches; but let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercise loving-kindness, judgment, and righteousness in the earth." "Prepare, prepare now, earnestly, and above all things, to meet thy God."

The funeral of a stranger in Madeira is often a very humbling and impressive sight. If the deceased was but little known, the attendance is usually very small: four or six fellow-countrymen often constitute the whole company. Probably not one relative is present. The English burial-service is read partly by a Roman Catholic, who assists the Episcopal clergyman on these occasions. No tear is shed; there is, it may be, a feeling among the few attendants that one who came, like them, for health has failed in finding it, and perhaps so may they; and perhaps all are struck with the indications of loneliness and friendlessness in a foreign land which the little funeral presents. The services of the Episcopal clergyman have lately, in various instances, been dispensed with, and the funerals conducted according to the mode usual in Scotland; only, as the fineness of the climate admits of it, the prayer, instead of being in the house where the death has occurred, has generally been offered up by the minister at the grave.

THE MARTYRS OF THE ISLES.

[Written on hearing of the persecution of the Protestants at Madeira, and particularly of the condemnation to death of Maria Joaquina.]

A VOICE comes o'er the waters!—a voice of thrilling sound!
A voice of lamentation in louder praises drowned!
'Tis the voice of suffering nature 'neath dark oppression crushed;
'Tis the voice of praise to Him who bids that deep, low plaint be hushed.

With the souls beneath the altar now it cries, "O Lord, how long?"
With the blest in glory now it joins the glad, triumphant song—
The song of praise to Him who gives his saints that fearless faith
Whereby they gain the victory o'er agony and death.

Whence comes that voice of wailing that floats along the deep?
Whence come those hallelujahs that o'er the waters sweep?
Hath the lone sea a temple? and are there altars there
From whence the incense rises of a trusting people's prayer?

Yes, Ocean hath his altars: and after us the sea
Are those who put their confidence, O living God, in thee;
And Ocean hath his temples, and his priests prepared to give
Themselves a living sacrifice for Him in whom they live.

Where the great deep is heaving its billows dark and wild
Full many a rocky islet the Almighty's hand hath piled:
By many an awful token there his power hath been displayed;
"The dwellers in the utmost parts" learn "and are afraid."

Yet long the powers of darkness had held dominion there;
And rites of horrid cruelty polluted all the air;
And the cliffs that frown above them, and the waves that round them roll,
Spoke of wrath, and not of mercy, to the terror-stricken soul.

By the drear expanse of Ocean, that compassed them around,
They were severed from the nations that knew the joyful sound;
And the winged winds swept o'er them, and the billows lashed their shore,
But no tidings of salvation to these distant isles they bore.

But the Lord hath not forgotten them; his eye was on them yet;
And the time had come to favour them—the time that he had set;
And he sent from far his messengers—his trusted ones, to bear
The words of hope and comfort to these dwellings of despair.

Then burst the song of praise from those who, washed in Jesus' blood,
From darkness unto light were called—from Satan's power to God;
And, strengthened by victorious faith, with joyful voice they cried:
"We will not fear what man can do—the Lord is on our side."

But the startled powers of darkness with terror heard the strain,
Like the tramp of foes advancing to invade their ancient reign;
And they summoned all their hosts around; they bade them rise and quell
The bands of those who dared against their tyrant sway rebel.

They marked with dread the gallant ship as joyfully it bore
The herald of salvation to Erromanga's shore;
And they stirred their blinded minions from their ambush forth to rush,
And they thought with carnal weapons th' Almighty's cause to crush.

Vain thought!—despite of earth and hell shall stand the high decree—
For Jehovah's voice hath spoken—"The isles shall wait on me:"
And the arm of flesh may wither, and dust return to dust,
But the Lord will keep his people there while "on his arm they trust."

O sweetly beamed the light of truth on Madagascar's isle;
And many a heart was gladdened by a heavenly Father's smile;
And the Martyr's voice was joyful as he calmly sank to rest,
While the poison chilled his life's blood, or the spear transfixed his breast.

And sweetly did the hallowed voice of adoration swell
From the glad lips of the captive in Madeira's lonely cell;
For his trust was in the God of truth, whose "Word could not be bound,"
And he knew the seed his hand had sown was springing all around.

For the Lord's hand was not shortened, and it could not be restrained;
And the light had beamed on many a soul where darkness late had reigned;
And what though bonds await them, if to Christ they dare to flee?
Yet none of these things move them, for the Truth hath made them free.

Yea, their life they count not dear to them, but calmly wait the day
That calls them for their Lord's dear sake, if so he wills, to lay
Their mortal bodies in the grave he robbed of all its gloom—
When he burst its bonds and rose again his glory to resume.

O dark and drear he found it, when for us he laid him there;
And o'er it long had brooded the wings of black despair;
But full of light he left it, when the stone away was rolled;
And the angels watch beside it still who of his rising told.

And as the two loved Marys, who on his cross had gazed,
Came early to the tomb, from whence already he was raised;
So now another Mary stands beside that tomb once more,
Willing in death to follow Him for her the cross who bore.

And still the angels speak to her as on that morn they spoke,
When from the slumbers of the tomb the Lord of life awoke;
And now she sorrows not as those for him who "mourned and wept,"
For she knows that "Christ is risen, the first-fruits of those that slept."

Then hush the voice of wailing!—raise high the voice of song,
Ye saints who out of weakness through faith have been made strong!
Patient in tribulation, and calm in midst of strife,
Be faithful unto death, and yours shall be the crown of life.

J. G. Small.

VENICE.

BY THE REV. W. K. TWEEDIE, EDINBURGH.

PERHAPS there is no city in Europe, with the exception of Rome, over which such a change has passed as that which has brought Venice down from its ancient pride and power. History tells, that in former years the formidable Republic was at once the mistress of the ocean, and the bulwark of the Christian faith, at least of the corrupt form of religion that prevails in Italy. It was employed by Providence to break the Ottoman power when the believers in Mohammed threatened to devastate Christendom. For many years its annals remind us rather of the records of chivalry than of sober history; and the study of its rise, prosperity, and fall, gives a clear insight into the principles of government which give brilliant prosperity on the one hand, or are fatal on the other, whether to a nation, a family, or a man.

But Venice as it was, and Venice as it is, contrast like life and death. The ally or protectress of many nations has sunk into actual decrepitude. The power that checked the Turk in the height of his success, and sacked Constantinople itself, is now, in its turn, struggling for existence. Its rulers ceased to be patriots, and the ruled became slaves. Success and immense riches produced their usual effects—luxury, corruption, weakness, and, at last, a degeneracy that was utterly hopeless. Venice thus fell by her own suicidal hand. At times, some convulsive efforts were made by certain of her citizens, animated by the spirit of former times; but the hand of decay was on her, and she gradually sank into political death; she is not now the shadow of her former self. If a walk in a grave-yard suggests sober thoughts to the reflective, still deeper thoughts may be evolved amid the unpeopled palaces and the vast decay of Venice, the grave of nearly all that man holds great—political influence, martial glory, unbounded wealth, and luxury and pleasure. It has been said with truth, that she died of diseases occasioned by her vices.

In glancing at the marvels of the place, the Cathedral of St Mark, the patron saint, demands the first place. It is one of the most grotesque in Italy, containing a mixture of Greek, Arabic, and Gothic architecture. The celebrated horses of Venice, reckoned the only animals of that kind in the city, stand over the porch of the Cathedral, and were brought thither from Constantinople in 1205, when the Venetians sacked that city. Athens, Egypt, Persia, Turkey, and Jerusalem, have all contributed to decorate the pile. It contains some pillars said to have belonged to Solomon's Temple; but the whole is gorgeous confusion—no unmeet representative of that system of religion which has corrupted and disfigured the noble simplicity of the Gospel. The library of St Mark is one of the richest in Italy.

In front of the Cathedral is a square tower, three hundred and sixteen feet high, which once served as the observatory of "the starry Galileo;" and all around, in the Grand Piazza, are the remains of palaces once peopled by merchant-princes, but now the abodes of paupers. The palace of the Austrian viceroy is an exception, and contains paintings over which, without the affectation of connoisseurship, one might long hang in unsatisfied wonder. The *Ecce Homo* of Albert Durer, in the private chapel, is a painting which prints itself on the mind by the impression which it makes, and is ever after remembered as a familiar thing—a tribute to the genius of him who produced it.

Bonaparte built a palace here; for even the magnificence of the Doges was not vast enough for him. But the majestic Hall, designed for the statues of Napoleon and his generals, is now an empty void. The niches seem to yawn for their occupants, or appear like the open graves of human greatness. In the Piazzetta of St Mark stand the granite columns brought thither from the East in the thirteenth century, when the Doge, Domenico Michele, reconquered Jerusalem, Tyre, and Ascalon. They are surmounted by statues of St Theodore and St Mark, who long presided over the murders, under the name of State executions, perpetrated there by order of the Secret Council.

But of all that is interesting in the exterior of Venice, the Ducal Palace is the most attractive. As the scene of Venetian plots and murders, as well as the place from which the orders were issued which carried its fleets in triumph from the West to the East, and over the known world, one approaches it with a feeling akin to awe. The very names associated with it are familiar in every land. Martino Faliero, Francisco Foscari, "the blind old Dondolo," and others, make it in some sort classic ground; and though the imposing pile of marble, mainly Saracenic in its architecture, be attractive, it is lost in the remembrance of the great—the greatly wicked—who have trod those halls. The famed "Lion's Mouth," once so terrible to Venice, still exists. It is open, and into the yawning orifice was thrown, in former times, the information, anonymous or otherwise, which led to the ruin of many a citizen, when a hated oligarchy ruled the State, and had other ends than those of justice to promote by death. This monumental pile is crowded with works of art; and though we cannot register here the marvels which it contains, it is not too much to say, that a journey from Britain to Venice were well repaid by a survey of the Doge's Palace.

We need not even enumerate the Churches of Venice, said to be one hundred and twenty in number. Some of them are by Palladio, and not a few are majestic. The Academy of the Fine Arts, founded in 1345, counts about three hundred students, and contains some of the finest productions of Titian. Indeed, he is the presiding genius there; and his *Assumption of the Virgin* is reputed by Venetians the noblest painting in the world. We felt as we gazed upon it, that it was a far better argument in defence of Popery than all its lying legends and juggling miracles. Popery is a religion solely for the senses; and as Titian's *Assumption* is avowedly addressed to them, it is in perfect keeping with the system. But as a painting, one gazes, and returns to gaze upon it, and, after all, retires unsated. Titian died towards his hundredth year, while labouring at a *Deposition from the Cross*, and is buried in an ad-

joining church; while in one of the halls there is a striking relic of a kindred spirit—the right hand of Canova — preserved in a vase of porphyry. It bears the inscription: "Dextra Magni Canovae." It is an Italian idea, where every emotion is a passion, and Canova carried out that passion to all its extent. His right hand is here, his left at Rome, his heart in a church at Venice, and his body at Passagno, in the province of Treviso, the place of his birth. One of the greatest traits in Canova's mind is, that even after he had become the prince of living artists, courted by crowned heads, and made a marquis by a Pope, he continued to lodge, till his dying day, with the keeper of a coffee-house, his earliest patron and his most honoured friend. He died in October 1822. Venice now contains few of Canova's works. The poverty of the Venetian nobles brought them all to the market. His monument is reared near that of Titian.

The Canals and Gondolas of Venice are known throughout the world. There is scarcely a street in a city containing above one hundred thousand inhabitants, and the only horse we saw was a miserable animal feeding near one of the churches. The city rises from a vast lake, and is founded upon piles driven into a group of low muddy islands, some of them laid bare when the tide is low. In consequence of its peculiar position, the thoroughfares are all canals, from that of Giudeca, which varies from twelve hundred to two thousand feet in width, to the merest strip of water, winding, like a liquid lane, among the tall gaunt structures springing from either margin. Let the reader suppose that a canal were formed (were it possible) down any of the closes leading from the High Street of Edinburgh, occupying the space from foundation to foundation, and he may form an idea of some parts of Venice. But the resemblance does not end here. The Edinburgh closes are lined with what once formed the abodes of our Scottish aristocracy, and so are the canals of Venice. Indeed, a sail along the Canalaccio, is one of the most mournful in the world. Palaces hastening to decay, fragments of former taste and grandeur, mingled with the marks of Italian poverty, the shreds of aristocratic emblazonry, side by side with all that betokens wretchedness, place the past in melancholy contrast with the present. Even such classic spots as the *Rialto*, a noble arch of marble, only deepen the sad impression; and when you ask for the princely owners of those abodes, the frequent answer is—"They are all miserable now." The gloomy gondola—black, like a coffin or a hearse, and unadorned in compliance with a sumptuary law on the subject—the silent gondolier, as if even he were affected by the reigning melancholy—the dull splash of his skulling oar echoing among the empty halls and ruined palaces—all render the scene a sad comment on man's boasted grandeur. Yet all this is but a fulfilment of Jehovah's intimation: "Be sure your sins will find you out." That applies to a nation as well as to individuals; and, like Tyre of old, Venice has come down from her pride of place, because she had outraged the laws of God so far that she could no longer be endured. The countless domes and towers springing so gracefully from the waters of the Lagune—the memory of thirteen centuries of *glory*—the riches of the East added to the conquests of the West—all must come low when He who cannot look on sin without abhorring it comes, in his providence, to curb the pride and punish the iniquity of man. Anthony Marion, the last Doge of Venice, virtually proclaimed, when he died in obscurity, that though hand join in hand, sin shall not go unpunished. Strange that Britain should have sent one of her nobles to that city to proclaim the same lesson, and deepen the tone in which it was uttered! Byron's Palace stands among those which line the Grand Canal. It is known that in his house, at Venice, the grossest and most unblushing impurity reigned; and yet man, blind to God and God's righteous claims and law, lavish their homage on him! What is the estimate which we shall form of all such doings when the light of eternity shines on them? *That should be* our estimate now.

"The Bridge of Sighs"—such is the name of a bridge over one of the canals, and connecting the Doge's Palace with an adjoining prison. It takes its name from the fact, that when an accused person crossed it, he was virtually condemned to die. Nowhere could such a relic be more appropriate than in this city, whether we regard its past or its present; and as we crossed it to visit the State prisons, it was not difficult to fancy some of the feelings of those who were there immured. They have left on their prison walls some melancholy memorials of their wretchedness; and we have visited few abodes of misery where the feeling was so oppressive as in this place of death. Mottos and scraps of poetry are traced on the ceiling. Vestiges of attempts to escape are still seen in some of the cells; but the only escape was across the Bridge of Sighs to the "Hall of Death," and thence to the Piazzetta, the place of doom; or, if needful, the execution was in private, with no witness but the dungeon walls, after which the dead body was exposed, labelled with the crime for which it died. Tradition says that, above the porch of the Hall of Death, there was an inscription which told that whoever entered it accused, never went out but to execution.

We cannot advert to the Arsenal of Venice, nor need we register the antiquities which are found in the city. Enough to say, that it is second to none in Italy. It is to the middle ages what Rome is to antiquity—the fallen mistress of the nations. The fragments of the Bucentaur, fast falling to pieces, tell of the ceremony by which the Doge wedded the Adriatic by casting a ring into the deep; but they also tell of its grandeur gone, and all its power laid low—shall we say the truth?—beneath the weight of the Republic's guilt. The iron rule of Austria is clemency itself, compared with the bloody despotism of the oligarchy; and if one does not exult in her fall, he at least sees retribution in her decay.

There are other instructive topics connected with Venice which deserve to be mentioned. The yearly revenues of her *benevolent* institutions amount to £60,000. How far have these helped on her decay, by fostering pauperism, and offering a bounty on indolence or profusion? In one year, forty-one thousand three hundred paupers were relieved, or about one in

every three of the inhabitants. Indolence is their universal vice, or at least they are active mainly in the pursuit of pleasure, and even the patricians would rather enrol themselves as paupers than apply their hand to labour. They have sunk into a state of collapse, deep and hopeless, proportioned to their former elation; and an estimate may be formed of the revolting want of principle that prevails, when we state that about three thousand three hundred and thirty-eight foundlings were, a short time ago, supported in the city; that is, about one in every thirty of the natives of Venice are exposed by the mother that bore them. In addition to these, there are ten thousand six hundred and twenty-five foundlings in the Venetian territory, exclusive of the city. The Word of God has described men as "without natural affection" (Rom. i. 30, 31), and many resent the truth as if it were overcharged, but the facts now mentioned form a touching comment on the text. In speaking of religion with a Venetian, he frankly told us that he "believed nothing—when one dies, it is good night;" in other words, he believed himself to be like a beast that perishes.

Yet is the city wholly given up to idolatry. The Virgin Mary is its goddess, and the saints its gods. Even in the remotest valleys of Papal Switzerland, we did not notice more degrading superstition than in voluptuous Venice, with one hundred and twenty churches, and, we were told, two thousand priests and monks—an academy of fine arts—noble galleries, and paintings among the most exquisite in the world. How speedy the transformation, yet how intense the hostility, were the Gospel to be preached in Venice, fully, freely, and without fear, say only for a month! The scene at Ephesus would be repeated (Acts xix.), but souls would be won; and the day for winning them will arrive.

But amid all its superstition, and degradation, and mouldering decay,* Venice seems all gaiety, show, and pleasure. Theatres, music, promenades, and fêtes, constitute all the heaven its people seem to care for. An earthquake shook their city during our sojourn there; but, as with the combatants at Thrasymene amid the fierceness of battle, so with the Venetians amid their sensual enjoyments—the earthquake occasioned no pause in their giddy pursuits, so intently were they occupied. Men from all the nations, in their peculiar costumes, mingle in the throng. In hurrying to their amusements, the Venetians offer a hasty passing tribute to some convenient saint; and then, conscience being drugged, they rush to what they reckon pleasure, though they find it like the apples of Sodom. Amusements are here exalted into duties, and nowhere is it more apparent that men are lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God. In a word, Ganganelli described Venice when he said, It is surrounded by pleasure as by the sea—pleasure is its fifth element.

And who, in God's esteem, are mainly to be blamed for this degeneracy? All are guilty; but the men who profess to teach *religion* are doubly so. The light of God's truth dawned on the city at the Reformation; and some whom persecution drove from it helped to spread that light in other lands. Venice did not know the time of her visitation, and now her house is left unto her desolate.

* In 1830, the Emperor of Austria, its ruler, declared Venice a free port, in the hope of raising it, in some degree, from its fallen condition.

THE MISSIONARY.

A SAILOR STORY.

BY THE REV. JOHN S. C. ABBOT.

The following story a seaman recently related to the writer:—

Many years ago, when New Zealand was a land of uninterrupted Heathenism, the ship in which I was a common sailor dropped anchor, at a cautious distance from the shore, in one of the harbours of that island. We had been months upon the ocean, without seeing any land; and when the sublime mountains and luxuriant valleys of that magnificent isle rose from the wide waste of waters before us, it was difficult to realize that we were not approaching some region of fairy enchantment. We soon, however, found that we were still in this world of sin and woe; for it so happened that there was a terrible fight between two war parties of the natives raging at the very hour in which we entered the lovely bay. From the deck of our ship we witnessed with awe the whole revolting scene, the fierce assault, the bloody carnage, the infuriated shrieks, the demoniac attitudes of those maddened savages, as they fell upon each other with a degree of fury which seemed worse than human. Often we saw the heavy club of the New Zealand savage fall upon the head of his antagonist; and as he fell lifeless to the ground his head was beaten by reiterated blows, till exhaustion satiated fury. This awful scene of savage life, as beheld from the deck of our ship, impressed even us unthinking sailors with emotions of deepest melancholy.

In consequence of the war, or some other cause, no canoe from the shore approached our ship. As we were entirely destitute of wood, the captain sent a boat's crew, with many cautions as to safety, to the opposite side of the harbour to collect some fuel. I was sent with this party. We landed upon a beautiful beach upon which a heavy surf was rolling. The savage scene we had just witnessed so filled us with terror that we were every moment apprehensive that a party of cannibals would fall upon us and destroy us. After gathering wood for some time we returned to the boat, and found to our dismay that the surf rolling in upon the beach had so increased, that it was impossible to launch the boat. The sun was just setting behind angry clouds, which betokened a rising storm. The crested waves were rolling more and more heavily in from the ocean. A dark night was coming on, and savage warriors, their hands already dripping with blood, were everywhere around. We were all silent. No one was willing to speak of his fears, and yet no one could conceal them.

Before we left the ship the captain had informed us that an English missionary had erected his hut about two miles from the place where we were to land. The captain had visited him about two years before in his solitary home, and it was then very uncertain whether he would be able to continue in his post of danger. We immediately resolved to endeavour to find the missionary, and to seek such protection as he could afford us for the night.

Increasing masses of clouds rolled up and spread over the sky; and as we groped our way through the deep and tangled forest, darkness like that of Egypt enveloped us. After wandering about, we hardly knew where, for some time, we heard the loud shouts

of savages either in conflict or in revelry. Cautiously we approached the sounds, till we beheld a large party gathered around their fires, with the hideous trophies of their recent battle, and exulting over their victory. We thought it wise to keep as far from them as possible, and again turned from the light of their fire into the dark forest, where we could hardly see an arm's length before us. We at length came upon a little path, and slowly following it along, stumbling, in the darkness, over rocks and roots of trees, we came in view of the twinkling light of a lamp. I, with another one of the party, was sent forward to reconnoitre. We soon found that the light proceeded from a hut, but whether from the night fire of a savage New Zealander or from the lamp of the Christian missionary we knew not; and few can imagine the anxiety with which we cautiously moved along to ascertain how the fact might be. Our hopes were greatly revived by the sight of a glazed window; and when, through that window, we saw a man in the garb of civilized life, with his wife and one child, kneeling in their evening prayers, our joy knew no bounds. Waiting a few moments till the prayer was closed, we entered the door, and though the surprise of the inmates was very great in seeing two white sailors enter their dwelling, we were most hospitably received. The missionary immediately lighted his lantern, and proceeding with us, led the rest of our party to his humble abode. We all slept upon his floor for the night. Weary, however, as I was, I found but little rest. I thought of my quiet New England home, from which I had been absent but a few months. I thought of my mother, and her anxiety about her sailor boy in this his first voyage. The scene was indeed a novel one to me. The swelling winds of the tempestuous night, the wild scenes of man and nature all around us, the vivid image of the bloody conflict, with the remembrance of its hideous and fiend-like outcries—all united so to impress my spirit, that I found but little repose. My companions, however, perhaps more accustomed to danger, and perhaps less addicted to thought, were soon soundly asleep.

Early in the morning, a party of warriors came to the missionary's hut in search of us, having somehow ascertained that a boat's crew were on the shore. The missionary and his wife, both in countenance and manner, manifested the deepest anxiety for our safety. The savages were imperious and rude, and it seemed to me then, that nothing but the restraining power of God preserved this family uninjured, in the midst of such cruel and treacherous men. While they had been somewhat subdued in spirit, by the kindness, the meekness, and the utter helplessness of the missionary's family, they considered us sailors fair game for plunder and abuse. By the most earnest solicitations on the part of the missionary, they were induced to spare us. The missionary accompanied us to our boat, and we had, for our retinue, a troop of rioting and carousing savages, brandishing their bloody war-clubs over our heads, to convince us that we were in their power. A walk of two miles conducted us to the beach. It was a fearful walk, and the watchful anxiety of our friend proved that he considered our danger to be great. When we arrived at the beach, some of the natives manifested great reluctance to let us go. Some took hold of our boat to draw it further upon the land, while they seemed to be earnestly arguing with the rest upon the folly of permitting our escape. At length, however, they yielded to the remonstrances of the missionary, and aided us in launching our boat through the now subsiding surf.

As we rowed from the shore, and I looked back upon that devoted man, standing upon the beach in the midst of these rude savages, and thought of his return to his solitary home, and of the days, weeks, and months he must there pass in thankless labours, I thought that his lot was, in a worldly point of view, one of the hardest I had ever known; and I wondered that any man could be so hard-hearted as to speak in terms of reproach, and point the finger of scorn towards the Christian missionary.

In my last voyage, about two years ago, I again entered this same harbour. It is now called the Bay of Islands, and is one of the most beautiful places in natural scenery on the surface of the globe. I could hardly credit my eyes as I looked out upon a handsome and thrifty town, with many dwellings indicative of wealth and elegance. There were churches of tasteful architecture, and school children with their slates and books. And there were to be seen New Zealand families dwelling in cheerful parlours, sanctified by morning prayers and evening hymns. The untiring labours of the missionary had, through God's blessing, created a new world; and the emotions of deep compassion with which I had regarded him, when we left him on the beach along with the savages, were transformed into sentiments of admiration and almost envy in view of his achievements. All other labours seemed trivial compared with his. And I then felt, and still feel, that if any man can lie down with joy upon a dying bed, it is he who can look back upon a life successfully devoted to raising a savage people to the comforts, refinements, and virtues of a Christian life.—*American Periodical.*

SOME LESSONS IN MORAL AND SPIRITUAL DISCIPLINE,

SUPPLIED BY THE CALLING OF THE HUSBANDMAN.

BY WILLIAM M'COMBIE, ESQ.
Author of "Hours of Thought."

THE calling of the husbandman is more, perhaps, than any other—certainly more than any other landward occupation—adapted to bring into exercise faith, and to keep alive a sense of dependence on a Providence that regulates and governs all things. All his operations, as well as the results of the application of industry and skill, depend so much on the state of the weather, and that, again, is often so little capable of being foreseen, that he, whatever some philosophers may deem, is led to look higher than to "general laws" for the source of those influences which affect so much these operations and their success. He may be a person of intelligence, and even a student of philosophy to the extent of knowing all that has been ascertained respecting those "laws" which regulate atmospheric changes and influences, and yet be often utterly unable to divine what sort of weather "a day may bring forth." It is, indeed, a remarkable fact, that, while science enables us to calculate the movements and positions of the heavenly bodies for ages to come, it has not, as yet, furnished us with data for predicting the state of the weather with certainty, even for a single day. If atmospheric changes are regulated by "general laws," it is obvious such laws must in this case be much more recondite than those which regulate the movements of the heavenly bodies. And if such multifarious changes, occurring for great part to our apprehension without any order, have yet for their inner hidden springs the operation of agents regulated by general fixed principles, it is but the greater proof of the skill and plastic energy of Him

who originated and sustains in action such an agency. And, by those who reflect that the divine purposes and volitions operate in and embrace an eternal NOW, such laws will be regarded as not more fixed from eternity, than as now and every moment issuing as the fiat of sovereign wisdom and omnipotence. Nor will they regard what is produced by the operation of agencies so regulated as any the less, in each case, an instance of providential divine arrangement.

When the mind does not rest in an overruling Providence ordering all things in wisdom, there cannot be any class of persons more liable to harassing care and tormenting anxiety than husbandmen. The returns of the husbandman's labour and outlay are all distant, and in no small degree contingent; and, if his mind is affected chiefly by present appearances, he will often enough find cause for alarm and despondency. How often, at least in many localities of our country, does winter extend its reign into what should be the domain of spring? Instead of that dryness and prevalent sunshine so important to the favourable character of a seed-time, that season may be marred by frequent falls of snow or rain, so as to render it matter of the greatest difficulty to get the seed put into the ground at all. And, then, to pass over innumerable other operations, in our now complicated system of agriculture, in regard to which the state of the weather may be often a source either of great discomfort or anxiety, when we draw toward the season of harvest, with what redoubled force will all such anxieties assail a mind not habitually recognising and firmly resting in an ever watchful Providence? A night's frost may blight the fruit of a year's labour, and expenditure, and care. An hour or two of a gale of wind may dash out upon the earth great part of the best of the grain, when just about arrived at maturity. Rain continued day after day, even week after week, may cause the grain to sprout in the sheaf, before it is fit to be carried home and stacked. And there is scarcely a season passes, but the harvest is threatened with one or other of these dangers—perhaps all of them in succession. Amid such sources of anxiety, how important is it to have reliance on God become the habit and temper of the mind, so as not only to rest in the promise that, as to general results, "seed-time and harvest shall not fail," but, when involved in those cases of partial failure that every now and then are occurring, to be able to say: "Good is the will of the Lord;" and to enter into the spirit of the prophet, when he exclaims: "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation."

But, while the calling of the husbandman is thus calculated to bring into exercise and keep alive feelings of trust and dependence, it is not the less adapted to foster habits of prompt exertion and perseverance. The husbandman, any more than the Christian, must not yield to mere difficulties; he must be abroad and at his operations during many uncongenial and uncomfortable states of the weather, else the season for performing these may be irretrievably lost. "The sluggard who will not plough by reason of the cold; shall beg in harvest, and have nothing." In no sphere of life is it more true than in his, that "for everything there is a season." And we have often observed such seasons to be the briefest possible for allowing the operations appropriate to it to be, even with the greatest activity and exertion, at all well done; and this a season which would be called, not bad, but precarious. The voice of the very weather has seemed, at such times, to say: WATCH, and improve the proper hour, there is not a moment to be lost—thus conveying the highest lessons of moral discipline not only in regard to concerns of this life, but of that which is to come.

Then the husbandman must be ever an improver; he must allow no nook capable of being reclaimed to lie waste. He must ever keep his eyes open, and be ready to adopt improved modes of culture, and to apply whatever more effective agencies for fertilizing his soil may be discovered, else he will not be able to keep up abreast with the phalanx of competition around him; and what an aptitude will his fields discover to produce weeds or noxious plants, and what constant care and effort will he find to be required to keep down and eradicate such! Tendencies and processes such as these all combine to give an emphasis to such inspired injunctions as call on us to join watchfulness and diligent persevering exertion with dependence and prayer, as well as to furnish him who is a thoughtful observer of them with affecting mementos of the lamentable tendency of his moral nature to run into weeds and waste, rather than to produce "the fruits of righteousness."

Then what lessons of humility, are frequently occurring instances of short-sightedness adapted to furnish! Care, and vigilance, and activity, and, to use a nautical phrase, a sharp look-out a-head, are all necessary; yet how abortive frequently will the atmospheric changes of a single night render the best directed vigilance and forethought! The thing which to-day seemed, from the tendencies of the weather, the most urgent to be done, to-morrow shall show to have been just the thing which might have been safely omitted; and what yesterday it was deemed best, on the whole, not to do, to-day shall show to have been the very thing which ought to have been done; as may be illustrated by what frequently occurs in harvest, when the one day a threatened gale of wind seems to indicate that the most needful thing is to use all expedition in cutting down the standing corn, to-morrow a deluge of rain shall show that the more necessary operation would have been to have stacked what may have been ready for being carried home. Under such an entire confounding of its purposes and plans, how impressively is a well-regulated mind made to feel the narrow limits and weakness of its faculties as regards futurity! And if we are tempted sometimes querulously to ask: "Why is the future so much shrouded from our view? perhaps such rebellion of spirit against the constitution under which we are placed will, next to considering that such is the will of God, be best allayed by reflecting what would be the probable effects of having the future disclosed to us. But it were well, at the outset, to ascertain what measure of foreseeing would satisfy us. A few

days we sometimes think would be of great importance—yes, but a week or two would be better; suppose that granted, several months would be better still; and a whole season—what a boon that would be! But would even that satisfy us? Not long. By-and-by, we would see reasons in abundance for desiring an extension of the term. Even for a series of years, it might be of great importance for us to know how our interests would be affected by certain circumstances and certain steps we may have in contemplation taking; yea, even the interests of our children it might be of no small consequence to know about, or what might be their character and conduct, that we might regulate our treatment of them accordingly. Now, it will readily be perceived, that even a small portion of such a disclosure of the future would materially affect our relations to Divine Providence. There is a class of evils which, through the possession of such a power, we might escape; and if, for example, we were enabled to steer clear of, or avert very much, the effects of storms or floods, so as we could have our crops secured against the time we might foresee such would occur, would it not tend to place our minds greatly out of harmony with the petition, "Give us this day our daily bread?" And would we not be tempted to take credit too much to our own skill and exertions: "By the strength of my hand I have done it, and by my wisdom; for I am prudent." And, on the other hand, in regard to such evils as might be foreseen clearly to be inevitable, the dreaded anticipation of them as certain would produce greater anxiety and suffering than are likely to result from their unforeseen occurrence. In either case, no scope would be allowed for faith in God as the God of providence, faith itself being supplanted by vision. But such vision would be entirely out of harmony with our dependent condition, and especially inimical to that moral discipline which our corrupt nature so urgently demands.

The husbandman, then, as well as others, should not merely acquiesce in that divine arrangement which limits so much his knowledge of futurity, but regard it as a subject of special thankfulness, on account of the important spiritual and moral uses which such limitation is adapted to subserve, if the high interests of his immortal nature be promoted, not caring to be assured of more, in regard to the mortal part, than that "bread shall be given him, and water shall be sure."

THE COLLIERS' ANNIVERSARY, AND A PITMAN'S SPEECH.

On Thursday, July 24th, we held our Colliers' anniversary at B——. As we assembled at the early hour of half-past three in the morning, we found the atmosphere to be somewhat cold and damp; but the promptness with which the people came together speedily dispelled every symptom of gloom, and the spirit that evidently dictated and guided the whole of the prayers and speeches, was such as to produce the most delightful and animating effect. We assembled in the open air, and as the place of meeting was on an eminence, our songs of praise might be heard at a considerable distance. Four colliers gave out hymns and engaged in prayer, and the ministers gave addresses. It was truly humbling, and as truly pleasing, to witness the proceedings of the service. The colliers were all in their working dress, and during the time of prayer knelt down on the cold ground, placing themselves in a semicircular form. We have read with peculiar interest the speeches of some of the converted natives on foreign stations; but with still greater delight did we listen to the plain unadorned address delivered by an old collier, who has been many years converted to God, and who is a native and an inhabitant of B——. He had been requested to pray; he complained of great weakness, his health for sometime had been considerably affected. He begged to be allowed to say a few words in the form of an address, which was in substance as follows:—

"My dear friends,—There is one man among you that prays for all the rest every day in the year, and that makes three hundred and sixty-five prayers presented to God on your behalf by one man only. Now, only think of three hundred and sixty-five prayers in one year, and all for the salvation of your precious souls. Yes! it is for your salvation he always prays, and what a blessing it will be to you, should his prayers be answered, and you saved! A blessing which is indeed unspeakable, and yet you may all possess it. Now, there are three ways by which you may get this blessing—you may *beg* it, you may *buy* it, or you may *steal* it. You may *beg* it—for, did not our Lord say, 'Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you?' and if a blessing so great as the salvation of your souls may be had for begging, oh! go at once to Mercy's door; 'for now is the accepted time, and this is the day of salvation.' This blessing is also to be *bought*, but not with your money, for it is written: 'Ho every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. And as you may both beg it and buy it, so you may *steal* it. Have ye never heard of the poor afflicted woman who spent all that she had upon physicians, and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse, and when she heard of Jesus, came in the press behind and touched his clothes; for she said: 'If I may but touch the hem of his garment, I shall be whole?' Now you see how she got in among the crowd without being seen, and stole the blessing she so much desired; but she could not keep the secret; for she was so astonished at that which was done in her, that she came fearing and trembling, and fell down at the Saviour's feet, and told him all the truth."

This speech of the old collier produced a wonderful feeling. The whole company was in tears, and we hope to see the fruit of our efforts in the salvation of some of the rebellious.—*Christian Witness.*

A TENDER CONSCIENCE.

Get and keep a tender conscience. Be sensible of the least sin. The apple of the eye is not only offended with a blow or wound, but if so much as a little dust or smoke gets in, it weeps it out. Some men's consciences are like the stomach of the ostrich that digesteth iron: they can swallow and concoct the most notorious sins (swearing, drunkenness, &c.), without regret. "Their consciences are seared as with a hot iron."—1 Tim. iv. 2. They have so inured their souls to the grossest wickedness (as the Psylli, a people of Africa, whom Plutarch mentions, had inured their bodies to the eating of poison), that it becomes as it

were natural. But a good conscience has a delicate sense; it is the most tender thing in the whole world; it feels the least touch of known sin, and grieves at the grieving of God's good Spirit—not only for quenching, or resisting, or rebelling against the Holy Ghost, but even for "grieving the Holy Spirit of promise, whereby it is sealed to the day of redemption."—Eph. iv. 30. The most tender-hearted Christian—he is the stoutest and most valiant Christian. "Happy is the man that feareth always: but he that hardeneth his heart shall fall into mischief."—Prov. xxviii. 14. It is the truest magnanimity and heroic courage in our spiritual warfare, to tremble at the least iniquity. A Christian is never fitter to "endure hardness as a faithful soldier of Jesus Christ" (2 Tim. ii. 3), than when his conscience is most tender. To be such a coward as not to dare to break any one of God's commandments, is to be the valiantest person in the world; for such an one will choose the greatest evil of suffering, before the least of sinning; and, however the jeering Ishmaels of the world may be ready to reproach and laugh one to scorn, for "this niceness and precise scrupulosity," as they term it; yet the choice, if God be but wiser than vain man, is a very wise one.—*Gibbon.*

HOW TO TEACH CHILDREN.

ENTERTAIN their tender attentions with discourses of God's infinite greatness and amiable goodness—of the glories of heaven—of the torments of hell. Things that affect the senses must be spiritualized to them. Catch their affections by a holy craft. Deal as much in similitudes as thou canst. If you be together in a garden, draw some sweet and heavenly discourse out of the beautiful flowers; if by a river-side, treat of the water of life, and the rivers of pleasure that are at God's right hand; if in a field of corn, speak of the nourishing quality of the bread of life; if you see birds flying in the air, or hear them singing in the woods, teach them the all-wise providence of God, that gives them their meat in due season; if thou lookest up to the sun, moon, and stars, tell them they are but the shining spangles of the out-houses of heaven (O then what glory is there within!); if thou seest a rainbow to diaper some watcrish cloud, talk of the covenant of God. These, and many more, may be like so many golden lines, drawing divine things into their memories. "I have spoken by the prophets, and used similitudes," saith God.—*Lee.*

THE GREAT TEACHER.

HE that was his Father's Counsellor in making his laws, and his Messenger in publishing them, is best able to make us understand them. As it is our duty to hear him, so it is his business to instruct us: only, beside the use of all other means, we must look to him for his teaching. He only can make all means effectual; and none learn as they should, but they that learn of him. There is no learning like that we get upon our knees: that is the only saving knowledge which we fetch from heaven. If you put your children to a trade, you will have them learn it of such as are most skilful in it. If you would yourselves understand any art well, you seek for the best artist you can, to instruct you. Who can teach you all things like Him that knows all things? Who can enlighten you like Him who is "the true Light?"—John i. 9. Men, when they teach their scholars, oftentimes complain of their dulness; they can but propound their notions to them—not beget an understanding in them. And ministers complain of their hearers, as the apostle did of the Hebrews, that they are "dull of hearing."—Heb. v. 11. They spend their strength upon them, but cannot work the truth into them. But the Lord Jesus Christ is such a Teacher as is beyond all teachers. He can give "the Spirit of wisdom and revelation," as it is called (Eph. i. 17), and promiseth to do it.—John xiv. 26. He can give inward light as well as outward—eyes as well as objects—understandings to receive the truth as well as truths to employ your understandings.—*Veal.*

SIN REMEMBERED IN AFFLICTION.

IN stormy change of weather, when clouds gather black over us, and it begins to drop, then we feel it in our bones—what bruises or aches we have gotten. When a man is arrested by one creditor, all his debts come in upon him. Even so when a man is arrested with sickness, or some other outward distress, then come in upon him the debts wherein he is bound over unto the divine law. When all is well with us, we can easily cast these debts on the score of Christ; but now it is hot work. Affliction is the glass of sin, and the opening and awakening the conscience to see it; and thence comes the trouble upon the spirit. It is not all the stormy winds upon the face of the earth, but some generated in the bowels thereof, which make the earth shake.—*Pledger.*

A WORD FITLY SPOKEN.

A MAN of desperate opinions, travelling in a stage-coach, who had indulged in a strain which betrayed licentiousness and infidelity, seemed hurt that no one either agreed or disputed with him. "Well," he exclaimed, as a funeral procession slowly passed the coach, "there is the end of all." "No!" replied the voice of a person directly opposite to him; "No! *for* AFTER *death is the judgment.*" The words produced a good end at the time, for they silenced the speaker; and perhaps they were, by God's grace, ingrafted in his heart.

Fragments.

WHEN Drexelius was asked by his friend Faustinus, how he could do so much as he had done, he answered: "The year has three hundred and sixty-five days, or eight thousand four hundred and sixty hours: in so many hours great things may be done; the slow tortoise made a long journey by losing no time."—*Horne.*

CHRIST THE GIVER OF PEACE.—As a needle in a compass trembles till it settles in the north point, so the heart of a sinner can have no rest but in Christ.—*Dingley.*

SATAN'S EMPIRE.—The empire exercised by Satan over mankind is to be regarded, not as the power of a prince, but as that of an executioner.—*Charnock.*

CRUDE ADMIRATION.—The crude admiration which can make no distinctions, never renders justice to what is really great.—*Foster.*

NEVER *speak*, but when you have something to *say*. Wherefore shouldst thou run, seeing thou hast no tidings?—*Butler.*

BION asked an envious man, that was very sad, "what harm had befallen unto him, or what good had befallen unto another man?"—*Bacon.*

THERE is no readier way for a man to bring his own worth into question, than by endeavouring to detract from the worth of other men.—*Tillotson.*

THE mind of a proud man is like a mushroom, which starts up in a night—his business is first to forget himself, and then his friends.—*South.*

Daily Bread.

FRIDAY.

"Rend your hearts."—JOEL ii. 13.

Our mouth as in the dust we lay,
And still for mercy, mercy, pray:
Unworthy to behold thy face,
Unfaithful stewards of thy grace,
Our sin and wickedness we own,
And deeply for acceptance groan.

A broken and a contrite heart is a sacrifice Christ will not despise. You must sow in tears, if you would reap in joy; for a wet seed-time doth prognosticate a sun-shiny and plentiful harvest. It was of water that Christ made the choicest wine at the marriage-feast in Cana of Galilee; so the water of true repentance will produce the choicest wine of consolation in the sacrament. When Joseph's brethren came to be sensible of their sin in selling him, then it was, and not till then, that he made them a feast and kindly entertained them at his table: so, till such time as we be sensible of our sins, and repent for piercing our Redeemer, he will not feast us, nor smile upon us.—*Willison.*

SATURDAY.

"The new man."—COL. iii. 16.

Hasten the joyful day
Which shall my sins consume;
When old things shall be pass'd away,
And all things new become.

That obedience that springs from faith, is a transforming obedience; it mightily alters and changes a man, from impurity to purity, from sin to sanctity, from unrighteousness to righteousness, from earthly-mindedness to heavenly-mindedness, from pride to humility, from hypocrisy to sincerity, &c. Such as please themselves with this, that they are no changlings, and that they are whatever they were—these are still in the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity.—*Brooks.*

SABBATH.

"Call the Sabbath a delight."—ISA. lviii. 13.

The Lord of Sabbath let us praise,
In concert with the blest,
Who, joyful, in harmonious lays
Employ an endless rest.

"Must we be excluded and shut out from all pleasures and delights upon the Sabbath?" "No," saith the Holy Ghost; "sanctify the Sabbath of Jehovah, and thou shalt not need to fear the want of pleasure, neither shalt thou need to be beholden to the flesh or the world for delights. The Sabbath itself will be incomparably more sweet and delectable to thee than all the sensual and luscious contentments and satisfactions which this whole sublunary world can afford. Make the Sabbath thy delight, and thou shalt need to knock at no other door for pleasurable entertainments. If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith unto thee, 'Call my Sabbath thy delight,' he would make his day unto thee a spring of sweetness, that shall always be flowing out to eternal life." A day well spent with God will fill the soul with "joy unspeakable and full of glory."—*Case.*

MONDAY.

"We are debtors."—ROM. viii. 12.

Poor debtors, consider how ye may
A full acquittance now receive!
And, criminals with pardon blest,
May at the Judge's instance live!

Take an account of your debts to God, as all prudent tradesmen do of their debts to those with whom they deal. Think how many the particulars are, how great the sum total is, and what circumstances have enhanced the debt, and run it up to a great height—how exceeding sinful your sins have been—how exceeding hateful to God and hurtful to yourselves. Put that question to yourselves which the unjust steward put to his lord's debtors: "How much owest thou unto my lord?" and tell the truth as they did for themselves; and do not think to impose upon God, by making the matter better than it is, as the steward did for them, writing fifty for a hundred. —Luke xvi. 5, 6.—*Henry.*

TUESDAY.

"Lean not to thine own understanding."—PROV. iii. 5.

Jesus! my strength, my hope!
On thee I cast my care—
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.

We say of a false man, Trust him not, he will deceive you; we say concerning a weak and broken staff, Lean not on it, for it will deceive you. The man deceives because he is false—the staff, because it is weak; yet our own heart is both. The heart of man hath not strength to think one good thought of itself; it cannot command its own attention to a prayer ten lines long, and no wonder, then, that in secret it should grow weary of a holy religion, which consists of so many parts as to make the business of a whole life.—*Taylor.*

WEDNESDAY.

"Whoso despiseth the Word shall be destroyed."—PROV. xiii. 13.

You, who call the Saviour, Lord;
You, who read his written Word;
You, who see the Gospel light,
Claim a crown in Jesu's right:
Why will you, ye Christians, why
Will the house of Israel die?

Many lay aside Scripture as rusty armour; they are better read in romances than in St Paul; they spend many hours "between the comb and the glass;" but their eyes begin to be sore when they look upon a Bible. The very Turks will rise up in judgment against these Christians: they reverence the Books of Moses; and if they find but a leaf wherein anything of the Pentateuch is written, they take it up and kiss it. They who slight the Word written, slight God himself, whose stamp it bears.—*Watson.*

THURSDAY.

"Will he esteem thy riches? No, not gold."—JOB xxxvi. 19.

Blessed only are the souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty:
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

Covetousness makes a man miserable, because riches are not means to make a man happy; and unless felicity were to be bought with money, he is a vain person who admires heaps of gold and rich possessions. For what Hippomachus said to some persons, who commended a tall man as fit to be a champion in the Olympic games—"It is true," said he, "if the crown hang so high that the longest arm could reach it"—the same we may say concerning riches. They were excellent things, if the richest man were certainly the wisest and the best; but as they are, they are nothing to be wondered at, because they contribute nothing towards felicity; which appears, because some men choose to be miserable, that they may be rich, rather than be happy with the expense of money and doing noble things.—*Taylor.*

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PREPARATION FOR DEATH.

BY THE REV. W. L. ALEXANDER, M.A., EDINBURGH.

THE Apostle Paul, in writing to the Thessalonians, congratulates these Christians on the fact, that they were not in circumstances to be appalled by the prospect of the speedy and sudden advent of "the day of the Lord." "But ye, brethren," says he, "are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief."—1 Thess. v. 4. By the expression "that day," and in verse 2, "the day of the Lord," he evidently intends the day of judgment; as both the context of the passage and the usage of the phrase elsewhere in the New Testament indicate. But how, it may be asked, could the Christians of the first century be in any sense spoken of as being likely to be "overtaken" by the day of judgment?—that day which we are taught to regard as the closing period of the world's history? To this it may be replied, that the day of judgment virtually and, as far as all the results of our probationary existence are concerned, really overtakes every one of us when we fall under the stroke of death. We are then, as it were, apprehended and kept in ward against the grand assize that is approaching. Death as certainly fixes our final condition by his summons as the Judge on the great day will fix it by his sentence. The two events are thus, to all intents and purposes, one; and as it is the latter which invests the former with its most awful solemnity, nothing is more natural than that the apostle should speak of that which was most remote as if it were actually nigh at hand—as nigh as that with which it is practically identical, and which derives from it the principal importance with which it is invested.

Of this great event by which their probationary career would be terminated, and its results finally decided, the apostle, in the passage above quoted, speaks to the Thessalonians in the language at once of admonition and of encouragement. It was an event, not to be anticipated without solemnity of feeling. It was an event for the occurrence of which no certain season could be fixed, and for which, consequently, it behoved them ever to stand prepared. It was an event, however, for which preparation was attainable, and in regard to which the apostle indulged the pleasing confidence that those to whom he wrote were prepared: "But ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief."

Such was the happy condition of the Thessalonians whom the apostle addressed. Let me appeal to the readers of this paper, and ask, How is it in this respect with you? Were that day of final decision now to overtake you, with what feelings would you contemplate its approach? In what condition should it find you, as respects your spiritual interests? What would be the effect of its advent upon your eternal destiny? Questions these of solemn and impressive import—not to be lightly answered—not to be carelessly dismissed. Are you *prepared* to answer them? Has the matter involved in them ever formed the object of your serious, searching, and impartial scrutiny? If not, *why* not? Is it safe, is it wise, is it rational, to trifle with concerns of such immeasurable solemnity? Bethink yourselves, I beseech you; and if hitherto you have neglected these all-important concerns, now diverge into a wiser course, and give heed to the things which make for your peace.

In urging this duty upon you at present, let me remind you, in the first place, that the day of death *will* overtake you sooner or later. In consequence of sin, death has acquired absolute power over the whole human family. "In Adam all die." "By one man sin entered the world, and death by sin; and so death hath passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." "There is no man that hath power over the spirit to retain the spirit; neither hath he power in the day of death: and there is no discharge in that war." Strange, humiliating, distressing as it may appear, it is nevertheless true, that of each individual, and of every generation of our race, nothing is more certain than that that individual shall die and that generation shall pass away. To this all times, all countries, give witness. Already we are surrounded by the graves of centuries. Already we stand upon the dust of forgotten myriads, who once lived and loved, and thought and acted, as we do now. And behind us, wave after wave of living beings is rolling onwards, and urging us forward to that destined shore on which we, too, shall break and disappear. The hand of death is never weary of striking. The grave never says, "It is enough." From the moment we entered upon life, Death marked us for his prey, and bade the grave prepare for us a dwelling. In the very act of living we are hastening the approach of death. Our days, as they pass, are but so many successive stages towards that which shall prove our last. Our breath, as it is inhaled by successive inspirations, is but so much deducted from the scanty stock which was at first assigned us of the "vital air." A few years more, and all the present generation shall have vanished from the view of living men. Youth, beauty, health, wealth, learning, power—all that men trust to, and are wont to boast of, are impotent to arrest the stroke of the destroyer. Man, even at his best estate, is

altogether vanity. His days are as a shadow that passeth. "While he is, he hastens away, and within a little is not."

While death is thus sure to overtake all, let me remind you, further, that some he overtakes *suddenly* and *unexpectédly*. In exercising his dominion over the human family, innumerable are the means which the king of terrors has at his disposal in order to effect his purpose. The diseases which afflict the human frame—the sorrows that prey upon the human mind—the passions that infuriate the human heart—the dangers that beset our path—the elements of mischief that work unseen in earth, and air, and ocean—these, and myriads besides these, are the agencies by the help of which death accomplishes his purposes of destruction against our race. By which of these any individual is destined to fall, is matter to him of the purest uncertainty, and equally uncertain are the circumstances under which, the manner in which, and the time at which death may, through means of any of them, approach his victim. Of some of these agencies, the operation is such that long and pointed premonitions are given to the sufferer of his approaching fate; whilst of others the effect is so sudden and instantaneous, that the fatal blow is struck, and the awful change experienced, before the slightest token had given to the victim warning of his danger. It is a part of that fond delusion which we are so apt to practise upon ourselves, that most men are found indulging the hope that the former of these cases will be theirs—that a suitable period of gradually advancing feebleness and decay shall be allotted to them, during which they may be enabled to take a calm survey of their past lives, and prepare themselves for the change which seems evidently coming upon them. But how deceptive are all such expectations! The most ample experience proclaims their futility, and utters its warning voice against the folly that would peril so much upon the chance of their being realized. How often do we behold the strong man smitten to the dust in a moment, to rise no more! How often is the man who went forth of his dwelling in buoyant health and spirits, carried home to it, in a few hours afterwards, a mangled and a lifeless corpse! How often does the beauteous form of to-day become, ere to-morrow's dawn, fit only for the corruption of the tomb! How often is the bright torch of youth, that was casting its radiance clearly and strongly upwards, suddenly inverted, and ingloriously extinguished in the cold and noisome exhalations of the tomb! It is madness to talk of security, to dream of certainty, to count upon days or years, or modes of dissolution, in a world where the elements of destruction are so rife on every side, and where we know not at any moment but some fatal power may burst upon us with resistless force. Men may succeed, by such self-deception, in lulling conscience asleep, and saying to themselves, "Peace and safety;" but for all that, the stern destroyer will creep upon them, and, true to his appointed hour, strike them down; while they, to their bitter experience, shall find that, in persuading themselves to forget the utter uncertainty of life, they have but succeeded in casting from them the only means by which death might have been robbed of his sting, and the grave disappointed of its victory.

This leads me to remark, finally, that there are some who are fully prepared to die, whatever be the time, the manner, or the circumstances of death's assault. To such, the whole aspect and all the relations of death are changed. No longer to them a source of dismay, they can anticipate its approach with calmness and cheerfulness; nay, being raised, by that faith and that hope which are within them, above death, they can cast their gaze over its gloomy portals, and behold the glorious region that is beyond, and long for the time when for them these gates shall open, and they shall be permitted to go up and inherit the land. Happy they who are thus delivered from the fear of death!—to whom he cannot come too soon—whom he cannot strike too suddenly!—to whom a quick dismissal is a blessed exemption from the pangs of dissolution, and an early death brings but a longer fruition of eternal life!

But what is it to be thus prepared for death? and how may this all-desirable preparation be attained? In order to answer these most important questions, we need only to look at the language of the apostle to the Thessalonians, in the verse above cited. Of them he affirms, that they were in this happy state of preparedness for the final summons, because they were not in darkness, but were the children of light and of the day. He does not say that to them that summons would not come, nor does he give the most distant assurance that it would not come suddenly—on the contrary, his words clearly involve the certainty of the former, and the possibility of the latter; but with all this, he cheers them by the assurance that, come when and how it might to them, it would not come as a thief, to take them at a disadvantage, and accomplish their ruin whilst they were sunk in the slumbers and wrapt in the gloom of night. The being thus in a state of *light* is clearly what the apostle here holds out to us as the one indispensable, the certain preparative for the approach of death, and that judgment by which death is followed.

By those who are familiar with Scripture language, this statement of the apostle will be easily understood. All such are aware that, by a state of darkness in Scripture is intended a state of guilt and impurity—the result of that sinful tendency which, through the temptation of the prince of darkness, has usurped possession of the human heart; and, on the other hand, a state of light is one in which this guilt has been pardoned, this impurity removed, and a tendency to holiness implanted, as the supreme and governing principle of action in the mind.

Thus Paul, in writing to the Ephesians, says: "Ye were sometimes darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord: walk as children of the light (for the fruit of the Spirit is in all goodness, and righteousness, and truth); proving what is acceptable unto the Lord."—Eph. v. 8–10. So also Peter speaks of Christians as those whom God "hath called out of darkness into his marvellous light" (1 Pet. ii. 9); and John tells such, that if they would have fellowship with God, they must "walk in the light, even as he is in the light."—1 John i. 6, 7. In all these passages the usage of the terms, "light" and "darkness," is such as clearly to intimate, that the latter has reference to a state of estrangement from, and the former to a state of restoration to, the favour and image of God.

Besides illustrating the language of the apostle in the verse above quoted, these passages also clearly show, that a state of darkness is that in which all men are naturally, and that a state of light is one into which they are brought by the saving power of Christian truth. With this the general testimony of Scripture accords. The universal guilt and impurity of our race in the sight of God, the consequent condemnation of all by the righteous sentence of that law which they have violated, and the redemption of the worthless and the helpless through the sacrificial death and atoning merit of the Son of God, are doctrines so fundamentally essential to the system of religious truth which the Bible unfolds, that they are interwoven with the entire texture of its sacred revelations. "The Scripture," says the apostle, "hath concluded all under sin, that the promise by faith of Jesus Christ might be given to them that believe."—Gal. iii. 22. On all the self-deluding flatteries by which men would persuade themselves that they are not so bad as conscience whispers, the Bible pronounces its emphatic negative—assuring us, that "if we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us."—1 John i. 8. To every sin-burdened spirit that sighs for deliverance, it offers the sweet and hallowed assurance, that "if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, even Jesus Christ the righteous: and he is the propitiation for our sins; and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world."—1 John ii. 1, 2.

If any ask, then, Who is prepared for death? the answer is, He that has obtained the pardon of his sins through the blood of Christ. To all others, death comes as the messenger of condemnation—the sad precursor of a sadder doom. But to those who have fled to Christ for safety—who have embraced the offer of full, gracious, everlasting forgiveness, made to man by God through the work of his Son—who, having thus found peace with God, are prepared to abide the scrutiny of the judgment-day—not that they expect to appear then as persons who have not been chargeable with the deepest guilt, but that they know in whom they have believed, and are persuaded that he is able to keep that which they have committed to him against that day;—to such death is stripped of all his terrors, and becomes a mere servant of their heavenly Father, whose summons is the painful, but necessary, medium of conveying them from the field of conflict and peril to the rest and the glory which await them in their Father's house. For them, Jesus "the Saviour hath abolished death." Clothed in his perfect righteousness, they stand at all times prepared to obey the summons which calls them into his presence. Knowing that though the sting of death be sin, and though the strength of sin be the law, yet God giveth to them the victory, through Christ Jesus their Lord—they are enabled, amid all the dangers and trials of this uncertain scene, to remain stedfast, immovable—always abounding in the work of the Lord.

If these things be so, it becomes the duty of all who read these pages to examine themselves as to whether *they* are thus prepared for dying. Realizing the solemn truth, that at such an hour as they think not, the Son of Man may come, let them earnestly inquire whether they are furnished with that which alone will enable them to await his coming with composure and triumph. Have they fled to Christ for mercy? Are they resting upon his atoning grace and power alone for acceptance with God? Can they say, with the sincerity of faith and the assurance of hope: "Our life is hid with Christ in God. When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall we also appear with him in glory?"—Col. iii. 3, 4. Let them be besought not to trifle with such inquiries as these, lest, plunged amid the thick darkness of sin, the day of the Lord may come upon them unawares, bringing with it sudden destruction, from which there shall be no escape.

THE VICTORY OF THE BIBLE OVER POPERY.

Mr and Mrs ——, lately residing in Calais, had taken great pains to bring up their children in the strictest accordance to the Church to which they belonged. They were not of that class of Roman Catholics (which is often to be met with in France) who are guided by superstition; but were, in the strictest meaning of the term, rigid Roman Catholics. The eldest daughter, after having passed the usual routine of examination and preparation (which consisted of committing to memory a number of catechisms, and repeating numerous prayers to the Virgin, to saints, and angels), went to her first communion, to which she was admitted at an earlier age than usual, on account of her piety and devotion. As a proof of the approbation of her confessor, he gave her a chaplet, which consisted of beads, for each of which a prayer was to be said to the Virgin; and this chaplet, by an especial blessing of the Pope, was to be the means of obtaining indulgence for the souls in purgatory. Every time that these prayers were said, it gave forty days of indulgence to the soul for which it was desired; and on All-Saints'-Day, if said with fervour, after having been at mass, it was supposed to save a soul entirely from purgatory. By this means she supposed that her grand-

father and other relations had been delivered out of purgatory. It would have delivered herself had she so pleased, but this she left for those who came after her to do. However, "it costs more than a man can give to redeem a brother from death." The prayer to the Holy Virgin, which was repeated ten times to each bead, is the following: "Holy Mary! mother of God! pray for us poor sinners, now and at the hour of death. Amen."

From this time years passed rapidly on in the same manner, and the younger members of the family were brought up in the same sentiments.

There was a statue of the Virgin, which belonged to the ancestors of the family, and which was given to the two daughters; and morning and evening might these two sisters have been seen addressing to it their prayers and adoration. All their pocket-money was spent in adorning it, and all their leisure time in dressing it, &c. At the age of nineteen the eldest daughter came to England, where she was so situated as to be far from any Roman Catholic place of worship; but she had made the arrangement never to go into a Protestant church, and to fast the appointed days. She read with attention her mass-book. The friend with whom she resided laid a French Bible on her table, saying, it was there for her perusal whenever she liked; but the Bible was gently pushed away by the elbow, and remained untouched for at least six months. It would seem the servant dusted daily every other book but this Bible; and although the dust annoyed Miss —— very much, yet she would not wipe it off, lest it should be imagined she had read the Bible. The truth was, Miss —— had always heard that it was a most improper book, and she durst not open it. After some time, she agreed to accompany Miss L—— to the English Church, taking, at the same time, her mass-book, which she diligently read; and not being able to understand English, thought herself secure, particularly as there was no ceremony that could hurt her feelings; but for this she was severely reproved by a French priest in London, where she went to confess at Easter.

One Sabbath morning Miss ——, not being well, remained at home, and read her service as usual; after which she laid the book on the chimney-piece, where it was when Miss L—— returned from church. She opened it, and the first thing that met her eye was the Litany of the Holy Virgin. She exclaimed: "O Miss ——, is it possible you read that?" Miss —— replied: "Certainly." "But," added Miss L——, "what sort of prayer can you address to a creature who, like yourself, had need of a Saviour? If your religion teach you thus, I wonder that your good sense does not tell you that God is the only one who can hear and answer prayer." Miss —— replied: "Do not say any more; you have your faith, and I have mine. I can only add, that I have the greatest confidence in the Virgin, and it is through her I ask for everything I need from God." "But," said Miss L——, "where in the Bible do you find such an assurance?" Miss —— replied: "Not in your Protestant Bible, but in the Bible founded on the apostles." "Then," said Miss L——, with tears in her eyes, "if you can but show me such a passage in the Bible, I shall not only embrace your religion, but at once adore the Virgin."

From this time Miss —— read unceasingly the Bible approved of by the Archbishop of Paris, in hopes of finding the passage she wanted; but, before she had got half through, she returned to France, meaning to keep her reading the Scripture and attending the Protestant Church a profound secret from her family. The first evening after her arrival, as she and her sister were alone, the latter said: "I have been reading a book which is either very bad, or, if true, we are in the principles of the most dreadful error." Miss —— replied: "What book?" "It is a book translated from the English, called 'Father Clement.'" "But how did you procure it?" "It was an old book which was sold amongst some things belonging to an English lady." "But what is it about?" "It proves, from the Bible, that the Roman Catholic faith is not founded on the Scripture; and that the Protestant faith, on the contrary, is the pure religion founded on Jesus Christ. You, that have been for nearly a year in a Protestant country, what do you think of this belief?" "O my sister, do not ask me! All I can say is, I have the greatest esteem for the Protestants; but let me read the book." "No," replied her sister: it has made me very unhappy; and you had better not." But Miss —— insisted, and they sat up all night reading it. The question now was, whether the book was really founded on Scripture or not; upon which Miss —— replied, that she would search for all the references in the Bible when she returned to England. Morning came, and found the two sisters exactly in the same state that they were in the night before; and, without expressing to one another their views on prayer, they each went away as far as possible from the Virgin for their morning devotion. They then gave the book to their mother, who read it, and returned it to them without making any observation; so that they durst not ask her any question on the subject. Four weeks soon passed away; and a few days before returning to England, Mrs —— called her eldest daughter, and asked whether she was not going to mass, and also to confess, as she had not these privileges in England. She consented; but still kept putting the day as far off as possible. Scruples of conscience now arose in the hearts of these two sisters, as to whether they ought to confess or not; knowing that their feelings with regard to praying to the Virgin had undergone a great change, and yet at the same time aware that, if they did go, they must tell all that had occurred. At last they resolved to go together, trusting that they should be enlightened. When there, they felt the only prayer they could offer was: "O God, teach us what we are to do! Shall we confess, or shall we not?" Being near the confessional, they let every one pass on before them, till they were last; and then the youngest said: "Are you going?" to which Miss —— replied: "No, I cannot." They returned home; and the first words Mrs —— said to them were: "Well, I am glad you have been together;" but they did not reply.

Miss —— left France the next day, to return to England, and the first thing she did on arriving was to purchase a Bible for her mother and sister, entreating them to read it; and at the same time quoted all the texts that had reference to "Father Clement." It is unnecessary to give these texts here, as those who are interested in this story can, like these sisters, take this book, which has been so much blessed, and compare it with Scripture.

Day after day passed on, and the Holy Spirit was doing his work in her heart. The mass-book had been replaced by the Liturgy of the Church of England; her views became more and more enlightened on the subject of those things belonging to her everlasting peace.

Having had occasion to make an engagement with a person of the greatest religious principles, combined with every grace that can adorn a Christian character, she wished, before finally taking up her residence with Miss P——, again to visit her family.

The first Sabbath that she and her sister were alone, the latter asked her whether she intended going to mass. She answered: "No; I suppose, however, you are going." Her sister replied, "No;

I shall remain with you." A week elapsed before either of them touched on the all-important subject of religion, as they had not the courage to inquire of each other what was the state of their minds. The next was a wet Sabbath, and Miss —— took the occasion of asking her mother whether she were going to church. She replied: "Make your own arrangements; I shall not go." Their father then got up, and said, in a grave manner: "Times are sadly changed now. There seems not to be a heart which desires to go to church."

The same evening, Miss ——, going to her apartment, naturally turned her eye to the place where the statue of the Virgin stood, and saw that it was in a neglected state, and bearing evident marks of having been long untouched; then, turning to her sister, she said: "Is it after this that I am to judge of your thoughts?" She threw herself into her arms, and they wept mutually. The fire having now burned within them, they at last spoke with their tongues, and made each other acquainted with the Lord's dealings with them. Their state of mind was now truly wretched, not knowing what to do. They consulted together, whether they should ask the advice of some good priest. "But then he will say we ought not to have read the Bible, to give us such doubts." "Then let us consult some *pastor*" (that is, a Protestant minister). "Ah! then he will prove that Protestantism is right." "No; let us continue to read our Bible with prayer. God has done his work hitherto, and he will carry it on."

At this time they discovered that their mother also read the Bible, and was exactly in the same state of mind; only that, as she was the head of the family, the difficulties of coming to a right decision fell with double weight—feeling her responsibility in guiding her children aright. Miss —— had then to leave her parents and sister, hoping that more enlightened days were yet to come.

She arrived at Miss P——'s house in England, and continued to study the Bible with attention and prayer, and became thoroughly convinced that it ought to be her only guide. The question of importance now was: "Must I change my religion, and can I not retain my principles without making any public show?" Conscience told her she must "give up all, and follow Christ;" but, at the same time, she resolved that she would not avow her principles publicly, till she obtained her father's consent. The first opportunity she had of returning home, she found her mother and sister convinced of the errors of the Roman Catholic Church; but still their hearts were not sufficiently enlightened openly to acknowledge the true faith. Her sister had occasion to hear a sermon on Good-Friday, some passages of which had so forcibly struck her, that she made the courageous resolution of going to the priest, and demanding an explanation. This priest was not the one she was accustomed to hear, but a stranger in the town. The following day she asked to see him at the confessional, at the same time not intending to confess (at least not on that day), but was resolved to find out what the priest meant by the unusual expressions he had used in his discourse, such as "being saved by Christ only," &c.; and as the confessional was a place of secrecy, it was impossible for him to find out who she was. She entered it with her veil down, and remained silent instead of beginning with the usual prayer, which consisted of the following words:—

"I confess to the all-powerful God, creator of heaven and earth, to the Holy Virgin, to St Peter and St Paul, to all the saints in paradise, and to you, my father, all the sins that I have committed since my last confession, which was at such and such a time."

The Priest.—"Begin, my child."

Miss H.—"Sir, I do not come to confess."

The Priest.—"Say, 'My father,' my child."

Miss H.—"No, Sir; for it is a simple conversation that I desire with you."

The Priest.—"In this case, come to my house this evening."

Miss H.—"It is here that I wish to open my heart; but I again repeat I am not going to confess."

The Priest.—"Very well; speak, my child."

Miss H.—"You said yesterday, in your sermon, which was very remarkable, that it was by the merits of Jesus Christ that we are saved. Are the merits of our Saviour sufficient for our salvation?"

The Priest.—"Yes, my child; I trust you do not doubt it?"

Miss H.—"I do not know, for I have been always taught to believe that penitence and good works are the means of our salvation. If, as the Bible teaches us, the merits of our Saviour be sufficient, why are they spoken so little of, and we are left to believe that we can save ourselves?"

The Priest.—"You speak of the Bible, my child; do you read it?"

Miss H.—"Yes; I have read the Bible for some time."

The Priest.—"You expose yourself to make bad applications of it. Take the catechism, and all your doubts on the means of salvation will be solved."

Miss H.—"But, Sir, why should I seek the instructions of men, when I can have those of God himself?"

The Priest.—"Ah! my dear child, take care; you are falling into error. It is true God has left us his instructions in the Holy Scriptures, but has, at the same time, established his Church, that it might explain them to the faithful."

Miss H.—"But I never remember having found a single passage in the Scripture which says that the Bible is only written for the priests; while I have found many which plainly tell us we ought to read the Bible, and to make it our study. As my doubts are not upon this point, it is useless to enter upon any controversy on this subject. Let us return to my first question."

The Priest.—"I must remind you that this is not the place for conversation; but if you will come to my house, I shall be very happy to help and instruct you. Watch over yourself; I fear the devil has laid a snare for you. Pray much; humble yourself. I advise you to approach the tribunal of penitence (confessional) as soon as possible. To whom do you confess generally?"

Miss H.—"To no one for more than a year. I have learned that God only can forgive sin."

The Priest.—"You see, then, one of the proofs of your presumption. You are on the border of a precipice. I am sure you are acquainted with Protestants."

Miss H.—"No; not with one."

The Priest.—"Then you read Protestant works."

Miss H.—"I have never read but one, and some little tracts. But I have nothing to do with Protestants. It is the Bible alone that has led me to see that strange things have crept into our religion, which I believed to be the true one; and, on hearing you yesterday, it seemed to me that you approach nearer the Bible than the other priest that I have heard; and this is that which led me to hope that you would explain to me the reason which the Church has in teaching what is not in the Inspired Word."

The Priest.—"It is because you understand us badly, or that you understand the Scriptures badly. Our true religion is founded on them. Bring me the

book that you have read, along with the tracts; return in a week, and I will answer your questions."

Miss H.—"Why not now, Sir? If you believe me to be in error, why not enlighten me at once? Who knows that I may not be called to account for this error before the tribunal of my Creator ere the time you mention? and if, as I think, the error is in the Church of which I have been a member ever since I was born, I have not an instant to lose in being enlightened on this subject. Do you not hear, Sir, how I tremble? Do you not understand the agonies of doubt with which my soul is perplexed? You have just told me that I am on the border of a precipice. Will you not stretch out your hand to save me? In pity to me, I entreat you to answer me." (She cried and sobbed.)

The Priest (very much moved).—"Quiet yourself, my child; yes, yes, I shall do what I can to help you; but you are too much overcome now, and I am so also. I have need of thought. Send me your books. Return to-morrow; we can converse together. Pray—pray much; it is a temptation; try to separate yourself from your ideas. Read no more what refers to it. I shall lend you some books. Come and see me often."

The priest went away; Miss H—— remained a little longer in the same place. At last she returned home. When in her room, she threw herself on her knees, and prayed for a long time. When she got up, she had no more doubts as to the steps she ought to take. She was convinced that a poor sinner could not enlighten her, and that God alone could give her the light she sought after. What so peculiarly struck her, was the conduct of the priest, who always avoided answering her questions; and, during all the conversation, he had shown so much sympathy and caution, that she could not help hoping that he was not far from the truth, and that the fear only of committing himself prevented him from giving his opinion.

The next day she sent to the priest a parcel—the copy of "Father Clement," and the tracts—along with a note, which was to this effect:—

"Sir,—After leaving you yesterday, I prayed much; it was to the Spirit of God I chiefly addressed myself, and it is to him alone I mean to do so from this time forward; for he alone can give light for darkness. I send you the books which you desired me to do, not that you may answer me, but hoping that it will please the Lord to bless them to you, as he has done to me."

Miss H—— never saw the priest again, and has never entered a Roman Catholic church since. The following Sabbath the two sisters went, for the first time, to a Protestant chapel, which was Wesleyan, and the only Protestant French one in the town. The youngest was so delighted with what she heard, that she wished much to know the *pasteur*, and Miss —— equally desired it. They called on him, and had a most interesting conversation on the subject which so much occupied their thoughts at this time. The eldest said that she and her sister had the happiness of knowing that the Bible ought to be their only guide, but that their mother had still many doubts, and entreated the minister to go and see them, and help her and her daughter, Miss H——, in the search after truth. This the *pasteur* promised to do. That evening Miss —— took courage to make known her sentiments to her father. He listened to her till the end without interruption, and then calmly said: "You are of age, and, by the law, you can do as you think proper." She replied: "She did not apply to the laws, but to his consent; and that one of the first commandments the Bible, which she took for her guide, taught her, was to 'honour and obey her parents.'" After some time Mr —— replied: "If it be the Bible and the New Testament you take for your guide, what I call the religion of Jesus Christ, that can never lead you wrong; but I put one restriction, which is, that you make no open confession in France; in England, do as you like." When he observed the looks of joy that the mother and daughters exchanged, he said, pointing to Miss ——, the eldest: "We shall only have one Protestant in our family; the others may be readers of their Bibles; to that I have no objection." We see here how graciously God had opened his heart to listen to to what his daughter had to say, and to give his sanction to her wishes. The next day Miss —— returned to England, and, on arriving at Miss P——'s house, she found a letter to that person from her father, saying, that it was not without reflection he had so quickly consented to the serious steps his daughter wished to take; but that he had seen so great a change in her of late, and had such evident proofs that it was the work of God, that he felt it would not be right in him to throw any stumbling-block in her way.

Two days afterwards Miss —— received a letter from him herself, which was to this effect: That he thought it his duty to remind her that, in making her confession of Protestantism, she was separating herself from her nearest and dearest friends; and that an end must be put to her engagement with Mr ——; that she must think seriously on the subject, that, on looking back, she might have no regrets. But Miss —— had weighed all this in her mind; was determined to give up all for Christ; and, by her example, to encourage the other members of her family to do so likewise. On the 20th of August 1833, she made her open profession of the Protestant faith, by attending the communion, for which she was examined by the Rev. B. S——.

While all this was passing in England, her mother and sister had been visited frequently by the Wesleyan *pasteur*, and were in the habit of attending his chapel. The Holy Spirit enlightened them more and more, and gave them courage and strength to meet every difficulty; but, notwithstanding, they had many trials to endure, many a battle to be fought, many discouragements in pursuing that way which God had pointed out to them, saying: "This is the way, walk ye in it."

The report of their heresy began to spread abroad, and Mr ——, who had a school, was now in danger of losing all his pupils; and a friend, who had great influence over him, talked so much to him on the subject, that he persuaded him to prevent his wife and daughter from attending the Protestant chapel. To this they submitted with resignation, but felt the trial to be very great.

Some time afterwards Miss ——'s brother went to America; and this had such an effect on her mother's spirits that Mr ——, hoping she would receive consolation, again permitted her to go to chapel; and some months after this, Mrs ——, with the full permission of her husband, made an open declaration of her faith, by receiving the communion at the Wesleyan place of worship. Mr —— lost every pupil, and bore the trial in a most exemplary manner. A thundering sermon was preached from the pulpit of the Cathedral by the dean, naming the eldest daughter as the instrument of the devil in losing all the souls of the family; and declaring that she was cursed, she, and all her family. After this they were compelled to leave the town, and choose —— for their residence; knowing that there they would have the privilege of hearing the Rev. —— for their *pasteur*—an excellent and devoted servant of God.

A short time afterwards, the hopes of the mother and daughter were realized, by the conversion of

their father and younger brother. This family was then abandoned by almost every friend and relation. This, added to Mr —— losing all his pupils, is the cause of their being deprived of many comforts which before they enjoyed; but their hope is in Him who said: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."—Matt. vi. 33.

The eldest daughter, who has returned to France, had last year the great delight of finding herself at the communion-table, having on her right her father and mother, and on her left her sister and brother. All the family have been provided for in another town of France, where several of them are usefully employed in the work of Protestant education.—*Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.*

A NAME.

BY MRS L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"Let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad."—GEN. xi. 4.

MAKE to thyself a name—
Not with a breath of clay,
Which, like the broken, hollow reed,
Doth sigh itself away;
Not with the fame that vaunts
The tyrant on his throne,
And hurls its stigma on the soul
That God vouchsafes to own.

Make to thyself a name—
Nor such as wealth can weave—
Whose warp is but a thread of gold
That dazzles to deceive;
Nor with the tints of love
Form out its letters fair—
That scroll within thy hands shall fade,
Like him who placed it there.

Make to thyself a name—
Not in the sculptured aisle—
The marble oft betrays its trust,
Like Egypt's lofty pile;
But ask of Him who quelled
Of death the victor-strife,
To write it on the blood-bought page
Of everlasting life.

NOTES ON MADEIRA.

BY THE REV. JAMES JULIUS WOOD.

FIFTH ARTICLE.

IN a former paper we made some statements regarding the ignorance and immorality of the Romish priesthood in Madeira, and the moral degradation of the peasantry. As it may be asserted that we spoke under the influence of Protestant prejudices, we quote the testimony of Roman Catholics themselves on the subject. A Madeira newspaper says: "If the Roman Catholic religion be disappearing in this island with rapid steps, it is owing to the state of the clergy. In saying that it is disappearing, we speak the truth; for one-half of the citizens are now as ignorant of that as they are, unfortunately, of all religions; and the other half seek spiritual consolation from what they consider purer sources. Why does not this happen in Great Britain, in France, and in the United States? Because there the Roman Catholic clergy rival all others in virtue and knowledge. . . . . In speaking of the clergy, we speak of them as a body; for we are acquainted with various individuals within this district (Funchal) who are deserving of the highest respect and veneration. But they have frequently, with ourselves, lamented the state of their colleagues." A Lisbon newspaper contained the following: "In the spring of 1841, an English physician, named Kalley, made his appearance in Madeira, for the recovery of his health. For some time, he was no more known than other foreigners who yearly resort thither. Little by little, however, by conferring benefits on the people, curing their diseases, and supplying them with medicines gratis, he became an object of general attention, and so ingratiated himself with them, as to obtain the name of Protector of the People, and Father of the Unhappy. Confiding in his influence over their minds, he held meetings in his house, at which he explained the Scriptures. The multitude rapidly increased, and he urged his false creed upon them, till Protestantism had taken such deep root in their hearts, that this ignorant class actually began to discuss the subject of religion, and gave the preference to that of their benefactor, over the faith which had been tested by their forefathers; and derided, and held up to scorn, the worship of images. Whence arises all this? We blush to be obliged to confess that it is because the ministers of the Christian religion have sunk among us to the lowest point of demoralization. As a class so respectable, who ought to preserve the dogmas of immortality, to be the connecting link in the great chain of faith and virtue, ... they are among us ignorant and degraded. Far, far from opening the Bible, and shedding around them the blessings of light and holiness, the key of which Providence has placed in their hands; far from adorning the doctrine of salvation by the example of their life, or by passing their time at the altar, or in teaching the lips of infancy to lisp the catechism, the clergy of our days selfishly look but to their own transitory interests—mix eagerly in all the business and transactions of human life, and forget that religion . . . . . stands infinitely above the petty pursuits by which they degrade themselves."

Such was the state of religion among the Portuguese in Madeira, when Dr Kalley came to the island in 1838. He had settled as a medical man in Kilmarnock in 1832. In early life he was an Infidel. When brought, by the grace of God, to the knowledge of the truth, he very deeply felt his obligations to redeeming love. He bethought him in what way he could best serve the Lord, who had

mercy upon him; and impressed with the conviction that he was not his own, but bought with a price, he was anxious to employ all his acquirements in the Lord's work. China seemed to be a field in which his medical knowledge might be made available to open a way for him as a preacher of salvation by Jesus Christ to perishing sinners. He, accordingly, in 1837, offered his services to the London Missionary Society, as a medical missionary to China, and was accepted. But the Master had appointed him his place in a different part of the vineyard. In consequence of Mrs Kalley having fallen into a very delicate state of health, the engagement with the London Missionary Society was broken off very soon after it was formed, and Dr Kalley proceeded to Madeira towards the end of 1838. He did not go to Madeira as a missionary, but for the health of his wife and her sister; and it seems to have been his hope, that after a short residence there, he might be able to follow out his intention of going as a missionary to the Heathen.

The enemies of Dr Kalley in Madeira and elsewhere, have often asserted that he is the agent of some society; and in certain quarters it has even been urged, that he must certainly be in the employment of the British Government! Men, utter strangers to the constraining love of Jesus, cannot imagine how any one could possibly do and suffer what Dr Kalley has done and suffered, without being well paid for it. And though he has publicly and repeatedly declared, that he is the agent of no society whatever—that he does what he does, only as the servant of the Lord, and by the means furnished by his own patrimony, and by his practice as a physician—still many of his enemies refuse to believe him; and in the incredulous spirit of utter worldlings, ask, Why should he do all this, and get nothing for it? It is right, however, that the public should know, that Dr Kalley is simply a Christian physician—the agent of no man or body of men—in the pay of no man or body of men—but impelled, by the love of Jesus and of perishing souls, to do good to men's bodies, and to seek the welfare of their souls as grace, and strength, and the means and opportunities are given to him. Money has been sent to him by benevolent individuals for behoof of the sick poor and of the persecuted Bible Christians; but he has also given much of his own, and has, in no degree, made gain of godliness.

Of a very active temperament, and in the enjoyment of perfect health, Dr Kalley could not remain idle in Madeira. Immediately on his arrival in the island, he set himself to learn the language. He discovered much sickness and disease among the lower orders of the Portuguese, and saw few compassionating their miseries. With the exception of a very limited number of regularly educated medical practitioners in Funchal, the people throughout the island are left in the hands of persons appointed by the Government on a miserable allowance, and, consequently, altogether illiterate and ignorant. He sought to relieve the bodily ailments of the poor; and whilst he did this—though as yet he could very imperfectly use the language—he tried to call their attention to the Physician of souls. Each patient got a ticket, having marked on the one side of it the medical treatment he was under, and on the other side a verse of Scripture; or else he got a tract along with his ticket.

We believe that an opinion is very generally prevalent, that Dr Kalley has been a most turbulent man—setting law and order at defiance. The very opposite is the truth. In all his proceedings, and under many trials and provocations, he has exercised the utmost caution and prudence; and it was his special care to try to avoid breaking any law. A license or degree from the medical faculty at Lisbon is necessary, before any person can legally practise in the Portuguese dominions. Dr Kalley had received a thorough medical education, and held the usual Scotch degrees; but that he might conform to the law of Portugal, he repaired to Lisbon, underwent the required examination, and received the requisite license. The advantage of this was soon apparent. His medical practice, on his return to Madeira, was so successful as to excite the jealousy of the Portuguese practitioners; and there is some reason to believe that the opposition which he has met with, and the persecutions to which he has been subjected, originated in that professional jealousy, though other interests and feelings have, during the progress of events, arisen to give intensity to that opposition and persecution. An attempt was made to find a flaw in his medical credentials, and an order obtained from the Board of Health at Lisbon to stop his practice, if any ground could be found for so doing. As, however, everything was found to be perfectly legal and correct, this attempt to crush him failed.

He opened an hospital at his own expense, and for several hours every day was engaged in prescribing for the poor gratis. The people flocked to his house for the purpose of receiving medical advice. He had family worship every morning in his own house in the Portuguese language, and as many of those who came for medical advice as chose attended it. Others, also, attended who were in health. He read and expounded a portion of Scripture, not in the way of controversy—the farthest from that possible—but with the view of unfolding, in the very simplest way, the method of a sinner's salvation by Jesus Christ.

These meetings having attracted the notice of the authorities, he was summoned before Baron Lordello, the then civil governor of the island, and a number of questions put to him regarding his proceedings and teaching. The governor was so satisfied with the account which he received, that he assured Dr Kalley that,

during his administration, he should meet with no molestation; and this promise was faithfully kept. This was in the end of 1840.

About this period Dr Kalley's labours were very highly esteemed by all ranks. He was accounted, indeed, a public benefactor. He received a vote of thanks from several of the administrative councils. The reasons for their paying him this compliment were thus stated by the *Camara Municipal*, or Town Council of Funchal: "Because, during the eighteen months of his residence within the bounds of this district, he constantly performed acts of the most disinterested philanthropy—maintaining, at his own expense, schools of primary instruction in various parishes of this province, prescribing and administering medicines gratis to all who needed them, supporting, from his own funds, in the neighbourhood of his house, an hospital, where a number of sick persons were constantly cared for, and reading and explaining to all who were willing to listen to him the Sacred Scriptures, without touching on controverted points which might strike, in any manner, at the doctrine or discipline of the Catholic communion, but insisting chiefly on the necessity of fulfilling the principles of morality and religion."

By an article in the treaty between Great Britain and Portugal, it is provided, that "The subjects of each of the high contracting parties shall also, within the dominions of the other, be allowed the free use and exercise of their religion, without being in any manner disturbed on account of their religious opinions. They shall be allowed to assemble together for the purposes of public worship, and to celebrate the rites of their religion in their own dwelling-houses, or in chapels or places of worship appointed for that purpose, without the smallest hindrance or interruption whatever, either now or hereafter; and her Most Faithful Majesty does now, and for ever, graciously grant to the subjects of her Britannic Majesty, to build and maintain such chapels and places of worship within her dominions—it being always understood that said chapels and places of worship shall not have steeples or bells."

And by an article in the constitutional charter of Portugal, it is provided, that "No one can be prosecuted on religious grounds, provided he respects the religion of the State, and does not offend public morals."

It was Dr Kalley's anxious wish and careful endeavour to violate no law of the country in which he was residing; and, looking at these articles of the treaty between Great Britain and Portugal, and of the Portuguese constitutional charter, he thought that he was quite within the bounds of law when he exercised his own religion in his own house—without controversy, reading and expounding the Holy Scriptures, though Portuguese subjects were present. He, accordingly, expounded and preached only within his own premises, except on one occasion, when his sermon was publicly intimated by the vicar of the parish, who himself attended it, and who, in a published document, gave the following account of what he heard. He declared that Dr Kalley "expressed himself well in that sermon, which consisted almost wholly in reading the Sacred Scriptures; and that, according to what he himself heard, and what he was told by trustworthy persons, nothing appeared contrary to the sound doctrine which the Holy Catholic Apostolic Roman Church commands to believe and teach."

THE LAST DAYS OF GEORGE BUCHANAN.

In the month of September 1581, some of his learned friends, namely Andrew Melvin, James Melvin, and his own cousin, Thomas Buchanan, provost of the collegiate church of Kirkheugh, having heard that the work was in the press and the author indisposed, hastened to Edinburgh, to pay him a visit. James, who was the nephew of Andrew Melvin, and professor of divinity at St Andrews, has in simple terms recorded the principal circumstances which occurred during their interview. On entering his apartment, they found one of the greatest characters of the age employed in the humble though benevolent task of teaching the hornbook to a young man in his service. After the usual salutations, "I perceive, sir," said Andrew Melvin, "you are not idle." "Better this," replied Buchanan, "than stealing sheep, or sitting idle, which is as bad." He afterwards showed them his dedication to the young king; and Melvin having perused it, remarked that it seemed in some passages obscure, and required certain words to complete the sense. "I can do nothing more," said Buchanan, "for thinking of another matter." "What is that?" rejoined Melvin.—"To die. But I leave that, and many other things to your care." Melvin likewise alluded to the publication of Blackwood's answer to his treatise *De Jure Regni apud Scotos*. These visitors afterwards proceeded to Arbuthnot's printing-office, to inspect a work which had excited such high expectation. They found the impression had advanced so far as the passage relative to the interment of David Rizzio; and being alarmed at the unguarded boldness with which the historian had there expressed himself, they requested the printer to desist. Having returned to Buchanan's house, they found him in bed. In answer to their friendly inquiries, he informed them that he was "even going the way of welfare." His kinsman then proceeded to mention their fears respecting the consequence of publishing so unpalatable a statement, and to suggest the probability of its inducing the king to prohibit the entire work. "Tell me, man," said Buchanan, "if I have told the truth." "Yes, sir," replied his cousin, "I think so." "Then," rejoined the dying historian, "I will abide his feud, and all his kin's. Pray to God for me, and let him direct all." So, subjoins the original narrative, "by the printing of his chronicle was ended, that most learned, wise, and godly man ended this mortal life."

His usual vein of pleasantry did not entirely desert him on his death-bed; a circumstance which seemed to bespeak a mind free from agony or alarm. When visited by John Davidson, a clergyman, he devoutly expressed his reliance on the blood of Christ; but he could not refrain from introducing some facetious reflections on the absurdities of the mass. One of Buchanan's biographers relates that when he felt the approach of death he questioned his servant, Young, respecting the state of his funds; and finding that all the money in his possession was not suffi-

cient to defray the expenses of his funeral, he ordered it to be distributed among the poor. When the servant inquired who was to undertake the charge of his interment, he replied, that was a matter concerning which he was very indifferent; and if they did not choose to bury him, they might either suffer him to lie where he was, or throw his corpse where they pleased. He was accordingly buried at the expense of the city of Edinburgh. This anecdote may seem to be rendered more probable by an authentic document, from which it appears that his only funds, at the time of his decease, consisted of an arrear of one hundred pounds, due upon his pension arising from the temporalities of Crossragwell Abbey. He expired a short while after five o'clock in the morning of Friday the 28th of September 1582, at the age of seventy-six years and nearly eight months. His remains were interred in the cemetery of the Greyfriars. Calderwood informs us, that the funeral took place on Saturday, and was attended by "a great company of the faithful." His ungrateful country never afforded his grave the common tribute of a monumental stone.—*Irving.*

TRUE WISDOM—A FRAGMENT.

(*From the British Quarterly Review.*)

. . . . SCIENCE has made rapid advances; but it has not yet learned how to soothe a troubled conscience, or to lift the burden of remorse from an aching heart. Thousands of years ago, in one of the most ancient of books, the question was asked: "Where shall wisdom be found? and where is the place of understanding?" and in the many works that have been written since, men have tried in one way or another to answer it. The thoughtful patriarch who proposed it, sought in vain from all the wisdom and knowledge of his time for a reply that would give peace to his restless spirit. And if we turn to the more mature science of our own day, and repeat the question: "Whence, then, cometh wisdom, and where is the place of understanding?" what is the answer? Even as it was ages ago. The geologist drills and bores through stratum after stratum, and digs and delves far "deeper than the plummet ever sounded," only to return and tell that "the Depth saith, It is not in me." The voyager covers the sea with ships. With sail, and paddle-wheel, and Archimedes' screw, they speed north and south, and east and west, and round about the pendent globe. Many run to and fro, and knowledge increases. What the foam-crested waves will not tell, the abyss may reveal; and with net, and dredge, and diving-bell, the "dark unfathomed caves of ocean" are searched through, and gazed into, and "gems of purest ray," and monsters who never saw the sun, are brought into the "light of common day." But, above all the stir and strife of man's endeavour, the murmuring billows lift their voices, and "the Sea saith, It is not with me." The chemist gathers together every object which has shape, or weight, or volume, living or dead, and with fire, and furnace, and potent agent, and electric battery, tests and assays it. But when "victorious analysis" has done its best, he replies, "It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx or the sapphire. The gold and the crystal cannot equal it. The price of wisdom is above rubies." The naturalist wanders through the pathless forests of far distant lands, and with pain and toil grows familiar with the habits of everything that lives; but after he has gone the round of all creation in search of wisdom, he answers, with mournful aspect, "It is hid from the eyes of all living, and kept secret from the fowls of the air." The anatomist makes the writhing animal agonize under his torturing hand, and slays it, that perchance in the page of death the mystery of life and of wisdom may be found written; but he will venture, in reply, to say no more than that "Destruction and Death say, We have heard the sound thereof with our ears."

But while all the oracles of science are silent on this great question, lo! through the thick darkness a ray of light descends, and a voice, solemn but benignant, proclaims to us as it did to the first anxious seeker after truth, "The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding.

ADVICE TO THE YOUNG.

Choose each of you a spiritual guide in the affairs of your souls.—There are men ordained by God to be "eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame, and fathers to" all that would be God's children.—Job xxix. 15, 16. Refuse not eyes and feet for your souls, nor live you orphans, when you may have fathers. Go unto some one or another of them: tell him you hear that Christ's ministers are his representatives; and that Christ's Word, without his appointed ministry of it, may not be expected to cleanse a young man's way, nor any others. Get a promise from him to lend you his best direction to thorough conversion. A youth without a pastor is a child without a nurse.

Use him whom you choose your guide for your soul, and follow him as far as he follows Jesus Christ.—Hear him ordinarily: a child's own parent's milk is commonly best for it. Write after him—the heads of his sermon, I mean, and his chief notes. Incomparable King Edward VI. used to write sermon-notes. Go often to his house, and always to ask things worth his time and your own. Little rest give him, till grace has blessed his labours to fit you for the Lord's table. Plainly tell him, you shall count small good gotten by the Word, till you are qualified for the sacrament; and that it is to you a dolorous thing to have but a place in God's house, and no room at his table; it looks as if you were but a dog, and not a child.

Be very critical in the choice of your company.—Be sour and unkind unto none, affable to all, but pleased with few—to wit, the best, who are those that will either best teach you, or best learn from you. "Companions of fools" are doomed to destruction: but wherever you are "walking with wise men," you are on your way to heaven.—Prov. xiii. 20. Souls the most thoughtful of eternity are still the most careful of their company; and it is certain, the company of your choice in this world is both that which you would have, and shall have, in the next.

Beside the Holy Scriptures, read ye such good books as shall be commended to you by your pastors.—It is not every good book that is *for your* good; nor every one that will hereafter be good for you, that is good *now*. Your pastors can judge best which are most suitable. Books be dead things; but God makes them oftentimes lively preachers. These several last years, many have acknowledged to me that they have been blessed stars to lead them unto Christ. Yet do not, for your lives, ever neglect reading the Scriptures. Take some portion of God's Word, as daily as you eat of his bread. It is very honourably that I do re-

member a poor soul who sometimes burned the thatch of her house, to read her Bible by the light of it; and no less a saint than Mr Richard Fairclough told me, she died a glorious one. It was Luther's saying: "The reading of the Scriptures is the terror of devils."

Examine often the state of your souls.—Scrupulousness itself is as much more safe as it is less sweet than audaciousness. But humble and careful inquisitiveness is as "unspotted a virtue" as the state of grace is adorned with. Humility one calls "the violet of graces;" of sweetest scent, though lowest place. And care is the commanded "fear" of falling short of God's rest.—Heb. iv. 1. The exertion of humble care in heart searches doth answer many Gospel precepts; and when it is much and often, it is not the least evidence of truest grace. Some bankrupts can no more endure much looking into their account-books, than sore eyes can bear long beholding of sunshine; and as impatient be hypocrites of very much conning the Scriptures and their hearts.

Young people, Mohammed got the Turkish Empire by making extraordinary haste; and Alexander conquered the world by the same policy—never delaying. Go you and outdo them; conquer world, flesh, and devil, and take by violence the kingdom of heaven, by your hasting to remember and convert just now. With great reason our law makes it death to conceal high treason so much as four-and-twenty hours. I am sure, God's law requires you to confess and forsake your higher treason against Christ's crown, without so much as a minute's delay; and with much more reason and equity.—*Bergess.*

HOW TO SPEND TIME WELL AND PLEASANTLY.

WE make religion our business, when we redeem time from secular things for the service of God. A good Christian is the greatest monopolizer; he doth hoard up all the time he can for religion: "At midnight I will rise to give thanks unto thee."—Ps cxix. 62. Those are the best hours which are spent with God; and David, having tasted how sweet the Lord was, would borrow some time from his sleep, that he might take a turn in heaven. It well becomes Christians to take time from worldly occasions, sinful dressings, idle visits, that they may be the more intent upon the matters of religion. I have read of a holy man who, being tempted by his former evil companions to sin, made this answer: "I am so busy in reading in a little book with three leaves, that I have no leisure so much as to mind my other business;" and being asked afterward whether he had read over the book, replied: "This book with three leaves is of three several colours—red, white, and black; which contain such deep mysteries, that I have resolved with myself to read therein all the days of my life. In the first leaf, which is *red*, I meditate on the precious blood of Christ, which was shed for my sins; in the *white* leaf, I meditate on the pure and delicious joys of heaven; in the *black* leaf, I contemplate the hideous and dreadful torments of hell, prepared for the wicked to all eternity." This is to make religion our business, when we are so taken up with it, that we have scarce any leisure for other things. Christian, thou hast a God to serve, and a soul to save, and if thou hast anything of religion in thee, thou wilt take heed of the thieves of time, and wilt engross all opportunities for the best things. How far are they from Christianity, who jostle out holy duties! Instead of borrowing time from the world for prayer, they steal time from prayer, that they may follow the world.—*Watson.*

PREACHING CHRIST.

NOT ceremonies, but Christ; not only morality, but true piety; not the cross in baptism, but "crucifying the flesh with the affections and lusts" (Gal. v. 24); not bowing to the name of Jesus, but to the authority, and government, and law of Jesus; not a white garment, but the linen of saints—righteousness and holiness. I do not at all deny but civility and morality are duties, very goodly pearls, necessary and becoming. O that there were more of them to be found among us! It is beyond all question that they who would be saints must not be beasts. I cannot think any fit matter for a visible Church who are devils incarnate. Nor do I deny but that many useful sayings, good precepts and rules, may be fetched from Heathen authors—Plato, Seneca, Tully, Plutarch, &c. But we need not borrow jewels of Egyptians, blessed be God! nor go down to the Philistines for the sharpening of our mattocks. It is the Gospel of Christ which is the power of God to salvation. There is no need of quoting a philosopher when we have a Paul. What examples can we produce and propound so exact and curious as is that of Christ, "who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth?" He spake so as "never man spake," and he walked so as never man walked.—*Slater.*

Fragments.

FALSE ESTIMATES OF HAPPINESS.—There are few things in which mankind make greater mistakes than in the objects in which they place their own happiness, and in their estimate of the happiness of others.—*Moore.*

THE CONNECTION OF HAPPINESS WITH HOLINESS.—If we seek our happiness in anything besides the peace of God and a good conscience, we shall as certainly be unhappy as that everything in the world is uncertain.—*Adam.*

IN the time of Henry VIII., to be in possession of Tindal's Bible constituted heresy.

THERE is many a wounded heart without a contrite spirit. The ice may be broken into a thousand pieces—it is ice still. But expose it to the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, and then it will melt.—*Middleton.*

IT belongs in truth to the Church of God to *suffer* blows—not to *strike* them. But, at the same time, let it be remembered, that the Church is an anvil which has worn out many a hammer.—*Beza.*

IN any adversity that happens to us in the world, we ought to consider that misery and affliction are not less natural than snow and hail, storm and tempest; and that it were as reasonable to hope for a year without winter, as for a life without trouble.—*Howe.*

GIVE not thy tongue too great a liberty, lest it take thee prisoner. A word unspoken is, like the sword in the scabbard, thine; if vented, thy sword is in another's hand. If thou desire to be held wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue.—*Quarles.*

RICHES, honours, and pleasures, are the *sweets* which destroy the mind's appetite for its heavenly food; poverty, disgrace, and pain, are the *bitters* which restore it.—*Horne.*

HERBERT used to say, that "the virtuous life of a clergyman is the most powerful eloquence."

Daily Bread.

FRIDAY.

"Thy will be done."—LUKE xi. 2.

If God his will reveal,
Let us obey his call;
And think, whate'er the flesh may feel,
His love deserves our all.

This is the strongest and most binding reason that can be used to a Christian mind, which hath resigned itself to be governed by that rule, to have "the will of God" for its law. Whatsoever is required of it upon that warrant, it cannot refuse. Although it cross a man's own humour, or his private interest, yet if his heart be subjected to the will of God, he will not stand with him in anything. One word from God, "I will have it so," silences all, and carries it against all opposition.—*Leighton.*

SATURDAY.

"The house of my glory."—ISA. lx. 7.

I languish and sigh to be there,
Where Jesus hath fixed his abode:
O when shall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of God?

Death, to the saints, is not so much a penalty as it is a remedy. It delivers them up, and lets them into such joys as "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man to conceive." Yea, a man may as well with a coal paint out the sun in all its splendour, as with his pen or tongue express, or with his heart, were it deep as the sea, conceive, the fulness of those joys and sweetness of those pleasures which the saints shall enjoy at God's right hand for evermore. For quality, they are pleasures; for quantity, fulness; for dignity, at God's right hand; for eternity, for evermore; and, millions of years multiplied by millions, make not up a minute to this eternity.—*Younge.*

SABBATH.

"Walk in the light of the Lord."—ISA. ii. 5.

Seize my whole frame into thy hand—
Here all my powers I bring;
Manage the wheels by thy command,
And govern every spring.
Then shall my feet no more depart,
Nor my affections rove;
Devotion shall be all my heart,
And all my passions, love.

If you would shine in a holy walk and exemplary conversation, then you must, like Caleb, "walk after God"—you must imitate him in his holiness and purity. Again, you must, like Enoch, "walk with God"—live in communion and fellowship with him. And then, you must, like Abraham, "walk before God"—live and carry as those who believe he hath a special eye upon you in all that you do; and when you go about any action or business, spiritual or temporal, say to your souls: "I have a watchful eye over me, that pierceth into all my thoughts, that discovers the principles from which I am acting, and the ends to which I move; let me act, then, as one that still believes this—as one that shortly must be accountable to God for all I do, and I know not how soon." Or say to that purpose: "Now I am going about such a business, such a duty, and, if Christ shall send for me at the end of it, what account will I be able to give of my management to him? What do I know but at the end of this duty I may either be in Abraham's bosom or in a gulf of misery?"—*Willison.*

MONDAY.

"I wound and I heal."—DEUT. xxxii. 39.

Physician of my sin-sick soul,
To thee I bring my case;
My raging malady control,
And heal me by thy grace.

Thy heavenly Father is a physician as wise as he is loving. When thy heart begins to grow high, he sees there is need of some heavy affliction to bring it low; when thy heart grows cold, he sees there is need of some fiery affliction to heat it and warm it; when thy heart grows dull and dead, he sees there is need of some smart affliction to enliven and quicken it; and as thy afflictions shall continue no longer than there is need, so they shall last no longer than they shall work for thy good. If all along they shall work for thy good, thou hast no cause to complain that thy afflictions are long.—*Brooks.*

TUESDAY.

"Our great High Priest hath passed into the heavens, there to appear in the presence of God for us."—HEB. iv. 14.

He bears the names of all the saints
Deep on his heart engraved;
Attentive to the state and wants
Of all his love has saved.

How should faith triumph in this! Is not our High Priest in the sanctuary? is he not clothed with garments of salvation and righteousness? and doth he not bear the names of his people upon his shoulders and upon his breast before the Lord? Thy particular concernments, if thou art a believer, are written upon his heart, with the pen of a diamond, in such lasting letters of loving-kindness as shall never be blotted out.—Isa. xlix. 16.—*Mather.*

WEDNESDAY.

"If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me."—Ps. lxvi. 18.

Give me a sober mind,
A quick-discerning eye,
The first approach of sin to find,
And all occasions fly.
Hang on thy arm alone,
With self-distrusting care,
And deeply in the Spirit groan
The never-ceasing prayer.

He who prays as he ought, will endeavour to live as he prays.—Prov. xv. 8. He who can live in sin, and abide in the ordinary duties of prayer, never prays as he ought. A truly gracious praying frame is utterly inconsistent with the love of, or reserve for, any sin. —*Owen.*

THURSDAY.

"What do ye more than others."—MATT. v. 47.

Long do men sit beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord;
But still how weak their faith is found,
And knowledge of thy Word!

Be not content with common mercies, or such portions as any may have; be not content with common gifts, graces, and attainments, such as hypocrites may have; be not content with common conversations; live not as the men of the world, whose hearts are set on things below; but live above the world—have your feet where other men's heads are; show so much humility, mortification, patience, heavenliness, and charity in your walk, that the world may not only take notice that you have been with Jesus, but that you design to lodge and live eternally with him. Live not according to common examples, but set Christ and his saints before you for patterns; and, whatever others do about you, resolve to stand for Christ, though it were alone; say with Joshua: "As for me and my house, we will serve our covenanted God."—*Willison.*

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NOTES ON MADEIRA.

BY THE REV. JAMES JULIUS WOOD.

SIXTH ARTICLE.

Along with his hospital, his medical treatment of the numerous sick poor, his giving them medicines gratis, and his reading and expounding Holy Scripture to all who were willing to hear him, Dr Kalley turned his attention to the establishment of schools for teaching the people to read. Such schools were much needed; for almost none of the common people could read, and they were in a state of the most deplorable ignorance. The teachers were Roman Catholics, and the only books used were the common *cartilha* or primer, and the Scriptures. At one time he had seventeen of these schools in operation. All this met with the high approbation of the authorities, and of the public generally, as appears from the terms of the vote of thanks given him by the Municipal Council of Funchal, already mentioned.

But as the light began to shine into the darkness, the darkness manifested symptoms of annoyance and dislike. When the people began to exhibit a deep interest in the truths of Scripture, and to give indications that they felt their power, Popery, which hates the light and the truth, roused itself into jealous watchfulness and opposition. In May 1841, the acting bishop of Madeira, who was at that time on friendly terms with Dr Kalley, informed him that he had received an order from Lisbon to put a stop to his addressing Portuguese citizens on religious subjects; and, at the bishop's request, he consented to suspend his meetings till the state of the law was ascertained. At the end of three months, Dr Kalley learned from the bishop that there would be no more of the matter, and he immediately resumed his expositions.

Things went on in this way till January 1843. Meanwhile, Baron Lordello had retired from office, and a new governor, hostile to Dr Kalley, had been appointed. From this new governor he received a verbal message, ordering him to discontinue his reading and expounding the Scriptures to Portuguese subjects. He inquired what law he was violating, but received no answer, except a repetition of the verbal order to stop his meetings. Believing that these meetings were perfectly legal, and that the order of the governor to discontinue them was arbitrary and tyrannical, and that he was protected both by the treaty between Great Britain and Portugal and by Portuguese law, Dr Kalley continued his expositions as before. Police officers were now placed at his door, with instructions to prevent the people from entering his house; and by these police officers he and many of his friends were grossly insulted. Still, however, the meetings went on. The poor people—usually the most abject and submissive people in the world—seemed animated by a new spirit. Their love of truth, and their desire to be instructed out of the Bible, overcame all fear of consequences. They took patiently, meekly, and without retaliation, the abuse which was heaped on them. The usual hour of meeting was nine in the morning. The police were at their post in due time, as they thought, to prevent them entering; but the people had come at six o'clock, and were all snug in Dr Kalley's house before the police arrived. Determined to be in time on the next occasion, the police were on the alert by six o'clock; but again they were defeated, for the people had come at three; and, I believe, such was the interest which the people felt in the truths of God's Word, and such their determination not to be kept out, that some of them came the previous evening, and spent the night within Dr Kalley's premises.

About the same time, three Portuguese, two men and a woman, constrained by the knowledge and love of the truth, publicly renounced Popery, by communicating at the Scotch Church. Dr Kalley set before these persons the probable consequences of the step which they proposed to take, and told them faithfully of the sacrifices and the sufferings to which they would be called, whilst he shrunk not from holding up to them the importance of true religion, and the blessedness of trusting and owning Jesus Christ. He did not urge them to the step which they took, though their taking that step arose out of the Scripture teaching which they had received from him. The love of Christ constrained them, and the fear of man could not deter them.

The continuance of the meetings, the entire failure of the police to prevent the attendance of the people, and the results of Dr Kalley's teaching which were beginning to appear, tended to excite greatly the rage of the Pope's Christians. Threats of murder were conveyed to Dr Kalley; scenes of violence, on the part of the police, occurred at his house; his windows were broken after nightfall; and a tumultuous crowd came with music one evening, and shouted, and yelled, and uttered the most shocking language and the most ferocious threats in front of his dwelling; and to such extremities did this proceed, that a number of his friends and neighbours collected in his house to defend him from what they regarded as imminent danger. But,

in supposing that they could frighten him by noise and threats, they forgot the nation to which he belonged—and of the courage of a Christian they had no comprehension.

A written order was now received from the governor, to the same purport as his former verbal communication—forbidding Dr Kalley to have meetings of Portuguese citizens in his own house, or to speak to them on the subject of religion; but the written order had as little warrant in law as the verbal communication; and Dr Kalley having respectfully protested against it, went on with his meetings as usual.

The governor finding his written order of no avail, published by sound of drum through the town of Funchal a proclamation, as from the queen, in which numerous grave accusations were brought against Dr Kalley. The proclamation denounced him as a blasphemer, a seducer of the people, and a subverter of public order; it stated that the governor had received positive commands from the queen to put a stop to his proceedings, and that he was determined to use the most energetic means to fulfil her majesty's wishes; and it threatened all persons who gave any countenance to Dr Kalley's doctrines, and forbade all Portuguese citizens to visit his dwelling.

A Portuguese gentleman, believing the governor's proclamation to be illegal, and an encroachment on the liberty of the subject, intimated to his Excellency his determination to disobey it; and, having gone to Dr Kalley's house—though not usually an attender on the Doctor's religious exercises—he entered in despite of the police, and gave his name, as demanded of him at the door. He was informed against by the chief of the police; but the public prosecutor declined following out the case, and made the following statement as his reason for so doing: "If the order had been issued in virtue of the law, there would have been a misdemeanour; but there is no law which prohibits one citizen from going to the house of another; on the contrary, this is a privilege which springs from civil liberty, which cannot be taken away or restrained by the mere fiat of authority, as it is guaranteed by the constitutional charter."

Notwithstanding this, police officers were still stationed at Dr Kalley's door, to prevent people from going to him; and these were as rude and insolent as ever, and by their conduct they deterred many of his patients from going to consult him—thus seriously injuring him in his medical practice. Proceedings at law were also instituted against Dr Kalley and the two men who had communicated at the Scotch Church. The Judge of Right, who was the competent judge, on the proceedings coming before him, refused to sustain them as against Dr Kalley; but admitted them as against the two Portuguese citizens. His judgment was as follows: "There being among us no law which punishes this species of crime, as one of our most respectable writers, Mello Frere, recognises in his 'Institutes of Criminal Right,' I cannot, as a judge bound to apply the law, consider the accusation against Dr Kalley relevant; especially, taking into consideration what is provided by the first article of the treaty of 1842, according to which no subject of the two nations is in any manner to be incommoded on account of his religious opinions."

Here we have the opinion of the competent Portuguese judge in perfect accordance with the opinion held by Dr Kalley and his friends, that he (Dr Kalley) had done nothing in violation of law. But this judgment was appealed from by the public prosecutor, and the Judge of Right having occasion to go to Lisbon, the cause was carried before an inferior judge, who had no jurisdiction in the matter, and he took it upon himself to reverse the judgment of his superior, and to find the charge against Dr Kalley relevant. That charge was blasphemy, and aiding and abetting heresy and apostasy. A warrant was immediately issued for Dr Kalley's imprisonment, and on the 26th of July 1843, he was apprehended in his hospital, in the midst of his patients, and lodged in the common jail of Funchal.

Meanwhile his house had been searched in the presence of the British Consul for the two Portuguese who had communicated at the Scotch Church, and for whose apprehension a warrant had been granted. The search, though very strict, was unavailing. The two Bible Christians could not be found, and the Pope's Christians had to retire without their victims About the same time orders were issued to suppress all the schools supported by Dr Kalley The authorities visited them, took away all the copies of the Scriptures which they found in them—though they were as well entitled to take the coat off the back of a scholar as to take his Bible—and commanded the teachers to desist, on pain of imprisonment. A lawyer who was consulted, declared these proceedings to be illegal; but might overcame right, and the schools were all shut, at least the Government believed so.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE EVIDENCES.

BY THE REV. JAMES TAYLOR, ST ANDREWS.

THE AUTHENTICITY OF THE SCRIPTURES.

HAVING enumerated the various proofs of the genuineness of the Sacred Scriptures, we come now to consider their authenticity or truth. These qualities do not necessarily go together. A book may be genuine—that is, it may really be the composition of the person whose name it bears—and yet may be a mere collection of fables. On the other hand, a book may be authentic—that is, the statements which it contains may be true—although its real be a different person from its reputed author. In the

present case, however, genuineness and authenticity are inseparable. If the Sacred Scriptures were really written by the persons whose names they bear, or to whom they are ascribed, it follows that their contents are worthy of credit.

To justify our assent in any of those matters of belief where acquiescence is demanded on the authority of others, there are two things of which it is necessary to be assured—the genuineness of the testimony, and the credibility of the witnesses. We have already proved that the Sacred Scriptures were really written by the persons whose name they bear; we proceed now to consider whether the writers are witnesses whose testimony is worthy of credit.

In the *first* place, the apostles and evangelists were competent witnesses of the facts which they have attested. Their testimony related to events which they had seen and heard; for they had shared with Christ in all his wanderings and watchings, his poverty and persecutions—had witnessed his wonderful works, and had listened to the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth. "That which was from the beginning," says the Apostle John, "which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of life; (for the life was manifested, and we have seen it, and bear witness, and show unto you that eternal life, which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us;) that which we have seen and heard declare we unto you."

Secondly, The apostles were unprejudiced and disinterested witnesses. Not only had they no prepossession to mislead their judgment and bias their minds in favour of our Saviour's claims, and no interest to serve by falsifying or misrepresenting what they had heard or seen, but they had many deep-rooted prejudices to overcome in embracing the religion of Christ, and many powerful motives to induce them to "resist even the evidence of their senses, and stifle the very firmest convictions of their mind." Like the rest of their countrymen, they entertained the most erroneous notions respecting the character and office of the promised Messiah, and looked forward to the appearance of a temporal prince who should deliver them from the galling yoke under which they groaned, and make Jerusalem the metropolis of a universal and everlasting sovereignty. They have themselves left on record many proofs of their "slowness of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken;" and so firmly did they cling to the fondly cherished expectation of a great deliverer who should lead them on to victory and dominion, that it was not till the descent of the Spirit on the day of Pentecost, that the pleasing dream of temporal grandeur which had captivated their minds was completely dispelled, and they became thoroughly convinced that their Master's kingdom "is not of this world." The apostles, therefore, had none of the motives which usually influence human conduct to induce them to become the followers of Christ. On the contrary, they were solicited by the united ties of nature, of habit, of education, and of interest, to reject the claims of a religion which disappointed all their early associations and prejudices—all their favourite hopes and schemes. It could not be the love of money which influenced them to forsake all, and become the disciples of One "who had not where to lay his head." It could not be a spirit of ambition which prompted them to become the followers of Him who said: "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart." It could not be the love of honour which induced them to be "made as the filth of the world and as the offscouring of all things." It could not be the love of ease which allured them to be "in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by their own countrymen, in perils by the Heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness." Their Master had, indeed, distinctly forewarned them, that "men should revile them and persecute them, and should say all manner of evil against them falsely, for his sake," and that the time should come when "whosoever killed them should think that he did God service." And we have abundant evidence that "this witness is true." "Even unto this present hour," says the Apostle Paul, "we both hunger and thirst, and are naked, and are buffeted, and have no certain dwelling-place." They were compelled to flee from city to city, and from province to province. Everywhere they were spoken against—everywhere calumniated and vilified. Yet did they resolutely maintain that Jesus of Nazareth, whom the Jews had crucified and slain, but whom God had raised from the dead, was "the Messiah promised to the fathers"—that they had been eye-witnesses of his wonderful works—that by him "the blind received their sight, and the lame walked, the lepers were cleansed, the deaf heard, and the dead were raised up." They persevered in this testimony amidst poverty and wretchedness, and perils and persecutions. They voluntarily submitted to every variety of labour and suffering, in the apparently hopeless undertaking of propagating the religion of Jesus, and in many cases sealed their attestations with their blood. Well has it been said: If this be not sincerity, we know not where sincerity can be found. It is impossible to account for their conduct on any rational motive, except that they were fully convinced of the truth of what they declared, and "could not but speak the things which they had seen and heard." *

It has been objected, however, to this testimony, that the witnesses by whom it is borne were Christians, and that their evidence must

* Addisen's Evidences of the Christian Religion, with an Introductory Essay by the Rev. James Taylor.

therefore be looked upon with a degree of suspicion, as they were interested persons. But we may ask in reply: What made them Christians? How did it come to pass that men whose opinions, prejudices, and interests, were all hostile to Christianity, came notwithstanding to embrace that religion—to live a life of suffering, and to die a death of torture in its behalf? Unless the facts recorded in the New Testament are true, this conduct is wholly unaccountable. "Let us now suppose," says Addison, "that a learned Heathen writer who lived within sixty years of our Saviour's crucifixion, after having shown that false miracles were generally wrought in obscurity and before few or no witnesses, speaking of those which were wrought by our Saviour, has the following passage: 'But his works were always seen, because they were true; they were seen by those who were healed, and by those who were raised from the dead; nay, those persons who were thus healed and raised were seen, not only at the time of their being healed and raised, but long after; nay, they were seen, not only all the while our Saviour was upon earth, but survived after his departure out of this world; nay, some of them were living in our days.' I daresay you would look upon this as a glorious attestation for the cause of Christianity, had it come from the hand of a famous Athenian philosopher. These fore-mentioned words, however, are actually the words of one who lived about sixty years after our Saviour's crucifixion, and was a famous philosopher in Athens. But it will be said, he was a convert to Christianity. Now, consider this matter impartially, and see if his testimony is not much more valid for that reason. Had he continued a Pagan philosopher, would not the world have said that he was not sincere in what he writ, or did not believe it; for if so, would they not have told us he would have embraced Christianity? This was, indeed, the case of this excellent man. He had so thoroughly examined the truth of our Saviour's history, and the excellency of that religion which he taught, and was so entirely convinced of both, that he became a proselyte, and died a martyr." "I do allow that, generally speaking, a man is not so acceptable and unquestioned an evidence on facts which make for the advancement of his own party; but we must consider that, in the case before us, the persons to whom we appeal were of an opposite party, till they were persuaded of the truth of those very facts which they report. They bear evidence to a history in defence of Christianity; the truth of which history was their motive to embrace Christianity. They attest facts which they had heard while they were yet Heathens; and had they not found reason to believe them, they would still have continued Heathens, and have made no mention of them in their writings." *

With regard to the Books of Moses, their authenticity is proved by their genuineness. They were published at the time to which they are assigned; and unless, therefore, the statements contained in them were true, they would not have been credited. We have already seen that these books have been received by the Jews from the very first settlement of their nation, as a true account of their national history, and of the origin of their laws and institutions; and we contend that this never could have taken place, if the events recorded in these books had not actually happened. This will appear, in the *first* place, from a consideration of the peculiar system of laws which the Books of Moses contain. The rites prescribed in them were very costly and burdensome—a yoke, as the Apostle Peter calls them, which neither the men of his age nor their fathers were able to bear. Their religious ceremonies were not only laborious and minute, but contrary to those held sacred by all other nations—"novel rites," as Tacitus calls them, "and opposed to those of all the rest of mankind," which, indeed, they were taught to regard with abhorrence. In addition to this, the civil government of the Jews, the distribution and tenure of property, and the most important regulations which affected it, were all totally unlike the laws of other nations, and were of so peculiar a character, that it is unaccountable that any legislator should have proposed them, or any people should have submitted to them, if they had not been sanctioned by divine authority. Once in every seven years, and two years together at the jubilee, the ground was not to be tilled or sown; thus exposing the nation to all the miseries of famine. Thrice every year all the males were ordered to repair to the place where the sanctuary stood; thus leaving the country periodically open to the incursions of its enemies. The people were forbidden to multiply horses, or to make use of cavalry in their wars; and must thus have fought with their adversaries on unequal terms. The law ordered that every fiftieth year all slaves should be set at liberty, and that mortgaged possessions should be restored to their original proprietors. Universal experience shows that all attempts to obtain a release from debts, and to change the distribution of property, have uniformly excited the most violent commotions. It is incredible, therefore, that any people would have quietly submitted to receive laws which thus interfered with public and private interest, demanded from individuals such a sacrifice of property, and exposed the country to the danger of famine, invasion, and conquest, except under the fullest conviction that they were dictated by divine authority; and such a conviction could not have been produced, unless the events related in connection with these laws had really occurred.

The Israelites were notoriously a people of the most stubborn dispositions, ever ready to murmur and rebel, and yet they are found submitting to a system of rites and ceremonies, minute, complicated, and expensive, interwoven

* The Evidences of the Christian Religion, sect. iii. 2, 3, 5.

not only with their religious worship, but with the whole detail of life, and which must have been felt to be extremely burdensome and inconvenient. They have never been supposed to be destitute of common prudence or of a due regard to their own interests, and yet they quietly yielded obedience to laws which seemed certain to involve them in temporal ruin. How is it possible to account for this astonishing fact, except on the supposition that the legislator by whom these laws were proposed, had convinced his countrymen that he was the messenger of Jehovah, by the performance in their presence of those wonderful works which are recorded in his books? The reception by the Jews of the laws of Moses necessarily presupposes the truth of the narrative of the signs and wonders which God wrought by his instrumentality.

(*To be continued.*)

PROTESTANTISM IN THE WEST OF FRANCE.

FIRST PAPER.

[At the present time, when certain districts of the west of France appear to be the scene of a great work of God, and when fresh tidings from them are always expected with pious interest by those who rejoice in the progress of the Gospel, it may be gratifying to our readers to learn a little of their former history; for these were Protestant regions in former times, successful as the Popish Church has been in desolating them by persecution, and wearing out the saints of the Most High. God has done great things there in days of old, which ought not to be forgotten, though, in his wonderful providence, his enemies have again been permitted to enjoy a temporary triumph. For the following particulars we are indebted to a very interesting little volume, published a few years ago at Bourdeaux, by M. Crottet, pastor of the Protestant Church at Pons, in Saintonge—a history of the congregations of Pons, Gemozac, and Mortagne.]

The Reformation in Saintonge and the adjacent districts, may be traced in part to the residence of Calvin in Angoulême and Poitiers. He took up his abode at Angoulême in 1534, having been obliged to flee from Paris upon account of the persecution which raged there, although he had not yet fully and formally separated himself from the Church of Rome. It was at Poitiers that he broke the last link which bound him to the Church of Rome. At Angoulême the Gospel light spread amongst his associates; at Poitiers, a little Church was formed, which first met in a garden, and afterwards, with the utmost secrecy, in various places of the city and adjacent country—celebrating the sacrament of the Lord's supper for the first time in a cave called the Grotto of Crotelles. Three members of this congregation were set apart almost immediately to evangelistic labours—John Vernou being appointed to exercise his ministry in Poitiers and its neighbourhood; Albert Babinot at Toulouse; and Philip Véron, also called Le Ramasseur, in the provinces of Saintonge, Aunis, and Angoumois.

In the providence of God, Calvin was removed to Geneva, but the enterprise which originated in the zeal of the little congregation at Poitiers was zealously carried on. Babinot found it expedient to quit Toulouse and associate himself with Véron, and ere long they had the joy of witnessing many instances of the success of the Gospel. Not a few, even of the higher classes, renounced the errors of Rome. The Seigneur du Fa in Angoumois, and the Seigneur de Mirambeau in Saintonge, were the first to set the example. But it was chiefly amongst the lower classes of the people that the truth of God prevailed, until there were to be found in every city and town of the three provinces some who were attached to the doctrines of the Bible.

Babinot and Véron were soon wellnigh overwhelmed by the magnitude of the work to which they were now called, when assistance was sent them from a very unexpected quarter. Many, both of the regular and secular clergy of the interior of France, had received the Gospel, and proved their sincerity by abandoning their livings for the Gospel's sake. Fleeing from persecution in other districts, numbers of these converted monks and priests sought refuge in the coasts of Saintonge, and in the isles of Ré and Oleron, where, in places remote from the great cities and from frequented roads, they were, for a time, comparatively safe from their enemies. Necessity made them seek the means of subsistence in various kinds of employment, and especially in that of teaching. By degrees they gained the confidence of their new neighbours; and by their means the Gospel made great progress in the isle of Oleron, and throughout the province of Saintonge.

But Popish persecution had, meanwhile, its victims. The first who suffered martyrdom was Mary Becaudellea, a woman who had become acquainted with the Gospel in 1535, at Rochelle. Her Christian course was brief. She was burned at Essarts, the place of her nativity, in 1536, after having ably sustained a controversy with a Cordelier. Some years afterwards, when the Gospel had made considerable progress, the Bishop of Saintes, being apprized that his diocese was filled with Lutherans, caused numbers to be apprehended—some of whom shrunk from the prospect of the stake and recanted, while others sealed a faithful testimony with their blood. A refugee monk named Nicole, who had established himself at Arvert, was burned at Bordeaux in August 1546. Another monk, seized at Gemozac, was burned at Libourne. Nicolas Clinet, who, in the humble capacity of schoolmaster, had contributed much to the spread of the Gospel in Saintonge, contrived to escape, and was therefore only burned in effigy. He fled to Paris, and after some years of usefulness there, was burned alive in 1557. Peter Constantine and Matthias Couraud, after enduring some other torments, were burned before the great gate of Notre Dame de Cougne, at La Rochelle, in 1552. The list of those who died at the stake might be enlarged, and many others suffered more or less severely. The patience of the sufferers and their fortitude contributed to the confirmation of believers, and to the spread of the Gospel. Claude d'Angliers, Seigneur de la Sassaye, who, as president of the court, pronounced sentence

upon Constantine and Couraud, and was present at the execution, is said to have been thus led to embrace the doctrines of the Reformation.

Véron exercised his laborious ministry amidst constant dangers, for twenty years, and died in Auvergne. Vernou having gone on a visit to Geneva, was seized, with four others, at Chamberi, and died at the stake in 1555. Philibert Hamelin succeeded them in their field of labour in Saintonge.

He was a native of Chinon, in Touraine. He was one of those priests who, renouncing the errors of Popery, fled to the isles and unfrequented districts of Saintonge and Aunis. He was seized with some others, in 1546, and saved his life by a recantation; but the sin was soon followed by repentance, and Hamelin, being again at liberty, proceeded to Geneva, then the abode of Calvin and other distinguished Reformers. Here he was instructed in the way of the Lord more perfectly, and began to unite his exertions with those of his teachers, by establishing a printing-press, and printing the French Bible of Olivétan; the copies of which, along with other religious publications, he afterwards sold, travelling about on foot through the eastern parts of France, like the colporteurs of our own time in the same country, and availing himself, like them, of every favourable opportunity for introducing religious subjects in conversation, and thus promoting the knowledge of the truth. At last the Church of Geneva, being apprized of the disposition manifested by the people of Saintonge, Aunis, and Angoumois, resolved to send him to these provinces, again to preach the Gospel; and seldom did any labourer enter on his work with greater ardour, or give proof of greater devotedness. Congregations were soon formed in several places, and organized on the model of that of Geneva. At Saintes, where his recantation had taken place, Hamelin especially exerted himself; but there his success was slower than in other towns, and at the end of two years he could scarcely succeed in assembling more than seven or eight hearers.

But the work was too great for one labourer; and, on the urgent representations of Hamelin, the Church of Paris appointed Andrew de Mazières, commonly called De la Place, to be his coadjutor. Hamelin, who had been for some time at Saintes, left that place for Arvert, having made arrangements so that the little congregation should meet regularly in his absence, some of the members conducting the religious exercises. He expected De Mazières soon to succeed him at Arvert, and then he intended to return to Saintes again. But he was to return a prisoner, on his way to the place of execution.

The Protestants were numerous at Arvert; and Hamelin's arrival was hailed with joy. He preached in the church, and the bells were rung on the occasion. The bishop was informed of it, and hastened to the town. Hamelin was warned of his danger, but at first refused to flee; afterwards he yielded to the remonstrances of his friends and fled, but was soon apprehended, and conveyed to the prison of Saintes. His conduct, in presence of the judges and magistrates, was marked by great firmness and dignity. A highly favourable impression was made upon their minds. A member of the Church at Saintes offered the prisoner an opportunity of escaping, having bribed the jailer with a considerable sum, but Hamelin replied, that he would rather die by the hand of the executioner than compromise the safety of one of his brethren. The judges were unwilling to pronounce sentence of death upon him, and they dared not acquit him—they resolved to send him to Bourdeaux, to a superior tribunal, recollecting that he was a priest, whom, therefore, they were incompetent to try. But this made his death certain. The Parliament of Bourdeaux was celebrated for its severity against heretics.

In the prison at Bourdeaux, he was useful to some of his fellow-prisoners, in bringing them to the knowledge of the Gospel. He resisted all endeavours to win him to another recantation. His zeal against idolatry led him even to an act of violence, which so provoked his enemies as to hasten his death. A priest had come into the prison to say mass. Hamelin could not restrain his indignation, when he saw the preparations for that idolatry—he rushed forward and overthrew all, crying out: "Must the name of God, then, be blasphemed everywhere? Is it not enough to have abused the temples, but you must come and profane the jails?" The jailer learning what had been done, retaliated by many blows of a club and confinement in a deep dungeon, and next day petitioned the Parliament that he might be delivered from that pest, who infected all the prisoners with his damnable doctrine. Nor was it long till the Reformer was condemned and executed. He suffered on the 18th of April 1557. He was resolute to the last. He availed himself of every opportunity of discoursing to his fellow-prisoners on spiritual things. Lest he should address the multitude at the place of execution, a deafening sound of trumpets was kept up all the while, but all could see that he was engaged in prayer to God. He was hanged, and his body was afterwards reduced to ashes.

WILSON OF WASTELAND,

THE COVENANTER.

BY THE REV. ROBERT SIMPSON, SANQUHAR.

THE farm of Wasteland is in the parish of New Cumnock, in the higher district of Nithsdale. This locality was, in times of persecution, much visited by the strolling troopers, who, like locusts, were let loose on the country at large, and especially on the western parts of Scotland, to subdue and oppress the peasantry who reclaimed against the iniquitous measures of the times. It is a wild upland, which, nevertheless, was in those days peopled with many a worthy family, who maintained their integrity in a backsliding and licentious age. In the vicinity of Wasteland were to be found many suitable places of retreat for the wanderers of the covenant, who sought in the farthest solitudes a hiding-place from their foes. The Knypes, a lofty mountain on the south of the Nith, afforded, in its heathy wastes, its deep moss hags, and solitary ravines, with which its rugged sides are scarred, many a place of concealment for the peasant who had been hunted from his hearth by those "human blood-hounds," whom the demon of persecution had evoked for the perpetration of those dark deeds that so signally characterized the period. On the north, the bold front of the green-clad Cor-

soncone rises over the sweet vale beneath, and overlooks a space where martyrs have prayed and bled, concealing in the background the bleak moss-lands of Kyle, than which, the eye can scarcely rest on a scene more dreary, furnishing an almost perfect idea of what may be emphatically denominated a *wilderness*. The Water of Kyle rises far up, in the heart of the desert, and pursues its way through the dark and sterile moorlands, in the very heart of which, and in the midst of its most inacessible mosses, many a company of God's hidden ones took up their occasional abode, and succeeded in eluding the vigilance of their oppressors; for the whole deserts round and round were frequented with fugitives, and sometimes even well peopled with them; though not a single creature was seen to move in all the ample space, so necessary was it to hide closely in the day-time. There might be scores of persons concealed, one here and two there, among the feathery brackens on the waste, or among the tufted heather on the moor; so that the troopers passing to and fro could have no idea of their lurking-places, unless they stumbled on them by accident, as the huntsman on the timid hare couching in the bent. On the west of Wasteland is a mass of shapeless mountains, stretching towards the source of the Afton, a stream rendered famous as a retreat of the worthies; the steep heights on either side being almost unscalable by their pursuers. The precipitous slopes presented a hazardous footing to the military, who sometimes were not very cordial in risking their persons in situations where danger was apprehended.

William Wilson was tenant in Wasteland, in the weary time of persecution. He was a pious man, and one who warmly entertained the principles of the Covenanters who hid in the waste around his dwelling, and some of whom lost their lives not many yards from his own door, being shot by the troopers when caught in devotional exercises; and thus lie two of them at least—Hair and Corson—in a field near the highway, where a rude stone marks the spot of their sepulture. The banks of the Nith in this place were frequently visited by the soldiers; and sometimes Claverhouse, in the plenitude of his military license, drove before him, like a flock of sheep, the entire population on both sides of the river, several miles eastward, for the purpose of harassing the poor people after having plundered their houses.

It was in the year 1684, which was denominated by the people the "killing time," on account of the great number of murders which were committed by the soldiers in the open fields, that William Wilson was more especially taken notice of. He was now so well known as an obnoxious Covenanter, that, on account of the searchings after him, he was obliged more frequently to leave home, and seek a hiding-place in the ravines and thickets in the neighbourhood of his residence. In this way he kept himself concealed for several months, not daring to visit his family, excepting on rare occasions, when he stole unperceived from the thicket, and crept silently across the fields, in timid cautiousness, lest spies or troopers might perchance be in his way.

One evening he withdrew from his hiding-place and proceeded homewards, as his presence at this time was more especially required, his wife being near her confinement. As he emerged from the ravine, he saw the space clear before him, and he hoped to escape without being observed; but just as he drew near the house, a party of troopers came in sight. To enter his dwelling was certain capture, and to run was to be pursued. After deliberating for a moment he resolved to proceed at a leisurely pace along the level ground towards the Nith, as if heedless whether he was observed or not. This plan, however, did not serve the purpose; for the dragoons having noticed him, and suspecting that he might be the person of whom they were in quest, quickened their march, and rode in pursuit. Wilson observed the movement and saw his danger; and there being no time to lose, he ran towards the river, and plunging into the water, gained the opposite bank before the horsemen came up. The stream, however, was no obstacle to them, and dashing the rowels into the sides of their powerful horses, they instantly crossed its channel after the fugitive. At that period the lower parts of Corsoncone were thickly wooded, forming a part of the extensive forest of Kyle, which in past ages clothed those vast spaces which are now immeasurable tracks of barren heath, the decayed wood being still found in the mosses. Wilson darted into the thicket, and in a moment was out of sight. Here he was in perfect safety, for the coverts were too impervious for the troopers to attempt to penetrate them. They stood, however, at the outer edge, and fired a few shots among the underwood, if perchance they might mortally wound him whom they could not seize. It was now in vain to advance farther, and accordingly they retreated, and left the object of their pursuit unscathed.

They next proceeded to Wasteland, and entered the house according to their original intention, but behaved less rudely than was anticipated. Their plundering habits were well known to the people, who never expected them to leave their houses without booty, or without eating and drinking to the full, and often with riotous excess. On this occasion, however these locusts had a purpose to serve, by showing a more than common leniency to the household. They saw from the state of matters within, that there was every likelihood that Wilson would visit the domicile sometime during the night, and on this supposition they resolved to come again in a few hours.

The return of the soldiers was not anticipated by Wilson that night, and, accordingly, after the darkness had set in, he issued from his concealment, and in a brief space was in his own house. One hour passed away after another, and the family, grateful that no serious injury had befallen them, were gathered round a fire of blazing peats, which burned cheerfully on the hearth, and Wilson had just laid the Bible on his knee to commence worship, when the heavy trampling of horses was heard near the door. In a moment it was ascertained that a company of troopers had arrived in the close, and that the house was actually besieged. Wilson rose in haste, and passed into the cow-house by an inner door which led to it. In the cow-house, there was a small roost that had been erected for the accommodation of the domestic fowls, which were generally kept in considerable flocks about farm-houses. This roost was a very frail erection, being constructed chiefly of fragile sticks placed on the precarious joists that were laid across the house, resting on the tops of the opposite walls, and the whole was covered with turf on which was spread a quantity of straw or hay, on which the fowls deposited their eggs. As it was impossible for Wilson to issue from any of the doors without being detected, it occurred to him to seek a retreat in the roost, to which he ascended without delay. In an instant, the soldiers were in the house, and speedily dispersed themselves among the different apartments, for the purpose of searching every corner. They next entered the cow-house with a flaming candle, to see what might be found there, and, having assembled directly under the roost, Wilson, part of whose person was not exactly concealed within the place, attempted to crawl farther out of sight; and, in the act of doing this, the doubtful flooring on which he lay all at once gave way, and he was precipitated, with turfs, and straw, and eggs, straight on the heads of the troopers. This incident

quickly extinguished the light, enveloped them in dust, and crushed some of them to the ground. The brave intruders were alarmed in the extreme, and thinking that the entire roof of the building was descending on them, crept from under the ruin half suffocated, and partially wounded by the blows they had received from the falling timber, and straightway made their escape, amidst the cackling of the fowls and the lowing of the cattle, who seemed, by their salutations, to wish them all success in their enterprise. The dubious reception they had met with, and the suspicion of farther mischief that might be pending over them in the dark, induced them to leave the place without delay; and so honest William Wilson escaped by an incident as unexpected to himself as it was ominous to the soldiers.

On another occasion, he was met by a different party of dragoons, as he was riding alone on a fine grey mare. The soldiers accosted him, and demanded his pass; he replied, that he had one in his house, meaning his Bible, one which he had received from his King, and that if they would remain where they were, he would go and fetch it. The men agreed to hold his mare as a pledge till he should return, but, in reality, with a view to retain the animal altogether. Wilson was glad to get out of their reach, but, at the same time, could not think of losing his favourite mare; and, accordingly, he kept his eye on their movements, and followed at a distance concealing himself among the brushwood which covered the banks of the Nith on both sides. The soldiers crossed the river to the braes of Corsoncone, and arrived at the house of Niviston, situated on the edge of a deep and densely wooded ravine, which, in the pleasant days of summer, is vocal with the sweetest music poured from a thousand throats. Wilson, keeping at a proper distance behind, saw the troopers enter the house, leaving the horses tied at the door. He then advanced to a short distance from the house, and, emerging stealthily from the covert, cut the halter by which his good grey mare was tied, and she instantly scampered off across the fields, where, in a short time, she was hid among the bushes, which prevented the men from pursuing her. The noise at the door called out the soldiers, who instantly saw what had happened, and, at the same time, observed Wilson descending from the brink of the ravine into its deep and bosky sides, where they durst not follow. They poured their shots among the mantling underwood, but did him no harm, for he was beyond their reach. His great-grandson, William Wilson, now residing at the Bridge-End of New Cumnock, has retained these anecdotes of his ancestor, whose memory he cherishes with the greatest veneration.

HOLINESS.

Of all the trees that in earth's vineyard grew,
And, with their clusters, tempted man to pull
And eat, one tree, one tree alone, the true
Celestial manna bore, which fill'd the soul—
The tree of holiness—of heav'nly seed—
A native of the skies. Though stunted much,
And dwarf'd, by time's cold, damp, ungenial soil,
And chilling winds, yet yielding fruit so pure,
So nourishing and sweet, as on his way
Refresh'd the pilgrim, and begot desire
Unquenchable to climb the arduous path
To where her sister plants—in their own clime,
Around the fount, and by the stream of life,
Blooming beneath the sun that never sets—
Bear fruit of perfect relish, fully ripe.
To plant this tree, uprooted by the fall,
To earth the Son of God descended; shed
His precious blood; and on it evermore,
From off his living wings, the Spirit shook
The dews of heav'n, to nurse and speed its growth.
Nor was this care, this infinite expense,
Not needed to secure the holy plant.
To root it out, and wither it from earth,
Hell strove with all its strength, and blew with all
Its blasts; and sin, with cold, consumptive breath,
Involv'd it still in clouds of mortal damp.
Yet did it grow, thus kept, protected thus,
And bear the only fruit of true delight—
The only fruit worth plucking under heaven.

POLLOK.

BRODICK,

BEING CONTINUATION OF AN EXCURSION TO ARRAN.

"Now morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime
Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearl.
. . . . . .
Awake! the morning shines, and the fresh field
Calls us. We lose the prime, to mark how spring
Our tender plants, how blows the citron grove;
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmly reed;
How nature paints her colours—how the bee
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet."

MILTON.

It was now the 13th of June. Our happy week in Arran was drawing fast to a close, and we were resolved that none of it should be lost in sloth. Isabella, one of our family-party, was to leave us this morning by steamer, to visit friends in Port-Glasgow; and, as we meant to accompany her in the steamer to Brodick, we were all astir by five o'clock in the morning, and ready, after an early breakfast, to go aboard at six o'clock. The morning was most lovely. How many of those most capable of enjoying it lose, throughout life, all the beauty of this "hour of prime!" It is said that Thomson wrote *in bed* these fine objurgatory lines:—

"Falsely luxurious, will not man awake,
And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
To meditation due and sacred song?"

It may be so; but if the following lines *were* written *in bed*, they are so true to nature that they must have been the transcript of what he had formerly seen in a morning walk:—

"The meek-eyed morn appears, mother of dews,
At first faint-gleaming in the dappled east;
Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow,
And, from before the lustre of her face,
White break the clouds away. With quickened step
Brown night retires; young day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents shine,
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps awkward; while along the forest glade
The wild-deer trip, and, often turning, gaze
At early passenger. Music awakes—
The native voice of undissembled joy—
And thick around the woodland hymns arise."

Though not one of the seven sleepers, I must own that I am not always a-foot at cock-crowing.

The inducement on this occasion was sufficiently strong. The morning was lovely as heart would wish; the scenery was exquisite; and had we had nothing but the sail to Brodick we would have considered ourselves amply rewarded. The sea was a mirror, reflecting from its bosom the Holy Isle, and the only vessel that, after the late storm, yet lingered in the refuge-yielding Loch. Where was the storm now? Is it possible that that smiling sea, murmuring and sporting in softest ripplings on the shore, was lately a scene of strife and turmoil—dashing itself, as if in bitter rage, against the stubborn rocks by which its proud waves were stayed? He who ruleth the winds and waves had said to them: "Peace!" The storm sank into a calm—the waves were still. From the steamer's deck we could count the pebbles scattered on the sand at some fathoms' depth, and could see the finny tribes disporting amidst the little marine forests of algæ, gently waving in the ebbing tide.

When the powerful steam began to exert its propelling force, we soon cleared the Loch; and, passing Clachland Point, and gliding along the precipitous banks on the left, we had before us another of those fine views which, in endless variety, present themselves in Arran. How magnificent is Goatfell, with the adjoining peaks! Nothing but the hand of the Almighty could have moulded this stupendous scene. Even angels, one would think, might look down with wonder, when so many square miles of granite were pushed up in such rugged grandeur through the firm rocky strata, constrained to yield to this eruptive force. These strata, once horizontal, now incline towards the granite, giving proof of upheaval. By being indurated and contorted, and closely united to the granite, they show that the granite, at the time of upheaval, must have been intensely heated and in a state of partial fusion, imparting the same degree of fusion to the schist, where they came in contact, so that they form one inseparable mass. They are like two different coloured sticks of sealing wax conjoined when in a state of partial fusion, and firmly adhering, along the longitudinal line of junction, as one body, after they had cooled. In specimens which, in 1842, my excellent friend, the Rev. Dr Nathaniel Paterson of Glasgow, and I brought down from the steep side of Tornidneón,* near Lochranza, the schist and granite form one closely united stone; but, though inseparably incorporated in consequence of fusion, the line of junction is distinctly marked by the thorough difference betwixt the two sides of the united fabric.

But let us return to the steamer, on her way to Brodick. From a certain point in our progress, many think that they can trace, in the outline of the mountain tops, a striking profile of our illustrious Wellington; and if so, well may we say that he has here a monument *ære perennius*—more durable than brass. The thin covering of mist which, for a little, had partially veiled these noble peaks, was now disappearing. All that remained on the lofty shoulder of the mountain were some fleecy cloudlets of white vapour, adding much to the beauty of the spectacle, as, floating upwards, they were fast evanishing, giving goodly promise of a lovely day.

In few places on this fair earth is there beheld so delightful a mingling of beauty and grandeur as in the near view of Brodick. Grandeur you certainly expect; for these magnificent mountains are seen from afar, and form the greatest ornament of our western coast. But you are not prepared for the remarkable beauty, and sweetness, and softness given by the rich clothing of wood on the mountain skirts, produced by water's edge; nor for the fine effect down to Brodick Castle, rising in ducal grandeur amidst the embowering foilage of many venerable trees; nor for the solemnizing view of the deep-retiring glen, winding along the Rosa, till it seems lost in the embrace of the approximating mountains.

On reaching Brodick, we had leisure, in waiting for the little boat that was to land us on the quay, to contemplate the noble scene—above, and around, and below. I am seldom on the sea; but when there, I am unwilling to pass unnoticed the wonders of the deep. Oh! how full of wonders is that mighty deep! When we see the Lord's wonders in the deep, may they so utter their voice as to teach us to look up unto the heavens for greater wonders there! Some have a great knack at drawing useful lessons from the mute inhabitants of the deep. It was at Brodick that Mr James Wilson, a distinguished naturalist, observed one morning two men in a boat looking down intently into the water, and from time to time pulling something rapidly up. His curiosity was excited; and, on inquiring into the nature of their employment, he found that they were fishermen, catching crabs in an ingenious manner. When, through the clear water, they saw a crab at his morning walk, they touched him with a long pole, and instantly the crab grasped the pole with his claws; they gave another pounce, and he grasped more firmly; they gave a harder jog, and, out of all patience, he clasped the pole with all his claws; and forthwith, ere his paroxysm was over, they hastily drew up the pole, and landed him in the bottom of their boat. The moral inference which Mr Wilson draws, and for which I have mentioned this, is exceedingly good. "I saw from this," said he, "that it was not safe for either crabs or Christians, when exposed to provocation, to lose their temper."

Leaving Isabella, whom we had thus far escorted, to proceed in the steamer, we landed before seven o'clock, having thus fully five hours to dispose of till the arrival of the steamer from Ardrossan, by which we meant to return to Lamlash. We would have visited the Castle at this time, had we not been desirous of reaching the rocks towards Corrie at ebb-tide. The Castle is undergoing repairs, and receiving a considerable addition, part of which is to be in the form of a tower, which, when seen from the bay, will have an excellent effect, in its elevated site, among the surrounding woods. The Castle garden is worth being visited; for, though it contains nothing that is very rare, it is delightful to see the healthy luxuriance of many rather tender exotics, which brave the winter without any protection, giving good

* Tornideón means, I believe, the Hill of Ptarmigans. Ptarmigans are found there; and the goshawk, I am told, builds in the cliffs, not much to the satisfaction of the gentle ptarmigans—a ready quarry.

proof of the great mildness of the insular climate. There were some rare mosses at one time on the walls of the Castle; but the improvements that are going on may strip them of their mural treasures. *Parietaria officinalis* may escape, I hope, being of sturdier make than the mosses. This *Pellitory-of-the-wall* I have seen, in the west, only on Brodick Castle-wall, and on a parapet wall at Troon harbour. Its filaments are jointed, and to this peculiarity they owe the elastic property by which, in a hot summer-day, the *pollen* is so copiously discharged. The filaments of the mulberry flower must have some such peculiarity. I remember on a fine summer-day, in passing a mulberry tree in the garden at White House, Lamlash, having my attention attracted by little puffs of powdery vapour bursting, from time to time, from various parts of the tree. I found that it was occasioned by a filament being let loose with an elastic spring, which caused the pollen of the concussed anther to ascend about two inches like smoke, that it might come down like a fertilizing shower on the subjacent pistils, which, as the mulberry is a monœcious plant, are on different flowers from those that have the anthers, and, but for this beautiful contrivance, might not receive the pollen.

Passing the Castle, we proceeded northward towards Corrie. A person does not require to leave the road to find what to many might be more rare than pleasant, viz., poisonous adders, which come out of the wood to bask in the sun. These, I think, have been reduced in number, since Brodick became so much frequented; but, some years ago, a person could seldom pass along this road on a fine day without seeing an adder, either dead or alive. But the botanist may find, close by the road-side, what is more to his taste — the beautiful little *Pinguicula Lusitanica* (pale butterwort), so much valued in many places, that a person, who at times sold as well as bought plants, told me that he laid in a good store of this little inhabitant of the bog every time he was in Arran, and disposed of them to his correspondents at home and abroad, at the rate of half-a-crown a plant. There is another plant very common at Brodick, which, I am told, is greatly prized by foreign botanists, viz., *Brassica Monensis* (Isle of Man cabbage); and what is more beautiful than either, *Lithospermum maritimum* (sea-side gromwell), of which there are splendid tufts on the beach. *Parnassia palustris* (grass of Parnassus), is very frequent here, with its finely fringed nectaries. The three kinds of *Drosera* (sundew) may be found at no great distance, with their singular leaves clothed with viscid, insect-catching glands, sparkling in the sun like brilliant diamonds. Plants acquire an additional value, as memorials of friends with whom, in collecting them, we have made little excursions. Well do I remember with what eagerness I grasped, near this place, a large tuft of a magnificent moss, rare in Scotland —*Splachnum ampullaceum* (flagon-fruited splachnum); and what delight I had in dividing the spoil with my two companions who could appreciate it— Dr Curdie, now in Australia, and Dr Philip Maclaggan, now in Canada. And *Erythræa compressa* of Link, found plentifully on the shore, reminded me of the pleasure of meeting the learned and venerable Prussian Professor Link on a memorable day in Arran. Many fine ferns are found on the cliffs which form the ancient boundary of the sea, of which I shall mention only the stately *Osmunda regalis* (the royal fern), and the lowly *Hymenophyllum Wilsoni*, neither of them uncommon in Arran.

In the face of the ancient sea-cliff, extending along this coast, there are a number of water-worn caves, to which Mr Ramsay in his "Guide" refers, as considered in connection with the sea-shells found abundantly in the soil, when turned up, even at the entrance of the water-worn caves, as affording proof that the waves once dashed against these cliffs, and formed the caves, as well as a proof of recent elevation of the sea-beach. "It has also been remarked that these caves dip to the south, agreeably to the inclination of the anticlinal line, their pillars being at right angles to the plane of stratification, not to the horizontal level; proving that their formation by the influence of the waves took place previous to their elevation to their present height."

About this time the young people made what they considered rather an interesting discovery, viz., a Highland cottage at the base of Maoldón, in which milk might be purchased. They had made an early breakfast, and after sailing five or six miles, they had walked some hours on the shore; and they began to think that, amidst their scientific pursuits, the vulgar employment of eating and drinking might form rather an agreeable interlude. Accordingly, they had some delicious milk along with the biscuits they had brought with them; after which they returned cheerily to the sea-beach. Our chief look-out on getting again among the rocks was for a rare seaweed—*Codium tomentosum*, and for a rare animal upon it, *Aplysia*, now *Acteon viridis*, both of which we had found about this place a year before; but as we were not successful in finding them on this occasion, I shall have recourse to what I had written respecting them when they were discovered; but this I must reserve as the subject of another paper.

"YOUNG BUNYAN."

THERE has been some needless controversy regarding Bunyan's early days. Some have too readily taken for granted that he was in all respects a reprobate; and others—the chief of whom was Dr Southey—have laboured to show that there was little in the lad which any would censure, save the righteous overmuch. The truth is, that considering his rank of life, his conduct was not flagitious; for he never was a drunkard, a libertine, or a lover of sanguinary sports: and the profanity and Sabbath-breaking and heart-atheism which afterwards preyed on his awakened conscience, are unhappily too frequent to make the perpetrator conspicuous. The thing which gave Bunyan any notoriety in the days of his ungodliness, and which made him afterwards appear to himself such a monster of iniquity, was the energy which he put into all his doings. He had a zeal for idle play, and an enthusiasm in mischief, which were the perverse manifestations of a forceful character, and which may have well entitled him to Southey's epithet—"a blackguard." The reader need not go far to see young Bunyan. Perhaps there is near your dwelling an Elstow—a quiet hamlet of some fifty houses sprinkled about in the picturesque confusion, and with the easy amplitude of space, which gives an old English

village its look of leisure and longevity. And it is now verging to the close of the summer's day. The daws are taking short excursions from the steeple, and tamer fowls have gone home from the darkening and dewy green. But old Bunyan's donkey is still browsing there, and yonder is old Bunyan's self—the brawny tramper dispread on the settle, retailing to the more clownish residents tap-room wit and road-side news. However, it is young Bunyan you wish to see. Yonder he is, the noisiest of the party, playing pitch-and-toss—that one with the shaggy eyebrows, whose entire soul is ascending in the twirling penny—grim enough to be the blacksmith's apprentice, but his singed garments hanging round him with a lank and idle freedom which scorns indentures; his energetic movements and authoritative vociferations at once bespeaking the ragamuffin ringleader. The penny has come down with the wrong side uppermost, and the loud execration at once bewrays young Badman. You have only to remember that it is Sabbath evening, and you witness a scene often enacted on Elstow Green two hundred years ago.*

THE BIBLE.

A FOUNTAIN ever springing,
Where the wearied may repair,
The heavy burden bringing
Of sin and of despair.

A hive of honied treasure,
Distilled from Eden's bowers;
Where heaven-born hope, with pleasure,
May feed in wintry hours.

Drink for the soul that's thirsting,
Comfort for those that fear,
Balm for the heart when bursting,
May all be gathered here.

What added boon is wanting?
Thy blessing, Lord! must give,
The gift of faith by granting,
To read, believe, and live?

BARTON.

"GET UNDERSTANDING."

THERE is no knowledge to be compared with the knowledge of God; no knowledge of God comparable to the knowledge of God as reconciled in Christ; no knowledge of Christ to be compared with the knowledge of his love; nor any knowledge of his love to be compared with that knowledge of it which subdues our hearts to his obedience, transforms our souls into his likeness, and raises up the soul to aspire after his enjoyment. Thus it is that "we joy in God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement."—Rom. v. 11.

All other knowledge may swell the head sooner than better the heart or reform the life. A man may go silently down to hell by hypocrisy; he may go triumphantly thither by open profaneness; and he may go learnedly down to hell, with great pomp and ostentation, whatever he knows, if he knows not the love of Christ, ruling in him, and giving laws to him, and conforming him both to the death and resurrection of his Saviour.—*Alsop.*

* From Life of Bunyan, by the Rev. John Hamilton, in "Works of the English Puritan Divines." London and Edinburgh: Thomas Nelson.

ETERNITY.

WHENCE, my brethren, do you derive your confidence that your dying day is so remote? From your youth? Yes, you reply; I am as yet only twenty—thirty—years old. Ah! you completely deceive yourselves. No, it is not that you have advanced twenty or thirty years, but that death has gained twenty or thirty years upon you. God has given you thirty years of grace, by suffering you to live: you are his debtor for these years; and they have brought you so much the nearer to that term when death awaits you. Take heed, then; eternity already marks upon your brow the fatal instant in which it will begin for you. ETERNITY! ah! know you what it is? It is a time-piece, whose pendulum speaks, and incessantly repeats two words only, in the silence of the tomb—ever, never—never, ever—and for ever.

During these fearful vibrations, a reprobate cries out: "What is the hour?" and the voice of a fellow-wretch replies: "ETERNITY!"—*Bridaine.*

THE FATHERS.

IT is one of the many evidences of the genuineness of the New Testament Scriptures, that the writers who immediately followed in the Christian succession, were immeasurably below the apostles in sentiment, spirit, and manner.—*Eclectic Review.*

Miscellaneous.

WORDS are like leaves, and where they most abound, Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

THE HEART.—The heart of man is a short word—a small substance—scarce enough to give a kite one meal—yet great in capacity; yea, so infinite in desire, that the round globe of the world cannot fill the three corners of it. When it desires more, and cries, "Give! give!" I will set it over to that infinite good, where the more it hath it may desire more, and see more to be desired.—*Hall.*

AMONGST great numbers of men accounted rich, but few are really so. I take him to be the only rich man that lives upon what he has, owes nothing, and is contented. For there is no determinate sum of money, nor quantity of estate, that can denote a man rich; since no man is truly rich that has not so much as perfectly satiates his desire of having more. For the desire of more is want, and want is poverty.—*Howe.*

A GOOD man is the best friend, and, therefore, soonest to be chosen, longest to be retained, and, indeed, never to be parted with, unless he cease to be that for which he was chosen.—*Taylor.*

THE friendship of high and sanctified spirits loses nothing by death but its alloy; failings disappear, and the virtues of those, whose "faces we shall behold no more," appear greater and more sacred when beheld through the shades of the sepulchre.—*Hall.*

HEALTH.—Health is the greatest blessing in the world, except sanctified sickness; which is only another way of saying that the soul is of more value than the body.

IT may justly be feared, that those persons never grieved for their own sins who can rejoice at other people's.

Daily Bread.

FRIDAY.

"The fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace."—JAMES iii. 18.

Mercy I ask to seal my peace,
That, kept by mercy's power,
I may from every evil cease,
And never grieve thee more!

The still and quiet soul is like a ship that lies still and quiet in the harbour. You may take in what goods, what commodities you please, whilst the ship lies quiet and still; so, when the soul is quiet and still under the hand of God, it is most fitted and advantaged to take in much of God, of Christ, of heaven, of the promises, of ordinances, and of the love of God, the smiles of God, the communications of God, and the counsel of God; but when souls are unquiet, they are like a ship in a storm—they can take in nothing.—*Brooks.*

SATURDAY.

"The accuser of the brethren."—REV. xii. 10.

Yet while thou, my Lord, art nigh,
My soul disdains to fear:
Sin and Satan I defy,
Still impotently near.

Satan, the great make-hate between God and his children, hath a mint constantly going in hell, where, as an untired mint master, he is still a-coining and hammering out of accusations against the saints. First, he attempts and allures souls to sin, and then accuses them of those very sins he hath tempted them to, that so he may disgrace them before God, and bring them, if it were possible, out of favour with God; and though he knows beforehand that God and his people are, by the bond of the covenant, and by the blood of the Redeemer, so closely united that they can never be severed, yet such is his rage and wrath, envy and malice, that he will endeavour that which he knows he shall never effect. Could he have but made Job froward, or fretful under the rod, he would have quickly carried the tidings to heaven, and have been so bold as to have asked God whether this was a carriage becoming such a person, of whom himself had given so glorious a character? Satan knows that there is more evil in the least sin, than there is in all the afflictions that can be inflicted upon a person; and if he could have but made a breach upon Job's patience, ah! how he would have exulted over God himself. Could he but have made Job a mutineer, he would quickly have pleaded for a martial law to have been executed upon him; but Job, by remaining mute and silent under all his trials, put Satan to a blush, and spoils all his projects at once.—*Ibid.*

SABBATH.

"Making melody in your heart to the Lord."—EPH. v. 19.

While in the heavenly work we join,
Thy glory be our whole design—
Thy glory, not our own.
Still let us keep our end in view,
And still the pleasing task pursue,
To please our God alone.

It is grace, not nature, sweetens the voice to sing. We must draw out our spices, our graces, in this duty. The hundred and forty-four thousand, who were elected and glorified saints, sang the "new song." Wicked men only make a noise—they do not sing; they are like cracked strings of a lute or a viol—they spoil, they do not make, music. The righteous "rejoice in the Lord." The raven croaks, the nightingale sings, the tune. As God will not hear sinners when they pray, so neither when they sing. The singing of wicked men, is disturbance—not obedience. Indeed the saints' singing is a more solemn ovation, praising him who "causeth them to triumph in Christ." The saints above sing their hallelujahs in glory, and the saints below must sing their psalms with grace. Fashion puppets as you please, they cannot sing; it is the alive bird can chirrup that pleasing noise.—*Wells.*

MONDAY.

"Ye have overcome the wicked one."—1 JOHN ii. 13.

Lord, bring me to this glorious end!
And from this heart of mine
O drive and keep away the fiend
Who fears no voice but thine.

As certainly as Israel overcame Pharaoh, so certainly shall every true Israelite overcome Satan. The Romans were worsted in many a fight, but never were overcome in a set of war; at the long-run they overcame all their enemies. Though a Christian may be worsted by Satan in some particular skirmishes, yet at the long-run he is sure of an honourable conquest. God puts a great deal of honour upon a poor soul, when he brings him into the open field to fight it out with Satan. By fighting he overcomes, he gains the victory, he triumphs over Satan, and leads captivity captive.—*Brooks.*

TUESDAY.

"Live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world."—TIT. ii. 12.

O that all the art might know
Of living thus to thee!
Find their heaven begun below
And here thy glory see!
Walk in all the works prepared
By thee to exercise their grace,
Till they gain their full reward,
And see thy glorious face!

Christians, if you abhor dumb teachers, because they starve and betray souls, take heed lest you condemn yourselves. You owe men the convincing helps of a holy, fruitful life, as well as the preacher owes them his ministry. Preach by well-doing, shine out in good works, or else you are no lights of Christ, but betrayers of men's souls; you rob all about you of a great ordinance of God—a great means appointed by him for men's salvation. The world will judge of the Scriptures by your lives, and of religion by your lives, and of Christ himself by your lives!—*Baxter.*

WEDNESDAY.

"Good and faithful servant!"—MATT. xxv. 23.

Joyful thus my faith to show,
I find his service my reward
Every work I do below,
I do it to the Lord.

It is said of Calvin, that when nature began to decline in him, and the symptoms of a dying man appeared on him, he would be diligent at his studies; from which his friends dissuading him, saith he: "Shall my Master find me idle?" Let such, therefore, and all, be diligent and faithful in their respective places and employments, And, indeed, every man is a steward, more or less. Would you stand before Christ at his coming? O dread idleness and unfaithfulness in your callings, as you desire to be found of him in peace at his appearance! Fill up your days with duty, and give your time to him who gave it to you.—*Hook.*

THURSDAY.

"Faith which worketh by love."—GAL. v. 6.

O might we, through thy grace, attain
The faith thou never wilt reprove!
The faith that purges every stain—
The faith that always works by love!

Love attempts much for God, looking to the command; and Faith expects much from God, looking to the promise.—*Anon.*

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ADDRESS OF PASTOR ARNDT

(OF BERLIN)

TO THE PASTORAL CONFERENCE HELD IN BERLIN, JUNE 5-7, 1844.

PRAYER.

How shall we thank thee, O Lord, for this blessed day, which thou hast granted unto us—for this day of salvation and grace—a day which, five years ago, would still have been an impossibility in our Church and in our fatherland! We are not worthy of all the mercy and truth which thou has manifested unto us. When we look on thee, our look falls back upon ourselves, and we must take shame to ourselves. O preserve, sharpen, in us this twofold look—the look upon thee, that we may take courage, and that joy in thee may be our strength—the look upon ourselves, that we may remain humble. Amen.

BELOVED BRETHREN,—Our congregations can observe no Sabbath or holy-day, without beginning it with confession of their sinfulness and prayer for grace: how can we, their pastors and ministers, dare, on our day of solemn pastoral conference, to appear before the Lord who hath called us into his vineyard, without first bowing down and humbling ourselves before him? The spirit which we require for the carrying on of our office rests only on the foundation of humility. Now, there is a very solemn word, which probably has already many a time fallen heavily on the heart of many a one among us—the word which the Lord addresses through the Prophet Jeremiah, in the first instance, to the Chaldeans in the war against Moab, and then to all whom he employs as his instruments and messengers in the world: "*Cursed be he that doeth the work of the Lord negligently!*" Let us to-day lay this word to our heart and conscience.

We ask, *first*, What kind of work is that which is called the work of the Lord? It is evidently the work of furthering his kingdom on earth. But this work has in all ages been threefold—a work of reformation, of union, and of mission. *Reformation* is the energy of the Church, according to which she is bent on expelling all unscriptural elements and errors which have crept into her, and building herself up on the true foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the cornerstone. *Union* is the effort of the Church of God, through which she seeks, after purification and cleansing have been effected, to unite believers more intimately one to another, and to further their growth in him who is the Head, that the whole building, being fitly framed together, may grow unto an holy temple in the Lord. Finally, *mission* is the expression of the Church's life, in accordance with which she strives to extend her boundaries and conquer new provinces from the prince of darkness, and multiplies the number of her followers from among the baptized and unbaptized Heathen.

In *our own day*, also, the Church of Jesus Christ requires this threefold activity. First of all, she needs reformation not less than she did three hundred years ago. The father of lies has, since then, been directing all his weapons against the very foundation of the Church of Christ; and Deism, Atheism, Rationalism, Pantheism, have successively and unitedly shared in the work of cheating the Church of her holiest treasures, breaking into her sanctuaries, and setting up, instead of Biblism, Rationalism, instead of God's worship, idolatry, on her chairs, pulpits, and altars; the spurious Protestantism of the last decades of years has torn the Bible into a thousand fragments, and retained but the binding; worldly power has robbed the Church of her rights, and introduced into the management of her great work the divisive spirit of this world. Now-a-days, too, the Church needs the union of the mass of sects and parties which have sprung up within her bosom, so that the true Ephraim and Judah may not be unnaturally torn asunder, but that rather their living children may ever be more furthered and purified, through the concentration of all the so diversified gifts and powers, round the one great life and centre point; that through such unity the enfeebled Church may increase, and the reviling of the enemy's mouth may be stopped, and the apostolic warning, "If ye bite and devour one another, take heed that ye be not consumed one of another," may no longer find place, because all believers are of *one* heart and *one* soul one with another. Now-a-days, too, the Church needs the mission, for six hundred millions of Heathens still live without her, who know not the name of all names; and who reckons the hosts of baptized Heathen within her own bosom? How much is there remaining to be done! How mightily doth the twofold call of the Lord still fall on his Church, the one—"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few; pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth labourers into the harvest;" the other—"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature!" It is this threefold work, then, of reformation, union, mission, which is binding on the Church as a whole, and on each individual of her appointed ministers.

Now, the Lord complains, in our text, that

his servants have done such work negligently. How does that happen? Evidently it happens as regards *time*, if we begin with fire and end with lukewarmness—if we hoist sail as long as the wind blows favourably, but lay our hands relaxed in our bosom if a sultry summer succeed the spring. It happens as regards *individual actions*, if, in a *one-sided* manner, we take out only one or other of these three, according as it corresponds more closely to our bent and disposition, and burn for it, but unjustifiably neglect the others. It happens as regards *way* and *manner*, if we take up the exercise of these sacred duties only *externally*, and content ourselves with the mechanical performance of the so-called professional duties, preaching, administration of sacraments, and instruction of catechumens; but indifferently throw aside the *internal* part—the cure of souls, oversight, discipline, prayer. It happens, above all, as regards *objects*, if we either neglect ourselves on account of our congregations, or our congregations on account of ourselves. For example, are our congregations to be reformed, united, and missionized? then must we first reform, unite, and missionize *ourselves*. Without care for our own souls, no care for the souls of our flocks; without deep insight into our own hearts, no clear insight into the hearts of our hearers. As is the head, so are the members; as is the shepherd, so is the flock..

There rests upon us a heavy accusation in respect to *this*, that as the arts are corrupted by the artists, so are the Churches by the clergy. The accusation certainly fell more on our fathers; but let us see, beloved brethren, whether it does not partly fall on *us* also—let us ask how stands it with us in *this* respect. Do we practise this work of reformation, union, and mission, first of all, in ourselves? Do we purify ourselves the longer the more from all unbelief and all false doctrine, in order that we may make ourselves and our hearers blessed? Is it our earnest desire, which we daily present anew before the Lord in prayer, to become upright and unblamable labourers, who rightly divide the word of life? In the Old Testament, God permitted no blind person to be a priest. What is ignorance of the way of salvation, what is doubtfulness and uncertainty of doctrine, what is hollowness of belief, and wavering of conviction, but blindness of the soul? If the blind lead the blind, will they not both fall into the ditch? Must not doubting preachers make doubting hearers? We are all born doubters; the spirit of the age, the position of science, the theological literature, the decay of faith in the congregations—all this throws poison into our souls: now, my brethren, do we not long to put away this poison again, and ever to return to that simplicity and humility, which will know nothing save only Jesus Christ, and him crucified, and know no other truth than the word of God in the Holy Scripture? And how stands it with our *union*? Are the ministers of the evangelical Church of one heart and one soul? Does one and the same spirit preach out of us all? and can our congregations perceive and feel regarding us that, spite of all diversity of opinions and views, still one and the same living principle pervades us?—one and the same exercise furthers us—"meditation, prayer, experience, which make a theologian"—one and the same prayer consecrates the holy duties of our calling—the prayer of the *Praeceptor Germaniæ*, our Melancthon: "Enable me to show how sweet it is to love thee—to suffer with thee—to weep with thee—always to rejoice with thee;" so that with him we may be able one day in the evening of our life to say, with truth: "I am conscious to myself that I never studied theology for any other reason than that I might improve myself." Thomas Aquinas once asked Bonaventura, after having heard him preach, out of what book he was in the habit of collecting the many noble things which he brought forward? Bonaventura took him with him into his cell, and showed him a cross, saying, this was his best book out of which he was wont to study his sermons. And our great *Luther*, who has exerted so powerful and mighty, so blessed and edifying, an influence on the Church generally and in detail, avowed, that everything had flowed to him out of the one article of faith in his Lord Jesus Christ. Now, my brethren, can we say that this faith binds together the evangelical ministers in one great family of the faith?—that growth in this faith determines the growth of our own spiritual life?—that we are one with each other, because we are in Christ, and depend on him alone—as the members on the head—as the grapes on the vine? If the reformation of the clergy only takes place through the *Word* of the Lord, has this union been brought about by the *Spirit* of the Lord? Finally, how stands it with the mission? Are we daily missionaries to our own hearts and lives? Do we persevere with reading, exhorting, teaching against ourselves, in order that we may not preach to others and be ourselves cast away? Do we never cease praying and sighing, until all idol altars are cast down in the heart, let them have what name they will—fear of man, following of the multitude, lust, pride, envy—and do we exercise ourselves to have a conscience void of offence towards God and towards man? O my dear and beloved brethren! if we take all this to heart, we come to the humbling result, that we have prosecuted the work of the Lord negligently; and it fares with us as it did with Origen, who, being called upon to preach in a congregation in Palestine, opened the Bible and found the words: "What hast thou to do to declare my statutes, or that thou shouldest take my covenant in thy mouth? seeing thou hatest instruction, and castest my words behind thee," and then began to weep with the whole congregation.

But how stands it with the practice of reformation, union, and mission, *in our con-*

gregations? We can aid them through our *prayers*. What Paul was for the mission, what John was for union, what both were for the reformation of the Church, that they were pre-eminently through their prayers. In our prayer lies our highest strength; and often one believing sigh edifies more than twenty sermons. What we cannot effect through exhortation and teaching we shall obtain through prayer. The more ardently a preacher prays the more useful is he. How fervently have Moses, Aaron, Samuel, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Daniel — Christ himself—the martyrs, the reformers, prayed for their congregations!

If a minister ceases to pray for his congregation, he sins heinously against God, yea, he makes himself God, in that he imagines he can carry on his charge profitably through his own wisdom and strength, without God's assistance. To study diligently is good, but to pray diligently is still better. Prayer is right truly the key of heaven, the key of the Holy Scripture, and the key of the human heart; and with justice Heinrich Mueller once said: "A preacher who ventures to preach the Word without previous hearty prayer is to be held as a sacrilegious person, who dares to grasp with impure and godless hands the holy treasures and vessels; he is to be regarded as mad, in that, without acknowledgment or salutation of Heaven, he will handle heavenly things, and lay hold of the devil in his own kingdom, without the help of Jesus." I ask now, Do we pray? Do we pray earnestly, daily, for ourselves and our congregations? Does the spirit of prayer accompany us into the pulpit, to the sacraments, in catechizing, in the school, in the examinations, colleges, sessions, and synods? Does one hear from our language that we have been born on our knees? Ah! we have been negligent; and because the Lord found too little prayer in us, therefore could he bless us so little in our work. Then we further the work of the Lord through our open and straightforward *testimony*, in that we speak the word of God in season and out of season, and persevere with discipline, denunciation, and admonition, with all patience and doctrine; persevere, alike whether we please or displease, in that we preach, not ourselves, but the Lord—preach, not as before men, but as before God—preach, not for our own opinions and views, but for the word of the living God—preach, not that we may shine, and show our gifts, but that we may make our hearers blessed, and ourselves with them—preach, as the watchmen on the walls of Zion, who by day and by night are never silent, and lift up their voice like a trumpet, and proclaim to the children of Israel their trespasses; to-day, if it may be, reforming; to-morrow, if it may be, uniting; another time, when it is suitable, missionizing, as good stewards over the mysteries of God. I ask now, Have we borne this open testimony in and out of the pulpit—in and out of the church—where and when the Lord called us? Have we always delivered the testimony of Christ among our brethren, so that nothing was either expected in us, or found in us, except what pertained to our office? Ah! I answer, in the name of you all, we have been negligent. The kingdom of God would be greater had we testified more zealously. We further the work of the Lord especially through our own *practical Christianity* and our *conduct*. Wherefore does Jesus call us men-fishers, labourers in the harvest, lights of the world, salt of the earth? In order that we should let our light shine before men, and glorify our Father in heaven. He who will further the work of the Lord through his life must himself stand there as a living Bible among his brethren, and as a bodily reflection of the glory of Jesus Christ—must, like him, be meek and lowly of heart—and must, like him, proclaim the Gospel to the poor as gladly as to the rich—preach as willingly to a Samaritan woman at Jacob's well as to the whole city of Sychar, and love and esteem every individual soul, however near or far it may stand from the kingdom of heaven, and however much or little sweat and substance, health and strength, its salvation may have cost. Like a physician, who day and night sacrifices his time and his gifts to his patients, whether slightly or dangerously ill—like a light, which gladly spends itself, must he, in order only to light others, and lead them to the Lord Jesus, become a savour of life unto life, and all things unto all men, that he may win some for Christ. Woe to the minister who shuns not the very appearance of evil—who maintains not as good discipline in his house as in the church, or in any way sinks himself in worldly company or secret connections! His office is no office of blessing, but of scandal and offence. Of the blessed minister must that be said which Eusebius says of Origen: "As was his word, so was also his life; and as was his life, so was also his word." I ask now, Is our walk so framed? And can we come forward, like Paul, before our congregations, and call to them: "Beloved brethren, be followers together of me, and mark them which walk so, as ye have us for an example?" Ah! we must acknowledge we have been negligent; and on *us* falls the blame, if the most pious members of our congregations doubt whether there can be a pervading of the mass through the leaven of the Gospel.

But now the Lord saith concerning his negligent servants: "*Cursed be he* that doeth the work of the Lord negligently." Cursed—that is, shut out of his kingdom, deprived of his blessing, without portion or inheritance in the blessings of heaven, ripe for and worthy of the most fearful punishments here and hereafter. These punishments are already clear as day in the great decay of the Church, in the shout of contempt and triumph of the Romanists, in the sceptical ignorance of our congregations, in the intractability of the young, in

the immorality of the married, in the sporting with oaths, in the God-forgetfulness of most of our men in office, in the general licentiousness of the spirit of the age. These punishments will one day become still greater. Most refreshing, it is true, are these expressions: "They that be teachers shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever;" but truly crushing, on the other hand, are these words: "When I say unto the wicked, Thou shalt surely die; and thou givest him not warning, nor speakest to warn the wicked from his wicked way, to save his life; the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand." *Cursed* be he that doeth the work of the Lord negligently, saith the Lord. He testifies his abhorrence of negligence by the same expression with which he stamps idolatry, disobedience of children to their parents, heaven-crying unrighteousness, murder, and homicide. He ranks the negligence of his servants in their work entirely alongside of these most heinous sins and transgressions. O that he may not withdraw his hand from us, let us lift up our hands to him and pray for mercy and grace; that he may not one day judge us, let us judge and condemn ourselves; that he may not curse us for time and eternity, let us break the rod over ourselves and our deeds; that we may not forget ourselves on account of others, which is so easy in our calling, let us try, with *Doddridge*, from time to time *preaching to ourselves*, partly for our humiliation and correction, partly for our conversion and strengthening. Welcome to us for this end be these days of brotherly convention! The Catholic Church leads her clergy, from time to time, into the cloister, that there, as in a holy *refugium*, they may collect their thoughts again through self-examination and spiritual exercise. We have not this arrangement—we cannot have it; but we have our annual missionary meetings and pastoral conferences. O we will use them, that there may ever be more purity and clearness among us, and that we may ever hold more firmly together, and stand as one man, in one spirit, and in one soul, and fight for the faith of the Gospel. In former years the three-one God hath richly blessed this week. He will bless it in the present year also; yea, he hath already blessed it, and what he blesses, that is blessed eternally. The more empty we come to him, the richer will he make us; the more unworthy we feel ourselves, the more fit are we to receive his blessing.

Bless us then, Lord, as thou hast already blessed us yesterday and the preceding day. We stand before thee, not on our own righteousness, but on thy great mercy. Together we lament before thee because of negligence, unfaithfulness, wavering, lukewarmness, slothfulness. Ah! Lord, enter not into judgment with thy servants; for before thee is none living righteous. Ah! Lord, if thou shouldst impute sin, who can stand before thee? The poorest of the poor are we, if thou withdrawest thy hand from us; the weakest of the weak are we, if thy strength is not mighty in our weakness. It is a precious office which thou hast intrusted to us, but it is also a difficult office—to feed thy flock, and lead to thee, and keep to thee immortal souls, which thou hast bought with thy dear blood. Give, then, to us, thy weak servants, strength from on high; baptize us with the fire of the Holy Spirit; let fresh breath of life blow through our whole assembly; guide thou thyself our consultations and deliberations, that in this sanctuary we may think and say, feel and desire, nothing except what is well-pleasing to thee; reform, unite, missionize thou us all, and thy whole Christendom; and perfect us, strengthen us, invigorate us, stablish us, that we may ever be more fully fitted for the work of this office, and that through us the body of Christ may be edified. Three-one God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, thou our light and salvation, thou our comfort and hope, our Alpha and Omega, our beginning, middle, and end, make us vessels and witnesses of thy mercy, and shining stars of the spiritual heaven, and give us all

> "For olden truths a love that's new,
> And for new life new liking too—
> At olden evils new disgust—
> Unto our former God new trust;
> For ancient war a sword that's new,
> In ancient war new triumphs too!" Amen.

A FEW PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE REV. ROWLAND HILL.

THE multifarious anecdotes related of Rowland Hill would incline those who had never seen him to picture to themselves an individual of facetious and rather abrupt manners. Nothing could be more unlike than such a portrait. That he did occasionally utter things that would sound strange from other lips is true, but it was done with an effect peculiarly his own, and could not bear imitation. He certainly had his peculiarities, and real anecdotes might be told of him that are not a little singular; but others, he observed himself, were untrue, and indebted to the invention of the narrators.

Mr Hill's appearance was calculated to make a lasting impression. His figure was commanding—his features remarkably fine; and he had a very dignified and graceful manner, well suited to his character, his office, and his worldly station.

His pulpit ministrations were, at the period of which I write (1829), marked by persuasive tenderness, forcibly calling to mind the Apostle Paul's picture of himself in his Epistle to Philemon: "Wherefore, though I might be much bold in Christ to enjoin thee that which is convenient, yet for love's sake I rather beseech thee, being such an one as Paul the aged." This may be illustrated by a short note from one of his sermons. "Sinner, are you late in coming to Christ?—pity you did not come sooner, yet we dare not say it is too late."

He was unable to stand during the delivery of his discourse, and was accommodated with a high seat in the pulpit, which gave him the appearance of a standing position; yet the venerable preacher would continue an hour, delivering with unabated zeal the same divine message he had been proclaiming for sixty years; nor did he forget still to lift his voice and give his testimony against the Socinian heresies.

There was one feature in his manner of preaching that was peculiarly affecting—the use of ejaculatory prayer which was mingled with it. His memory was somewhat impaired, and the idea he sought seemed occasionally to elude him; but this very deficiency served to shed a beautiful light on his long habits of communion with God, and the childlike dependence he had on immediate support, vouchsafed in time of need, and in answer to the prayer of faith. Pausing when apparently oppressed with the consciousness of his decaying mental strength, he would fervently ejaculate: "Dear Lord, help the faded memory of thy poor, very old servant;" and then, as if he had received the supply requisite—the fulfilment of his Lord's promise: "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world"—he would resume the thread of his discourse. He appeared truly to feel that he was treading on the confines of the invisible world; to be leaning on the Beloved every step of the wilderness; to be drawing continually on the inexhaustible treasury for all he required; and literally to dwell under the influence of the persuasion that it was better to depart and to be with Christ. The leading feature of his mind seemed to be a longing after sanctification; and he delighted in expatiating on the beauty of holiness, and the preciousness of "that fine old book, the Bible," as he called it. It was, indeed, striking to hear him, as he stood before a crowded congregation, exclaim, with calm earnestness: "Oh! I want to be above; I shall soon be above, and then we shall sing that new song—the song of Moses and the Lamb. Abel began it anew this morning." On one occasion he cast his eyes devoutly upwards, and with much deliberate solemnity repeated these words: "The first and great commandment is, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.' Oh! how much of God do I require to enable me to fulfil that one commandment."

The commendations of holiness came becomingly from one who, like Enoch of old, walked with God, and was living in the constant contemplation of his own dissolution. He urged the practical exhibition of Christianity as the only sure proof of its true possession in the heart; considering all profession valueless that did not influence the daily practice, and evidence its sincerity by its effect on every relation of life—on the domestic character, descending to its minutest details. "If my horse or my dog could speak, and did not speak well of me, I should be ashamed of myself," he observed.

In private society, Mr Hill was a perfectly polished gentleman. It has been said that he could be silent and uncommunicative when matters were not quite to his mind; but he was far otherwise in the small circle where the narrator had the pleasure to meet with him. His conversation was full of life; his observations pointed and diversified; bearing no impress of the decaying vigour that appeared to distress him in endeavouring to keep up the connection of a lengthened pulpit address. Still the favourite theme of holiness dwelt upon his lips, together with the praise of a courteous demeanour towards all. "We may make ourselves lovely, by lovely conduct in the eyes of the devils themselves," he said. "Of old, a salutation was called a courtsey; the ladies have stolen the word, calling it a curtsy: modern language is too trimmed up, and it lacks the dignity of former days." He enlarged on this favourite topic with evident satisfaction, illustrating it by remark and anecdote. "When I meet a very poor man who bows to me," he said, "I invariably return the civility; for I reflect, if it had not pleased Providence to place me in a different station, this man might have been infinitely my superior. A king of France, on one occasion, returned the bow of a chimney-sweeper; a courtier, astonished at the condescension, and doubtless imagining it had proceeded from inadvertence, asked his majesty if he was aware to whom he had bowed? 'Yes,' replied the king; 'do you think I would be outdone in politeness by a chimney-sweeper?' Oh! the Bible teaches politeness," he went on; "it is an expressly commanded duty. 'Be courteous,' is the language of an apostle."

Having consented to conduct morning family worship, the 26th chapter of Acts was selected; it was read for him, while he dropped a few words of exposition, in which his peculiar quaintness shone out a little. Commenting on Paul's appearance before King Agrippa and the Roman governor, he took occasion to observe on the apostle's politeness of address. "Paul" he said, "was a gentleman. When Festus said, 'Paul, thou art beside thyself: much learning doth make thee mad,' did Paul fly into a passion, and cry, What do you call me a fool for? No; he answered, with dignified courtesy: 'I am not mad, most noble Festus; but speak forth the words of truth and soberness.'"

In the course of conversation, Mr Hill spoke of different members of the royal family. The king, he said, respected the religious opinions of others, and would not do violence to their feelings on such points. On one occasion his majesty was to sit for his picture to a young artist. He sent for him on a Sabbath to pursue his work; but, impressed with a sense of religion and the sacredness of the day, the artist dared not obey the royal summons. It was a trial of principle; for much might depend on the King's favour in the way of affecting his future prospects; but there was a command of higher authority than the one he had just received—it was: "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy." He sent the monarch a dutiful message, begging he would be pleased to accept his apology for not attending at the palace, as his conscientious feelings of religious duty would not permit him to work on the Sabbath-day. "Certainly," said the king; "another time will suit me as well." Application was made to his majesty for aid towards some foreign mission conected with the Dissenters. It was suggested in the royal ear that the scheme for which a subscription was solicited did not proceed from the

Established Church. "No matter," replied George IV., at the same time commanding a sum to be given, "the object is not to make sects, but Christians." Mr Hill spoke very warmly of the Duke of Kent, and of the kind attentions his royal highness had paid to himself. He seemed to have a great affection for his nephew, Lord Hill, and mentioned a pleasing anecdote of him. When appointed commander-in-chief, he went to his venerable uncle and solicited his prayers.

It was at a morning visit these few remarks were made; he declined at that time invitations to dinner, but walked out that day a considerable distance to breakfast. Notwithstanding his making that exertion, his limbs had become so stiff that after engaging in prayer he had to be assisted from his knees. But how full of holy pleading confidence were his prayers! how warm from the heart they seemed to flow! how earnestly his desires after sanctification were uttered, as he said: "Lord, make us temples of the Holy Ghost! This is a great thing for us to ask, but we are encouraged to ask it, because this thing thou hast promised to do." His petitions for the spread of the Gospel were strikingly earnest: "Send men that will agonize for the salvation of souls; it is not for us to dictate unto thee whom thou wilt send—only send."

Rowland Hill has joined the great company of the redeemed; and now not one remains among us of those who laboured in the great revivals of his early days in the last century. In the course of nature, they are gone to their everlasting rest, and the last survivers must have longed to join their brethren. Every particular of their latter days was invested with interest, and the short opportunity enjoyed of intercourse with this eminent servant of God is a most pleasant recollection. Even then his sportive fancy and warm affections had not forsaken him. Individuals of the party being about to visit a neighbouring country, where they expected to see a minister he highly esteemed, but had not seen for some time, he took the opportunity to send him a message. "Give him my love," he said, "and tell him if I were young I would go to see him, but when my wings grow I shall fly over. I wish," he added, "we had an hundred such ministers."

Peculiar Mr Hill certainly was; but at this late period of his life, his eccentricities seemed to be softened down; the bonds of earth were loosening, and he was gradually preparing for the gentle dismissal that awaited his dying hour, when, in deep humility and self-abasement, but in peaceful, well-founded security, this active, useful, most devoted, and most successful minister of Jesus Christ, closed his earthly career and entered into his Master's glory.

PROTESTANTISM IN THE WEST OF FRANCE.

SECOND PAPER.

A CHAPTER OF PROVIDENCES.

When Philibert Hamelin rested from his labours, others were raised up to continue them; and the work of evangelization was still carried on. The persecutors who exulted over the death of the martyr, found themselves farther than ever from a victory over the Protestantism which they sought to suppress. The zeal with which he had been animated was equalled in that of a devoted band of ministers, of whom several had been trained at Geneva, who came, one after another, to reap the precious harvest of this district, undaunted by the rage of persecution. Congregations were gradually formed and organized, though pastor and flock were continually in danger; and their meetings for the worship of God were held with the greatest secrecy, and usually at night.

The immediate consequences of the death of Hamelin were very different in Arvert and in Saintes. In the former place, terror seemed to take possession of the people; and forward as they had previously been in the public celebration of Protestant worship, most of them—all, it is said, but one man—returned to the Church of Rome. At Saintes, on the contrary, such was the effect produced by the spectacle of the captive minister's faith and patience, that the Protestant Church was strengthened. De la Place, the newly appointed colleague of Hamelin, hastened to Arvert, and at the utmost peril of his life (the bishop being in the town with a numerous retinue), laboured to encourage his brethren to stand fast in the confession of Christ. There he was lamentably unsuccessful; but at Saintes, he shortly afterwards had the joy of seeing the Gospel received by some who had been amongst the most violent opponents of the Reformation.

Amongst the congregations which were organized about this time, was that of Cognac. Its formation was attended with circumstances in which the hand of God very remarkably appeared. A minister had been obtained for the congregation, who arrived on the 1st of November 1556. On the very next evening an image of the Virgin was thrown down which had decorated the portal of the Church of St Leger. The Protestants were blamed; and four who were especially suspected of this sacrilege, or who were otherwise most obnoxious, were cast into prison. But two very unexpected events caused their prompt deliverance. A magistrate named Odet, upon learning that they had been taken, hastened to the prison, and in great fury, proceeded to examine them. He left the prison in a fever, which carried him off in eight days. The prior of St Quentin was the principal instigator of persecution in this place, and swore, in presence of many people, that he would employ both wealth and influence to have the prisoners burned. He also took fever, and three days after he had vowed that vow he died. These two deaths appalled the party of which the magistrate and the prior had been leaders; and acknowledging the judgments of God, they made haste to open the prison doors, and ceased for a time from further proceedings against the Protestants.

The Count de Burie, lieutenant-general of the district, thinking to ingratiate himself at court, began to persecute at Marennes. The Protestant minister was driven from the town, but continued to preach in the environs. The persecution spread over all Saintonge. It was carried on with increased violence by the Parliament of Bourdeaux, acting under special instructions from the king—Henry II.

The martyrdom of Peter Arondeau is worthy of the more particular record which it has obtained. He

was a zealous and active member of the Protestant congregation at Rochelle, though his condition was humble—that of a pedler. He fell under suspicion of heresy; and certain priests, who had watched him very closely for some time, one day advanced to him and asked him whether he would go to mass. He replied that, to his great regret, he had long gone to mass, but that God had now opened his eyes, and that he knew the mass to be an invention of Satan. This was reported to the public authorities, and a warrant was issued for his apprehension. He was aware of his danger, but did not attempt to escape. He was taken and cast into prison. There he was visited by many members of the Protestant Church, who came to condole with him; and he improved the opportunity to urge upon them the duty of faithfulness. The priests who had denounced him were importunate for his condemnation, the authorities were willing to gratify them, and Arondeau was called upon to declare whether he had uttered the words laid to his charge. He hesitated not to avow them. Pardon was offered him if he would retract. He replied that he was ready to retract at once, if it could be shown him from the Holy Scripture that he was in error; but not otherwise. He was therefore condemned; whereupon he blessed God for this grace of dying for his name's sake. It was only on the entreaty of his friends that he consented to appeal against the sentence pronounced upon him. His chief employment was that of singing the praises of the Lord. Having appealed, he was sent to Paris; his removal from Rochelle being conducted secretly, for fear of a rescue by the Protestants, who had become numerous in that place and neighbourhood. His sentence was confirmed, and he was burned alive at Paris, in the Place de Grève, on the 15th of November 1559; continuing to manifest to the end the utmost firmness and patience.

The persecution continued to rage, till the unexpected death of Henry II. produced some relaxation on the part of the Parliament of Bourdeaux, and gave the Protestants a breathing-time. But, notwithstanding persecution, their number continued to increase. Compelled to hold their meetings by night, they were exposed to new reproaches upon that account from the unreasonable malevolence of the Papists: latterly they found it necessary to abstain from meeting even by night, except in small companies of twenty or thirty; but their ministers were full of zeal, and notwithstanding all disadvantages — the hand of the Lord being with them—many were turned unto the Lord. In May 1559, a new minister arrived from Switzerland, Michael Mulot, a man of sixty years, but singularly energetic and active, who settled at Soubise, a town where the *Seigneur*, or feudal lord, had himself been for some time diligently employed in making known the doctrines of the Bible. Often exposed to much danger, he laboured with abundant success, and ere long, the greater part of the inhabitants of Soubise and its neighbourhood had renounced the errors of Rome. About the same time Charles Léopard came from Geneva to Arvert. He soon became one of the most eminent ministers of the district; and it is interesting to observe how the Protestants of Arvert had now become bold and resolute in the confession of Christ. At the very time when Léopard entered on his ministry amongst them, the feudal superior of the town was engaged in the work of persecution, and found some, at least, ready to suffer rather than to recant. The death of this persecutor relieved them in some measure, but it was not long till they were again exposed to the same trials; and such was the eagerness of the people to hear the Gospel, that their meetings could not be conducted with the requisite secrecy, and the pastor, though reluctant, was compelled to consult his own safety and theirs by withdrawing for a time. He sought refuge in the house of one of his deacons; but in this concealment he did not remain long. At family worship, whilst he conducted prayer, he gave expression to the grief which he felt at being constrained to inactivity; he was compelled to pause, but soon recovering himself, went on more calmly, and the prayer being concluded, he forthwith left the house, committing himself to the guidance of the Lord, expressing his confidence that he would be led to some sphere of usefulness, and declaring that he would not be idle if he should only find a swineherd to whom he might preach. Passing through a suburb of Saujon, he was recognised by Matthew Monroux, who had heard him preach at Arvert, and who now gladly invited him to his house. But before tasting the food which was set before him, Léopard inquired whether there were any in that place who cared to hear the Word of God. Monroux found six persons willing to hear, but such alarm had been excited by the persecution, that not one would venture to give the use of his house for the meeting. Léopard led them forth to a a wood, and there they prayed together, and he preached the Gospel. The blessing of the Lord was on that meeting—they separated to employ themselves in advancing the Protestant cause, and became the founders of several congregations in that neighbourhood.

On that same day Léopard was induced, by the hope of meeting with a brother minister, to call at the Castle of Rioux. Here, too, a special providence was very manifest. It would seem that he did not find the minister whom he expected, but he found at the castle an opportunity of great usefulness. The Seigneur of Rioux, like some others of his class, had been brought to the knowledge of the truth; and having been denounced as a Protestant, was in danger of being arrested and of suffering forfeiture of his estates. Two gentlemen, his relatives, had come to reason with him, that they might bring him to a recantation, in order to save his property and his life. His lady, who loved this world, joined her importunities to theirs. When thus so beset and in perplexity, a visitor was announced, who had called at the gate of the castle, said that he was from Arvert, and desired to speak with the Seigneur in private. This was Charles Léopard, who had not ventured to make known his name to the servant. On recognising him, the Seigneur lifted up his hands, and blessed God, who had sent his servant to him at such a critical time. He led Léopard to a grove close by, stated his great distress, and asked advice. Difficulties were cleared away—wavering faith was strengthened—and the Seigneur returned to his relatives accompanied by the Protestant minister, to announce his

resolution of adherence to the Protestant cause. The Popish gentlemen went away dissatisfied, but Léopard remained for some days, during which the hall of the castle was converted into a chapel, and the Gospel was preached to many, even of the higher classes of the neighbourhood. The Lady of Rioux was converted. She afterwards gave very strong proofs of the reality of her faith.

"IT IS NOT DEATH."

BY MRS SOUTHEY.

It is not death—it is not death,
From which I shrink with coward fear;
It is, that I must leave behind
All I love here.

It is not wealth—it is not wealth,
That I am loath to leave behind;
Small store to me (yet all I crave)
Hath fate assigned.

It is not fame—it is not fame,
From which it will be pain to part;
Obscure my lot, but mine was still
An humble heart.

It is not health—it is not health,
That makes me fain to linger here;
For I have languished on in pain
This many a year.

It is not hope—it is not hope,
From which I cannot turn away;
Oh! earthly hope has cheated me
This many a day.

But there are friends—but there are friends,
To whom I could not say, "Farewell!"
Without a pang more hard to bear
Than tongue can tell.

But there's a thought—but there's a thought,
Will arm me with that pang to cope;
Thank God! we shall not part like those
Who have no hope.

And some are gone—and some are gone—
Methinks they chide my long delay—
With whom, it seemed, my very life
Went half away.

But we shall meet—but we shall meet,
Where parting tears shall never flow;
And when I think thereon, almost
I long to go.

The Saviour wept—the Saviour wept,
O'er him he loved—corrupting clay!
But then he spake the word, and Death
Gave up his prey!

A little while—a little while,
And the dark grave shall yield its trust;
Yea, render every atom up
Of human dust.

What matters then—what matters then,
Who earliest lays him down to rest?
Nay, "to depart, and be with Christ,"
Is surely best.

MAOLDON—GREEN ACTÆON,

BY THE REV. D. LANDSBOROUGH, STEVENSTON.

In a little rocky pool of sea-water near the base of Maoldón betwixt Brodick and Corrie, I discovered, in July 1844, an alga, which seemed new to me. I laid hold of it, and found it no easy matter to detach it from the rock to which it firmly adhered. It turned out to be *Codium tomentosum*, not rare, I believe, in either England or Ireland, but so rare in Scotland that I have heard of its being found only by Dr Curdie, in the island of Gigha, off Cantyre, and by W. Thomson, Esq., Belfast, in a rock-pool near Ballantrae, in Ayrshire. On taking it out of the water, I observed a greenish gelatinous animal on it, which, without examination, I cast into the pool again, that it might continue to enjoy life. I afterwards saw on the *Codium* two more of the same species, but considerably smaller; and observing that they were beautifully mottled with azure spots, I deposited them in my *vasculum*, among the branches of the *Codium*. When, on reaching home, I put them into a tumbler of sea-water, I saw that I had got a rare and beautiful mollusk, discovered by Colonel Montagu on the Devonshire coast, and described by him in "The Transactions of the Linnæan Society." These "Transactions" I had not in my possession; but I found as much as answered my purpose in "The History of British Animals," by my philosophical friend, Dr John Fleming, now, I am happy to say, Professor of Natural Science in the Free Church College, Edinburgh, whose most valuable works should be in the hands of every British naturalist. As I kept the *Actæon* for nearly a week in the tumbler, where it seemed to browse with great satisfaction on the woolly beard of the *Codium*, I had good opportunities of observing it, and I found it even more beautiful than I could have supposed. The excellent description found in the "British Animals" is as follows:—"The fore part of the body is like a common *Limax* ('slug'), tentacula or feelers two, flat, but usually rolled up, and appear like cylindric tubes; at a little distance behind the tentacula, on each side, is a whitish mark, in which is placed a small black eye; the body is depressed, and spreads on each side into a membranaceous fin, but which gradually decreases from thence to the tail. This membraneous part is considerably amorphous, but is usually turned up on the back, and sometimes meeting, though most times the margins are reflected. This, as well as the back, is of a beautiful grass-green colour, marked on the superior part of the fins or membrane with a few azure spots, disposed in rows; the under part with more numerous but irregular spots of the same. The fore part of the head is bifid; the lip marked by a black margin." With these, my observations in general agree. Its colour is green — betwixt grass-green and bottle-green; but in certain lights it has a considerable shade of rich puce-colour on the finest velvet. It is beautifully dotted with azure and with gold. The azure spots are small and numerous on all parts of the body and of the fins, and are precisely of the same brilliant azure as the lines on *Patella pellucida*. The golden spots were confined to the upper parts of the body. They were few in number, but consider-

ably larger and less regular in form than the azure dots. Two of them, for instance, were oblong, and extended from the ear-like tentacula down to the eyes, which were placed on the back of the neck, as if to keep watch against the enemies from behind, while it was busy feeding on the rich pasture afforded by the green *Codium*.

The membrane that acts as fins is of the same colour and substance as the body. When the fins are raised and meet above, they give it the appearance of being gibbous on the back. More generally, however, they are a little apart from each other, and in swimming they extend horizontally from the body, and show, at the base of the neck, betwixt the upper part of the fins, a whitish protuberance. At the base of each fin, and pretty close to the back, there could be seen, when the light was favourable, all along the inside, a line like the mid-rib of a leaf; and from this double mid-rib there proceeded, at intervals, veins in a slanting direction to the upper margin of each fin; so that when the two fins were expanded, it was like a green-veined leaf. To this appearance it may at times owe its safety, by deceiving the eye of prowlers.

The description of the mouth given in the quotation suited my specimens, except that in them the margin of the *upper* lip was black. The lower lip and part of the throat were quite white, and were the only parts that had none of the azure dots. Could I transfer to the printed page a coloured drawing of it by my daughter Margaret, a single glance would give a better idea of it than all my words; though still we would be constrained to say: "Who can paint like Nature?"

This brief quotation from the poet of the seasons suggests to us an answer to those who may be ready to say: "What trifling! Why such a fuss about a painted sea-slug?" If God painted it, should not we admire it, and adore Him by whom it was arrayed in so much beauty? He made all things for his own glory; and if this tiny mollusk, like a floating emerald, has not before attracted the gaze of any eye in Scotland, this is a reason why we should admire it the more when seen, and give glory to Him who deigned to adorn it. Millions of them may have lived and died unnoticed by man; but as they enjoyed all the happiness of which they were susceptible, they were not created in vain. But they answer a nobler purpose, if they lead up the thoughts of even one human being to nature's wonder-working God, bringing some small tribute of glory to the benignant Creator, and exciting thoughts which may be remembered with pleasure, when the sea and all that is in it have passed away!

God's creatures are not to be despised because they may be small; for by the least of his creatures he can accomplish great and wonderful works. How small are the coral polypes! and yet, under the teaching of God, they can plant the sea with islands, and build reefy walls which ocean's proudest waves cannot demolish! Feeble are the sea-fowls that build their yearly nests on the rocky islands of the distant main; but these feathered tribes are like living clouds or winged legions. Their droppings cover the rocks. Myriads after myriads live and die; and their dead bodies mix with the mass. The work of accumulation for ages goes on. At last it has been discovered that this ornithological deposit of filth and corruption has become a perfect store-house of wealth and fertility. Thousands of our hardy seamen have got employment in transferring it from the ends of the earth; and now it is giving increased productiveness to our soil, a fresher verdure to our fields, and a richer tinge to the golden wavings of our harvests.

If man attend to great operations, he is apt to be engrossed thereby, and to neglect what is small. God neglects nothing. He who made and feeds behemoth and leviathan also made and feeds this little marine beauty which we have feebly helped to describe. He who streaks the dawn with purple light—who gives the orient tints of the morning to the eastern sky, and its glorious iridescence to the covenant-bow in the clouds, deigns also to paint the sparkling dew-drop—to give its crimson blush to the fragrant rose, and to clothe in green, and azure, and gold, this delicate little denizen of the deep; and if He so clothe the *green Actæon*, which to-day is, and ere to-morrow may pass away for ever, child of immortality, will He forget thee? If thou look to Him with faith in his Son, He will remember thee with that love which he beareth to his own—he will give thee food to eat and raiment to put on—he will seal thee with the Holy Spirit of promise—he will clothe thee with the robe of righteousness, the garment of salvation; and bringing thee at last to Immanuel's land, He will put a new song into thy mouth, and joy unspeakable and eternal into thy heart, and will bless thee with that rest that remaineth for the people of God!*

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

A WRITER in a foreign journal gives the following interesting reminiscence of our Christian poet:—

"In the summer of 1838 I was on a fly-fishing excursion in the neighbourhood of Olney, and hearing from the postman, who brought letters to our party from the post-office to our country quarters, that the poet Montgomery was there, myself and a friend, who had never seen him, took a walk to Olney the next day, to call on him. We inquired for Mr Montgomery, but no one seemed to be aware of his whereabout; and, as a last resource, we went to the post-office, where we were informed that he would most likely be found at *Squire* Cowper's School. To this place we proceeded. It was a dwelling which Cowper had once tenanted, and ever since it had been used as a village school, and called by his name. There we found Montgomery, surrounded by the children, who were singing that beautiful hymn of the bard of Olney, commencing with—

'God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform.'

I had heard it sung hundreds of times, but never with such effect as in that room—the very place in

* Since I wrote the above, I have seen, in the "Annals of Natural History," an excellent and truly scientific paper on the anatomy of the green Actæon, by George J. Allman, Professor of Botany in Trinity College, Dublin.

which, we are told, and there is every reason to suppose with truth, Cowper composed it.

"Montgomery received us very kindly, and we visited together some of Cowper's favourite spots. It was highly gratifying to repair to such hallowed retreats, in the company of one who has been not unaptly called the Cowper of our time. On leaving, Montgomery kindly invited me to call on him, should I ever visit Sheffield; which I gladly promised to do.

"About two years afterwards I was in that busy mart, and remembering the poet's invitation, I determined to avail myself of it. I had no difficulty in finding my way to The Mount, the name of his residence, and was fortunate enough to find him at home. We had a pleasant walk together, and after dinner he accompanied me to the literary institutions of the neighbourhood; and it was quite delightful to observe with what marked attention and respect he was everywhere received. I noticed this to him, and said he must feel highly gratified by it. "I am, of course," he replied; "but I have enemies. Not long since some rascals broke into my house, one Sabbath, while I was delivering an address at a chapel in Sheffield (Mr Montgomery sometimes preaches among his own people—the Moravians), and stole, among other things, a silver inkstand which had been given me by the ladies of Sheffield. However," he added, "the loss was but for a time, and proved to be the occasion of the greatest compliment which, in my opinion, I ever had paid me. A few days after my loss, a box came directed to me, and, on opening it, lo! there was, uninjured, the missing inkstand and a note, in which the writer expressed his regret that he had entered my house and abstracted it. The thief said his mother had taught him some of my verses when he was a boy, and, on seeing my name on the inkstand, he first became aware whose house he had robbed, and was so stung with remorse, that he could not rest until he had restored my property, hoping God would forgive him."

LEGH RICHMOND.

AN INCIDENT.

(*From the Boston Atlas.*)

As I was one evening proceeding towards a church in my native city, for the purpose of hearing the Rev. Legh Richmond preach an anniversary sermon, a gentleman accosted me, and inquired the way to the Temple Church. I told him I was going thither, and would be pleased to show him. He was upwards of fifty years of age, with a remarkably pleasant countenance, and wore spectacles. He was lame, owing to a contraction of the knee-joint, and so he took my arm, which, with a boyish freedom, I offered him.

"And pray," said he, "are you going to hear Legh Richmond?"

I replied that I was, and anticipated great delight in doing so; as I had perused his "Dairyman's Daughter," and his "History of Little Jane, the Young Cottager," with great delight.

The old gentleman smiled placidly, leaning a little heavier on my arm, and talked to me about heaven until my eyes ran over with tears. There was such a winning sweetness in his tone, and he spoke so affectionately, that I could not but love him, stranger though he was.

When we arrived at the church door, crowds were pouring in. "I must go to the vestry," remarked my new acquaintance; "I dare say you will see me again;" and we parted.

The service had been read by the regular clergyman of the place, and the psalm before the sermon was being sung, when the preacher of the evening slowly, and with some apparent difficulty, ascended the pulpit stairs. He bowed his greyish head for a moment on the cushion, and then looked on the congregation. It was the gentleman with whom I had walked to church—the author of that touching beautiful narrative, which I cannot even now read without tears—"The Dairyman's Daughter."—LEGH RICHMOND WAS BEFORE ME!

HUMILITY.

THE bird that soars on highest wing
Builds on the ground her lowly nest,
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things rest—
In lark and nightingale we see
What honour hath humility.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown,
In deepest adoration bends—
The weight of glory bows him down
The most when most his soul ascends:
Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of humility.

MONTGOMERY.

TRIUMPH OF FAITH.

WHEN the hand of the Lord is gone out against us, and he greatly multiplies our sorrows; when he breaks us with breach upon breach, and runs upon us like a giant; when his arrows stick fast in us, and his hand presseth us sore; when he sews sackcloth on our skin, and defiles our horn in the dust; when we are fain to eat ashes like bread, and to mingle our drink with weeping;—now, now is a time for a saint's trust to bestir itself to purpose. In this storm and tempest, wherein the waves mount up to heaven, and go down again to the depths, faith sits at the helm, and preserves the soul from shipwreck. Faith takes this serpent by the tail, handles it, and turns it into an harmless wand, yea, into an Aaron's rod, budding with glory and immortality. Faith encounters this seeming Goliath of affliction, grapples with it, not as a match, but as a vanquished underling. Let misery dress herself like the cruellest fury, come forth guarded with all her dismal attendants—sighs, groans, tears, wants, woes—faith sets its foot on the neck of this queen of fears—exults and triumphs over her. When the heart and flesh are apt to fail, when soul and spirit are apt to sink and swoon away, faith draws forth its bottle, and administers a reviving cordial. In a word, in a sea, an ocean, a deluge of trouble, amidst all storms, winds, tempests, yea, an hurricane of sorrows and miseries, faith knows where and how to cast anchor. According to that word of our Saviour: "Let not your heart be troubled," so troubled as a ship tossed in a tempest: "ye believe in God, believe also in me."—John xiv. 1. Faith is that great antidote—"healer of all diseases." This is *that* that makes a believer live in the midst of death.—*Lye.*

EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

You can hardly be aware how deep may be the impression which you may make on the mind of your child, even in a few moments of time. For one, I can truly say, I have never met with any loss so great as that of losing the care and instructions of my mother during my childhood, in consequence of her having lost her reason. But I can recollect that when a very little child, I was standing at the open window, at the close of a lovely summer's day. The large, red sun was just sinking away behind the western hills; the sky was gold and purple commingled; the winds were sleeping, and a soft, solemn stillness seemed to hang over the earth. I was watching the sun as he sent his yellow rays through the trees, and felt a kind of awe, though I knew not wherefore. Just then my mother came to me. She was raving with frenzy; for reason had long since left its throne—and her, a victim of madness. She came up to me, wild with insanity. I pointed to the glorious sun in the west, and in a moment she was calm! She took my little hands within hers, and told me that "the great God made the sun, the stars, the world—everything; that he it was that made her little boy, and gave him an immortal spirit; that yonder sun, and the green fields, and the world itself, will one day be burned up, but that the spirit of her child will then be alive, for he must live when heaven and earth are gone; that he must pray to the great God, and love and serve him for ever!"

She let go my hand—madness returned—she hurried away. I stood with my eyes filled with tears, and my little bosom heaving with emotions which I could not have described; but I can never forget the impressions which that conversation of my poor mother left upon me! Oh! what a blessing would it have been, had the inscrutable providence of God given me a mother who could have repeated these instructions, accompanied by her prayers, through all the days of my childhood! But, "even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight."—*Tract.*

LUTHER'S COMPLAINT OF ABSENCE OF MIND IN PRAYER.

I know not how strong others may be in spirit, but I confess that I cannot be as holy as some profess to be; for whenever I do not bear in mind the word of God, I feel no Christ—no spirit and joy. But if I meditate on any portion of Holy Writ, it shines and burns in my heart, so that I obtain good courage and another mind. The cause is this: we all discover that our minds and thoughts are so unsteady that, though we desire to pray earnestly, or meditate on God without his Word, our thoughts scatter in a thousand forms ere we are aware of it. Let any one try how long he can rest on one idea he has proposed himself, or take one hour and vow that he will tell me all his thoughts. I am sure he will be ashamed before himself, and afraid to say what ideas have passed through the head, lest he should be taken for a mad dog, and be chained. This is my case, though engaged in serious thoughts. But I must explain myself by an example: St Bernard once complained to a friend that he found it very difficult to pray aright, and could not even pronounce the Lord's Prayer once without a host of strange thoughts. His friend was astonished, and gave it as his opinion that *he* could fix his thoughts on his prayer without any difficulty. Bernard offered him the wager of a fine horse, on condition he should commence forthwith. The friend commenced—"Our Father," &c.; but before he had finished the first petition, it occurred to him, if he should gain the horse, whether he would also receive saddle and bridle. In short, he was so entangled in his own thoughts, that he had to quit, and give up the prize.—This I state, in order to show how necessary it is to keep guard over our hearts, that they may not become distracted, but may cleave to the letter as a guide. On the other side, beware also against the danger of falling into formality, but let the heart commence; then lips, words, and external position will naturally follow.

Fragments.

Evils in the journey of life are like the hills which alarm travellers upon the road; they both appear great at a distance, but when we approach them we find they are far less insurmountable than we had conceived.—*Adam.*

Happiness Depends on Ourselves.—It is in vain that a man has all the means for happiness without, if he has not the capacity for happiness within, himself.

The Human Heart.—"But while men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat, *and went his way.*"—Matt. xiii. 25. They required none of his attendance; the human heart being a soil too well disposed by nature to bring that evil to maturity which is once cast into it.—*Jones.*

The earth would be still a paradise if we had the art of enjoying it, and did not turn it into a curse to ourselves by our sins and passions.—*Adam.*

There is a striking image employed by one of the old divines, to illustrate the obduracy and insensibility of the human heart. He compares a man in this condition to the blacksmith's dog, who, although lying at the foot of the anvil, is either not moved at all by the sparks which are continually falling about him, or only disturbed for an instant; while he returns again and again to his old position, and sleeps as sound as ever.

Dr F——, the ordinary of Newgate, told the writer, that when a reprieve arrived for one under sentence of death, he returned a Bible and Prayer Book, which the Doctor had given him, with his thanks, observing that *he had no further use for them now!* So much is it beyond the power of unassisted nature to attend any longer to the requisitions of God than while the terrors of the law and the dread of wrath are impending; and so little is this state of feeling worth if that be all.

If earth, that is provided for mortality, and is possessed by the Maker's enemies, have so much pleasure in it that worldlings think it worth the account of their heaven—such a sun to enlighten it, such a heaven to wall it about, such sweet fruits and flowers to adorn it, such variety of creatures for the commodious use of it—what must heaven needs be, that is provided for God himself and his friends? How can it be less in worth? Sure, God is above his creatures, and God's friends better than his enemies. I will not only be content, but desirous to be dissolved. —*H. H.*

No man is transplanted into the paradise of glory but out of the nursery of grace.

The broad seal of our sanctification must witness the privy seal of our adoption.—*Barkitt.*

Daily Bread.

FRIDAY.

"All that I have is thine."—LUKE xv. 31.

We now, divinely bold,
Of Christ's reward lay hold,
All thy glorious joy is ours—
All the treasures of thy love;
Now we taste the heavenly powers—
Now we reign with thee above.

"Son, all that I have is thine." Believers, has Christ an arm of power? It is for your protection. Has he an eye of knowledge, depth of wisdom? It is for your direction. Has he a stock, a treasury, of perfect righteousness? It is for your justification. Has he a spirit of holiness? It is for your sanctification. Has he bowels of mercy? It is that he may show you compassion. He has a lap of all-sufficiency for your provision—arms of grace, a heaven of glory, for your reception.—*Lye.*

SATURDAY.

"He was wounded for our transgressions."—ISA. liii. 5.

That dear blood for sinners spilt,
Shows my sin in all its guilt;
Ah! my soul, he bore thy load—
Thou hast slain the Lamb of God.

My cursed sins put the Lord of life to a cruel death. When my Lord was in the garden, no Judas nor Pilate, no Jew nor Gentile, was there to cause his amazing horror of soul and fearful sweat of blood. But oh! my unbelief, my pride, my carnality, my hypocrisy, and other sins, were there, and with their weight pressed him to the ground, and brought that agony and sweat upon him. Oh! my dissimulation was the traitorous kiss; my ambition the thorny crown; my drinking iniquity like water the potion of gall and vinegar; my want of tears caused him to weep blood; my forsaking of God made him to be forsaken of God; my soul being exceeding guilty made his soul exceeding heavy.—*Willison.*

SABBATH.

"In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment: but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee."—ISA. liv. 8.

Credence to his word I give;
My Saviour in distresses past
Will not now his servant leave,
But bring me through at last.

The sun may hide itself in a cloud, but it is not out of the firmament; God may hide his face, but he is not out of covenant: "I will not be always wroth; for the spirit should fail before me, and the souls which I have made." God is like the musician; he will not stretch the strings of his lute too hard, lest they break. "Light is sown for the righteous." A saint's comfort may be hid as seed under the clods, but at last it will spring up into an harvest of joy.—*Watson.*

MONDAY.

"The thought of foolishness is sin."—PROV. xxiv. 9.

Arm my weakness with thy power—
Jesus Christ, appear within;
Be my safeguard and my tower
Against the thought of sin.

What a mass of vanity should we find in our minds, if we could bring our thoughts in the space of one day, yea, but one hour, to an account! How many foolish thoughts with our wisdom, ignorant with our knowledge, worldly with our heavenliness, hypocritical with our religion, and proud with our humiliation! Our hearts would be like a grot, furnished with monstrous and ridiculous pictures; or as the wall in Ezekiel's vision, "portrayed" with "every form of creeping things, and abominable beasts"—a greater abomination than "the image of jealousy at the outward gate of the altar."—*Charnock.*

TUESDAY.

"I will come again, and receive you unto myself."—JOHN xiv. 3.

Lo! he comes to keep his word,
Light and joy his looks impart:
Go ye forth to meet your Lord,
And meet him in your heart.

O believer! your lovely Bridegroom will keep his word and his day—he will come and marry you to himself for ever; therefore, ever stand upon thy watch-tower, wishfully looking for his appearance; never slack thy watch, nor let thy expectation cool, till he come and take thee home to himself, and set you down at the higher table, where he shall for ever lay aside his veil, and his amiable countenance never more be clouded with frowns; where you shall not have a sacramental, but a beatifical vision; where you shall not remember him, but behold him as he is; where you shall feed on him without signs, and see him without a veil; where all your sorrows shall be turned into joy; where, for every reproach you meet with in God's service, you shall reap eternal honour—for every hour of sorrow, you shall enjoy endless ages of comfort.—*Willison.*

WEDNESDAY.

"Turn thou me, and so I shall be turned."—JER. xxxi. 18.

Jesus, on me bestow
The penitent desire;
With true sincerity of woe
My aching breast inspire:
With softening pity look,
And melt my hardness down;
Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
And break this heart of stone!

Repentance is God's gift, and therefore must be begged; it is Christ's purchase—the covenant's promise, and may be begged with confidence. Jesus Christ is "exalted to give repentance;" therefore go to him in faith. All means are ineffectual without God's blessing. Let, therefore, prayer enforce all means to this end.—*Crofton.*

THURSDAY.

"Without holiness no man shall see the Lord."—HEB. xii. 14.

That blessed law of thine,
Jesus, to me impart;
The Spirit's law of life divine,
O write it in my heart!

Visible saintship may justly gain admittance into church-fellowship; but it is real holiness that makes meet to partake of the "inheritance of the saints in light." Seeming holiness in profession sets thee in the outward court; but into the inner temple, and the holy of holies, only true holiness qualifies to an admission. It is noted that though the outward court was laid with stone, yet the inner temple, and the holy of holies, had the very floor of gold. True holiness makes a member of the Church militant and triumphant.—*Sheffield.*

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THE JESUITS.

BY THE REV. THOMAS M'CRIE, EDINBURGH.

PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE.

"THE Jesuits," says Sir James Mackintosh, "had to boast of the most vigorous controversialists, the most polite scholars, the most refined courtiers, and (*unfortunately*) the most flexible casuists of their age."* With the first portion of this picture we have no quarrel to find. We readily admit the claims of the Jesuits to vigour in controversy, to polite scholarship, and to refinement of manners. These accomplishments, be it observed, however, were cultivated, not for their own sake or for the benefit of mankind, but solely in subserviency to the great object of the Society—self-aggrandizement. If they were more active than others in opposing the progress of heresy, as it was called, it was only to commend themselves the more to the Court of Rome, and gain the high places of the Church. If they devoted themselves to learning, it was only to those branches of it which may be termed ornamental; they carefully excluded from the curriculum of study, in their schools and colleges, those sciences which tend to enlarge the mind and to improve society; and in place of the modern improvements in philosophy, natural and moral, continued to teach the old, exploded system of Aristotle and the theology of the dark ages. For the total absence of all useful knowledge, they endeavoured to compensate by what seems to some a sufficient atonement—by cultivating the classics and elegant literature! Their courtly manners were studiously acquired, to fit them for intercourse with the great, with whom they have always sought to ingratiate themselves, for their own purposes; and of whom, for reasons which will soon be explained, they were generally the favourite confessors.

But when Sir James proceeds to say that they were "*unfortunately* the most flexible casuists of their age," we beg to demur to the tacit apology which is here insinuated, and which is afterwards more directly advanced, for the abominable system of morals of which they were the notorious patrons and defenders. "The Jesuits," he says, "split on this rock. They had *too carefully* cultivated the dangerous science of casuistry, the inevitable growth of the principles of confession and absolution; which, by inuring the mind to the habitual contemplation of those extreme cases in which there is a conflict of duties, and where one virtue may or must be sacrificed for the sake of a greater, does more to lessen the authority of conscience than to guide its perplexities." And then, after mentioning some of the temptations to which the practice of confession exposes, he adds: "These and the like circumstances betrayed *some* of their doctors into shocking principles, which were held out to the world as the maxims of the Society itself by the wit and eloquence of Pascal, one of the greatest, and, except to the Jesuits, one of the most just of men. The Order certainly did not adopt the odious extravagances of some members."* Much might be said in answer to this representation, which is as unfounded in historical fact as it is unworthy of the elegant pen which has given it circulation. It appears to have been borrowed, without examination, from Voltaire, who brings the same charge against the Provincial Letters of Pascal—a charge which is refuted by the Letters themselves, as well as by a mass of evidence, the largest, perhaps, and the most overwhelming, ever adduced in any court of justice to bring home guilt to an individual or an assembly. Suffice it to say, that Pascal does *not* charge the whole of the Jesuits with holding the extravagances vented by some of the Society; that he distinctly repudiates this imputation, and explains the policy of that Order in retaining among them a few "austere doctors," who went to the very opposite extreme of laxity; while, at the same time, he irrefragably shows that the Society itself, whose movements are regulated by one head and guided by fixed principles, must be justly held responsible for doctrines avowedly maintained by so many of its members.† Casuistry is, no doubt, "the inevitable growth" of auricular confession; but this affords no apology for the Jesuits availing themselves of what was in itself so dangerous, and, at the same time, so dexterous, a weapon for advancing their own purposes. We consider Jesuit-

* Hist. of England, vol. ii. p. 357.

* Hist. of England, vol. ii. p. 359.

† "No man is a stranger to the fame of Pascal," says Sir James Mackintosh, in a note to the passage above cited; "but those who may desire to form a right judgment on the contents of the 'Lettres Provinciales' would do well to cast a glance over the 'Entretiens d'Ariste et d'Eugenie,' by Bouhours, a Jesuit, who has ably vindicated his Order." Now, it so happens that the work of Bouhours to which Sir James refers us as a corrective of Pascal's representations, is a very innocent philological dissertation, which has no more to do with the Provincial Letters than with the man in the moon. The answer to the Provincials, of which he had heard, but which, it is very plain, he never read, was entitled "Entretiens de Cleandre et d'Eudoxe;" and the author was not Bouhours, but Father Daniel! We leave the reader to draw his own conclusions from this disclosure; only adding that Father Daniel's reply is one of the most disingenuous pieces that ever came from the Jesuitical school, and was answered immediately. It is acknowledged, even by some of themselves, to have been a complete failure; and Bayle remarks, that though it had been much more ingenious than it is, it would not have diminished the admirers of the Provincial Letters.—*Bayle's Dict.*, art. Pascal.

ism itself as the inevitable growth of Popery; but we would hesitate before setting down this merely as "unfortunately" qualifying a character otherwise unexceptionable.

The moral maxims of the Jesuits may be ranged under three heads—their doctrine of probable opinions, of mental reservations, and of the end sanctifying the means. The doctrine of probability is one of the most extraordinary, and at the same time the most convenient, ever invented to justify crime and subvert all religion. It is briefly this: That any opinion whatever which has been supported by any learned casuist, or by any argument of weight, is to be considered as *probable*, and, therefore, safe to be followed in practice. It matters not though it should be condemned by every other authority, or repugnant to the plain dictates of Scripture and morality. "If supported by one grave divine, the person who contemplates the act is permitted to do it without incurring guilt, on the ground that it is *probably* right;" nay, even "if he prefers, against his own scruples, that which he considers probable, he is safe, although he may think that another opinion is more probable." We quote the words of Jesuit casuists. "A judge on the bench, if he should think each opinion probable, may, for the sake of his friend, lawfully pronounce sentence according to the opinion which is more favourable to his friend. He may, moreover, with the intent to serve his friend, at one time judge according to one opinion, and at another according to the contrary opinion, *provided only that no scandal result from the decision.*" "I think it *probable*," says another casuist of this school, "that the cloak which I possess is my own; yet I think it *more probable* that it belongs to you. *I am not bound to give it up to you, but I may safely retain it.*" "If a subject," says another, "thinks *probably* that a tax has been unjustly imposed, *he is not bound to pay it.*" We may well understand how, according to this system, one of their leading casuists is led to exclaim with rapture: "In this diversity of opinions the yoke of Christ is pleasantly borne!"

The frightful extent of mischief to which this doctrine leads it is hardly possible to overestimate. If even among Protestants, who are taught to look to the written Word of God for his commands, it would be dangerous doctrine to teach that every man is at liberty to act according to what his conscience, well or ill-informed, might direct; what must be its necessary result in the case of the Jesuit or the Roman Catholic, who is taught to regard the voice of the Church or the command of his superior paramount to all other authority? If the superior be a bad man, he has only to command the Jesuit to commit a crime—it may be to steal, to perjure himself, to utter falsehoods and calumnies, or to murder; and he is taught to consider that command as the command of God, and binding upon his conscience! If the confessor choose, he may, according to the doctrine of probability, absolve his penitents from the most atrocious crimes, provided he can find some grave doctor who has found an excuse for them, though the conscience of the penitent may condemn him for the deed; and there is hardly an offence against the laws of morality for which some of these doctors have not discovered some palliation—some quirk by which it is transferred from the category of sins to a place among actions that are *probably* innocent. All sins of ignorance, as they have been called—that is, actions committed when the person is not in a state for rightly estimating the evil of them—when in a state of intoxication, for example—are by these divines exculpated. "He does not sin," says one of them, "unless he reflects upon the wickedness of it;" so that if a man is ignorant of what he ought to know, if he can contrive not to think of the ten commandments, he may break them all without being guilty of sin! Nay, if he commits the sin in such a way as to escape detection and avoid scandal, he is to be held as exculpated. We shall only give one specimen of this, and it will suffice. The Pope had threatened excommunication on all monks who laid aside their canonical dress. Escobar, one of the most famous of their Jesuit moralists, thus escapes from the dilemma: "A monk who puts off his religious habit for the space of an hour, does not incur the penalty of excommunication, when this is *done for a sinful purpose.*" The reason of this is, that he might do more scandal to religion in such a case by keeping it on!

Under the head of mental reservation it is only necessary to state, that [illegible] is lying and perjury are permitted. Thus Cajetan affirms that a person, when accused, may answer that he had no accomplices, although he actually had—meaning, *in other crimes;* and that he was innocent of the crime laid to him—meaning, *since he had been in prison!* But the leading maxim of this school, under which they attempt to shelter the worst crimes—such as theft, dishonesty in trade, murder, treason, and regicide—is, that *the end sanctifies the means;* in other words, that the deed is rendered innocent, and even laudable, provided the person has a good intention or a holy end to serve by committing it. We feel that, in stating some out of the many detestable maxims that have emanated from the Jesuitical school on this head, the reader will find it difficult to believe that human ingenuity could have invented such apologies for vice, or that men professing religion should have dared to publish them. The following, however, are extracted *verbatim* out of books that have been published and approved by the Society: "If you are preparing to give false evidence against me, by which I should receive sentence of death, and I have no other means of escape, it is lawful for me to *kill you*, since I should otherwise be killed my-

self." "It will be lawful for an ecclesiastic to *kill a calumniator*, who threatens to spread atrocious accusations against *himself or his religion*, when other means of defence are wanting." "The calumniator should first be warned that he desist from his slander; and if he will not, he should be *killed, not openly, on account of the scandal*, but *secretly*." "If a judge has been unjust, and has proceeded without adhering to the course of law, then certainly the accused might defend himself by assaulting, and even *killing, the judge*." "It is lawful for a son to rejoice at the murder of his parent, committed by *himself in a state of drunkenness*, provided the joy felt is on account of the great riches thence acquired by inheritance!" "I shall never consider that man to have done wrong," says Mariana, "who, favouring the public wishes, would attempt to *kill a tyrant*. To put tyrannical princes to death is not only lawful, but a *laudable, heroic, and glorious action*."*

Such are some of the principles for having "unfortunately" fallen into which, the Jesuits have found apologists even among Protestants, though they have been condemned for them by many Roman Catholics.

(*To be continued.*)

THE POWER OF CHRISTIANITY.

(*From "The Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation."*)

THE following is a true statement of the influence of the religion of Jesus upon several individual members of a village church in one of the United States. It is composed of members of common intelligence, and those in the common walks of life. Other churches might have been selected, in which, perhaps, a greater number of interesting cases might have been found; and there are other individuals in this church that would furnish as good an illustration of the power of the Gospel, as some of those which are noticed below. This church has been selected, because the writer had a better opportunity of visiting it, in order to obtain the facts, than any other in which he knew the power of the religion of Christ was experienced.

With the individuals spoken of I am well acquainted, having frequently conversed with them all on the subjects of which I shall speak. Their words in all cases may not have been remembered, but the sense is truly given:—

CASE I.—An old man, who has been a professor of religion from early life. He was once a deacon or elder of the church. Twenty years ago he was struck with paralysis, by which he has been ever since confined almost entirely to his room. His situation is one that, to a mind which had no inward consolation, would be irksome in the extreme. His books are the Bible, and one or two volumes of the old divines. He is patient and happy; and speaking of the love of Christ almost invariably suffuses his eyes with tears. He delights to dwell on religious subjects; and to talk with a pious friend of the topics which his heart loves gives him evident delight. Recently his aged companion, who had trodden the path of life with him from youth to old age, died in his presence. She died, what is called by Christians a triumphant death. Her last words were addressed to her children, who stood around: "I see the cross;" a gleam of pleasure passed over her features, her eyes lighted up with peculiar brightness; she said: "Blessed Jesus, the last hour is come: I am ready!" and thus she departed. At her death the old man wept freely and wept aloud; but his sorrow, he said, was mingled with a sweet joy. How desolate would have been the condition of this poor cripple for the last twenty years without the consolations of faith in Christ! and when his aged companion died, who had for years sat by his side, how appalling would have been the gloom that would have settled upon his soul, had not his mind been sustained by heavenly hope! His case shows that the religion of Christ will keep the affections warm and tender even to the latest periods of old age, and give happiness to the soul under circumstances of the most severe temporal bereavement.

CASE II.—A converted Atheist. I knew that there were those in the world who professed to doubt the existence of a God; but I had met with no one, in all my intercourse with mankind, who seemed so sincerely and so entirely an Atheist as the individual whose case is now introduced. The first time that I met him was at the house of his son-in-law, a gentleman of piety and intelligence. His appearance was that of a decrepit, disconsolate old man. In the course of conversation he unhesitatingly expressed his unbelief of the existence of a God, and his suspicion of the motives of most of those who professed religion. I learned from others that he had ceased in some measure to have intercourse with men—had become misanthropic in his feelings, regarding mankind in the light of a family of sharks, preying upon each other; and his own duty in such a state of things, he supposed to be, to make all *honest* endeavours to wrest from the grasp of others as much as he could. He used profane language, opposed the temperance reformation, and looked with the deepest hatred upon the ministers of religion. His social affections seemed to be withered, and his body, sympathizing, was distorted and diseased by rheumatic pains.

1. This old man had for years been the subject of special prayer on the part of his pious daughter and his son-in-law; and he was finally persuaded by them to attend a season of religious worship in the church of which they were members. During these services, which lasted several days, he passed from his Atheism. The change seemed to surprise every one, and himself as much as any other. From being an Atheist, he became the most simple and implicit believer. He seemed like a being who had waked up in another world, the sensations of which were all new to him; and although a man of sound sense in business affairs, when he began to express his religious ideas, his language seemed strange and incongruous, from the fact that, while his soul was now filled with new thoughts and feelings, he had no knowledge of the language by which such thoughts are usually expressed. The effects produced by his conversion were as follows—stated at one time to myself, and upon another occasion to one of the most eminent medical practitioners in this country. One of the first things which he did after his conversion was to love, in a practical manner, his worst enemy. There was one man in the village who had, as he supposed, dealt treacherously with him in some money transactions which had occurred

* These maxims have been selected, for the sake of convenience, from a little work by Dalton—"The Jesuits: their Principles and Acts" (London, 1843)—where the authorities are given at length. It would be easy to add to their number; the above are merely given as a specimen of the nature of the charges brought against the Jesuits. The reader may be referred for more ample information to Dr Duff's eloquent pamphlet on the Jesuits, lately published.

between them. On this account personal enmity had long existed between the two individuals. When converted, he sought his old enemy, asked his forgiveness, and endeavoured to benefit him by bringing him under the influence of the Gospel.

2. His benevolent feelings were awakened and expanded. His first benevolent offering was twenty-five cents, in a collection for charitable uses. He now gives very liberally, in proportion to his means, to all objects which he thinks will advance the interests of the Gospel of Christ. Besides supporting his own Church, and her benevolent institutions, no enterprise of any denomination, which he really believes will do good, fails to receive something from him, if he has the means. During the last year he has given more, with a design of benefiting his fellow-men, than he had done in his whole lifetime before.

3. His affections have received new life. He said to me, in conversation upon the subject: "One part of the Scriptures I feel to be true—that which says: 'I will take away the hard and stony heart, and give you a heart of flesh.' Once I seemed to have no feeling; now, thank God, I can feel. I have buried two wives and six children; but I never shed a tear—I felt hard and unhappy; now my tears flow at the recollection of these things." The tears at that time wet the old man's cheeks. It is not probable that, since his conversion, there has been a single week that he has not shed tears; before conversion, he had not wept since the age of manhood. An exhibition of the love of Christ will, at any time, move his feelings with gratitude and love, until the tears moisten his eyes.

4. Effect upon his life. Since his conversion, he has not ceased to do good as he has had opportunity. Several individuals have been led to repent and believe in Christ through his instrumentality. Some of these were individuals whose former habits rendered a change of character very improbable in the eyes of most individuals—one of them, who had fallen into the habit of intemperance, is now a respectable and happy father of a respectable Christian family. He has been known to go to several families on the same day, pray with them, and invite them to attend religious worship on the Sabbath; and when some difficulty was stated as a hindrance to their attendance, he has assisted them to buy shoes, and granted other little aids of the kind, in order that they might be induced to attend divine service. A most remarkable fact concerning this old man has also come to the knowledge of the author. When converted, one of his first acts, although he had heard nothing of any such act in others, was to make out a list of his old associates then living within reach of his influence. For the conversion of these he determined to labour as he had opportunity, and pray daily. On his list were one hundred and sixteen names, among whom were sceptics, drunkards, and other individuals, as little likely to be reached by Christian influence as any other men in the region. Within two years from the period of the old man's conversion one hundred of these individuals had made a profession of religion. We can hardly suppose that the old man was instrumental in the conversion of all these persons; yet the fact is one of the most remarkable that has been developed in the progress of Christianity.

5. Effect upon his happiness. In a social meeting of the Church where he worships, I heard him make such an expression as this: "I have rejoiced but once since I trusted in Christ—that has been all the time." His state of mind may be best described in his own characteristic language. One day, while repairing his fence, an individual passing addressed him: "Mr ——, you are at work all alone." "Not alone," said the old man; "God is with me." He said that his work seemed easy to him, and his peace of mind continued with scarcely an interruption. I saw him at a time when he had just received intelligence that a son, who had gone to the south, had been shot in a personal altercation, in one of the southern cities. The old man's parental feelings were moved, but he seemed even under this sudden and distressing affliction to derive strong consolation from trust in God.

6. Physical effects of the moral change. As soon as his moral nature had undergone a change, his body, by sympathy, felt the benign influence. His countenance assumed a milder and more intelligent aspect; he became more tidy in his apparel; and his "thousand pains" in a good measure left him. In his case there seemed to be a renovation both of soul and body.

This case is not exaggerated. The old man is living, and there are a thousand living witnesses to this testimony, among whom is an intelligent physician, who, hearing the old man's history of his feelings, and having known him personally for years, and the obvious effects which faith in Christ had produced in this case, combined with other influences by which he was surrounded, was led seriously to examine the subject of religion, as it concerned his own spiritual interest. By this examination he was led to relinquish the system of "rational religion" (as the Socinian system is most inappropriately called by its adherents), and profess his faith in orthodox religion.

Case III.—Two individuals who have always been poor in this world's goods, but who are rich in faith. Many years ago they lived in a new settlement where there were no religious services. The neighbourhood, at the suggestion of one of its members, met together on the Sabbath to sing the Lord's praises, and to hear a sermon read. Those sermons were the means of the conversion of the mother of the family. She lived an exemplary life, but her husband still continued impenitent, and became somewhat addicted to intemperance. Some of the children of the family, as they reached mature years, were converted; the husband, and, finally, after a few years, all the remaining children embraced religion. From the day of the husband's conversion, he drank no more liquor; and, he says, he always afterwards thought of the habit with abhorrence. The old people live alone. The old woman's sense of hearing has so failed that she hears but imperfectly. When the weather will allow, she attends church regularly, but sometimes hears but little of the sermon. In church, on the Sabbath, she looks up at the minister with a countenance glowing with an interested and happy expression. She has joy to know that the minister is preaching about Christ. The minister once described religion possessed, as a spring of living water, flowing from the rock by the way-side, which yields to the weary traveller refreshment and delight; the old lady, at the close, remarked with meekness: "I hope I have drank many times of those sweet waters."

Except what concerns their particular domestic duties, the conversation of this aged pair is almost entirely religious. They are devout, and very happy in each others society; and sometimes, in their family devotions and religious conversations, their hearts glow with love to God. They look forward to death with the consoling hope that they will awake in the likeness of the glorious Saviour, and so "be for ever with the Lord."

Case IV.—A female who, in early life, united with the Church, and conscientiously performed the external duties of Christian life. She had, for many years, little if any happiness in the performance of her religious duties, yet would have been more un-

happy if she had not performed them. She married a gentleman who, during the last years of his life, was peculiarly devoted. During this period, in attending upon the means of grace, she experienced an entire change in her condition. She felt, as she says, that "now she gave up all for Christ. She felt averse to everything which she believed to be contrary to his will. To the will of Jesus she could now submit for ever, with joyful and entire confidence: she now loved to pray, and found happiness in obeying the Saviour." She made, as she believes, at that time, an entire surrender of all her interests, for time and eternity, to Christ, and since then her labours in his service have been happy labours. Before they were constrained by conscience, now they are prompted by the affections. She does not think she was a Christian before. She had repented in view of the law, but she had not, till the time mentioned, exercised affectionate faith in Christ. She now often prays most solicitously for the conversion of sinners and the sanctification of the Church. She loves to meet weekly in the female circle for prayer, and labours to induce others to attend with her. Her little son, nine years of age, is, as she hopes, a Christian; and her daughter, just approaching the years of womanhood, has recently united with the Church. Two years since her husband died, under circumstances peculiarly afflicting. She prayed for resignation, and never felt any disposition to murmur against the providence of God. She sometimes blamed herself that she had not thought of other expedients to prolong, if possible, the life of one that she loved so tenderly; but to God she looked up with submission, and said in spirit: "The cup that my Father hath mingled for me, shall I not drink it?"

TIME.

TIME's an hand's-breadth; 'tis a tale;
'Tis a vessel under sail;
'Tis an eagle in its way,
Darting down upon its prey;
'Tis an arrow in its flight,
Mocking the pursuing sight;
'Tis a short-liv'd fading flower;
'Tis a rainbow on a shower;
'Tis a momentary ray,
Smiling in a winter's day;
'Tis a torrent's rapid stream;
'Tis a shadow; 'tis a dream;
'Tis the closing watch of night,
Dying at the rising light;
'Tis a bubble; 'tis a sigh;—
Be prepar'd, O man! to die.

QUARLES.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE EVIDENCES.

BY THE REV. JAMES TAYLOR, ST ANDREWS.

THE AUTHENTICITY OF THE SCRIPTURES.

Continued from page 473.

Secondly, The events related in these books are of such a kind, that we cannot suppose, if the account of them had been a fabrication, that any man could have obtained for it that universal credit and authority which the Pentateuch certainly received among the Jews from the very commencement of their state. The narrative of their oppression in Egypt—of the plagues brought upon the Egyptians, from which the Israelites alone were exempted—of their passage through the Red Sea, while their enemies sank like lead in the mighty waters—of the publication of the law from Sinai amid thunderings, and lightnings, and tempest—of their forty years' sojourn in the wilderness, during which they were miraculously fed with manna from heaven, and supplied with water from the flinty rock—could never have found credit, had it not been true. Moses, in the law itself, appeals to the miracles which he affirms to have been wrought before the eyes of the Israelites. He not only asserts that the law was from God, but that the people themselves had heard a part of it published with His own voice, and that they had been eye-witnesses of the signs and wonders by which his mission had been accredited. Now it is utterly incredible that any man would have risked his character and influence by an appeal to such attestations from heaven, which all who heard him, or read his writings, must have known had not been given. "He would not have dared to affirm that Egypt was smitten with horrible plagues, if none had been inflicted upon it; that the Red Sea was divided before the twelve tribes, if they had not passed through the midst of its waves; that manna fell from heaven around their tents, if they had never eaten that heavenly food; or that God spake to them out of the midst of the fire, if they had not heard his voice publishing the decalogue from Sinai. These events, on the supposition that they really took place, were exposed to the senses of all the people; and no man who had not been a witness of them could have been persuaded that he had. If, however, it be conceived possible for one man to be reasoned or cheated out of his senses, we may without hesitation deny the possibility of such a deception in the case of two or three millions of spectators." *

Another decisive proof of the Mosaic history is its impartiality. The whole account of the Jewish nation may be said to be written, not only impartially, but even severely. No attempt is made to minister to their national vanity, by glossing over their faults and failings, or by exaggerating their virtues. On the contrary, their frequent murmurings and distrust of God, their apostasy and rebellion, their relapses into idolatry, their imitation of the foul crimes of those nations whom God had driven out from before them, and the judgments which were sent upon them because of their sins, are all faithfully recorded, without the slightest attempt to palliate or disguise them. They are repeatedly reproached with their crimes, loaded with the epithets of stiff-necked, rebellious, and idolatrous, and denounced as a "stubborn and rebellious generation—a generation that set not

* Dick on Inspiration, p. 104.

their heart aright, and whose spirit was not stedfast with God." A historian who thus concealed nothing that would disgrace his countrymen was not likely to invent anything to exalt them.

The same stern impartiality is manifested in the manner in which the nearest relatives of Moses are spoken of. The participation of his brother Aaron in the great sin of setting up the golden calf—the attack made by him and his sister Miriam on the authority of Moses, on account of which Miriam was smitten with leprosy—the death of Nadab and Abihu, the sons of Aaron, who were destroyed by fire from the Lord, because they offered strange fire upon the altar—are all fully stated. The events in the life of the legislator himself are related in a plain, simple, and unembellished style. No attempt is made to conceal his distrust and unwillingness to undertake the deliverance of the Israelites, even after God had graciously assured him of his assistance, and had wrought three different miracles, and enabled him to repeat them; or his impatient expostulation with God when Pharaoh had increased the burdens of the Hebrews; or, above all, the offence of which he and Aaron were guilty at the waters Meribah, where they "spake unadvisedly with their lips," and were in consequence excluded from the promised land. A comparison of this simple and unadorned narrative with the embellished history of the same events given by Josephus, in which the virtues of the Jewish legislator are magnified, and his faults either softened and extenuated or altogether suppressed, shows the striking difference between the genuine narrative of Moses himself and the compilation of a historian writing under the influence of the more uncontrolled feelings and partialities of the human mind. The strict impartiality, therefore, of the Mosaic history shows that we may rely on the truth of its statements, even in the most minute particulars.

These arguments in favour of the authenticity of the Books of Moses are corroborated by the undesigned coincidences between them, and the adaptation of the whole narrative—its facts, sentiments, and language—to the peculiarities of the situation in which the Israelites were placed. The narrative constantly assumes that they were sojourning in the wilderness, all collected together, dwelling in tents, possessing no landed property or houses, without local distinctions or tribunals—placed in a situation, in short, in which they never were either before or after. The whole detail of facts and regulations is in perfect harmony with the peculiarities of such a condition. There are laws which, if we may so speak, seem to breathe the desert air, and arrangements for which there was no necessity, and scarcely any possibility, of their observance after the wanderings in the wilderness were over. In all the directions as to public matters, it is constantly taken for granted that the whole congregation can be collected together at the shortest warning. We are told of dead bodies "carried out of the camp," and of victims, on particular occasions, being burned "without the camp." Exact details are given, not only of the arrangement of the families of the Levites around the tabernacle, but of the particular parts of that structure which each family was to carry during the march; and the most minute directions are laid down as to the mode of taking these different parts asunder, protecting them from the injuries of the weather during the march, carrying and setting them up—details which it would have been most unnatural for a writer to give, who lived long after these marches had ceased, when all such directions were utterly superfluous. The present tense is constantly used in speaking of the facts in the wilderness; the future, in speaking of anything to be done in the land of Canaan; and it is not till the people have reached the very borders of the promised land, that directions are given respecting houses, and cities, and vineyards, and mention is made of the gate of the city, of the elders of the city, and of other objects and circumstances suited to the new situation in which the people were shortly to be placed.

Of the undesigned coincidences with which the Books of Moses abound we can only mention one or two instances, referring those who wish to investigate further this interesting subject to the excellent works of Dr Graves and Mr Blunt.*

On the day when Moses set up the tabernacle, the different princes of Israel made an offering of six waggons and twelve oxen. Two of these waggons and four oxen Moses gave to the sons of Gershon, and four waggons and eight oxen to the sons of Merari.—Numb. vii. 7, 8. No reason is specified why twice as many waggons and oxen were assigned to Merari as to Gershon; but, on turning back to a former chapter (iv. 24–33), separated, however, from the one which contains this statement by various details entirely unconnected with this subject, we find it mentioned that the family of Gershon was appointed to carry the lighter parts of the tabernacle—its curtains and coverings, its hangings and cords; while the family of Merari was appointed to carry the solid and heavy parts of the structure—its boards, and bars, and pillars. This circumstance at once accounts for the inequality in the division of the waggons and oxen, and yet it is mentioned so incidentally that no one can, for a moment, imagine that it was inserted for any such purpose.

In the 16th chapter of the Book of Numbers, we have an account of a conspiracy against the authority of Moses and Aaron. The principal parties engaged in it were, Korah, of the

* Lectures on the four last Books of the Pentateuch. By the Rev. R Graves, D.D. The Veracity of the Five Books of Moses, &c. By the Rev. J. J. Blunt.

family of *Kohath*, and Dathan, Abiram, and On, of the family of *Reuben*. Now, it is a singular circumstance, that some thirteen chapters before this—chapters occupied with matters of quite another character, it is mentioned incidentally that "the families of the sons of *Kohath* were to pitch on the side of the tabernacle *southward*." And in another chapter, yet farther back, we read, no less incidentally: "On the *south* side (of the tabernacle) shall be the standard of the camp of *Reuben* according to their armies." The family of *Kohath*, therefore, and the family of *Reuben* both pitched on the same side of the tabernacle; they were neighbours, and were therefore conveniently situated for taking secret counsel together. Surely this singular coincidence comes of truth—not of accident—not of design.*

The sacred narrative nowhere states the motives which led the conspirators to engage in this rebellion; but on a careful examination we discover, from a totally unconnected statement in another part of the book, that Korah was one of the chiefs in a family, the *next in sacredness of function to* Aaron and his sons, and therefore the most likely to feel jealous at their exclusive possession of the high priesthood; while Dathan, Abiram, and On were *chiefs of the tribe of Reuben*, the *first-born* of the sons of Jacob, and therefore, in all probability, dissatisfied with the pre-eminence of Moses. These reasons for the conduct of the guilty parties are so natural, and at the same time stated so incidentally, that we cannot but feel that the coincidence arises from truth, not from artifice.

In the 32d chapter of Numbers, we have a joint petition from the tribes of Reuben and of Gad, to have a portion allotted them on the east side of Jordan, rather than in the land of Canaan. The reason assigned for this request is, that this district "is a land for cattle;" and these tribes possessed cattle. There was probably another reason, however, why these two tribes wished to establish themselves together in this territory; for, in the account given of the arrangements of the tribes in the wilderness, we find the tribe of Gad formed a division of the camp of Reuben.—Numb. ii. 10–14. Could anything be more natural, therefore, than that these two tribes, having been companions throughout all their weary wanderings in the desert, should have a strong desire to dwell together as neighbours in that country where they were finally to set up their rest? And yet no impostor would ever have thought of inventing such a circumstance, in order to account for the conjoint request preferred by these tribes.

The last example we shall mention of coincidence without design, is drawn from the narrative of the punishment inflicted upon the Israelites for the worship of Baal-peor. It is not stated whether any one tribe was more guilty than the rest in this matter; it is merely said, that the number of "those who died in the plague was twenty and four thousand."—Numb. xxv. 9. We read, however, of an act of summary punishment inflicted upon one leading offender, whose name was "Zimri, a prince of a chief house among the *Simeonites*;" and so great was the importance attached to this act, that, on Phinehas putting this guilty person to death, the plague was stayed. On comparing the census of the people, taken shortly after this event, with the one made nearly forty years before at Sinai, it appears that, while the majority of the tribes had meanwhile increased in numbers, the tribe of *Simeon* had been reduced from fifty-nine thousand and three hundred to twenty-two thousand and two hundred.—Compare Numb. i. with xxvi. No reason is assigned for this extraordinary decrease in this one tribe, but is it not extremely probable that the tribe to which Zimri belonged had been the chief offenders at Baal-peor, and, therefore, the chief sufferers from the plague which was sent as a punishment for their sin? This conjecture derives additional weight from another circumstance. One of the last great acts which Moses was commissioned to perform was to punish the Midianites for their share in this very affair of Baal-peor. After executing this commission, he proceeds to pronounce a parting blessing on the people.—Deut. xxxiii. 6. On all the other tribes he implores the most precious blessings of earth and heaven, but the tribe of *Simeon* he passes over in silence—on it alone he bestows no benediction—a circumstance altogether unaccountable, except on some such supposition as that to which we have referred.

It would be easy to produce many other striking examples of coincidence without design, which can be accounted for on no other principles than the veracity of the narrative that contains them; but those which have been adduced may suffice to show that the writings of Moses are no "cunningly devised fables," but a true and faithful narrative of great and marvellous events, which were recorded by that "holy man of God, who spake as he was moved by the Holy Ghost."

* Veracity of the Five Books of Moses, pp. 155, 156.

A CHILD'S DREAM.

What knew we of the glorious sights
  Which bless an infant's dream?
Or, could we guess them, what more meet
  To be a poet's theme?
The hope that e'en a glimpse of such
  My numbers might make known,
To fond imagination brings
  A day-dream of its own.

'Tis of a child of five years old
  Upon whose peaceful sleep
Fair visions of another world
  With silent footsteps creep;

Soft as the dew on summer flowers,
Or moonlight on the sea,
The influence of that blissful dream
To Fancy seems to be.

The cheek, upon the pillow pressed,
Wears joy's delightful tinge:
The eyes are closed, yet joy's bright tear
Steals through the eyelid's fringe:
The lips are voiceless, yet they wear
The sweetest smile of bliss—
A smile so sweet, it well might chide
The fondest mother's kiss.

Thou happy sleeper! might I tell
Where now thy spirit roams,
The lot it shares, how poor would seem
The pomp of proudest domes!
Fame, wealth, or grandeur never yet
A pleasure could impart,
So pangless and so pure as those
Which now possess thy heart.

For thou art in "the land of thought!"
And far hast left behind
The fading happiness of earth,
For raptures more refined:
Thine seems a foretaste of the boon
Appointed for the blest;
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest!"

Thy spirit's yet infolded bud
May seem too young to bear
The full effulgence of that light
Which bursts around thee there;
Thy "vital spark of heavenly flame"
May shine with trembling ray,
Amid the bright and sunless blaze
Of heaven's unclouded day.

Yet, in thy measure, Fancy deems
Thy soul may now partake
Those glories which the harps and songs
Of angels ever wake;
And to thy sight, unconsciously,
Are transient glimpses given,
Whose bright beatitudes fulfil
A child's sweet dream of heaven!

And is it not a lovely scene
That greets thy vision now—
Where gratitude warms every breast,
And joy lights every brow—
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And sickness comes not near,
And hope in certainty fulfilled
Has banished every fear?

What seest thou in that realm sublime?
The spirits of the just,
Made perfect through the blood of Him
In whom they placed their trust?
The tuneful seraph host, that raise
Their songs around the throne,
Giving to God and to the Lamb
The praise that is their own?

Or look'st thou on the tree of life
Whose foliage yet may heal
The nations, and the earlier curse
Of Eden's tree repeal?
Or gazest thou upon that stream,
Like clearest crystal bright,
Proceeding from Jehovah's throne,
And glorious from his light?

Vain though it seem to ask or think
What sights and sounds divine
May rise in slumber's tranquil hour
On spirits pure as thine;
Not wholly so, if, while he sings,
Within the minstrel's soul
The influence of such heavenly themes
May earth-born cares control.

Sleep, happy dreamer! sleep in peace,
And may thy mental powers
By visions such as these be nursed
For future waking hours;
That so, from death's last dreamless sleep,
Thy spirit may ascend,
To know the fulness of all joy,
In glory without end!

A POSTSCRIPT.

"No child," some critic may perchance exclaim,
"Would dream like this; or dream of heaven at all!"
And how knowest thou, despite thy critic fame,
What heavenly dreams on childhood's slumbers fall?

One wiser far than thou, who cannot err
In aught of heaven or heavenly things disclosed,
Of guileless hearts the best interpreter,
Hath said—*Of such that kingdom is composed!*

Unlearn thy worldly wisdom; be no more
By self-conceit presumptuously beguiled;
But rather study that sweet, lowlier lore,
Which makes its learner as a little child!

BERNARD BARTON.

JOHN WOOLLEY,

A STORY FOR THE YOUNG, AND FROM WHICH THE OLD MAY LEARN.

(*From Wesley's Journal.*)

SATURDAY, February 20, 1742.—I preached at Weaver's Hall. It was a glorious time. Several dropped to the ground, as if struck by lightning. Some cried out in bitterness of soul: I knew not where to end, being constrained to begin anew again and again.

Sabbath, 21.—In the evening I explained the exceeding great and precious promises which are given us: a strong confirmation whereof I read in a plain artless account of a child whose body then lay before us. The substance of this (a part of it) was as follows: John Woolley was for some time in your school; but was turned out for his ill behaviour; soon after he ran away from his parents, lurking

about for several days and nights together, and hiding himself in holes and corners, that his mother might not find him. During this time he suffered both hunger and cold. Once he was three whole days without sustenance, sometimes weeping and praying by himself, and sometimes playing with other loose boys. One night he came to the New Room. Mr ——— was then speaking of disobedience to parents. He was quite confounded, and thought there never was in the world so wicked a child as himself. He went home, and never ran away any more. His mother saw the change in his whole behaviour, but knew not the cause. He would often get upstairs by himself to prayer, and often go alone into the fields, having done with all his idle companions. And now the devil began to set upon him with all his might, continually tempting him to self-murder. Sometimes he was vehemently pressed to hang himself, sometimes to leap into the river: but this only made him the more earnest in prayer; in which, after he had been one day wrestling with God, he was so filled with joy and the love of God, that he scarce knew where he was, and with such love to all mankind, that he could have laid himself on the ground for his worst enemies to trample upon. From this time his father and mother were surprised at him, he was so diligent to help them in all things. When they went to the preaching, he was careful to give their supper to the other children; and when he had put them to bed, hurried away to the Room, to light his father and mother home. Meantime, he lost no opportunity of hearing the preaching himself, or of doing any good he could, either at home or in any place where he was. One day walking in the fields he fell into talk with a farmer, who spoke very slightly of religion. John told him he ought not to talk so; and enlarged upon that word of the apostle (which he begged him to consider deeply): "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." The man was amazed, caught the child in his arms, and knew not how to part with him. His father and mother once hearing him speak pretty loud in the next room, listened to hear what he said. He was praying thus: "Lord, I do not expect to be heard for my much speaking. Thou knowest the secrets of my heart: thou knowest all my wants." He then descended to particulars. Afterwards he prayed very earnestly for his parents, and for his brothers and sisters by name; then for Mr John and Charles Wesley, then for all the other ministers he could remember by name, and for all that were, or desired to be, true ministers of Christ. In the beginning of his illness, his mother asked him if he wanted anything? he answered: "Nothing but Christ, and I am as sure of him as if I had him already." He said: "O mother, if all the world believed in Christ, what a happy world would it be!—and they may. I was the worst of sinners, and he died for me."

On Wednesday, he said to his mother: "I am in very great trouble for my father. He has always taken an honest care of his family; but he does not know God. If he dies in the state he is in now, he cannot be saved. If God should give him the true faith, and then take him to himself, do not you fear, do not you be troubled. God has promised to be a father to the fatherless and a husband to the widow. And I hope we shall sing hallelujahs in heaven together." To his eldest sister he said: "Do not puff yourself up with pride. When you receive your wages, which is not much, lay it out in plain necessaries; and if you are inclined to be merry, do not sing songs—do you sing psalms and hymns. 'Remember your Creator in the days of your youth.' When you are at work, you may lift up your heart to God; and be sure never to rise or go to bed without asking his blessing." He added: "I shall die; but do not cry for me. Why should you cry for me? Consider what a joyful thing it is to have a brother go to heaven. I am not a man—I am but a boy; but is it not in the Bible, 'Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast ordained strength?' I know where I am going. I would not be without this knowledge for a thousand worlds; for though I am not in heaven yet, I am as sure of it as if I were." He said to his mother: "That school was the saving of my soul; for there I began to seek the Lord. But how is it that a person no sooner begins to seek the Lord, but Satan straight stirs up all his instruments against him?" When he was in agony of pain, he cried out: "O Saviour, give me patience. Thou hast given me patience, but give me more. Give me thy love, and pain is nothing. I have deserved all this, and a thousand times more; for there is no sin but I have been guilty of." A while after he said: "O my mother, how is this? If a man does not his work, the masters in the world will not pay him his wages. But it is not so with God. He gives me good wages; and yet I am sure I have done nothing to gain them. O it is a free gift!"

On Thursday morning his mother asked him how he did? He said: "I have had much struggling to-night. But my Saviour is so loving to me, I do not mind it: it is no more than nothing to me." Then he said: "I desire to be buried from the Room, and I desire Mr Wesley would preach a sermon over me, on these words of David (unless he thinks any other to be more fit): 'Before I was afflicted I went astray: but now I have kept thy word.'" I asked him, How do you find yourself now? he said: "In great pain, but full of love." I asked, But does not the love of God overcome pain? He answered: "Yes; pain is nothing to me. I did sing praises to the Lord in the midst of my greatest pain; and I could not help it." I asked him if he was willing to die? He replied: "O yes; with all my heart." I said, But if life and death were set before you, what would you choose then? he answered: "To die, and be with Christ. I long to be out of this wicked world." On Thursday night he slept much sweeter than he had done for some time before. In the morning he begged to see Mr John Wesley. When Mr Wesley came, and after some other questions, asked him what he should pray for? he said: That God would give him a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within him. When prayer was ended, he seemed much enlivened, and said: "I thought I should have died to-day; but I must not be in haste. I am content to stay. I will tarry the Lord's leisure." On Sabbath he spoke exceedingly little. On Monday his speech began to falter. On Tuesday it was gone; but he was fully in his senses—almost continually lifting up his eyes to heaven. On Wednesday his speech was restored. The next morning he spent in continual prayer, often repeating the Lord's Prayer, and earnestly commending his soul into the hands of God. He then called for his little brother and sister, to kiss them; and for his mother, whom he desired to kiss him. Then (between nine and ten) he said: "Now, let me kiss you:" which he did, and immediately fell asleep. He lived some months above thirteen years.

CLOUD-LAND AND MOUNTAIN SCENERY FROM THE GRAND SALEVE.

(*From Cheever's "Wanderings of a Pilgrim in the Shadow of the Alps."*)

In the autumn, when the fogs prevail, it is often a thick drizzling mist in Geneva, and nothing visible; while on the mountain tops the air is pure, and the

sun shining. On such a day as this, when the children of the mist tell you that on the mountains it is fair weather, you must start early for the range nearest Geneva, on the way to Chamouny, the range of the Grand Saléve, the base of which is about four miles distant, prepared to spend the day upon the mountains, and you will witness one of the most singular and beautiful scenes to be enjoyed in Switzerland.

The day I set out was so misty that I took an umbrella; for the fog gathered and fell like rain, and I more than doubted whether I should see the sun at all. In the midst of this mist I climbed the rocky zigzag, half hewn out of the face of the mountain and half natural, and passing the village that is perched among the high rocks, which might be a refuge for the conies, began toiling up the last ascent of the mountain, seeing nothing, feeling nothing, but the thick mist, the veil of which had closed below and behind me over village, path, and precipice, and still continued heavy and dark above me, so that I thought I never should get out of it. Suddenly my head rose above the level of the fog into the clear air, and the heavens were shining, and Mont Blanc, with the whole illimitable range of snowy mountain tops around him, was throwing back the sun! An ocean of mist, as smooth as a chalcedony, as soft and white as the down of the eider-duck's breast, lay over the whole lower world; and as I rose above it, and ascended the mountain to its overhanging verge, it seemed an infinite abyss of vapour, where only the mountain tops were visible—on the Jura range like verdant wooded islands—on the Mont Blanc range as glittering surges and pyramids of ice and snow. No language can describe the extraordinary sublimity and beauty of the view. A level sea of white mist in every direction as far as the eye could extend, with a continent of mighty icebergs on the one side floating in it, and on the other a forest promontory, with a slight undulating swell in the bosom of the sea, like the long smooth undulations of the ocean in a calm.

Standing on the overhanging crags, I could hear the chime of bells, the hum of busy labour, and the lowing of cattle buried in the mist, and faintly coming up to you from the fields and villages. Now and then a bird darted up out of the mist into the clear sun and air, and sailed in playful circles, and then dived and disappeared again below the surface. By-and-by the wind began to agitate the cloudy sea, and more and more of the mountains became visible. Sometimes you have a bright sunset athwart this sea of cloud, which then rolls in waves burnished and tipped with fire. When you go down into the mist again, and leave behind you the beautiful sky, a clear bracing atmosphere, the bright sun and the snow-shining mountains, it is like passing from heaven to earth—from the brightness and serenity of the one to the darkness and cares of the other. The whole scene is a leaf in Nature's book which but few turn over; but how rich it is in beauty and glory, and in food for meditation, none can tell but those who have witnessed it. This is a scene in Cloud-land, which hath its mysteries of beauty, that defy the skill of the painter and engraver.

The bird darting from the mist into the sunlight, was a very beautiful incident. "That," said Dr Malan to me, as I recounted to him the experience of the day, "is Faith—an emblem of Faith;" for so as that soaring bird from the earth, when it was dark and raining, flew up and up, and onward, undiscouraged, till heaven was shining on her wings, and the clouds were all below her, and then returned, not to forget that sight, but to sing to her companions about it, and to dwell upon it till clear weather; so does our Faith, when all looks dark and discouraging here, when within and around there is nothing but mist and rain, rise and still rise, and soar onwards and upwards, till heaven is visible, and God is shining in the face of Jesus Christ, and then, as it were, comes back with glad tidings, to tell the soul to be of good cheer, for that heaven is not far off, and to sing, even like the nightingale, in the darkness and the rain, for that soon again there shall be day-break and fair weather. And the memory of one such view of the gates of heaven, with the bright Alps of truth glittering around you, is enough to sustain the soul through many a weary day of her pilgrimage. When you see the face of Christ, all the darkness is forgotten, and you wonder what it was you were doubting about, and what it was that could have made you so perplexed and desponding. Because it is mist and rain here below, you are not therefore to suppose that it is raining on the mountains; it is all clear there. And besides, you know that the mist, the rain, the showers are necessary, and we cannot have them and the sunshine at the same time, though the showers that water the earth are as requisite to make it luxuriant as the sun's clear shining after rain. Any time Faith may get upon the mountains and see the Alps, though it is not to be done without labour. There must be much prayer and spiritual discipline, before you find that your head is above the mist, and heaven is shining around you.

TRACT DISTRIBUTERS! TAKE ENCOURAGEMENT.

THERE was in New York a German who had a wife and three children. He and his wife had from early life been Papists, and still retained their connection with what they supposed to be the infallible Church. But fatal disease prostrated the husband. It was at this time, now about a year ago, that a tract distributer called upon them, and was soon regarded as a messenger of mercy. After some religious conversation, they evinced a desire to possess a Bible, and the distributer procured one for them. It was read with much attention, and long before the sick man was conscious of the influence it was exerting, it made many hours of weariness and sorrow pass away pleasantly, and became his constant companion. Gradually light reflected upon his mind, but for a while it was only a glimmering that caused anxious solicitude rather than comfort. He saw that all was not well with him; and his mind becoming burdened he sent for a priest, hoping to obtain from him the consolations of religion. The priest came; but when he saw the Bible he very deliberately took possession of it, carried it away, and visited the sick man no more. Sorely grieved on account of their loss, and indignant at the wrong done to her, and especially to her dying husband, the wife went to the tract missionary of the ward and related what had occurred. As the missionary presented her with another copy of the Sacred Volume, he asked her: "If any other person than a priest had taken away your Bible, what would you have called the act?" "Theft," was the reply. "And was it anything else when done by a priest?" "No," said the woman; "it was the same in him."

From that time both the husband and wife studied the Word of God with increased diligence; then they sent their children to a Protestant Sabbath school, and appeared grateful when the distributer prayed with them. They removed to a distant part of the city, but the attention of the distributer was continued, and he had the pleasure of observing the power of divine truth, as the poor man's mind became more and more enlightened, until he that had cowered before a frowning priest enjoyed the smiles of his heavenly Father, and knowing that, for Christ's

sake, his sins were all forgiven, rejoiced in the liberty of the sons of God.

Not many days ago the distributer returned from the country, after a short absence, and hastened to the residence of this family; but it was no more to see the joy that sparkled in the sick man's eye, or to receive his hearty welcome, but to visit the widow and the fatherless, and to hear that one, no longer with them, held fast the beginning of his confidence stedfastly unto the end, and died rejoicing in hope of the glory of God.

To be honoured by such success as this, who would not be a tract distributer?

WHO GIVETH SONGS IN THE NIGHT?

When, courting slumber,
The hours I number,
And sad cares cumber
My wearied mind;
This thought shall cheer me,
That Thou art near me,
Whose ear to hear me
Is still inclined.

My soul Thou keepest,
Who never sleepest.
'Mid gloom the deepest,
There's light above.
Thine eyes behold me;
Thine arms infold me;
Thy Word has told me
That God is love.

—*Christian Keepsake.*

"THE LORD LIVETH."

There dwelt in the east of Scotland a pious clergyman, who had presided for a number of years over a small but respectable congregation. In the midst of his active career of usefulness he was suddenly removed by death, leaving behind him a wife and a number of helpless children.

The small stipend allowed him by his congregation had been barely sufficient to meet the current expenses of his family; and at his death no visible means were left for their support. The death of her husband preyed deeply upon the heart of the poor afflicted widow, while the dark prospect which the future presented filled her mind with the most gloomy apprehensions. By her lonely fireside she sat—the morning after her sad bereavement—lamenting her forlorn and destitute condition, when her little son, a boy of five years of age, entered the room. Seeing the deep distress of his mother, he stole softly to her side, and placing his little hand in hers, looked wistfully into her face, and said: "Mother, mother, is God dead?" Soft as the gentle whisper of an angel did the simple accent of the dear boy fall upon the ear of the disconsolate, and almost heart-broken mother. A gleam of heavenly radiance lighted up, for a moment, her pale features. Then snatching up her little boy, and pressing him fondly to her bosom, she exclaimed: "No, no, my son, God is not dead; he lives, and has promised to be a father to the fatherless—a husband to the widow. His promises are sure and stedfast, and upon them I will firmly and implicitly rely." Her tears were dried, and her murmurings for ever hushed. The event proved that her confidence was not misplaced. The congregation over whom her husband had worthily presided generously settled upon her a handsome annuity, by which she was enabled to support her family, not only comfortably, but even genteelly. The talents of her sons, as they advanced in years, soon brought them into notice, and finally procured them high and honourable stations in society.

Miscellaneous.

There is a moral and spiritual sense in which two and two *do not* make four. "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty." "There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing: there is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great riches." "The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it."—Prov. xi. 24, xiii. 7, x. 22. This is the spiritual arithmetic of the true Christian; while to the worldly wise it is a hard, unintelligible saying. Apply it to the breach of the Sabbath, as well as to every other source of unhallowed gain.

Hope is like the cork to the net, which keeps the soul from sinking in despair; and Fear is like the lead to the net, which keeps it from floating in presumption.—*Watson.*

Carefully avoid those vices which most resemble virtues—they are the most dangerous of all vices.

He that riseth late in the morning must be in a hurry all the day, and scarce overtake his business at night.

Never doth reason show itself more reasonable than when it ceaseth to reason about things which are above reason.

The Sabbath and Heaven.—The happiness of heaven is the constant keeping of the Sabbath. Heaven is called a Sabbath, to make those who love Sabbaths long for heaven, and those who long for heaven love Sabbaths.—*Henry.*

Bodily Infirmities, like breaks in a wall, have often become avenues through which the light of heaven has entered to the soul, and made the imprisoned inmate long for release.

Doing the will of God.—I had rather do the will of God than be able to work miracles.—*Luther.*

The Presence of God.—Privation of the presence of God is hell—a diminution of it is a step towards it. Fruition of his presence is heaven. And shall any man be afraid of having too much heaven—too much God?—*Donne.*

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth," &c. I had rather enter into the meaning of this saying, and be in full possession of the spirit of it, than be lord of the universe.—*Adam.*

An Earthly Minister.—When earthly things engross a minister's attention he will think more of this world than the next, and his preaching will savour more of the casket than the jewels. If he is not a spiritual man himself, he has no reason to suppose that God will bless him with a spiritual people.—*Hill.*

Heaven on Earth.—I do not wish for any heaven on earth, besides that of preaching the precious Gospel of Jesus Christ to immortal souls.—*Martyn.*

Daily Bread.

FRIDAY.

"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—MATT. xi. 28.

Burden'd with a world of grief,
Burden'd with our sinful load,
Burden'd with this unbelief,
Burden'd with the wrath of God;
Lo! we come to thee for ease,
True and gracious as thou art;
Now our groaning soul's release—
Write forgiveness on our heart.

The weary and heavy laden are the men invited to Christ for ease and refreshment; for indeed such only seek him, and can be satisfied in him, and duly savour him. The full stomach of a proud Pharisee loathes the honey-comb of Christ's righteousness; whilst to the hungry appetite of the humbled sinner the bitterest passions of a Saviour are exceeding sweet. The deeper the sense of misery, the sweeter is the sense of mercy. How acceptable is the fountain of living waters to the chased, panting hart! and the blood of Christ to the thirsty soul and conscience, scorched with the sense of God's wrath!—*Crofton.*

SATURDAY.

"Though He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor."—2 COR. viii. 9.

Behold the Lamb of God, who bears
The sins of all the world away!
A servant's form he meekly wears—
He sojourns in a house of clay!
His glory is no longer seen,
But God with God is man with men.

He came in a low and mean condition; and that is the very likeness of sin—the great bankrupt that brought all to beggary. When he rode to Jerusalem it was not in state, in a gilded coach with six horses, or mounted, like a lord mayor, with embossed trappings; but, as one might rather say, like a beggar that is sent with a pass from one town to another: "Sitting upon an ass, and a colt the foal of an ass." "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man had not where to lay his head." He was at such a very low ebb as to worldly riches that once he and one of his apostles could not both of them make a purse for half-a-crown to pay their tax without the working of a miracle.—*Meriton.*

SABBATH.

"We have boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus."—HEB. x. 19.

We lift our joyful eyes,
And see the dazzling prize—
See the purchase of thy blood,
Freely now to sinners given;
Thou the living way hast show'd—
Thou to us hast open'd heaven.

The death of Christ hath removed and rent away all obstacles and obstructions that might interpose betwixt believers and the blessedness of glory. The rivers lead to the sea; the stream of Christ's blood, if thou beest embarked by faith, runs directly into the ocean of endless, boundless, bottomless happiness. If thou hast opened the door of thine heart to let Christ in, the blood of Christ hath opened and unlocked the door of heaven, and thou canst not be shut out. A crucified Christ entertained, will one day make glorified believers: his humiliation is the ready road both to his and his people's exaltation.—*Ibid.*

MONDAY.

"The Author of eternal salvation to all them that *obey* him."—HEB. v. 9.

Thou, O Lord, in tender love,
Dost all my burdens bear!
Lift my heart to things above,
And fix it ever there!

It is a vain thing to expect the privileges and dignities that come by Christ, and not to submit to the duties and services which are due unto Christ. The Gospel is a message of eternal life only to those to whom it is a rule of a spiritual life. What! will you cry to Christ to save you, and in the meantime serve the devil and your lusts? But the true believer doth not only cast himself into the arms of Christ to be saved, but also casts himself at Christ's feet to serve him; and is as willing to be ruled by him as to be redeemed by him. "Many love Christ;" but it is for their own sakes; who "desire to find, but will not be at the pains to seek, him:" and so, instead of serving the Lord Christ, they do but serve themselves upon him.—*Taylor.*

TUESDAY.

"The gifts and calling of God are without repentance."—ROM. xi. 29.

Rejoice, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause his own;
The hope that's built upon his word
Can ne'er be overthrown.

Not as the world loves doth God love. They love to-day and hate to-morrow; wearing their friends like flowers, which we may behold in their bosoms whilst they are fresh and sweet, but soon they wither, and soon they are laid aside. Whereas the love of God to his people is everlasting, and he wears them as a signet upon his right hand, which he will never part with. Not as the world gives doth God give.—*White.*

WEDNESDAY.

"Now is the day of salvation."—2 COR. vi. 2.

O all that pass by, to Jesus draw near!
He utters a cry—ye sinners, give ear!
From hell to retrieve you, he spreads out his hands;
Now, now to receive you, he graciously stands.

It is reported that Thales, one of the Grecian sages, being urged by his mother to marry, told her at first that it was too soon; and afterward, when she urged him again, he told her that it was too late. Effectual vocation is our espousal unto Christ; all the time of our life God is urging this match upon our souls; his ministers are still wooing for Christ. If now we say: "It is too soon," for aught we know, the very next moment our sun may set, and then God will say: "It is too late." They that are not contracted to Christ on earth shall never be married to him in heaven.—*Ibid.*

THURSDAY.

"*All* things are yours."—1 COR. iii. 21.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take!
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Every wind, though it blow ever so cross, speeds believers to their port. Not a stone thrown at them, but it is to them a precious stone; not a thorn in their crown, but it turns into a diamond; not a twig in their rod, but is sweetened and sanctified. The saddest providences, like the snow falling on them, and descending to the hem of their garments, there freeze into a gem to deck them.—*Lye.*

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DR KALLEY'S IMPRISONMENT AND LABOURS.

BY THE REV. JAMES JULIUS WOOD.

On being thrown into prison, Dr Kalley applied to be released on bail, but his application was refused by Dr Negrao, the British Judge-Conservator. He carried his case by appeal to Lisbon, pleading that the charges against him were not relevant, that a judge who had no jurisdiction had given an important judgment against him, and that the denial of bail was illegal and oppressive. The police and the government seem to have designed him the common lodging and treatment of a felon in the jail of Funchal, and that is certainly wretched enough; but some of his Portuguese friends applied to the Camara, or Municipal Council of the town, and they granted him two rooms which were at their disposal, and this rendered his imprisonment much more tolerable than it would otherwise have been.

It was on a beautiful Sabbath-day that I arrived in Madeira. We had, through God's good hand upon us, had a most prosperous and delightful voyage. The passengers for Madeira bade a joyful farewell to the vessel; and many of those whose destination was the West Indies landed to enjoy, for the few hours that the steamer remained in the bay, the beauty of that first resting-place in their ocean journey. The first house which I entered on landing was the jail. No order for admittance was necessary. When I entered Dr Kalley's rooms, I found seated with him an archdeacon of the English Church and his curate, a Wesleyan minister, and a Baptist minister—all fellow-passengers, and bound to the West Indies. They had landed a few minutes before me, and had all gone straight to visit the imprisoned servant of the Lord.

I was much struck with the aspect of the jail and all about it. The sentry was pacing to and fro before the open door. The soldiers of the guard were sauntering about the guard-room and the lobby; numbers of persons were coming and going up and down the long flight of stairs; at every landing-place were to be seen wretched-looking prisoners at the iron gratings, conversing with their friends who had come to visit them, or begging from every person who passed who appeared likely to have anything to give; and in the lobby leading to Dr Kalley's room, a number of persons, of both sexes, in their holiday clothes, ranged on both sides, and waiting quietly their turn to be admitted.

When Dr Kalley was imprisoned, an order was put up on the prison door, forbidding Portuguese citizens to visit him for religious intercourse; and even for any purpose, or on any pretence, not more than three persons were to be admitted at one time. This order was not very sacred in the eyes either of the Doctor or the people. Many continued to visit him for medical advice on the week-days, and more as friends on the Sabbath; and when once they were in his room, the order about having no religious intercourse was by no means rigidly adhered to; and not unfrequently, when the jailer was otherwise engaged, more than the number (three) found their way into the Doctor's room, to be forthwith driven out as soon as discovered. The numbers whom he saw, prescribed for, and conversed with in prison were very great. The people brought him presents of the best fruits in their season. On the one side of his day-room stood a press with his medicines, and near it his laboratory table. A small adjacent room was his sleeping apartment. The affection of his wife made her willingly share his imprisonment, except when indisposition caused her to be ordered up to her own house in the environs of Funchal. All this tended considerably to alleviate the evils of his confinement; but still, besides the loss of personal liberty, it was a dreadful thing to be confined during the whole of a Madeira summer in such a place as the jail of Funchal. There is no ground whatever for exercise; the jail is in the very heart of the town; and in its immediate neighbourhood the common sewers discharge themselves on the beach, and in the dry weather there is not a sufficient run of water to carry off the refuse into the sea. Dr Kalley, therefore, had no exercise whatever, except a walk in his own room; and when he opened his windows for fresh air, there entered, instead of the cool breeze, the intolerable stench from the common sewers. The consequence was, that he had severe fever; and of this he complains that he feels the effects to the present day—his chest giving indications of weakness, especially after much speaking, which are somewhat alarming. It is true that, after he had been three months in prison, a Portuguese lady, suffering from severe indisposition, made application that he should be allowed to visit her; and she could command sufficient influence to obtain her request from the reluctant authorities. This having been granted to one, could not very well be refused to others in similar circumstances; and, accordingly, Dr Kalley, during the last two months of his im-

prisonment, enjoyed some fresh air and exercise, in consequence of being allowed to visit certain patients in the town of Funchal, with a police officer attending him as a guard.

On the 26th of July he was cast into prison; on the 12th of December the judgment by which he was refused bail was reversed by the court of appeal in Lisbon; and on the 1st of January 1844 he was liberated on the trifling bail of fifty dollars, or about £10 sterling, after an imprisonment of five months and six days.

On the 22d of December the judgment which ordered him to be tried was also reversed by the superior court at Lisbon, on the ground that the judge in Madeira who had pronounced it had no jurisdiction in the matter, leaving the competent authorities in Madeira at liberty to consider *de novo* whether or not he was liable to be tried for what he had done. But the public prosecutor in the court of appeal in Lisbon made the following admission in his pleading against Dr Kalley :—

"Looking at the act of offence in the point of view in which, in my opinion, it ought to be regarded, I do not give it the qualification with which I see it presented to the tribunal. I qualify it neither as *blasphemy* nor *heresy*, because these are only considered as crimes when committed by the followers of the Roman Catholic apostolic religion, and not by those who, like the appellant, follow a different religion, and who, being therefore *extra ecclesiam*, are beyond the reach of civil and ecclesiastical censures when they utter expressions which, in the mouth of a Christian, are really blasphemous or heretical; and such is the doctrine constantly maintained by all criminal jurists.

"Neither should I qualify the accused as an accessary to the crimes of heresy and apostasy, for having, by his seductive and malevolent exhortations, induced two Portuguese citizens to abandon the religion of the State, and embrace that of Protestantism, though they afterwards propagated the doctrines maintained by the appellant; for it is perfectly clear to my mind, that the crime of apostasy ceased among us in consequence of Sec. 4 of Art. 145 of the Constitutional Charter, by which ample religious liberty is guaranteed to Portuguese citizens in the following terms : '*Nobody shall be prosecuted for motives of religion.*' Now the absolute term, *nobody*, excludes all exception of persons; and the very wide expression, *for motives of religion*, includes whatever may be said respecting the religion of each individual. The only limit to this ample liberty being the necessity of giving due respect to the religion of the State; for to respect and to follow are two very different things. Although, therefore, in Art. 6 of the Charter, the Roman Catholic apostolic religion is declared to be pre-eminently that of the Portuguese nation, that does not mean that all her citizens must necessarily follow it, but that they must respect it as the national religion. Therefore, if these two citizens have apostatized from our religion, however great an injury they may have done to their own souls, they have committed no civil crime whatever for which they can be punished; and if they have committed no crime, the appellant cannot be punished as their accomplice. And if they no longer belong to the bosom of the Catholic Church, they are not to be considered as heretics for having assisted in propagating the English religion; and, consequently, as they stand clear of the crime of heresy, the appellant cannot be an accomplice therein."

Upon these decisions, by which the illegality of his imprisonment was fully established, Dr Kalley applied to the British Government to claim for him compensation from the Government of Portugal for the injury which he had sustained in his practice and person. This claim the British Government accordingly made, and, after some negotiation, it was allowed; but allowing it and paying it were different things, especially with the Portuguese.

When the decision of the court of appeal in Lisbon, of date December 22, was laid before the judge in Madeira, he pronounced the following judgment : "The depositions in the summary having been examined, and compared with the laws of the country, it is to be concluded, that supposing the British subject, Dr Kalley, to have disturbed the public order of this island, by preaching doctrines opposed to the religion of it, as is sworn by the witnesses, and considering this preaching an abuse which degenerates into crime, nevertheless the said Dr Kalley, as a Protestant, which he is, is not punishable, seeing that there does not exist a law to punish in the person of the accused the act charged, as was already declared in the sentence at sheet 77 of the process : therefore I declare the accusation against the said Dr Kalley irrelevant; I order him to be assoilzied, and this to be intimated to the parties."

It was now the turn of the public prosecutor to appeal against this judgment, which would have else settled the matter entirely. The appeal was taken up by the superior court at Lisbon on the 7th of December 1844. Meanwhile very serious encroachments had been made on the independence of the judges by the Portuguese Government; and both on account of the compensation demanded for Dr Kalley, and from the increasing influence of Popery, the Government had come to have a keen feeling on the question. The effects of Government influence were very apparent in the judgment of the court of appeal. That judgment reversed the sentence of the judge in Madeira, in as far as blasphemy was charged, and ordered Dr Kalley to be put on his trial for that alleged crime. The terms of the judgment were the following : That Dr Kalley "endeavoured to propagate doctrines condemned by the Catholic

Church, expounding the same in meetings of Portuguese subjects; and as he cannot but be considered a blasphemer, by the fact of setting forth such doctrines in the manner aforesaid, it is manifest that the judge appealed from should have indicted him in terms of the articles," &c.

In consequence of this judgment the state of matters came to be, that Dr Kalley was to be put on his trial for blasphemy, because he had, in meetings of Portuguese citizens, expounded doctrines condemned by the Roman Catholic Church. Dr Kalley applied for protection to his own Government, but received a most unfavourable and unprotestant answer from Lord Aberdeen. Hitherto he had believed himself to be within the law in all that he had done, and every legal decision up to the last had confirmed that belief; but now the highest court of law in Portugal had declared that to set forth doctrines condemned by the Roman Catholic Church, in the presence of Portuguese subjects, was to commit the crime of blasphemy, and that such blasphemy was a punishable offence. Dr Kalley had never wished to break the laws of the country, and he was still of opinion that he had never broken any law; but the Portuguese tribunals had come to be of a different opinion; and his own Government refused him that protection to which he conceived himself entitled by the treaty—a protection which should have saved him from being treated as a blasphemer, for having merely set forth doctrines condemned by the Roman Catholic Church—that is, Protestant doctrines—in the presence of Portuguese citizens. If the case went forward, his trial and condemnation for the alleged blasphemy were inevitable. He would not have regarded that, if the cause could have been thereby advanced; but as far as he could see, the very contrary would have been the case—serious injury to the interests of the truth would have been the result. Had he gone on as formerly, it must have been in known violation of the law—a thing which he had never yet done; and it could have been only for a very short time. In these circumstances a compromise was entered into. The Portuguese Government was to drop all judicial proceedings against him for everything which he had done in the past; and he was to give up his claim for compensation, and to discontinue expounding Protestant truth in meetings of Portuguese citizens. It was the exposition of Protestant truth in these *public meetings* which had been declared to be blasphemy, and an indictable offence; nothing else that he had done was declared to be against law; and in all other matters, therefore, he was left at full liberty. In this position matters rest for the present between the Portuguese authorities and Dr Kalley, who has just returned to Madeira from this country.

From this short narrative, it is plain that Dr Kalley all along sought to keep within the law; and the Portuguese courts found that he had done so in a variety of decisions, up till the judgment of the Relaçao in the end of 1844. He now, in obedience to the law, has discontinued his public meetings; but he still occupies a position of great interest and importance in Madeira; and he ought to share the sympathy and the prayers of the people of God. The Lord has a work and people in that distant island; and only at that great day when all hidden things shall be revealed will it be known how great a work it is, and how many have been brought to Jesus. May they be multiplied a hundredfold!

I have been led, at the risk of being somewhat tedious, perhaps, to give this narrative, by my anxiety that the public should have a short, distinct account of Dr Kalley's proceedings; that they should understand something of his character, and do justice to his motives and conduct; that they should know that he is not a turbulent, imprudent, headstrong fanatic, outraging law and order, but a calm, prudent, most devoted Christian man—wise to win souls, and eminently honoured of the Lord to bring His chosen out of darkness into the marvellous light of the truth.

STANZAS TO A FRIEND ON HER MARRIAGE.

"The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich; and he addeth no sorrow with it.—Prov. x. 22.

What can I wish thee, gentle friend,
On this eventful day,
With being's onward course to blend
Thy spirit's strength and stay?
For on this day there needs must be
Full many an earnest wish for thee.

Yet wishes are but idle things,
As all of us well know;
While prayers may put on angel-wings,
And higher, heavenward go!
Since He who condescends to care
For all, still hears and answers prayer;

But answers it as he deems best—
Not always as we ask;
For deeply be this truth impressed,
E'en blessings wear a mask!
And we are often blinded still
Unto our real good or ill!

I, therefore, would not breathe for thee
A prayer scarce understood;
But rather that thy lot may be
What God sees best of good!
Good for thee while a pilgrim here—
Good for thee in a happier sphere.

Be thine the blessing which His Word,
Replete with truths sublime,
Instructs us is to be preferred
To all the things of time!—
That blessing which true riches brings,
And addeth none of sorrow's stings!

May this, my gentle friend, be thine,
And his who shares thy lot;
Then whether skies above you shine
Or lower 'twill matter not;
For God can temper joy's bright day,
And smile grief's darkest night away.

May He remain your rich reward—
His presence ever near;
In prosperous hours your hearts to guard,
In adverse ones to cheer;
So shall you own, in grateful mood,
He can make all things work for good!

BARTON.

REV. DR MALAN OF GENEVA.

(From Chaver's "Wanderings of a Pilgrim in the Shadow of Mont Blanc.")

DR MALAN was honoured by Divine Providence to be among the foremost instruments in the spiritual awakening with which it has pleased God to bless Geneva. He was a preacher of Socinianism in the National Church in 1814, and was also one of the regents of the College. He was much admired for his eloquence, and continued to preach and to teach for some time in utter ignorance of the truth as it is in Christ crucified. At length it pleased God to visit him, and give him light. As early as 1816 the darkness was removed from his mind, and Christ the Saviour was made known to him, in so blessed a manner, with so much assurance and joy, that he felt as if the delight which filled his own soul, by the view of the grace of God in Jesus, must certainly be experienced likewise by all who heard him. But he was greatly mistaken. His views were deemed new, strange, and erroneous; he was ordered not to repeat them; then the churches were interdicted him; and at length, on preaching in the Cathedral a discourse in proof of the doctrine of justification by faith, he was finally deprived of the use of the pulpits.

This was in 1817. The severity with which he was treated, being expelled from all employments in the College and the Church, together with the boldness and firmness of his bearing, the fervour of his feelings, and the power of his discourses, drew crowds after him; men were converted by the grace of God; and in 1818 an Independent Church was formed, and a chapel built in a lovely spot, a short walk outside the city, of which he continues the pastor to this day. He has been often in England, and the friendship and prayers of warm-hearted English Christians have greatly sustained and animated him. They, in their turn, have also found in Geneva the conversation and holy example of the man, together with the exercises of divine worship in his chapel, as a fountain of home religious life in a foreign country. He and his family have become imbued with the language, the literature, and the friendships of England, without losing their Swiss republican simplicity and frankness.

All his life he has been indefatigable, and remarkably successful in the use of the press as well as the pulpit. His writings, in the shape of tracts and books, have been numerous and useful, especially in revealing the Saviour to men in the errors of Romanism. Some of his tracts are like the Dairyman's Daughter of Legh Richmond, for simple truth and beauty. They present the living realities of the Gospel in a manner most impressive and affecting to the mind, in narratives, in dialogues, in familiar parables, and illustrations. He loves to dwell upon the bright persuasive side of truth divine, and leads his flock in green pastures beside still waters; though some of his peculiar speculative views and shades of belief may sometimes not be received even by the very hearts he is so successful in winning and comforting.

His extensive missionary tours have been attended with a great blessing. Indeed, of all men I ever met with, he seems most peculiarly fitted for familiar conversational effort to win men to Christ. With a deep fountain of love in his heart, an active mind, full of vivacity and impulse, an extraordinary fertility of illustration, a strength of faith which makes upon the minds of others the most successful impression of argument and conviction, and with great sweetness and happiness in his own Christian experience, he goes about among the mountains, pouring forth the stores of thought and feeling for the guidance and the good of others, comforting the tempted soul, and pointing the distressed one to the Saviour. In his encounters with the Romanists, nothing can withstand his patience, his gentleness, his playfulness, his fulness of Christ.

The Romanists well know him, and the clergy fear him, on account of the manner in which he wins his way among them, fearlessly opposing them, appealing to the Bible, and winning them by argument and love. When I was among the Waldensian Christians of Piedmont, I asked them if it would not be exceedingly pleasant and profitable for Dr Malan to make one of his missionary visits among them? "Ah!" said they, "the Romanists know him too well to suffer that." Probably they would not let him pass the frontier; certainly they would not suffer him to preach or to teach in the name of Jesus; and if he attempted to do it, the least they would do would be to put him under the care of *gens-d'armes*, and send him back to the Canton of Geneva.

Dr Malan traces his own ancestry to the Waldenses, says he is one of them, and pleasantly remarks: "We are not of the Reformed Christians; we have always been evangelical—a true Church of Christ before the Reformation." He frequently expressed a desire to visit the Waldenses; but told me an anecdote of his personal experience of the tender mercies of Sardinia, which I have seen in Dr Heugh's excellent book on religion in Geneva. If I remember correctly, he was on a visit at Chamouny, and had given a Bible to some of the peasantry; certainly he had talked with them of the Saviour and divine truth; he would not be anywhere without doing this. He was, however, accused of distributing tracts pernicious to the Roman Catholic faith, and under this charge was arrested, put in the custody of two *gens-d'armes*, and sent to prison. It was a bold step; but, not being able to prove their accusation, they were compelled to let him go; not, however, till they had unwittingly afforded him an opportunity, of which he gladly availed himself, to preach the Gospel to the soldiers who attended and guarded him. Probably they never before listened to such truth; and Dr Heugh remarks, that "there is good reason for believing that one of these soldiers, employed to incarcerate the ambassador of Christ, was himself brought to the Saviour, and introduced into the glorious liberty of the sons of God." Very many have been the incidents of this nature in the experience of Dr Malan, and sometimes among the Romanists he has had very narrow escapes.

. . . . . .

His conversational powers are very great, in his own way; and he leads the mind of the circle around him with such perfect simplicity and ease, like that of childhood, to the sacred themes which his heart loves, that every man is pleased—no one can possibly be offended. What in him is a habit of life proceeds with so much freedom and artlessness, that a personal address from him on the subject of religion, in circumstances where from any other man it might be intolerably awkward and offensive, becomes

appropriate and pleasing. Great and precious is this power, and great is doubtless the amount of unrevealed good which Dr Malan has thus accomplished in the course of his life. The stream of his conversation through the world has been like the streams from his native mountains—running through the vales, and then being the fullest and the sweetest when all common rivers are the lowest.

. . . . . .

In the bosom of his own family he shines the man of God. Delightful is that communion. I shall never forget the sweet Sabbath evenings passed there. A charm rested upon the conversation—an atmosphere as sacred as the Sabbath-day's twilight. At ten a text of Scripture had been always written for each member of the family, as well as for the Christian friends who might be present, and was placed beneath the plate, to be read by each in his turn, eliciting some appropriate remark from the venerable pastor and father. The evening worship was performed with hymns which Dr Malan had written to melodies which he had himself composed, sung by the voices of his daughters, with the accompaniment of instrumental music. It would have been difficult anywhere to have witnessed a lovelier picture of a Christian family. In his personal conversation, in his remarks upon the Scriptures, and in the nearness and tender breathing of his intercourse with God, as he led us to the throne of grace, he made us feel as if the atmosphere of a brighter world had descended around us.

Were you to be introduced to Dr Malan, you might think at once of John Bunyan, if you chanced to have got your impression of the Dreamer, as I did, from an old picture of a countenance full of grace, with silvery locks flowing down upon the shoulders. This peculiarity marks Dr Malan's appearance most venerable and delightful. His eye is remarkably quick and piercing, his countenance expressive, and changeful with emotion—

> "Like light and shade upon a waving field,
> Coursing each other, while the flying clouds
> Now hide, and now reveal, the sun."

None who have been much with him can forget his cheerful laugh, or the sudden, animating, bright smile and playful remark, bespeaking a deep and sparkling fountain of peace and love within.

I hope you will not object to my being thus minute in my description of a personage yet living; for I do not know that there is anything out of the way in endeavouring familiarly to recall the image of an eminent beloved Christian, now in the decline of life, who, however men may choose to differ from his peculiarities, has been permitted to accomplish so much for the advancing kingdom of his Redeemer, has been the chosen instrument of good to so many souls, and is endeared in the depths of so many hearts both in this country and in England. Dr Malan's character and household seemed to me like some of the peaceful, shining vales among his native mountains, where one might sit upon the hill-side he is climbing, and gaze down upon the green grass and the running murmuring stream, and say within himself: If there were happiness undisturbed in the wide world, it might be here. But who knows? There is no place undisturbed where there is sin. A perfect character and a perfect home shall be found alone in heaven.

He who has a happy talent for parlour preaching, has sometimes done more for Christ and souls in a few minutes, than by the labours of many days in the usual course of public preaching.—*Ibid.*

THE JESUITS.

BY THE REV. THOMAS M'CRIE, EDINBURGH.

(*Concluded.*)

It has been alleged that the Jesuits, though given to whitewash the sins of others, are themselves distinguished for the purity and blamelessness of their lives. This, however, is not to the point. We are well aware that the internal policy of that body precludes the possibility of such gross misconduct on the part of its members as might bring discredit on the Society.* This wise precaution, it might be easy to show, like their pretended zeal for education, learning, and the fine arts, is necessary to the carrying out of their designs. We have to do with them, not as private individuals, but as public instructors and the official guides of conscience; and what we charge them with, is not a deliberate design to debauch the morals of mankind, but an ambitious and unprincipled rage, to raise themselves, at whatever expense, and by whatever means, to popularity, influence, and POWER. We cannot forget that our blessed Lord hath said: "Whosoever shall break one of these least commandments, *and shall teach men so*, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven." And we put it to every candid and ingenuous mind, which character is most worthy of moral indignation—the reckless breaker of the commandments, or the hoary hypocrite, seated in his confessional, and, for the purpose of aggrandizing his Order, or securing his own ghostly influence, pouring the poison of demoralizing maxims into the ear of his penitent? In illustration of our meaning, let the following extract be considered: "We have received a little book," says the "Constitutional" of May 2, 1825, "printed at Lyons, with the approbation of the Vicar-General, and circulated by the missionaries. It is entitled "Examination of the Conscience, Rule of Life, Remedies against Sin;" and is distributed among the young people, of both sexes, at school. We have looked into this book, and found, to our surprise, at the 9th page, appropriated to the sixth and ninth commandments (the seventh and tenth, according to the Protestant order), obscene expressions, impure details, a complete exposé of the most monstrous combinations of licentiousness; in short, a treatise to teach debauchery and corruption; and this at a time when the Jesuits are making such an outcry

* The Jesuits are said to have been at one time so remarkably pure in their conduct in Spain, that the King was anxious to know how they contrived to maintain the grace amidst so many temptations. They replied at first, that it was owing to a certain *herb* which they carried about with them: and being pressed to tell what this was, they at length replied that it was *the fear of God*. "Lord," says Jarrige, in telling this story, "whatever they might be then, it is plain that they have since lost the seed of that herb, for it no longer grows in their garden."—*Jesuites sur l'Eau-forte*, chap. 6.

about religion and morality. The reader may judge of its improper nature, when we say that it is so bad that we (a French newspaper!) cannot, dare not, copy it! The work has been printed at various places, and in a short time will be distributed through the whole of France, and our youth will be instructed by a book to which the cases of conscience of Dr Sanchez were pure."*

Leaving the reader to judge, from this specimen, how far modern Jesuitism has improved on its ancient type in the matter of morals, we may remark, that the policy of the Society consists not in practising its own maxims, but in prevailing on others to practise them. They have been notoriously at the bottom of most of the treasons, assassinations, and wars which have disturbed every State into which they have been admitted; but they have uniformly kept themselves in the background—they carry on their designs by proxy, and employ as their tools the desperate, the weak, or the fanatical. The assassinations of Henry III. and Henry IV. of France were clearly traced to their machinations, and ended in their expulsion from that country. The latter case may be given as an illustration. The Duke de Sully gives the following account of their first attempt on the life of Henry IV.: "On the 26th of December 1595, the king was in the chamber of the Louvre; as he was in the act of stooping to salute one of the company, he received a wound in the face from a knife, which the assassin dropped, in the hope of escaping in the crowd. I was present. Observing the king all over with blood, and fearing that the wound was in the throat, I approached him more dead than alive. He received us with mildness and composure, and we soon saw that he had received no other injury than a cut lip; for the blow had been aimed too high, and had been stopped by a tooth, which it had broken. The criminal was discovered without difficulty, although concealed in the crowd; he was a student, named Jean Chatel. He replied to the first questions which were put to him, that he had come from the *College of Jesuits*, and he *bitterly reproached those fathers*. The king, who heard him, said, with a vivacity which few could have evinced on such an occasion, that he already knew, from the mouths of many respectable persons, that the Society did not love him, but that he had just been convinced of it *from his own mouth*. Chatel was delivered up to justice; and the proceedings against the Jesuits, which had been suspended, being revived with greater vigour than ever, they terminated in the expulsion of that Order. Their father, Guignard, was hung for his criminal writings against the authority and lives of kings; Jean Gueret, Pierre Varade, and other members of the Society, were sentenced to perpetual banishment, as accomplices in this crime."

* See Gilly's Narrative of an Excursion to the Mountains of Piedmont, p. 156.

Their next attempt on this unfortunate monarch was more successful. On the 14th of May 1610, as the king was about to step out of his carriage, he was stabbed to the heart by the infamous Ravaillac, and died almost immediately. To sanctify this horrid deed, before its commission the assassin went to mass, and confessed to a priest, to whom he disclosed his intention of committing the murder. In justification of his barbarous design, he alleged the king's heresy, and his making war on the Pope, which he said, was to make war against God, "seeing that the Pope was God, and God was the Pope!" This fanatic had evidently been stimulated to the atrocious act by the casuistry of Mariana's book, which had been just then published, and by his Jesuit confessor, who had encouraged him to follow the dictates of a deluded conscience. He stated that he had seen apparitions, and had communicated the circumstance to Father D'Aubigny. That Jesuit was confronted with him, and denied at first that he had ever seen him; but Ravaillac persisting in his statement, and producing proofs of it, D'Aubigny answered the president of the court, that "God had given to some the gift of tongues, to others the gift of prophecy, and to him the gift of forgetfulness of confessions." "Besides," added he, "we are religious persons, who know nothing of what is passing in the world, and do not meddle in its affairs." "I believe, on the contrary," said the president, "that you know quite enough of the world, and that you meddle rather too much with its affairs." Ravaillac was executed; and in spite of all the intrigues of the Jesuits, the book of Mariana was shortly afterwards condemned to the flames.

Many curious illustrations might be given of the avarice and ambition of the Society, which have frequently involved them in disgraceful scrapes. With two of these, which are well authenticated by court registers, we shall conclude. The Jesuit college at Seville, called St Hermenigilde, had long carried on a lucrative traffic in every species of merchandise, when the fathers, in 1644, finding the expenses of maintaining a luxurious establishment to exceed their income, resolved on calling a meeting of their creditors, from whom they had borrowed the immense sum of four hundred and fifty thousand ducats, and proposing to pay them a composition of one-half of the debts. They had an honest procurator of the name of Villar, who in vain attempted to dissuade them from an act which, he assured them, would utterly destroy their credit; but they preferred acting on the advice of their provincial, who wrote them in favour of the plan. "The loss of our credit," said he, "gives me little concern; for, as the proverb goes, *The raven cannot be blacker than his wings*. I have sent the ratification. May the Lord have you in his holy keeping!—Pierre d'Aviles." The first thing they did was to arrest their honest procurator under

some false pretext, and take from him all the account books which lay in his chamber. They then called their meeting, and made their proposal, which was at once scouted by the whole of the creditors. Undaunted by this refusal, they procured the subscription of supposititious creditors, who were monks of the Society, under fictitious names, agreeing to the proposal; and by this means prevailed on a great many poor widows and friendless girls, who had been duped out of their property, to yield their consent. A litigation ensued, which might have ruined the rest of the creditors, had not Villar escaped from his imprisonment, and disclosed the whole affair. After this, Villar durst not trust himself again among the Jesuits, fearing that they might practise on him the lesson of Father L'Amy, who permits a monk to kill any person that publishes scandal against the Order. He relinquished the robe for the rapier, and having obtained a dispensation from his vows, joined himself to society and a wife.*

The other instance is more amusing. Before undertaking a war with France, the King of Spain solicited a contribution from the various religious communities. The commissioners appointed for this purpose applied, in the first instance, to the Jesuits, never doubting but that they who were merchants, bankers, usurers, and what not, would show their attachment to their country in this emergency, by coming down with a liberal contribution. They knew not the men with whom they had to deal. The wily fathers, on taking counsel together, replied, that if the commissioners would only apply first to the other religious societies of the kingdom, and afterwards come to them, they would give them *more than all the rest put together*. The commissioners complied, and made use of this liberal offer as an argument in all their applications to the other brotherhoods, who gave as much as they could. The officials then returned to the Jesuits, and reminding them of their promise, the fathers replied, that they would give them *three advices*, by following which his Catholic Majesty would realize more than twelve millions. The eyes of Count Olivares, the prime minister, opened wide at this announcement, and his astonishment was not lessened when he heard the three wonderful advices. The first was, that the king should give them (the Jesuits) *all the chairs of the universities* of his kingdom, and, as they would ask no salaries, the king might dispose of the revenues, which would amount to a round sum of some eight millions. The second was, that the king should use his influence with the Pope to *abridge the Breviary* to one-third of its present size, and sell the new edition for ten ducats a copy, which no priest would refuse to pay out of gratitude for curtailing his services. And the third was, that as they were not permitted by the rules of their Society to take money for saying mass, the king should appropriate the money paid for this purpose to other communities, and they would undertake to *say all the masses* gratis themselves! It is consoling to think that none of these arrogant demands were conceded; but not a single maravedi, beyond the three advices, did the king obtain from the Jesuits.*

* La Morale Pratique des Jesuites, p. 200.

Such, then, is a brief account of that clique of worldly politicians, that band of consecrated conspirators, calling themselves religious, and ranged under the desecrated name of the Society of Jesus. It is well that such a Society has been expelled from the British dominions, and that even by the provisions of the Emancipation Act of 1829, no Jesuit dare *openly* show his face among us. But it is well known that they are secretly at work, and that, in fact, the whole machinery of Popery in Great Britain is at this moment managed under their superintendence. And it deserves to be borne in mind, that the Order of the Jesuits, though suppressed and abolished by Pope Clement XIV. in 1775, in compliance with the entreaties of Roman Catholic sovereigns, who deemed it incompatible with the existence of civil society, was revived in 1814 by Pope Pius VII., in a bull in which he abrogates the brief of Clement, and in which he declares: "We should deem ourselves guilty of *a great crime towards God*, if, amidst these dangers of the Christian republic, we neglected the aids which the special providence of God has put at our disposal; and, if placed in the bark of St Peter, tossed and assailed with continual storms, we refused to employ *the vigorous and experienced rowers* who volunteer their services in order to break the waves of a sea which threatens every moment shipwreck and death." From this unholy league—this monstrous combination of superstition, chicanery, and licentiousness, against the peace, purity, and liberty of our beloved land—how are we to obtain salvation? Little do we hope from the principle of our rulers, or the wisdom of our legislators; our main hope, under God, must be the love of the truth which abides in the hearts of the children of God, and which must, when put to the test, lead them to love and link with one another. To the ANTICHRISTIAN we must oppose, if we expect to succeed, the CHRISTIAN UNION.

* La Morale Pratique des Jesuites, p. 218.

ADVICE TO THE DISCONTENTED.

THERE'S discontent from sceptre to the swain,
And from the peasant to the king again.
Then whatsoever in thy will afflicts thee,
Or in thy pleasure seems to contradict thee,
Give it a welcome, as a wholesome friend
That would instruct thee to a better end.
Since no condition from defect is free,
Think not to find what here can never be.

NICHOLES.

"TAKE HEED HOW YOU HEAR."

THE Lord Jesus demands a practical improvement of his word: "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." "I have delivered many things in your presence, and you have done well in hearing them. But my preaching is not to be viewed as an entertainment. My doctrine is not designed to amuse the mind, to gratify curiosity, to furnish a number of lifeless speculations. Hearing is only instrumental to something else; there is a duty of greater importance still remaining."

What is it, my brethren? What would our Saviour say, in explanation of his command? What has he said in other parts of his Word? "Mix faith with it—let not the sense leave the mind as soon as the sound leaves the ear—remember it—enliven it by meditation—reduce it into feelings and actions—fear these denunciations—embrace these promises—obey these commands—walk according to this rule."

It is a lamentable reflection, that all the concern many of our hearers have with sermons consists in hearing them. They do not consider hearing as the means of becoming religious—it is their religion. They conclude that their duty is over when the discourse is ended; whereas it is then only begun. Instead of carrying off portions of divine wisdom, to illuminate their lives, they leave behind them all the instructions they have received. They do not take the Word of God along with them, to guide them in their ordinary walk—to arm them against temptation—to furnish them with the cautions of prudence—to stimulate them to universal conscientiousness. Their tempers are unsubdued, unsoftened, unsanctified—their conversation produces none of "the fruit of the Spirit; which is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." But the Word of God is practical; every truth is announced to accomplish some purpose. If it reveals a refuge, it is that you may enter in and be safe. If it proclaims a remedy, it is that you may use it. It is not your hearing of it, but your applying it, that will save you from death. You say of a preacher, he ought to *do* as well as to *preach;* and we say of a hearer, he ought to *do* as well as to *hear*. You say, and you say truly, that mere preaching will not save us; and we say, with equal truth, mere hearing will not save you. Never will you attend the dispensation of the Word aright, till you make the end which God has in view in speaking your end in hearing. And can you imagine that the design of the blessed God in favouring you with his "glorious Gospel" from Sabbath to Sabbath is answered if, while you regularly enter his courts, you always return the same? if, after all the sermons you have applauded for twenty or forty years, you are found as malignant, as covetous, as full of the world as before? or if your profiting appears only in some dead notions, very well laid out in your minds—in a capacity to weigh preachers in the nicest scales of orthodoxy, or in the useful employment of splitting hairs, and tying and untying knots? What! does the "Gospel of your salvation" intend nothing more than to make you visionaries or triflers? Is this teaching you that, "denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, you should live soberly, righteously, and godly in the present world?"

To persons concerned for the honour of the Gospel and the salvation of mankind, the Christian world presents an affecting prospect. Never was the Word of God more plentifully preached—never did so many "receive the grace of God in vain." Never was there more seed sown—never did so much fall "by the way side, on stony places, and among thorns." How little does even the good ground yield! Where is the preacher the close of whose Sabbaths is not imbittered by the review of unprofitableness? You invite us to your tables—you crowd us in our temples; but you compel us to retire from both complaining: "Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" We condemn your practice; you thank us for our good sermons, and proceed. Your approbation does not hinder your sinning, nor your sinning your approbation. Where are the evidences of our success? Are they to be heard in the inquiry: "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" Are they to be seen in your deadness to the world—in your self-denial—in your taking up the cross—in your heavenly-mindedness—in serving your generation according to the will of God—in being examples to others?

How shall I impress you with the importance of this? or by what motives can I enforce upon you this practical attention to the Gospel you hear?

Shall I urge the danger of delusion, and say, with the Apostle James: "Be ye doers of the Word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves?" Shall I remind you of "a foolish builder," who reared "his house upon the sand; and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house, and it fell; and great was the fall of it?" Such, according to our Saviour, will be the fatal disappointment of all those who entertain a hope of safety separate from holiness—who have been lulled to sleep by an unsanctified attendance on ordinances—who hear "these sayings of his, and do them not."

Shall I remind you of the precarious tenure of your privileges, and say, with our Saviour: "Yet a little while is the light with you; walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you?" There are no calls of mercy beyond the grave; and "what is your life? it is even a vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." The Jews had distinguished privileges; but "the kingdom of God was taken from them, and given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof." Where now are the Churches of Asia? Your candlestick may be removed. You may be rendered incapable of hearing. The efficacy may be withholden from the means. Surely if anything can provoke the Supreme Being to take away ordinances, or to make them useless, it must be your awful abuse of them.

Shall I mention the happiness of those who receive the Gospel, "not in word only?" "And it came to pass, as he spake these things, a certain woman of the company lifted up her voice, and said unto him, Blessed is the womb that bare thee, and the paps which thou hast sucked. But he said, Yea, rather, blessed are they that hear the word of God, and keep it." "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." "Whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work, this man shall be blessed in his deed."

Need I inform you that these means, when unimproved, will be found injurious—that the word of God is one of those things which, if unprofitable, becomes pernicious. If it does not soften, it will harden—if it does not justify, it will condemn?

For remember the awful account which you will be required to give of all your hearing, when called to appear before the bar of God. Then those sermons, which you now so easily forget, will be perfectly revived in your recollection. The Bible from which you have been so often addressed will be called forth, and you will be judged out of this book. In this judgment will rise up against you, to condemn you, the queen of the south; "for she came from the uttermost parts to hear the wisdom of Solomon; and, behold, a greater than Solomon is here!" In this judgment will rise up against you, to condemn you,

"the men of Nineveh; for they repented at the preaching of Jonah; and, behold, a greater than Jonah is here!" In this judgment will rise up against you, to condemn you, all your fellow-worshippers, who, having the same nature and passions with yourselves, and never having heard truths more powerful than those which you have heard, "turned at his reproof—sought the Lord while he was to be found, and called upon him while he was near." In this judgment will rise up against you, to condemn you, those ministers who would gladly have saved not only themselves, but you who heard them: while "the Saviour shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ." And can you say his language will be unreasonable: "Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; but ye have set at nought all my counsel, and would none of my reproof: I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh; when your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind; when distress and anguish cometh upon you?" If you have never heard to purpose before, begin to-day. "To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." If you are not lost to all sense of your own welfare—if you are not resolved to sacrifice eternal life—if you have not "made a covenant with death, and with hell are not at an agreement; see that you refuse not him that speaketh." It is the voice of friendship—it is the voice of conscience—it is the voice of reason—it is the voice of Scripture—it is "the voice of the archangel and the trump of God:" "If any man have ears to hear, let him hear."
—*Ed.*

CORRIE.

BY THE REV. D. LANDSBOROUGH, STEVENSTON.

WE were now advancing towards Corrie. Had our time permitted, gladly would we have lingered about a place for certain reasons very much endeared to me, and which I cannot visit without mingled feelings—those of a mournful kind, however, having the predominance. There, in earlier life, I for a time sojourned with a beloved invalid, brought thither in a state of the greatest weakness, but who, by God's kind blessing on the change of air and scene, returned convalescent, ere many weeks had elapsed, to her Lowland home, of which for years she continued to be, of all created things, the chief light, and joy, and charm. But how evanescent are our earthly joys! How soon the clouds return after the rain! The place that knew her knows her no more. The grave has opened and closed. But has not heaven opened also to receive what cannot die? And is not the grave a quiet resting-place to the bodies of the ransomed, till, at the voice of Christ, they come forth, no longer frail and mortal, but fashioned like unto Christ's glorious body, to be the everlasting residence of glorified immortal spirits? In revisiting scenes which had been gladdened by the presence of those most dear to us, but who now have no part in all that is done under the sun, we surely should be reminded that we are fast journeying to the house appointed for all living; and surely we should be incited to follow Jesus, that we may be guided by him to his kingdom of glory, there to meet with those with whom we delighted to take sweet counsel on earth, and to share with them in happiness which is inconceivably exquisite and permanent as the Source from which it flows.

Friend after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.
. . . .
There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown—
A long eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone:
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere!

MONTGOMERY.

The whole coast about Corrie is full of geological interest. In several of the little streams that come down from the mountains, the junction of schist and granite may be seen. In the bed of a stream north of Maoldón, the junction of slate and granite is very evident. One of the most interesting junctions in the whole island is in the bed of the White Water, which falls into the sea south of Corrie. This stream, no doubt, gets its name from the snowy line of foam which it exhibits after a rainy day, as it dashes down the precipitous mountain side. At the foot of a fine cascade in this stream, if you are not much afraid of being drenched by the spray, you may examine this curious geological phenomenon. The sandstone and granite make so near an approach, that a person is apt at first to think that they are conjoined; but a closer examination shows that a thin strip of slate intervenes betwixt the sandstone and granite. Here we have the close junction of two rocks formed by different agents—the slate by water, and the granite by fire; and it is by the operation of fire that both have been fused so as to be conjoined when in a state of liquidity.

When speaking of Corrie, we must not fail to mention the rich quarry of mountain limestone found there, about twenty feet in thickness, including the alternating beds of red shale. It is wrought in the direction of the dip, and is used in the island, and exported for architectural and agricultural purposes. Carts go along the cavernous passage, to remove the limestone as it is quarried. It is now wrought far into the bowels of the mountain, but I have forgotten how far, though I went to the termination of this subterranean passage. This limestone abounds in fossils, the chief of which are *Productus Scoticus*, *Productus giganteus*, *Spirifer striatus*, *Cardium obliquum*, *encrinites*, &c. Several trap dykes penetrate the limestone, and where they come in contact with it, produce considerable induration.

We formerly mentioned water-worn caves in the ancient sea-cliffs, as affording proof that at a comparatively recent period, the beach here had been raised. Near the gate of Cromla House at Corrie, there are two granite boulders, which are regarded as affording additional proof of recent elevation. Mr Ramsay, in his excellent "Guide," says: "These stones, which are now considerably above the tidal level, rest not on their broad and most solid part, but on their *apices*, as if, while they were within high-water

mark, the action of the advancing and retiring waves had washed away the lower part of the rock, and left them, when the coast was upheaved to its present height, in the position they now occupy."

Our morning hours were going past apace. Gladly would we have gone on to have a view of Glen Sannox, which may well dispute the palm with Glen Rosa, though the latter is exceedingly magnificent near the head, at a place which, independent of the grandeur of the scenery, should be visited by geologists, on account of a junction there to be seen in the channel of the *burn*. The best view of Glen Sannox is got from an elevated position, such as the deck of a steamer. But he who has thus had a view of it from *without*, will probably not rest satisfied till he has also had a view of it from *within;* and as he moves through this rugged scene of desolate grandeur, in which there is scarcely the appearance of anything that lives, he may be startled from his reverie by the bold, hoarse note of the heath-cock as he springs from the heather at his feet, or by the loud scream of the eagle as he rises from his cyry in Kiervore, or by the more astounding apparition of a noble red deer starting from his lair amidst the deep heath, and bounding away in antlered majesty. I have known this happen in Glen Sannox. A friend of mine told me that he on one occasion saw thirteen of these stately animals ambling in Indian file along one of the lofty ridges not far from this place. I considered it as no small treat to see even one of these nearly exterminated denizens of these romantic wilds, as he scudded along the sloping side of Glen Iorsa, till, having got beyond bow-shot or the reach of a bullet, he turned and looked down on me with an air of scornful defiance.

Neither would our limited time allow us to go on to the *Fallen Rocks*, a wonderful scene, where an immense projecting cliff of old red sandstone had at some remote period given way, and as it tumbled down the mountain side towards the sea, left along the whole of the declivity great masses of the conglomerate, huddled together in rugged grandeur. Nor could we even venture to approach the *Blue Rock*, willing as we would have been to try the powers of its celebrated echo, which, according to the account of a facetious lady, when spoken to in English responds in native Gaelic. Turn then we must, and scarcely had we turned, till we came up to an old man, seated on one of the boulders on the shore, whom we recognised as the person we had seen a little before in the cottage where the milk refreshment was obtained. When I entered the house, I had observed him at an early breakfast, and thinking that he was one of the household, I attempted to hold conversation with him; but his answers to what I said were very brief. On coming out, the person who inhabited the house told us that he was a poor man who had seen better days; and before leaving them he was receiving this early repast. He had lodged, I think, with them during the night. Knowing this, I again accosted him as he was resting himself on the stone; and having given him a trifle, I found that he was more communicative. Unfortunately, we cannot often give credit to what is told of their own history by the wandering poor. They are tempted to paint imaginary scenes of calamity to excite our sympathy; and knowing this, the more woful their story, the less we are disposed to believe it. I doubt not that at times we do them injustice; for the cup which they are drinking is often a bitter one, and not always mingled by their own hands. A few days ago a portion of family history was told me by a person of undoubted credit, who knew the truth of the particulars, which, if mentioned by a stranger applying for aid, would probably have been regarded as fictitious. The death of a female of good character, a few days previous, being mentioned to me, it was added, there was something peculiar in her history. She was the mother of fifteen children, only one of whom survived her. Thirteen of them died in infancy; and it might be said that the day of their death was better than the day of their birth, for there was some malformation about the head, which rendered them what is called *objects*. One lovely girl, free from any such defect, lived till she was about seventeen years of age; and what must have been the grief of her affectionate parents when, at this interesting age, they saw her drooping and pining away, and by rapid consumption brought down to the grave! One healthy daughter, however, still remained—their comfort, we doubt not, for a time. But did she continue to be their comforter? She was married, and it is believed well married; but it had been reported that she had contracted habits of inebriety. The father had gone, it was thought, to visit and counsel her; the mother in his absence was seized with shivering. At first no danger was apprehended; but as her state became more alarming her husband was sent for, and ere he returned, his beloved wife was no more! The old man's history, with whom I then conversed, was mournful, but less uncommon, and I was disposed to think that it was a true one. He told us that he was from the neighbourhood of Inverary—that he had been a shipmaster—that he had had a large family—that one of his sons had been a writer, and another a student of divinity under Dr M'Gill in Glasgow; but that all his family were dead. That the student had died after a lingering illness of many years; that, to crown his calamities, his vessel had been wrecked; and that having lost his all, and being advanced in life, he was dependent on charity, and was now on his way to Brodick and Lamlash, in the hope of obtaining some aid from seafaring men who had known him in former years. I did not learn whether he had become acquainted with Him who is as a hiding-place from the wind and a covert from the tempest. Happy they who have cast their anchor within the veil, and have fled for refuge to the hope set before them in the Gospel. I have still much to report of the day's walk, but I must reserve it for another communication.

THE POOR MAY DO GOOD.

You are not, though poor, shut out from *doing* good, any more than you are from *being* good. O! if you had a heart to be useful, you might find abundant opportunities to employ your energies. Many instances might be adduced, if it were necessary, of persons in the humblest walk of life doing great good; and that not only by all kinds of ingenious

devices, but in the way of direct effort. Take the two following as specimens: There was a member of the Church under my care, who lived in an alms-house, and was so distorted by rheumatism as to be quite a cripple, and unable to walk or stand; and withal, her fingers, through the power of her disease, were twisted into all kinds of shapes. On entering her apartment one day I found her with some religious tracts. Well, Mrs H——, said I, what are you doing? "O! sir," she replied, "I am sorting my tracts." What for? "To send out to my neighbours." The fact was, that she had received these tracts from richer friends from time to time, and then employed some one to carry them round the spacious court of alms-houses in which she lived, and other dwellings in the neighbourhood, and her work was to keep up a regular supply and exchange. Thus poor old Ellen in the alms-house could find some way to be useful. To give one more instance: I was visiting a brother minister a few years ago with a view to assist him at a missionary meeting which was to be held in his chapel. While I was in his house he called me into the kitchen, for what purpose I did not know till the scene explained itself. There, stood an aged woman about eighty years old talking with the minister, and looking with a smiling countenance, and with sparkling eyes, as far as such aged orbs could sparkle, upon some silver which my friend at that moment held in the palm of his hand. It might have been supposed she was going to receive this money to multiply her comforts; for all her income was half-a-crown a week from the parish, and what the kindness of her friends might occasionally bestow, out of which she paid eighteenpence for lodgings; but no, she came to give, not to receive. That money, amounting to more than ten shillings, she had earned by knitting various articles and selling them, and she was then in the kitchen, where I saw her, to place it in the hand of her minister for the Missionary Society. So you see the poor can do something for God's cause, if they have "a mind to work." But they may be debarred in the way of direct effort for the conversion of souls. Can they not warn a profane sinner? or explain the way of salvation to those that are ignorant and out of the way? or distribute tracts, and talk about their contents? or invite the neglecters of public worship to the house of God? Let the poor understand, value, and enjoy their privilege.—*Memorials of Elizabeth Ladas, by J. A. James.*

WESTERN RILLS.

The Rev. Dr Beecher said, on a public occasion, that he had had a dream, which, like other dreams, did not wholly explain itself, and in which some of the natural objects had the power of speech. He was travelling near the sources of the Monongahela, and in passing over a rough country, at every short distance met little streams which he could step over; but all of them were going the same way. At last he asked one where it was going. "Why," replied the little rill, "I am going to New Orleans. I heard the people there want a great canal a thousand miles long and fifteen hundred feet wide, and I am going to help to make it." And pray, what can you do? "I don't know what I can do, but I shall be there." And so saying, it hurried on. "He came to another, and asked the same question, and received the same answer. All were hurrying on to make the grand canal, on which the steam-ships of the West, with their heavy burdens, were to be transported. On the heads of the Alleghany, the Scioto, and the Mississippi, he found thousands more of fitful streams, hurried on by the same impulse, and which, while he yet spoke to them, hurried out of sight. None knew what it could do, but all were determined to do something. He passed on to the mighty Mississippi, and there he found the canal was made! The noble steam-ships rode proudly on its surface, and as its waters diminished, they were again replenished to the brim by every mountain-spring and every stream. Thus do the little rills make the stream, the stream the river, till the united waters of the whole pour on their way rejoicing to the glorious ocean.

So is man to the mass, and mass to the grand tide of human affairs. Each little mortal, weak and weary though he be, can do something in making up the mighty stream of human events as it rolls to the ocean of eternity.

BURNING.

It is remarkable that death by burning has always been considered as consecrated, if I may so speak, to the crime of a religious faith. It is the baptism of fire with which the Court of Rome pre-eminently has chosen to finish and perfect the etherealization of those noble spirits who, in the midst of torture and death, opposed her errors and her despotism. It is the only sacrament that Romish bigotry and superstition have ever granted to heretics—the sacrament with which a multitude of souls, of the best mould ever shaped, have been dismissed in a chariot of fire to immortality.—*Cheever.*

Miscellaneous.

Recreation is intended to the mind as whetting is to the [illegible] to sharpen the edge of it—which [illegible] otherwise would grow dull and blunt. He, therefore, that spends his whole time in recreation, is ever whetting, never mowing—his grass may grow, and his steed starve: as contrarily, he that always toils and never recreates, is ever mowing, never whetting—labouring much to little purpose. As good no scythe as no edge. Then only doth the work go forward, when the scythe is so seasonably and moderately whetted that it may cut, and so cut that it may have the help of sharpening.—*Bp. H.*

In this world we are children standing on the bank of a mighty river. Casting our eyes upward and downward, along the channel, we discern various windings of its current; and perceive that it is now visible, now obscure, and now entirely hidden from our view. But being far removed from the fountain whence it springs, and from the ocean into which it is emptied, we are unable to form any conceptions of the beauty, usefulness, or grandeur of its progress. Lost in perplexity and ignorance, we gaze, wonder, and despond. In this situation, a messenger comes to our relief, with authentic information of its nature, its course, and its end; conducts us backward to the fountain, and leads us forward to the ocean. This river is the earthly system of providence, the Bible is the celestial messenger, and heaven is the ocean in which all preceding dispensations find their end.—*Dwight.*

Sabbath is not a day to feast our bodies, but to feed our souls.

Christ and the Scriptures.—The Scriptures are the circumference of faith, the round of which it walks, and every point of which compass it toucheth, yet the centre of it is Christ. *That* is the polar star on which it resteth.—*Henry.*

A cripple in the way out-travels a footman or a post out of the way.

Daily Bread.

FRIDAY.

"To die is gain."—PHIL. i. 21.

Happy who in Jesus live:
But happier still are they
Who to God their spirits give,
And 'scape from earth away.

If communion with God and grace here afford us such a satisfaction, as surpasseth all the delights of the sons of men, what will the fulness of joy be in God's presence, and those pleasure for evermore? If the shadows of good things to come be so refreshing, what will the substance be, and the good things themselves? If God's tabernacles be so amiable, what will his temple be? If a day at his courts, an hour at his table, be so pleasant, what, then, will an eternity within the veil be? If I find myself so enriched with the earnest of the purchased possession, what, then, will the possession itself be? If the joy of my Lord, as I am here capable of receiving it, and as it is mixed with so much alloy in this imperfect state, be so comfortable, what will it be when I shall enter into that joy, and bathe myself eternally in the spring-head of those rivers of pleasure?—*Henry.*

SATURDAY.

"I was wounded in the house of my friends."—ZECH. xiii. 6.

Watch'd by the world's malignant eye,
As servants of the Lord Most High,
We ought in all his paths to move—
With holy fear and humble love.

We must be very cautious, that we never say or do anything to the reproach of the Gospel and Christ's holy religion, or which may give any occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme. If those that profess to be devout towards God, be unjust and dishonest towards men, this casts reproach upon devotion, as if that would consist with and countenance immorality. If those who call themselves Christians walk as other Gentiles walk, and do Satan's drudgery in Christ's livery, Christianity suffers by it, and Religion is wounded in the house of her friends. Injuries are done which cannot be repaired; and those will have a great deal to answer for another day, for whose sakes the name of God and his doctrine are thus evil spoken of.—*Ibid.*

SABBATH.

"And the Lord turned and looked upon Peter."—LUKE xxii. 61.

Jesu, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep!
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain, like Peter, weep:

O for such a look as would bring me presently down, like Zaccheus, from the sycamore of my self-conceit and self-righteousness, and from my best beloved sins and idols, and cause me to receive Christ joyfully into my heart, and go with cheerfulness to his house, and receive the seal of his covenant, saying: "My Lord and my God!"—*Willison.*

MONDAY.

"In the Lord have I righteousness and strength."—ISA. xlv. 24.

Omnipotent Lord,
My Saviour and King,
Thy succour afford,
Thy righteousness bring.

The Christian's strength lies in the Lord, not in himself. The strength of the general in other hosts lies in his troops; he flies, as a great commander once said to his soldiers, upon their wings; if their feathers be clipped, their power broken, he is lost. But in the army of saints, the strength of every saint, yea, of the whole host of saints, lies in the Lord of hosts. God can overcome his enemies without their hands, but they cannot so much as defend themselves without his arm.—*Gurnall.*

TUESDAY.

"They drank of that spiritual rock that followed them, and that rock was Christ."—1 COR. x. 4.

This land to which His pilgrims go,
Is desolate and dry:
But streams of grace from Him o'erflow,
Their thirst to satisfy.

They had not only a draught at present, but it ran in a stream after them; so that you hear no more of their complaints for water: this rock was Christ. Every believer hath Christ at his back, following him with strength as he goes, for every condition and trial. One flower with the root is worth many in a posy, which, though sweet, yet do not grow, but wither as we wear them in our bosoms. God's strength, as the root, keeps our grace lively, without which, though as orient as Adam's was, it would die. —*Ibid.*

WEDNESDAY.

"Why dost thou glory, as if thou hadst not received it?"—1 COR. iv. 7.

Teach me, blessed Lord, to walk
Softly while I live below,
Ever feeling from whose hand
My blessings, small and great, do flow.

Remember, Christian, when thou hast thy best suit on, who made it, who paid for it: thy grace, thy comfort, is neither the work of thy own hands, nor the price of thy own desert; be not, for shame, proud of another's cost. That assistance will not long stay which becomes a nurse to thy pride. Thou art not lord of that assistance thou hast. Thy Father is wise, who, when he alloweth thee most for thy spiritual maintenance, even then keeps the law in his own hands, and can soon curb thee if thou growest wanton with his grace. Walk humbly, therefore, before thy God, and husband well that strength thou hast, remembering that it is borrowed strength. Who will waste what he begs? or who will give that beggar that spends idly his alms? When thou hast most, thou canst not be long from thy God's door. And how canst thou look him in the face for more, who hast embezzled what thou hast received?—*Ibid.*

THURSDAY.

"My Lord and my God."—JOHN xx. 28.

Let earth no more my heart divide;
With Christ may I be crucified—
To thee with my whole soul aspire;
Dead to the world and all its toys,
Its idle pomp, and fading joys,
Be thou alone my one desire!

Christ I must have to teach me, to justify and sanctify me—none else can do; on him all my help is laid. How shall I go to a communion table without him? How will I go to death without him? How will I go to a judgment-seat without him? Lord, my case is desperate without thee, wherefore I accept of thy offer, I believe thy love, I trust in thy merits, I apply thy blood, I appropriate thy purchase. And though clouds arise, and thou shalt threaten even to slay me, yet I will trust in thee, as one that "loved me, and gave himself for me."—*Willison.*

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DISHONESTY IN RELIGIOUS MATTERS.

BY THE REV. D. T. K. DRUMMOND, EDINBURGH.

THERE are many remarkable features in the religion of the present day which engage the attention of thoughtful men. On the one side, there is the earnest search after truth; and on the other, the headlong rushing into error. We behold a relapse into the mere formalism of past ages, accompanied by a wondrous advance towards the region of pure and spiritual light. The eye rests simultaneously upon the revival of mediœval bigotry, darkness, and superstition, and the fresh, vigorous, and rapid growth of a faith and practice which bears no uncertain resemblance to primitive and apostolic Christianity. The elements of division are increasing, and yet the desire and effort to obtain union are on the increase too. Never, perhaps, has there been a period in the history of the Church when worldliness and selfishness abounded so much—never, perhaps, one in which nobler and more self-denying efforts have been made for the cause of truth and the glory of God.

Amid all these various and conflicting characteristics, there is one grand deficiency—a deficiency which mars the face of Christian society, which paralyzes Christian exertion, which lowers the tone of Christian character, and opens a wide door to numberless evils. It is not necessary to affirm that this deficiency is in a special degree to be observed with reference to the religion of our own day, though it would not be very difficult to prove this; it is sufficient for the present to remark, that the peculiar circumstances of the present times tend to exhibit the evils of this deficiency most prominently and painfully.

The injunction of an inspired apostle will point to a requirement which at once marks the feature in our Christianity wherein we are deficient: "Let us walk *honestly*, as in the day." In our obedience to this precept, when weighed in the balance of the sanctuary, we are found wanting. There is a fearful lack of honest, honourable, worthy bearing in modern Christianity. This is an evil which presents itself before us in a variety of forms. It is as widely prevalent as it is deep-seated, and as withering to true godliness in its effects as it is subtle in its operation. It is a gangrene on the wide surface of the visible Church—it is base metal which alloys the pure gold of the sanctuary of Christ—it is the fruitful parent of unsteady principle and corrupt practice—it chokes up and perverts the fountains of truth, and puts a lie in the right hand of the people.

Let us take a rapid sketch of this evil, from two or three points of view, narrowing the field of observation as we proceed. First let us notice it in reference to the whole body of the professing Church of Christ. It is an appalling statement to make, and yet it is true—it is indeed most appalling because most true—that if the great majority of professing Christians were *honest* men, they would be avowed Infidels. They profess to follow Christ—they profess to love him—they profess to serve him—they retain this profession by retaining their name as Christians—they confirm this profession by either habitually or occasionally attending the public services of religion. This profession includes every variety of their condition. By it they profess to be guided as subjects, as citizens, as neighbours, as friends—by it they profess to be controlled in the senate and in the family, in the discharge of public duty in all its branches and dependencies, as well as in the private intercourse and relative obligations of daily life. The substance of this profession is, that they are Christ's; and this implies that they are "*bound* to glorify him in their bodies and in their spirits, which are his." There is no meaning in a profession of Christianity apart from this substance and this obligation.

What, then, is the case? Do the large proportion of nominal Christians mean what they say, and say what they mean? or do they say one thing and mean another? A man joins a congregation. Every outward act proclaims him as identified with the servants of Christ. He opens his Bible with them—he prays with them—he sings praises with them—he listens to the Word of exhortation with them; and yet, after all, is he a Christian? Does he believe in the threatenings or the promises of the Word of God? Has he really chosen Christ as his Master, in preference to the world? Has he taken up his cross to deny himself and to follow Christ? Does he now live for eternity, and not for time? Does he know the force and feel the truth of these simple lines, as he makes them his own:—

> "Master, I would no longer be
> Loved by a world that hated thee?"

Nothing of the kind. With all the dress of religion, he has none of the living thing. *He* give up the world to follow Christ! Why, if you were to ask him of his hopes of heaven or his fears of hell—if you were to tell him of the love of Jesus and the free grace of God—if you were to address him as one who must be

acquainted with the length and the breadth, the height and the depth, of the love of Christ—he would either stare in ignorant astonishment, or think you a madman and a fool, or point his answer with a jest, and laugh the *saint* to scorn. And what is this? Gross dishonesty. It is a lack of all moral decency—a want of principle, which, when it is evidenced by man in his dealing with his fellow-man, is not tolerated for a moment, and is justly branded with disgrace and infamy. But man perpetrates it in the open day against God, and whatever may be the judgment hereafter, escapes without a blemish here.

But it is said, that men do not consider so much to be attached to a mere profession. Assuredly they do not, and herein exists their dishonesty. They use their religion as far as they think it needful, and then discard it. They profess with a mental reservation. Is this honourable?

Now mark a striking proof of this dishonesty. Let one out of the many become seriously alive to the solemn obligations under which he lies, as a professed servant of Christ. Let him truly repent of his sins—truly turn to God—truly love Christ—truly serve God—truly walk in the Spirit—truly give up the world and deny the flesh—truly carry out in public and private all the principles of the Gospel of Christ; and what is the consequence? He is assailed on all sides as a fanatic—a fool—a knave. He is *honest*, and dishonest professors will tolerate anything but this. He is *true* to his God, and this is too grave a reflection upon themselves for those to pardon who trade in *vain* oblations, who speak lies in hypocrisy, and of whom the evangelical prophet has long ago emphatically declared, that even when they "make many prayers," their "hands are full of blood."

What was the sin of Ananias and Sapphira? It was not simply the fact that they kept back a sum of money. This they might have done, had they pleased, and committed no sin. Their guilt lay in this, that they *professed* to give all, while they kept back part of the price. Herein lay their *dishonesty*. "Whiles it remained," said the apostle to Ananias, "was it not thine own? And after it was sold, was it not in thine own power?" You might have given it or kept it, as you pleased; but "why hast thou conceived *this thing* in thine heart? Thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God." Oh! what a dishonest keeping back of what we profess to owe to God is there in the visible Church. How loud must be the cry for vengeance against a sinful and adulterous generation for the constant "lying unto God" of professing Christians! What forbearance on the part of God must there ever be, when the sin of Ananias is not always followed by an equally swift and awful judgment!

But we must be struck by the manifestation of dishonesty in religious matters from another point of view. The Church is at present torn with disputes and contentions. It must needs be that these arise. Woe, indeed, unto those by whom they come! but existing as they do in the Church, and seemingly on the increase, it is painful to witness so much *dishonesty* mingled with them. Thus we find it openly and unblushingly avowed by some, that they must act upon the principle of "reserve," both in the vindication of their opinions from assault and in the urging of their opinions upon others. And what is this reserve? It is but a gentle epithet for *dishonesty*. Anything *short* of the truth is not *the truth*. Anything *beyond* the truth is not *the truth*. And whether the reserve be exercised on the side of excess or defect, it is equally dishonest in the sight of God, and utterly without excuse.

But even when this principle is not avowed, is it not too often in secret operation? When Christians are engaged in contending even for a good cause, do they not often set themselves to conceal or to palliate something of which they cannot approve, but which they fear may prove a weakness to them? And what is this but dishonesty? It is but an illustration of the old saying: "Doing evil that good may come;" while it manifests an unchastened dependence upon mere instruments and agencies, rather than upon the power, the wisdom, and the love of God, in prospering his own glorious cause of truth and righteousness. Such was not Paul's conduct at Antioch, when he withstood Peter to the face, because he was to be blamed, though he was one of his fellow-apostles. Such is not the way of inspired historians in the Sacred Scriptures. They give the weakness as well as the strength, the fallings as well as the risings, the sins as well as the penitence, the waywardness as well as the stedfastness of their party; and thus they are strong in the *honesty* of the truth. They rest their cause not on the "wisdom of man, but on the power of God:" and "walking *honestly*, as in the day," as "the children of light," they are mighty in reproving "the unfruitful works of darkness;" and impregnable on the everlasting rock of "*truth*, meekness, and righteousness."

But further: it is painful to reflect how even individual Christians, in their daily intercourse with those around them, are in reality open to the charge of dishonesty in religious matters. The world respects honesty in everything but religion; but here it is not to be borne. That any one should strictly and conscientiously carry out the principles of truth by which he professes to be guided, is not to be endured. He is righteous over much—he is a hypocrite—"he hath a devil, and is mad." And how do the people of God generally meet such unjust, untrue, and dishonest estimates of their character and conduct? Is it not too often the case that, under the plausible disguise of fearing to give needless offence, we shrink from the honest avowal or manifestation of our principles—perhaps chime in, after a manner, with sentiments

of which we cannot approve, or else secure for a time the wretched quicksand of neutrality, by the dishonest compromise of a guarded silence?

The extent of evil resulting from this lack of honesty among the children of God is not to told. It is most pernicious in its effects among Christians themselves. It tends to lower the high tone of Christian character—it leads to the soothing instead of the quickening of conscience—it produces a dimness in the moral and spiritual discernment of those things which are "*honest*, just, pure, lovely, and of good report;" while on the vast mass of nominal Christians around it acts with fatal power. It furnishes them with an excuse for their dishonesty, which they use with frightful alacrity. Indeed, it does not need much knowledge of the springs of human action to affirm, that the evil influence upon worldly minds of the halting, compromising, dishonest testimony of a child of God, is far more deadly and noxious than that of unblushing and avowed ungodliness.

There is, then, a loud call for giving heed to the apostle's words: "Let us walk *honestly*, as in the day." It is specially needful for Christians themselves, in order that they may be "sincere and without offence unto the day of Christ." It is needful for the members of the true Church of Christ at large—for nothing will tend so much to union and healing of strife, as honest admission of what is wrong, and honest adherence to what is right. And it is needful for those who, though called Israel, are not Israel; so that, "having our conversation *honest* among the Gentiles, whereas they speak against us as evil-doers, they may, by our good works which they shall behold, glorify God in the day of visitation."

The believer's pattern for this, as for every other perfection of Christian character, is his divine Master. The means by which, through the help of the Divine Spirit, he is to attain to this, is by "looking unto Jesus." There he will mark the conduct which it becomes him to imitate, which will adorn the principles of the Gospel, be influential for good towards mankind, and bring glory to his heavenly Father. In the private and the public history of his Lord—in his intercourse with his friends—in his communications with the people at large—in his dealings with his enemies—he will discover the bright example of one "walking *honestly*, as in the day." He will mark this grace in all its purity and vigour, and he will also observe it united to, and associated with, all the other perfections of a godly and a holy life.

Honesty of Christian character is sometimes misunderstood, and, from a want of care in giving to other features their due and proper place, it becomes repulsive, not attracting, and tends to deform rather than to adorn the believer. A rudeness of condemnation, which is miscalled "plainness of speech"—a harsh and self-important habit of fault-finding, and a prurient readiness at fault-confessing—is not Christian honesty. They are rather the exhibitions of an unsanctified spirit and an unchastened temper. *Bluntness* is not necessarily honesty, neither is *plainness* necessarily truth. Let the believer catch the true view of this feature of character from Christ. There truth and love together blend in lovely union—there plainness of speech and honesty of dealing captivate and win the soul, by the sweet and hallowed influence of their shining companions, the "meekness and the gentleness of Christ"—there keenness of judgment is mellowed by the softness of compassion, and the sternness of unsullied justice bedewed with the tears of gentle sorrow. The arrow that speeds from the bow of the Mighty One is sharp indeed, and true to its mark; but it leaves the hand of a sufferer, and is feathered with the wings of love. Does, then, the believer desire to walk *honestly* as in the day?" Let him "*put on the Lord Jesus Christ*."

Finally, let this be done without delay. "The times" are "perilous." "*The* time is short;" "the night is far spent, the day is at hand"—see that the armour of light be buckled on, and the works of darkness thrown aside. Let "our conversation be honest," as in the day; for the Lord cometh, "who both will bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and will make manifest the counsels of the hearts; and then shall every man have praise of God."

THE PRAYING WIDOW'S SON.

Not long since, while preaching to a small evangelical congregation, which has been gathered from a community over which error and indifference to religion have long held dominion, I was struck with the appearance of a modest-looking young man, whose eye and countenance most evidently showed that he was anything but indifferent to the subject of religion. So peculiar was his appearance that I took occasion after meeting to inquire him out. The following simple statement was made to me, and may in every particular be relied upon as true.

He was born in one of our New-England villages, where his mother now lives; and though he has not lived with her for years, still the dwelling of his mother has always been his home. From his childhood he has been a subject of deep interest and of unceasing prayer to his mother. Her instructions planted the seed of life in his heart while a child, and her hand wove many a restraint around his conscience, which in later times did much to hold him in check in a course of wickedness that would otherwise have been awfully great.

He had lived in different places, and at one time attended a Sabbath-school, but has since said, that he does not remember any distinct impression having been made on his mind or feelings while in the school. For the last two years he had lived in the place in which he now lives, and was employed in a manufactory. For the first year he professed to be a decided Unitarian. Not that he studied or thought on the subject, or was acquainted with the system; but though there was nothing tangible about it, yet he eagerly embraced it, as he could understand as much as this, that if it was too powerless to subdue

his wicked passions, it was too kind to require him to do it. From the time of his embracing this system, so far as it was any system to him, his moral character grew worse and worse. What it would have come to under it cannot be known; for about a year after this a Universalist preacher came into town, and proclaimed those glad tidings of great joy which are peculiarly acceptable to the wicked. He was bold, confident, noisy, headlong; and this was just what the young man wanted. There were still some ties which bound his conscience; but a few of these bold strokes cut them asunder, and permitted him to float off wherever the strong currents of a depraved heart might carry him. Here many a young man has found the rock on which he has split and been ruined for ever; and many a lonely widow is praying for her absent son—but she would pray in still deeper agony if she knew the dangers and the snares to which he is exposed. He became a decided, open, unblushing Universalist, and professed not to have a doubt but that God would treat the wicked and the evil as he will the righteous. Strong in youth, in health, heedless of the future, he did what Satan himself never did—he *believed* the doctrine of universal salvation. Great pains were taken to plant this tree in his heart, and it soon began to bring forth its legitimate fruits. He became violent against anything and everything that looked like a restraint upon the conscience. He could rail at the real disciples of Christ—he could blaspheme the name of their Master. The Word of God was unreverenced and unread. The Sabbath was awfully profaned, and public worship was totally neglected, except now and then when he went to be confirmed in his views and to take a deeper draught of poison. He loved and used ardent spirits almost without restraint. For the last two years he says he has used at least what cost him six cents every day, or twenty dollars a-year, besides extra occasions, such as celebrations, and musters, and the like! What a tax! what would be said if we should call upon young men in the Church, who have nothing but their hands, to contribute as much to spread the Gospel? Truly, nothing is so expensive as sin. The cup leads the way to the gambling-table, and this youth was soon associated with a company of equally choice spirits, and was very frequently at the gaming-board.

Thus he was awfully profane—a Sabbath-breaker, a hard drinker, a gambler, and a believer in the doctrine that this course would place him in heaven as soon, perhaps sooner, than a holy life! He not only ran in this career without halting, but without a compunction. When he thought of his mother, it was to wish her present to hear his minister prove the doctrine of universal salvation, and pour out his ridicule, which, like glowing lava, would burn while it swept away all her notions. And why wish his mother a Universalist?—that she might be happier? No: but that when he returned to the home of his childhood, his conscience need not be disturbed by her affectionate admonitions! It was all the lowest kind of selfishness.

Some weeks since he had reached the spot at which conscience had ceased to upbraid, or even to disturb him. It was not the calm slumber which is sometimes sent as a judicial punishment, but her voice had been drowned by the louder voice of passion—deep called unto deep, and every plunge in guilt gave courage and strength for a deeper plunge. After a week spent as usual, he went on Saturday evening, as he had very frequently done before, to the card-table. The companions were all merry—they drank, they gambled, they were profane, and they had all those feelings alive which usually flourish in a hot-bed of sin. They continued thus till nearly daybreak on Sabbath morning. The young man went to his lodgings, and threw himself on his bed to rest, but it was not there. For the first time for months conscience came to her post, and her hands were filled with scourges. He had been as wicked before—he had trodden the very same path before, and there was no trouble. He rolled, he tossed himself, but in vain. Something seemed to take hold of his soul, and hold it with the grasp of the grappling-iron. The character of God, the prospects of eternity, the wounds which he had given his mother, and the pains which he had been at to be able to "sin with a cart-rope," all rushed upon him with the strength of a torrent. He could not sleep—he did not try to pray, but tried to harden his heart. The morning came—the sun arose, and it seemed a long time ere meeting should begin. At the hour he was already in his seat, hoping and expecting that one discourse, proving the salvation of all men, would give him rest. The doctrine was asserted plainly, boldly, and proved in the usual way. It gave him no rest. The stings of conscience were no less frequent, and were increasingly severe.

At noon he wandered about, and at last went to the post-office. He found a letter directed by the hand of his widowed mother. It was written, most evidently, amid prayers and tears, and was the channel in which a mother had poured out her heart over a child who, as she feared, was ruined—poisoned at the heart! It was a nail in a sure place. A giant-hand could not have dealt a heavier blow. In the afternoon, for the first time, he was found seated among those who believe there is a day of judgment—a heaven and a hell. For several weeks he was like the dumb man—trying to shake off convictions—trying to unite with his old associates—trying to believe the doctrine of universal salvation—trying to persuade himself that religion is all a delusion, and that he was deluded. It would not do. God's time had come, and the Spirit of God was too strong for him. He renounced his religious belief, and was found in the meeting for religious inquiry, though by this time he understood so much of the wickedness of the heart as to be tremblingly afraid that there was no mercy for him. But renouncing his belief was but a small part: as soon as he saw the depravity of the heart, he renounced his practices, and became as much altered outwardly as inwardly. He is now indulging a hope that he knows what it is to taste the pardoning love of Christ. He is a new creature—emphatically so. His former companions shun him—fear him—wonder that the tongue which so lately could roll sin under it as a sweet morsel, and pour out torrents of blasphemy, can now sing the new song, and cry: "God be merciful unto me, a sinner." They say that if this is religion, all ought to have it. But while they profess to doubt, they still go on in sin. Need I speak of the trembling with which he looks back upon that pit from which his feet have been taken by an unseen and Almighty hand? Need I attempt to say what are the feelings which fill the widowed mother's heart as she rejoices over the son who was dead, but is alive? Need I attempt to say what will probably be the glory which the Saviour will for ever receive, if this young man shall indeed be placed in heaven as a monument of his mercy?

PROTESTANTISM IN THE WEST OF FRANCE.

CONCLUDING PAPER.

THE severity of persecution being somewhat abated for a brief period, after the death of Henry II., the Protestant ministers, with admirable diligence,

availed themselves of the opportunity to visit and confirm the Churches. And whether persecution raged or was relaxed, the Protestant cause still gained new adherents. The manners of the people were changed. The rude inhabitants of the isles of Oleron and Ré, having very generally received the Gospel, began to adorn it in their lives; and districts, previously remarkable for dissipation and debauchery became remarkable for piety and morality. Bernard de Palissy (the celebrated discoverer of the art of enamelling), himself a zealous member of the Protestant Church at Saintes, has described, in glowing terms, the effects of the Gospel in that district. He tells how murders and other crimes had become rare—how profanity of speech had ceased—how luxury and gaiety had been abandoned—how men lived in peace with one another and avoided litigation—how immoral songs had given place to psalms and hymns, which it was the delight of the people to sing. He dwells with evident delight upon the Sabbath scenes of groups assembled in the woods and fields, to read, converse of spiritual things, and worship God—of maidens and young girls sitting in the gardens and singing sacred songs. The whole description much resembles that which Kirkton, the historian, gives of the state of religion in Scotland at a later period.

At Angoulême, though there were a few who had received the Gospel, they were not formed into a congregation till the close of the reign of Henry II. But afterwards rapid progress was made. The congregation increased, so that it was impossible for its meetings to be held in secret. The Protestants resolved, therefore, to meet openly. Their minister was John de Voyon, a native of the city, and nearly connected with some of its most influential families. The governor of the province having come to Angoulême, with the view of suppressing the Reformation there, John de Voyon undauntedly owned himself to be the Protestant minister, and was forthwith committed to prison. His relatives exerted themselves to procure his release; and as by this time the death of Francis II. seemed to be approaching, and politicians began to think it not impossible that the Protestant cause might soon be in the ascendant, their request was granted.

Whilst thus the Reformation advanced in Angoumois, its progress was not less remarkable in Saintonge. Léopard had returned to Arvert, and on the first Sabbath of February 1560 he began to preach there in public. He preached with success; the number of Protestants increased in the town, and new congregations were formed in the surrounding district. Such was the case also at Marennes, and in its neighbourhood. At Saint-Just, where almost all the inhabitants had abjured Popery, the church was used for Protestant worship, notwithstanding the opposition of John Arquesson, an influential person of that place. Having learned that the Reformers intended to make use of the church, he hastened to prevent such desecration, came to the spot in a furious passion, struck the man who was ringing the bell; and, to make the pulpit secure against Protestant invasion, took possession of it himself. The agitation brought on apoplexy, and he died in course of the night following. His children considered this a judgment of God, and it led to their conversion.

Persecution raged and was relaxed at intervals. It never ceased to threaten, even when it ceased to rage. The Seigneur de Burie, having received instructions from Court, attempted to prevent the meetings of the Protestants in Saintonge, but in vain. Apprehensive of provoking rebellion by violent measures, he contented himself with making known the king's pleasure. The Protestants replied in a tone at once firm and respectful. Afterwards threats were again used, and Léopard being particularly obnoxious, because his labours were eminently blessed of God, the Protestants of Arvert were commanded to send away their minister, or deliver him up to the Bishop of Saintes. A deputation waited on the Seigneur de Burie; and John de l'Houmeau, an elder of the Church at Arvert, who had already distinguished himself on similar trying occasions by his calm intrepidity, declared, in name of his brethren, that, demand it who might, they would not send away their minister, nor deliver him into the hands of those who sought his life—that they could not deprive poor souls of the Word of God, nor betray their shepherd to devouring wolves. Burie was enraged at this boldness of speech, and told the deputies that if important business did not require his immediate presence elsewhere, they might have to answer for it; yet they retired unharmed. In the beginning of December 1560, however, he received express orders from the king to proceed to Arvert and Marennes; to seize the ministers and their adherents. For this purpose he collected a considerable force. The Protestants of Marennes, hearing of his preparations, sent deputies to Bourdeaux to represent the peaceful state of the country, but no attention was paid to their representations. Their peril was extreme; yet their meetings were never interrupted. Twice a-day they assembled for prayer, entreating God to turn away this storm which seemed about to burst upon them: and their prayers were heard. News came of the desperate illness of the king. The Count de Burie, thinking that France might possibly have a Protestant regent ere long, considered it prudent to abstain from further persecution, and to send a gentleman to Marennes with a complimentary message intimating the friendly regard which he had always felt for the Protestants of that place, and permitting them to meet, in small companies, for religious exercises.

Francis II. having died on the 5th of December 1560, the commencement of the next reign afforded a brief period of comparative tranquillity to the Protestants. Great exertions were made to supply Saintonge and Angoumois with pastors in more adequate number, and the Gospel was extensively and successfully preached in these provinces. About this time the ministry of Léopard was acknowledged in the conversion of Léonor Chabot, Seigneur of Jarnac, who made public profession of the Reformed religion in presence of an assembly of three thousand people, and next day removed the images from the church of Jarnac, to convert it into a Protestant place of worship. The example of this gentleman was useful to many who had previously been convinced of the

errors of Popery, but had not dared to join the Protestants.

Till this time the Protestant congregations, except those of Arvert and Marennes, had always met in private houses. The ministers began now to exercise their ministry more openly. Claude de Boissière, minister at Saintes, yielding to the solicitations of the people, began to preach in the market-place. The mayor hastened to the spot, with the grand vicar of Saintes, and numerous officers. The minister resolutely asserted his right to preach the Gospel, and was permitted to proceed without molestation. Others were emboldened by his example and success. The Protestants still increasing in numbers, took possession of the churches in many places; but when Catherine de Médicis published, in January 1562, the edict commonly called *the Edict of January*, by which she sought to conciliate the Protestants, and to obtain their support against the ambitious family of Guise, granting the privilege of meeting for public worship in any place out of the towns and their suburbs, but enjoining restitution to the Papists of the places of worship which had been seized, they gave them up without hesitation, thankful for the apparent security now afforded them in the enjoyment of privileges formerly denied. Ere long, however, the aspect of affairs was again sadly changed. The massacre of Vassy became the signal of a civil war; and the flame which broke out in a distant part of the country soon spread to Saintonge, Aunis, and Angoumois, so that this western district became, in fact, one of the principal seats of war.

M. Crottet, in the work from which we have derived the information contained in these articles, does not trace the history of the Protestant Church in these provinces through the succeeding periods of strife, uncertain prosperity, affliction, and desolation. Nor perhaps would it be possible any longer to separate it from the general history of the Protestant Church in France. He gives a detailed and very interesting account of three or four particular congregations. Into this we cannot follow him at present, nor can we enter upon that most attractive subject, with which most of our readers must already be in some measure acquainted—the religious movement now taking place in the district to which M. Crottet's book relates. But we cannot conclude without some notice of what, to ourselves, has proved one of the most interesting parts of that book—a statistical and historical table of the Protestant congregations of Saintonge, Aunis, and Angoumois, as they existed in 1576, with historical notes. From this it appears that there were in these provinces, at that date, eighty two congregations, forming sixty-one pastoral charges, two or more congregations being sometimes combined into one pastoral charge, and these arranged in five *colloques* or presbyteries, viz., Marennes, Saintes, Jonzac, Aunis, and Angoumois. The brief historical notes record some melancholy facts connected with the persecutions by which this garden of the Lord was desolated. In many instances it appears that the exercise of public worship was prohibited before the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and the churches shut up or destroyed. The following note is given concerning the very first congregation named—that of Marennes: "Public worship having been prohibited, 18th August 1684, it was found necessary to employ labourers from other places for the demolition of the church. These strangers insulted the Protestants in a thousand ways, mounting the pulpit and preaching mock sermons, and ringing the bell as if to assemble the congregation for worship." It is added that horrible persecutions followed.

Popery is still the same. Whilst we rejoice that Protestantism again extends itself in these districts in which it was formerly so prevalent, let it be our prayer that the sword of persecution may not again be unsheathed.

STANZAS

WRITTEN AT THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

Could I, from heav'n inspir'd, as sure presage
To whom the rising year shall prove his last,
As I can number in my punctual page
And item down the victims of the past;

How each would trembling wait the mournful sheet
On which the press might stamp him next to die;
And, reading here his sentence, how replete
With anxious meaning, heav'nward turn his eye!

Time then would seem more precious than the joys
In which he sports away the treasure now;
And prayer more seasonable than the noise
Of drunkards, or the music-drawing bow.

Then doubtless many a trifler, on the brink
Of this world's hazardous and headlong shore,
Forc'd to a pause, would feel it good to think,
Told that his setting sun must rise no more.

Ah, self-deceiv'd! could I prophetic say
Who next is fated, and who next to fall,
The rest might then seem privileg'd to play;
But, naming *none*, the Voice now speaks to all.

Observe the dappled foresters, how light
They bound and airy o'er the sunny glade;
One falls—the rest, wide-scatter'd with affright,
Vanish at once into the darkest shade.

Had we their wisdom, should we, often warn'd,
Still need repeated warnings, and at last,
A thousand awful admonitions scorn'd,
Die self-accus'd of life run all to waste?

Sad waste! for which no after-thrift atones.
The grave admits no cure for guilt or sin;
Dew-drops may deck the turf that hides the bones,
But tears of godly grief ne'er flow within.

Learn, then, ye living! by the mouths be taught
Of all those sepulchres, instructers true,
That, soon or late, death also is your lot,
And the next op'ning grave may yawn for you.

Cowper.

SHAMEFUL PERSECUTIONS OF THE CONVERTED PORTUGUESE.

BY THE REV. JAMES JULIUS WOOD.

From the period of Dr Kalley's being liberated on bail, in January 1844, till the beginning of 1845, his family worship every morning was attended by considerable numbers of Portuguese; and he had larger meetings in his own premises on the festas and Sabbath-days. These meetings were not interfered with by the authorities; but many of the poor people were waylaid and cruelly beaten for attending his expositions, and manifesting an attachment to the truth; and all redress was denied them. The priests were often the instigators of these outrages, and the police frequently the instruments by whom they were perpetrated. The house of one poor woman was broken into, and she was beaten and kicked in a dreadful manner. She was brought to Dr Kalley's hospital, and he, being apprehensive that she would die, wrote to the authorities, acquainting them with the circumstances; but no notice was taken of it. He and his friends then published an advertisement, offering one hundred dollars' reward for the discovery and conviction of the person or persons who had beaten her. An officer of police shortly after came to Dr Kalley, and told him that he was the individual who had beaten the woman, and claimed the reward. The Doctor informed the authorities; but they replied that his information must be on stamped paper, and nothing whatever was done. These beatings were frequently taking place; some of them were very severe and cruel, and only in one instance were the guilty parties punished; and in that instance a lawyer, independent of the Government, took up the case, followed it resolutely out, and prosecuted it to a conviction which could not for very shame be refused.

Besides being beaten by lawless ruffians, in accordance with the wishes of the authorities, the Bible Christians were persecuted and put in prison. One man came to Dr Kalley suffering much from disease of the eyes. The Doctor prescribed for him; and when the man asked what was to pay, the Doctor replied, that all that he asked of him was, that if his eyes got better he should learn to read the Scriptures. The man promised, and went away. Some months afterwards he returned to Dr Kalley, who, on conversing with him, was astonished at the amount of Scripture knowledge which he possessed; and on expressing his surprise that he had come to know so much in so short a time, the man replied: "O sir, the Spirit of God could easily, in one hour, teach me this, and far more, if he pleased." How like this language of the poor Portuguese to that of Harmut of Cronberg, in the opening years of the Reformation, as related by D'Aubigné: "The Holy Spirit, our heavenly teacher, is able, when he pleases, to teach us more of the faith of Christ in one hour than we could learn in ten years at the University of Paris!" Well, this man was visited by one of the many begging parties which the Romish Church sends out. At a certain period of the year, parties of half-a-dozen poor men and boys are to be met with, carrying about a small, dirty, red flag, with the figure of a dove upon it, and sometimes also a figure of a dove on the top of the flag-staff; a crown of flowers on a salver, under which there is another figure of a dove; and a second salver to receive the money and other offerings from the people. As a spectacle, it is a very wretched concern; and, in a religious point of view, it is most humbling—disgusting—blasphemous. It means neither more nor less than the Holy Ghost going to seek alms! This dirty flag is kissed with superstitious reverence by many of the poor deluded people who meet it. One of these parties went to the house of the man of whom we have been speaking, and asked the usual alms for the Holy Ghost. He told them that what they carried was not the Holy Ghost; they said that they knew of no other. He told them the Holy Ghost was God, and was everywhere present; and, though much pressed, he declined to give them anything. They went away and reported him to the priest, who sent for him, and had a long conversation with him, at the close of which he told him that he had a great deal of knowledge, but advised him to keep it to himself. Nevertheless, he was reported to the authorities, put upon his trial, and sentenced to an imprisonment of two months, for refusing an alms to the Holy Ghost, and saying that the figure on the little, dirty red flag which had been brought to him was not the Holy Ghost!

Another poor man was put in prison for six months, because some of the neighbours had met in his house, and he and they had read and talked about the Scriptures together. He himself could read imperfectly, and was only a learner. Another very intelligent man, who had some time previously been cruelly beaten, was, three days before I left Madeira, tried on a charge of reading and explaining the Scriptures to a few neighbours in his own house, and of saying to a neighbour, who had remarked, as they were going along the road together, that the Romish Church was the mother of them all, that if they thought so, they might keep her to themselves. There was no legal evidence in support of these miserable charges, yet the poor man was found guilty, torn from his family, and condemned to an imprisonment of four months, with payment of the costs.

A woman was tried for calling the images "monos"—that is, "monkeys" or "ugly things;" and she was sentenced to imprisonment for six months.

The case of Maria Joaquina is pretty well known to the British public. She is a most

respectable peasant woman, the wife of a caseiro or small farmer, and the mother of several children. She was accused of saying something not in accordance with the dogmas of the Church of Rome regarding the Virgin Mary, the worship of images, and the sacrament of the Supper. She was imprisoned, and her child at the breast separated from her. After some months' confinement she was released on bail. She was at last tried, in May 1844, and sentenced to death. The superior court found, nine months after her condemnation, that a part of the charge against her had not been orderly proceeded, and therefore annulled the sentence of death, but decreed her a punishment of three months' imprisonment, and a fine of twenty-five dollars, and ordered her to pay all the costs of the proceedings; her term of imprisonment to commence from the period when this decision was laid before the judge in Madeira. The fine and costs of suit were certain worldly ruin to poor Maria and her husband; and from first to last she was subjected to an imprisonment of about twenty-two months. She was set at liberty only in the beginning of July 1845. Her sufferings and oppression made no impression on Maria. When condemned to die, all that she said was : "As God pleases." Her firmness all along remained unshaken; and we have every reason to believe that her knowledge and love of the truth very considerably increased during the period of her imprisonment.

But the grossest of all the outrages perpetrated on the poor Bible Christians of Madeira, because of their love of the truth, was that to which the inhabitants of the Lombo das Fayas were subjected. The Lombo das Fayas is a district at the head of one of the most beautiful valleys of Madeira, and the inhabitants were a nice well-behaved set of people, in *bean*, comfortable circumstances. A number of Maria Joaquina's relations lived there; and the population generally were anxious for instruction, and sought it both from Dr Kalley's expositions and from a school which had been commenced among them. In consequence of an alleged deforcement of police officers sent to apprehend the teacher of the school, a company of soldiers, on the 23d September 1844, was sent up from Funchal, under the directions of Judge Negrao, who surrounded the cottages of the peasantry during the night, and made prisoners of between thirty and forty men and women. The soldiers were billeted in the place for several days; and under the eye of their superiors, and evidently with their concurrence, committed the most atrocious outrages. They eat up and destroyed the provisions of the poor people, killed their poultry and their cattle, and sacked their cottages, breaking open chests, and carrying off all their clothes of every description. They threatened, and cruelly beat a number of individuals, some of them aged and feeble, to make them discover where their money and valuables were concealed; they committed the grossest violence on several of the poor women; and when at length they took their departure, they left several of the cottages a perfect wreck. Numbers, both of men and women, fled from their homes, and concealed themselves for several days and nights among the brushwood, only venturing, when pressed by hunger, to approach a human habitation. Twenty-two persons, five of whom were women, were carried to Funchal, and cast into prison, on the 27th of September 1844; and there they still (November 1845) remain. They were treated with the utmost cruelty by Judge Negrao. Provisions were sent them from various quarters, both before and after their committal to prison, because it was known that they were suffering from hunger; but Negrao ordered all to be refused except the pittance which was brought by the plundered and terrified relations of the prisoners who had not fled, and who had the courage to visit them. An English lady of rank petitioned to be allowed to send some relief to the jail, but she received from Negrao an insulting refusal. What will be done with these poor prisoners no one can tell. Meanwhile they are subjected to every species of cruelty and oppression. Their Bibles were taken from them when they were put in prison. There was no religious service for the prisoners till Bible Christians were found among their number. Then the Pope's religion was set up in the jail. Mass was celebrated every Lord's-day, and all the prisoners were ordered to attend it. Maria Joaquina refused, and was carried into the room where mass was celebrated. Finding resistance unavailing, she afterwards walked on her own feet, but resolutely refused to take any part in the service. The prisoners from the Lombo das Fayas, and others cast into prison for conscience' sake, were also ordered to attend mass and go to confession. Maria and the women were wont to sit on the floor, and, burying their faces in their aprons, take no notice of anything that passed. At length some of the most decided of the Bible Christians refused positively to go to mass, and a number more resisted every effort to induce them to go to confession. This was more than the Pope's Christians could tolerate. They deprived their victims of a large proportion of their food, and confined some of the most intelligent and resolute of them in the Bombo. The Bombo is a room or dungeon, filthy in the extreme, in which the worse class of prisoners are confined. It is twelve feet square; and at the time when I left Madeira (June 1845), there were twenty persons confined in this small horrible place, day and night, without fresh air, and with nothing to lie on except the filthy floor. Five of these twenty were Bible Christians, whose only offence was their refusing to go to mass and confession; the rest were the very offscourings of the island. What a refinement of cruelty,

to seek to compel persons condemned to imprisonment and death for holding certain opinions, to do violence to the opinions for which they are suffering, and then, because of their refusal, to subject them to a second and additional punishment! It is gratifying to know that the Lord gave strength and faithfulness to his people, and that not one has wavered for a moment under the trials which they have undergone. The converts from Popery and from Paganism should have a large share in the sympathies and the prayers of God's people; for verily their difficulties and sufferings are very different from any with which the children of God are practically acquainted in this favoured country. Trials of various kinds we have had of late not a few, and some of them, no doubt, most severe. But when one reads of the ordeal through which the converts from the superstitions of India are called to pass—the wrenching asunder of the ties of nature, the entreaties, the promises, the beseechings, the agony of supplication, the threatenings, the dangers, which they must withstand in order to confess Christ; and when one witnesses the crushing oppression, the lawlessness of the law, the bodily suffering, and the worldly ruin to which the poor converts from Popery in Madeira are subjected, one feels that, for an inhabitant of the British Isles, however unfavourably situated, to make a profession of religion, and worship God according to his conscience, is comparatively an easy matter. The converts from Popery and from Paganism should be often, affectionately, and earnestly mentioned at a throne of grace.

In spite of the dangers to which they are exposed, and the hardships and sufferings which they are called to endure, the eager desire of the Portuguese for the Scriptures, and for instruction in scriptural truth, is very striking. Many copies of the Scriptures have been put into circulation. Wherever anything could be gotten for them, a price was required. The poor people have very little money, but such as they had they were most willing to give. One brought wool, another eggs, another fowls, another grass for the cattle. And when the authorities arbitrarily took all the copies of the Scriptures away from the schools, and a report was spread that they were also to be taken from all the persons who had got possession of them, some of the people concealed them in their own premises, and others carried them to their friends among the British residents, to preserve them for them. Whilst the public expositions of the Word were going on, bands of the people were wont to come distances of ten, twelve, and fifteen miles to attend them—sometimes setting out in the evening, and travelling during the night, in order to elude observation. Scripture truths came to be the sole subject of conversation, and many and earnest were the communings which were held of the love of God in the gift of his Son, of a sinner's way of acceptance with a sin-hating God, and of the happiness prepared for believers. The simplicity of the faith of the converts was very striking. There was an entire absence of our Scotch metaphysical distinctions. Receiving the Bible as the Word of God, their eager inquiry was, What says the Scripture? When they ascertained *that*, they at once believed it and rested on it: for how could they do otherwise than believe God? They never puzzled themselves with thinking whether their faith was of a right kind. They had God's testimony regarding his Son, and they at once and firmly believed that testimony because it was God's. In very many delightful instances an entire change of temper and of life bore witness to a change of heart, and testified that there was indeed faith of a right kind—a faith which worketh by love. One of the most remarkable and pleasing effects of the change wrought in them is their love to one another. They speak of each other by the names of brothers and sisters. They take the deepest interest in one another's welfare and sufferings; and many an act of kindness did they do to their persecuted fellow-believers—many a little gift did they bestow out of their own deep poverty, and at the risk of involving themselves in similar sufferings. Often did it strike us that, in the simplicity of their faith, and their love one to another, they bore a strong resemblance to the first Christians.

The Pope's Christians tried every method to intimidate the poor people, and prevent them from learning and living by Bible truth. We have narrated some of the sufferings to which Popery subjected inquirers and believers. These form but a part of what was done. Many other instances of cruelty and persecution occurred; and, besides these, many ferocious threatenings were uttered which were never carried into execution. To frighten both by deeds and words was the aim of the authorities. Perhaps there were some driven off—the blast scatters the chaff; but the generality, through grace, remained firm and unmoved. Three men, who died in the course of last winter, were refused a place in consecrated ground, because they were suspected of a leaning towards Protestant doctrine, and their bodies were buried by the police in the public way. That was represented to the people as a dreadful thing; but they were too intelligent to be frightened by this bugbear. They replied that the Lord Jesus, at his coming, would find out the bodies of his people wherever they were, even though they were cast into the great sea; for it is written: "The sea shall give up the dead which are in it." What the issue of this work in Madeira shall be is known only to God. But whether it may be crushed and extinguished by the "powers of darkness," or take root and maintain its ground, there is reason to believe that not a few have already passed out of darkness into a marvellous light, and are rejoicing,

even in the midst of many tribulations, in the hope of the glory of God. To God be the praise!

THE PIOUS WEAVER.

At the period when the Earl of Weymouth, afterwards Marquis of Bath, was one of the British Secretaries of State, there resided on his manor, appertaining to Longleat House, a pious Congregationalist, named *Driver*, a cloth-weaver, who belonged to a Church about four miles from his place of abode. As he and his family in stormy weather were obstructed from attending the services of the sanctuary, and as Driver possessed both "gifts and graces" for usefulness, he was authorized to open his own domicile for meetings for prayer and exhortation. The dwelling, however, belonged to the nobleman, and was occupied by Driver as his tenant. It was "the Lord's doing!" and the evangelical work prospered until a Church was formed, and with the sanction of the Earl's bailiff (Davies), and by the aid of the neighbouring Churches, and it is believed John Thornton assisted, a house of prayer was erected; and Driver added to the secular occupation of weaving, the spiritual office of *preaching the Word*. The hand of the Lord was with him. "The word of God increased; and a number believed and turned to the Lord."

During this interval, the Earl, who was obliged to reside in London on account of his public duties, who was also a very dissipated aristocrat, had either not been made acquainted with Driver's proceedings, or had paid no regard to his course. At length, however, his successful labours became too marked for continued scorn or ridicule. The parish church exhibited such an evident proof of habitual desertion on the part of the people, while the Nonconformist sanctuary was filled with the attentive and devout parishioners, enjoying the "communion of saints," that the pastor could no longer brook either the indifference with which he was treated or the respect paid to the preaching weaver. He therefore resolved, if possible, to crush the mechanic who dared, he said, to "set up a conventicle" in his parish. Some time, however, elapsed before he had the opportunity to commence his malevolent operations. But when circumstances transpired through which the Earl resigned his Secretaryship, the nobleman returned in the summer to occupy his princely mansion at Longleat.

Without delay, the rector had an interview with his ecclesiastical patron and the manorial baron. He complained of Driver's fanatical proceedings; denounced the weaver and all his brethren with all obloquy, as disturbers of the peace; and reviled Driver himself as "a pestilent fellow;" adding his request, that as Driver lived in the Earl's cottage, and the conventicle, as he entitled the house of prayer, was erected on the Earl's domain, that he would summarily eject the ringleader and his whole deceived community. The Earl promised to examine into the complaint, and do what was proper.

The bailiff (Davies) was apprized by the Earl of the rector's virulent communication, and the necessary inquiries were made of that steward respecting the truth of the representation by the rector of the affairs of the parish. Mr Davies candidly unfolded the entire course which he had tacitly sanctioned; testified to the great worth of the humble follower of the apostles, and the numerous moral benefits which had resulted from Driver's efforts to evangelize his neighbours; and enumerated several instances in which the ungodly, who had been formerly subjects of the Earl's judicial cognizance as a magistrate, had become exemplary persons for all good conduct and religious consistency; and convinced the Earl that the best method which he could adopt would be to disregard the worldly-minded rector and to encourage the sober industrious weaver. Upon which Davies was directed to invite the Nonconformist to dinner with the Earl. As they were about to begin their meal alone, the Earl remarked: "Driver, I suppose you *say grace* whenever you eat." "Yes, my Lord," was the weaver's reply; "I always desire to acknowledge the divine goodness." "Well, then," rejoined the Earl, "say grace now." At which Driver made an appropriate petition for the Lord's blessing, both upon the food and the Earl who provided it. After a long conversation, and a scrutiny into all the concerns of the Congregational Church, the Earl added, at parting: "Go on, Driver, and do all the good among the people you can."

The story soon flew around that Driver had dined with the Earl of Weymouth, and that the Earl was highly delighted with the preaching weaver. This induced the rector a second time to expostulate with the Earl, with earnest solicitation that the conventicle might be stopped, and the people be forced to return to the parish church. The Earl again engaged to inquire into the matter, and do the best he could to promote the peace and welfare of his dependents. Towards the close of the season, just before his return to London, Davies was ordered again to invite Driver to dinner with the Earl at Longleat House. The peer had passed the summer and autumn exploring his large demesne; and he ascertained that the impure, the intemperate, and the vicious, in many instances, were "transformed by the renewing of their mind;" that the brawlers and fighters were become prayerful and orderly; and that wherever Driver's influence and principles swayed, all was comfort and decorum, and in the greatest contrast to that portion of the inhabitants who either attended the parish church or professed to follow the rector. Having dined, the Earl summoned Davies into the parlour, and called for the deed which he had directed the bailiff to prepare. By that instrument the Earl transferred the Nonconformist place of worship, grave-yard, and the dwelling which Driver occupied, with the adjoining field, garden, and orchard, to trustees, for the use of an Independent Church; to which was appended a sum of money as an annual payment for the benefit of the minister of the church. When he had formally signed the deed, he presented it to Driver, with a donation for himself. As he bade him farewell, he subjoined: "Now, Driver, you must quit weaving cloth, and do nothing else but *weave sermons!* Go on as you have begun; and nobody shall molest you as long as my name is Weymouth."

The next day the rector hurried to Longleat House, to remonstrate with the Earl upon his "*fanatical doings;*" and was about to open his ecclesiastical artillery, when the Earl stopped him, and after sarcastically communicating the result of his investigations among the rector's parishioners, he drily told him, that the only thing he could do to "*drive Driver*" out of the parish, was this—"PRAY HIM DOWN! PREACH HIM DOWN!" But as these were things the rector did not understand, Driver continued to work in his Master's service, until that "good and faithful servant" was called to "rest from his labours" in Christian peace.

PRIDE is as loud as a beggar in want, and a great deal more saucy; for when you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece.

Let prayer be the key of the morning, and the bolt of the evening.—*Henry.*

THE PRAYER UNION.

[Many of the Lord's people have agreed to hold from the 4th to the 11th of January (inclusive) as a season of united prayer. We had intended calling the attention of our readers to the subject, but gladly give, instead, the following address by an esteemed minister of Christ in the south.]

Another Union for Prayer has been proposed. Another call is now addressed to the saints of God scattered throughout the world: "Arise, and pray! Join with one accord to plead with God." Let the call be widely and warmly responded to by every Church and every saint to whose ears it may come.

Arise, and pray! Church of the living God, remember thy calling! To thy knees, to thy closet, and plead! Sleep not, rest not. Think of the Master, think of the saints in other days, think upon a dying world, think upon the blasphemies and growing strength of Antichrist, think upon the rent and bleeding Churches of Christ, think upon the glory of the promised kingdom; and oh, be stirred up to pray! How can prayerless saints and prayerless Churches do the work of God upon the earth? Grudge not the time; grudge not hours of prayer each day. It is all too little for the mighty work—too little in these prayerless days and in such a prayerless world.

Be in earnest, for the time is short. Be importunate, for vast and eternal issues are at stake. Be believing, for the promise is sure. The groanings that cannot be uttered, the strong crying and tears—these are the utterances of men who are bent upon the blessing. "We will not let thee go except thou bless us."

Meet together, hold fellowship with each other in the Lord. Stir up one another—fan the faint and flickering flame; for love is cold, and life is low, and faith is waxing feeble among the saints. Oh, look around you on every side, near and far, and call each one on his friend or brother to awake, arise, and pray! Yearn over a dying world; let rivers of waters run down your eyes for them that keep not Jehovah's law. Plead with God for it; there is much to be done in it and for it before the Son of Man come. Join the Psalmist, and say: "How long?" Join the afflicted widow, and say: "How long?" Join the souls under the altar, and say: "How long, O Lord, holy and true?"

"Awake, O north wind, and come thou south, blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out. Make haste, my beloved, and be thou like to a roe, or to a young hart upon the mountains of spices."

THE MANNER IN WHICH THE UNION FOR PRAYER SHOULD BE OBSERVED.

1. Each Christian should endeavour to set apart as much of the proposed time as possible for private prayer. It is one of the chief ends of this concert to send each individual to his closet, and to summon them to more fixed earnestness of soul in wrestling with the prayer-hearing, promise-keeping God.

2. Besides directing the minds of the household to the objects of the Prayer Union at family worship, small temporary prayer-meetings might be formed among Christians, who may have it in their power to meet with each other. This would tend greatly to promote union in prayer, and help forward the design of the concert.

3. There should be public congregational meetings during the whole period. These ought to be frequent; once each day would not be too often in most cases. This, however, must be left to the judgment of each minister. These public meetings ought by no means to prevent upon the hour set apart for private prayer.

Lord, teach us to pray!

THE OBLIGATION OF LIBERALITY.

One says, I will give to-morrow, to excuse himself from giving to-day. Alas! do you know whether you shall be alive to-morrow in this place? Another says, I am poor—I have need enough myself of all my means. Yes, you are poor, you are destitute; but it is of love, of benignity, of faith, and of mercy. A third says, Whom do I wrong? I keep only mine own. I ask you, from whom did you receive those riches, and whence did you bring them? Did you not come naked from your mother's womb, and shall you not return naked to the dust? Whence did this wealth come?—from chance? What is this but Atheism? If you confess that you received it from God, why did it fall to your lot rather than to another's? God is not unrighteous in the unequal division of property among men. Why are you rich, and why is this man poor? It is, that you may receive the reward of dispensing your goods faithfully, and that the poor may receive the recompense of his patience. When, therefore, you appropriate to yourself the wealth which belongs to many, and of which you are the steward, you act unjustly.—*Basil.*

THE RISE AND FALL OF EMPIRES.

After the fall of the Portuguese Empire in India, a Portuguese ecclesiastic was asked by an Englishman when he thought his nation should become able to resume its power. "As soon," replied he, "as the wickedness of your nation shall exceed that of mine." This man was master of the true key to the interpretation of history, and of the causes of social prosperity, and rise and fall of empires. "Righteousness exalteth a nation; but iniquity bringeth any people to shame." Britain, or any other country, is truly "great, glorious, and free," just in the proportion in which her people walk worthy of Christianity, and maintain among one another the peace and influence of religion, and diffuse throughout colonial and conterminous territories the civilizing and enlightening knowledge of the Gospel. "Blessed are the people whose God is the Lord."

Fragments for Ministers.

Let Jesus Christ be my all in all: study Christ, preach Christ, live Christ.—*Henry.*

A sleepy utterance, even of solemn and pungent truths, is to use the dagger with the scabbard on.

Unprofitable eloquence is like cypress trees, which are great and tall, but bear no fruit.

Beware of curiosities and novelties in religion.—*Hedgerton.*

The desire of appearing to be men of ability prevents many persons from becoming such.—*Rochefoucault.*

The reason why more success does not attend the preaching of the Gospel is simply, success is not expected.—*Fuller.*

Men frequently admire me, and I am pleased, but I abhor the pleasure.—*Martyn.*

Daily Bread.

FRIDAY.

"Fight ye not against the Lord."—2 CHRON. xiii. 12.

Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God your Maker asks you why:
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye fight 'gainst love, and die?

Providence has a voice, if we had an ear; mercies should draw—afflictions drive; now, when neither fair means nor foul do us good, but we are impenitent under both, this is to wrestle against God with both hands. Either of these have their peculiar aggravations. One is against love, and so disingenuous; the other is against the smart of his rod, and therein we slight his anger, and are cruel to ourselves in kicking against the pricks. Mercy should make us ashamed, wrath afraid to sin. He that is not ashamed, has not the spirit of a man. He that is not afraid when smitten, is worse than a beast, who stands in awe of whip and spur.—*Hacknall.*

SATURDAY.

"A feast of fat things."—ISA. xxv. 6.

Beneath thy shadow let us sit—
Call us thy friends, and love, and bride;
And bid us freely drink and eat
Thy dainties, and be satisfied.

How rare are Christ's dainties—his hidden manna, the fruits of the tree of life, the grapes of Canaan, the bread that comes down from heaven! How excellent is the water of life! One drop of it would be an everlasting spring in thy soul, that would keep thee from thirsting after the creature any more. What a rich feast are the graces of the Spirit quickened to a lively exercise! What a blessed feast is pardon of sin, peace with justice, peace with the law, and interest in Christ's purchase of intimations—Christ's love, Gospel-promises applied, and communion with God—views of eternal life, well-grounded hopes of immortal glory!—*Willison.*

SABBATH.

"Did not our hearts burn within us?"—LUKE xxiv. 32.

My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
And burns to see Him as He is
In brighter worlds above.

Of old the Lord used to answer his people's prayers and sacrifices by fire from heaven; pray that he may answer yours in like manner, by kindling a holy fire in your soul—a fire of love to Christ. O love the Lord Jesus as your treasure and portion; let your thoughts be mainly upon him, and your soul's breathings after him. Be much concerned for his interest and cause, and for the spreading of his kingdom and glory in the world; and be looking out and longing for the full and perfect enjoyment of him.—*Ibid.*

MONDAY.

"The love of Christ."—EPH iii. 19.

O love divine! what hast thou done?
The Son of God hath died for me!
The Father's co-eternal Son
Bore all my sins upon the tree.

Never was there such matter for songs of praise as the unfathomable love of Jesus. His name is Love; and therefore it is to me as ointment poured forth. I will remember his love more than wine. His nature is love—his words and actions were love—he preached and practised love; he lived in love, was sick in love, and died in love.—*Ibid.*

TUESDAY.

"Glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are his."—1 COR. vi. 20.

Jesus' example bright pursue—
To him in all things rise;
And all you think, or speak, or do,
Be one great sacrifice.

It is the shame of many who are called Christians, and have a name and a place in God's family, that they are as backward and indifferent in holy duties as if they were afraid of doing too much for God and their own souls, and as if their chief care were to know just how much will serve to bring them to heaven, that they may do no more. They can be content to go a mile, but they are not willing to go twain. And doth it become those on whom God hath sown so plentifully, to make their returns so sparingly? Ought we not rather to inquire what free-will offerings we may bring to God's altar, and how we may do more in religion than we used to do? They that have found what a good table God keeps, and how welcome they have been to it, should desire to dwell in his house all the days of their life; and blessed are they that do so—"they will be still praising him."—*Henry.*

WEDNESDAY.

"Thy sins be forgiven thee."—MATT. ix. 2.

Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
I look into my Saviour's breast;
Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear!
Forgiveness is written there.

We have been great sinners, but we have a great Redeemer, able to save to the uttermost all that come to God by him, and have called him by that name of his which is as ointment poured forth—"The Lord our Righteousness." Our sins have reached to the heavens, but we have seen God's mercy in Christ reaching beyond the heavens. We have been wretchedly defiled in our own ways, but we have seen not only a laver, but a fountain opened for the house of David to wash in; and have been assured that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin, even that which, for the heinousness of its nature, and the multitude of its aggravations, hath been as scarlet and crimson.—*Ibid.*

THURSDAY.

"Better is it that thou shouldest not vow at all, than that thou shouldest vow and not pay."—ECCL. v. 5.

Jesus, to thee my soul aspires;
Jesus, to thee I plight my vows;
Keep me from earthly, base desires,
My God, my Saviour, and my Spouse.

When we are at any time tempted to sin, or in danger of being surprised into any ill thing, let this be our reply to the tempter, and with this let us quench his fiery darts: "Thy vows are upon me, O God." Did I not say: "I would take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue?" I did say so, and therefore "I will keep my mouth as with a bridle." Did I not make "a covenant with mine eyes?" I did; that, therefore, shall be to me a covering of the eyes, that they may never be either the inlets or outlets of sin. Did I not say: "I will not transgress?" I did so; and therefore, by the grace of God, I will "abstain from all appearance of evil, and have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness." An honest man is as good as his word.—*Ibid.*

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THE MINISTER'S NEW YEAR'S SALUTATION.

BY THE REV. JAMES JULIUS WOOD.

I SHALL put aside the ordinary language of the season, and address to those who may read these pages the salutation with which Boaz greeted his reapers, busied with the cheerful labours of his harvest field: "The Lord be with you." For if the Lord be with us, our new year shall be a happy one; and as it rolls on, and grows old, it will carry us along the path of duty clothed with Christ's righteousness, guided by a kind providence, cared for by almighty love, supported by divine grace, dwelt in by the Holy Spirit, ripening for heavenly glory—unless, indeed, it carry us quite through time into the wonders of eternity.

When I take my walks abroad, or visit the families of my fellow-creatures, or ascend the pulpit to preach Christ crucified, or write these pages for the public eye, I meet with the aged, grey-haired and feeble; with those who are in the prime and vigour of life; and with many young persons in various stages of childhood and youth; and the new year's salutation which I would address to each and to all of them is: "The Lord be with you."

1. My aged friend, "The Lord be with thee!" What is thy present position? How changed from what thou once wast? Where is thy youthful vigour? where thy early hopes? Thou standest, in one sense, nearly alone; for few of thy early companions now remain. Thou art on the brink of eternity. A little while—now a very little while, and the place that knows thee will know thee no more. However much beloved relatives and kind friends may desire it, they cannot expect that for thee there will be many happy returns, in this world, of a season like this. In the course of nature thou must soon go the way of all the earth. Aged friend, is there no need, then, of the divine presence—of divine teaching—of divine consolations? Death, judgment, eternity, are solemn things. On the swift, silent wings of time thou hast at length been brought very near to them. What is thy state of preparation for them? Hast thou taken Christ for thy portion? Art thou resting on his finished work? Is the joy of the Lord thy strength? Art thou often thinking of the hour of thy departure—of the sinless state beyond death—of the happiness about to be enjoyed—of the glory about to be revealed? May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ enable thee to exercise repentance unto life in regard to all the sins chargeable against thee throughout the many years of thy pilgrimage! May it enable thee, also, in unfeigned humility and self-abasement, to ascribe to the Lord the praise of all that thou hast done rightly and usefully! May the Spirit of God show thee the excellency of that better land which is prepared to be the eternal home of the saints—gently but effectually loosen thy hold on all thy present possessions and enjoyments, and beget in thee a hallowed longing after a glorious immortality! May the Holy Spirit, in his office of the Comforter, support thee, and give thee patience amidst the increasing infirmities of old age—communicate a sweet calm to the sunset of thy days; and whilst the outward man is falling into decay, renew and strengthen, day by day, the inner man of the heart! Mayest thou, by a good God, be prepared for whatever this year has in store for thee! If spared till its termination, mayest thou be found vastly advanced in ripeness for glory! And if this year thou shalt die, may the first day of the next year find thee one of the spirits of the just made perfect, worshipping and rejoicing in the sanctuary above! Thus, my aged Christian friend, I address to thee my new year's salutation; thus may the Lord be with thee.

But, oh! are any of the aged still strangers to Christ—not born again of the Spirit of God—even at their advanced period of life having only a name to live, whilst yet they are dead—dead in trespasses and sins? Sad, awful is their condition. Unregenerate aged friend, thy time on earth will now be short, and much requires to be done in it, else an eternity of wretchedness will be thine. It has been remarked, that few are converted in old age—that after a long life spent in worldly decency, perhaps, but in real alienation of heart from God, few are savingly enlightened or brought to repentance unto life. Let the aged, who are yet in their sins, think of this. Thou hast not a moment to lose. Begin instantly to consider thy condition. Ask thyself, Am I truly a child of God? Have I ever been converted, regenerated, born again of the Spirit of God? Am I now under the sanctifying power of the Spirit? Am I prepared for death, which cannot now be far off? The Lord be with thee, aged friend, in these questionings, by his Spirit to teach thee a knowledge of thyself, and a knowledge of the Saviour—to deliver thee from those delusions which thou hast been so long indulging regarding thy spiritual state—to sweep away thy false peace, and to replace it by the peace of Jesus, which passeth understanding, and endureth for evermore.

2. You who are in the prime of life, bearing the burden and heat of the day in carrying on the business of this world in your generation, "The Lord be with you" throughout the year which you have just begun! May you have

health and strength necessary for your duties. To fit you for these duties, may you have the wisdom that cometh from above—a wisdom that is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and of good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy. You will meet with difficulties in the path of duty; may you face them with calm courage, and overcome them in the strength communicated by the Lord! In your families you will perhaps meet with little occurrences to try your temper; may you, on such occasions, manifest the meekness of wisdom! In your business, you will perhaps meet with temptations which will try your principles; may the felt presence and grace of your Lord strengthen you to resist the evil! In your efforts to do good you may meet with ingratitude and disappointments; may you not, on that account, weary in well-doing! You may be called to exercise self-denial—to sacrifice some apparent personal advantage or interest for the public good or the welfare of individuals; may you love the Lord your God with all your heart, and soul, and strength, and mind; and your neighbour as yourself; and the self-denial will be comparatively an easy thing. May the Word of God be a light unto your feet, and a lamp unto your path in every step which you take! May the Spirit of God be your teacher and guide! Whatsoever ye do, in word or in deed, may ye do it all in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ! May you undertake nothing without first seeking counsel of God! As you proceed with any duty, be ever asking God to direct and prosper you in it. Notice the dispensations of God's providence. Forsake every sin which you may have discovered in your heart or life. And in order to have strength for all this, exercise faith unfeigned in the Lord Jesus Christ. Be submissive and affectionate under trials, whether spiritual or temporal. In the midst of successful exertions, of disappointments, of difficulties, of temptations, may you have an intelligent communing with the Saviour, and confidence in him! You may be cut off in the prime of your life—in the midst of your usefulness—before this year close. But what then? Living the life of the righteous, your latter end shall be like his. The death of a Christian is never an untimely death, even though he be taken away in the midst of his strength and his usefulness; it is neither to be dreaded nor deprecated by the child of God; for it is ordained by infinite wisdom, in unison with infinite love! May you have no fear but the fear of the Lord! Thus may the Lord be with you to prosper you in body and soul—to unite you to the Lord Jesus by a living faith, to direct and bless you in your duties, to strengthen and deliver you in difficulties and temptations, and to keep you constantly prepared for a better world.

3. "The Lord be with you," dear children and youth! Do you know that you are all born with a sinful nature, and heirs of hell? Do you know that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, although he was the Creator and Lord of all things, condescended to be born into the world a little infant for your sakes, and suffered death on the cross, that you might escape hell and go to heaven? Do you know that God has promised to give the Holy Spirit to you if you will ask him, to deliver you from the love of evil, and the doing of evil? Now, when God has shown such a tender concern for your welfare, would it not be strange if you were to show no concern about it at all? None of you are too young to need a Saviour; none of you are too young to come to the Saviour and be accepted of him. Think how Christ loved sinners—how he suffered, how he bled, how he died for their sakes. Think how the Father loved sinners, when he gave his only Son to do and to suffer so much for them. Think how the Holy Ghost loves you, when he is waiting to be gracious, and to communicate the blessings of salvation to your souls. O if, in spite of all this love, you go on in sin, how terrible and deserved will be your ruin! Dear children, dear youth, do not think that it is time enough for you to accept of Christ, and lead a thoroughly religious life. Young, active, strong though you be, you may die before this new year is finished. If you look in the church-yard you will see many little graves, and many graves of youth who were taken away just in the morning of life. Now I wish you to know, believe, love, and obey that Jesus Christ, whose life and doctrine is recorded in the Bible, that you may be prepared for death. Have not some of your companions died? So may you before you grow up, or grow old. And let me tell you that, in being prepared for death, you are also prepared for life. None but those who are ready to go to heaven are prepared truly for the duties of this life, or can be really happy in the present world. Therefore, do not think that to love Jesus and do his will would make you melancholy, or uncomfortable, or deprive you of enjoyment. "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

May the Spirit of God incline your hearts to love wisdom! May you be saved from idleness, the ruin of many a young man and woman! May you be enabled to escape or resist the influence of bad companions! May you be diligent in pursuing your education, and successful in learning useful branches of business! If you be careless, or trifling, or idle in these precious days of youth, when you become men or women you will be useless, and worse than useless. Remember that with an active, useful life, God has linked your happiness.

Dear children, do you recollect of seeing the butterfly during the warm weather of summer? How beautiful it was!—how gay, how happy, as, in its wanton joy, it flew from flower to flower, tasting a little of the sweetness here, and of the sweetness there! Where is the butterfly on this

cold winter day? It has perished utterly long ago. Its happiness passed away like a dream. Dear children, do you recollect of seeing the bee—the little busy bee—in the warm weather of summer? A plain, humble, little creature it seemed. Did you observe it, like the butterfly, passing from flower to flower? Did you ever think of the difference between them—how the one was visiting the flowers chiefly for amusement—the other as an industrious labourer? And where is the industrious little bee on this cold winter day? Safe and warm in its cell, feeding on the honey which its summer's industry did lay up in store, and waiting for the return of the bright sunny days of summer.

Now, dear children, tell me whether would you wish to be like the butterfly or the bee? Would you wish to flutter about in gaiety and play, thoughtless of the future, till the cold embrace of the grave separate you for ever from the things in which you delight—thus resembling the once gay, and once beautiful, but now perished butterfly? Or, would you not rather like to be fitted for usefulness, and to be actively and usefully employed, that you may lay up stores of enjoyment for that season when the present state of things hath passed away; thus resembling the little bee, in summer busy and industrious, and now in winter enjoying the fruits of her industry? May the Lord be with you, dear children, to enable you to choose that good part which shall never be taken from you! May Jesus, the good shepherd, gather you, the lambs, with his arm, and carry you in his bosom!

THE CHRISTIAN'S CREED.

I own no GOD Most High but One,
The TRIUNE Majesty,
The co-eternal Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three.

I own no Advocate with GOD
But Christ, from GOD who came;
Close by His Cross apostles trod,
And publicans the same.

I own no Guide to Christ but Him,
Who from the Son proceeds;
Our strength how frail, our sight how dim,
Till GOD the Spirit leads!

I own no good in guilty man,
Nought in my flesh but ill;
I serve not, choose not, Christ, nor can,
Till Christ convert my will.

I own salvation all of Grace,
Remission but by Blood,
And faith's sole power my heart to place
Beneath the cleansing Flood.

I own one Body—Christ the Head;
One Spirit—through the whole,
By GOD, who raised *Him* from the dead,
Breathed as a quickening soul:

One Gospel-Hope; one Lord; one Trust;
One Sign of death to sin;
One GOD and Father of the just,
Above, amongst, within.

I count each Church—its SYMBOLS, songs,
Communion, Elders—mine;
To all, in my charm'd sight, belongs
Th' identity Divine.

A hundred banners, *once unfurl'd*,
Show the same Crown inwove;
Now hail! ye conquerors of the world,
Omnipotent in love!

I own, that light is shrined in *heaven*,
—That, Lord, our heaven art *Thou*,
—That heaven is open'd, Thou art given,
In gleams and glimpses, *now*.

I own, that heaven-lit joy and love
Through holy works must shine;
But still our right to palms above
Is *from* above—'tis THINE.

Yes, this my first and final faith,
The Gospel I profess;
This hope in death the righteous hath—
THY Death-wrought Righteousness!

My thoughts may range o'er truth, or roam
Where doubts and conflicts toss,—
But ever, as the dove flies home,
Light last upon the Cross.

Naked as now of human boast,
When I have reach'd my grave,
Thou, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Me, chief of sinners, save!

W. M. BUNTING.

Highgate-Rise, near London.

THE APPROACH TO JERUSALEM.

(*From Warburton's "Crescent and the Cross."*)

OUR path necessitated one perpetual climb, scramble, or slide; slippery rocks, yawning into deep fissures, or so round and smooth as to render firm footing impossible, constituted the only road. Yet this has been, for four thousand years, the highway between Jerusalem and the western plains that border on the sea. Chariots never could have been used here; and it would be impossible for cavalry to act, or even to advance against a hostile force.

The scenery resembled that of the wildest glens of Scotland, only that here the grey crags were thickly tufted with aromatic shrubs, and, instead of the pine, the sycamore, the olive, and the palm, shaded the mountain's side.

We passed by the village of Jeremiah and "the Terebinthine Vale." In the last we recognise the scene of David's combat with Goliath, and its little brook still sparkles here as freshly as when he picked pebbles thence to fight the Philistine. Generally speaking, the river beds were as dry as the path we trod; and this was the only stream but one that I saw between Jaffa and the Jordan. A large caravan was assembled on its banks, with all its picturesque variety of laden camels, mules with gay trappings, mountain cavaliers with turban and embroidered vest, veiled women on donkeys, half-naked Arabs with long spears, dwellers in cities with dark kaftan, or furred pelisse. All, however various their nation, profession, or appearance, were eagerly quaffing the precious stream, or waiting under "the shadow of a high rock" for the caravan to proceed.

The hills became more and more precipitous as

we approached Jerusalem; most of them were of a conical form, and terraced to their summit. Yet on these steep acclivities the strenuous labour of the Israelite had formerly grown corn, and wine, and oil; and on the terraces that remained uninjured the few present inhabitants still plant wheat, and vineyards, and olive groves. There was no appearance of water, except the inference that might be drawn of wells within the few villages that hung upon the mountains' side.

The pathway continued as rough as ever, while we wound through the rocky defiles leading to the upper plains; but it was much more frequented, and I had joined a large and various company, for the sake of listening to their talk about the city that now absorbed every other interest. At each acclivity we surmounted, we were told that the next would reveal to us the object of our destination; and at length, as we emerged upon a wide and sterile plain, the leading pilgrims sank upon their knees—a contagious shout of enthusiasm burst from the excited wanderers; and every man of that large company—Arab, Italian, Greek, and Englishman—exclaimed, each in his own tongue: "El Khuds!" "Gerusalemma!" "Hagiopolis!" "The Holy City!"

It was indeed Jerusalem; and had the Holy City risen before us in its palmiest days of magnificence and glory, it could not have created deeper emotion, or been gazed at more earnestly and with intenser interest.

So long the object of eager hope and busy imagination, it stood before me at length in actual reality—the city of David, the chosen seat of God, the deathplace of his Son, the object of the world's pilgrimage for two thousand years! All its history, so strangely blended with holiness and crime, with prosperity and desolation, with triumph and despair, and a thousand associations, came thronging into recollection, peopling its towers and surrounding plains with the scenes and actors of eventful years.

The whole cavalcade paused simultaneously when Jerusalem appeared in view; the greater number fell upon their knees and laid their foreheads in the dust, whilst a profound silence, more impressive than the loudest exclamations, prevailed over all; even the Moslems gazed reverently on what was to them also a holy city, and recalled to mind the pathetic appeal of their forefather: "Hast thou not a blessing for me also, O my father?"

When the Crusading army, thinned by pestilence, privation, and many a battle-field, gazed upon the view before us, that warrior-host knelt down as a single man; sobs burst from their mailed bosoms, and tears streamed down their rugged cheeks. Those tears, and not the blood so profusely shed upon the plains of Palestine, were the true evidences of the Crusading spirit.

Apart from all associations, the first view of Jerusalem is a most striking one. A brilliant and unchequered sunshine has something mournful in it, when all that it shines upon is utterly desolate and drear. Not a tree or green spot is visible; no sign of life breaks the solemn silence; no smile of Nature's gladness ever varies the stern scenery around. The flaming, monotonous sunshine above, and the pale, distorted, rocky wastes beneath, realize but too faithfully the prophetic picture: "Thy sky shall be brass, and thy land shall be iron." To the right and left, as far as the eye can reach, vague undulations of colourless rocks extend to the horizon. A broken and desolate plain in front is bounded by a wavy, battlemented wall, over which towers frown, and minarets peer, and mosque-domes swell, intermingled with church-turret, and an indistinguishable mass of terraced roofs. High over the city, to the left, rises the Mount of Olives; and the distant hills of Moab, almost mingling with the sky, afford a background to the striking picture.

There was something startlingly new and strange in that wild, shadowless landscape. The clear outlines of the hills, and the city walls—so colourless, yet so well defined against the naked sky—gave to the whole a most unreal appearance; it resembled rather an immense mezzotinto engraving, than anything which Nature and Nature's complexion had to do with.

I am not sure that this stern scenery did not present the only appearance that would not disappoint expectation. It is unlike anything else on earth—so blank to the eye, yet so full of meaning to the heart. Every mountain round is familiar to the memory—even yon blasted fig tree has its voice; and the desolation that surrounds us bears silent testimony to fearful experiences. The plain upon which we stand looks like the arena of deadly struggles in times gone by—struggles in which all the mighty nations of the earth took part, and in which Nature herself seems to have shared.

Each of our party had waited for the other to finish his devotions, and seemed to respect each pilgrim's feelings with a Christian courtesy, perhaps inspired by the spot. At length all had risen from their genuflections and prostrations, and we moved slowly forward over the rugged yet slippery path which human feet had worn in the solid rock. Countless had been the makers of that path—Jebusites, Hebrews, Chaldeans, Assyrians, Egyptians, Romans, Saracens, Crusaders, and pilgrims from every country under heaven. As we advanced, some olive trees appeared, and deep valleys on the left, slightly marked with pale green gardens. An enclosure concealed the prospect for awhile, and then again the City of Zion appeared, shadowing with its battlemented walls the barren rocks around. As we approached, nothing but these walls were visible, presenting probably, with their massive gates and lofty towers, the same appearance as they wore to the Crusaders' view. Here and there a turbaned head was visible, and the crescent banner was waving from David's Tower; a few tents—green, white, and blue—were scattered round, as if forsaken in a hurry; and all else looked as if it had been laid waste in order to afford no shelter to an enemy.

I had always pictured to myself Jerusalem as standing upon lofty hills, and visible from afar. It is, on the contrary, on the edge of the wide platform by which we approach from Jaffa, and is commanded by the Mount of Olives, the Hill of Scopas, and other eminences, from which it is divided by the deep and narrow ravines called the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and the Vale of Hinnom. These ravines meet in the form of a Y, the lower part of which describes the precipitous glen through which the brook Kedron flows in winter to the Dead Sea.

The site of the city is in itself unique. Selected originally from the strength of its position only, it offers none of the features usually to be found surrounding the metropolis of a powerful people. No river nor any stream flows by—no fertility surrounds it—no commerce seems able to approach its walls—no thoroughfare of nations finds it in the way. It seems to stand apart from the world, exempt from its passions, its ambitions, and even its prosperity. Like the high priest who once ministered in its temple, it stands solitary and removed from all secular influences, and receives only those who come to worship at its mysteries. All the other cities of the earth are frequented by votaries of gain, science, luxury, or glory. Zion offers only privations to the pilgrim's body, solemn reflection for his thoughts, awe for his soul; her palaces are ruins, her hotels are dreary convents, her chief boast and triumph is a tomb.

THE ASS.

(*From Paxton's "Illustrations of Scripture."*)

As a beast of burden, the ass is of considerable value, particularly in the Oriental regions. Of all animals, Buffon observes, the ass is perhaps the one which, in proportion to its size, can carry the greatest weight. To this important circumstance one of its names in Hebrew refers. The great muscular strength of this animal was strikingly displayed in the reign of David, on a very memorable occasion. When that renowned monarch was driven from his capital by the rebellion of an unnatural son, Ziba, the treacherous servant of Mephibosheth, sent him "a couple of asses saddled, and upon them two hundred loaves of bread, and an hundred bunches of raisins, and an hundred of summer fruits, and a bottle of wine;" and yet this load, so disproportionate to their size, did not seem to have fatigued them greatly, for immediately on their arrival they were employed to carry the king's household.

The ancient Israelites, and other Eastern nations, very often availed themselves of the services of this athletic and submissive animal in the carriage of goods. When the sons of Jacob went down into Egypt to purchase corn for the use of their families, they took with them no other beast of burden, although their father was the proprietor of many camels. That country was already in possession of an excellent breed of horses, yet when Joseph sent a present of its "good things" to his venerable parent, he made choice of the ass to carry them. In the course of ages, when affairs of state, or mercantile transactions, required greater despatch, and more attention to economy, the prodigious strength of the camel gradually superseded the inferior power and patient industry of the ass; yet, in the days of Isaiah, we find him still keeping his place among beasts of burden, and even joined with the camel in carrying to Egypt the costly presents with which the King of Judah endeavoured to conciliate the mind of Pharaoh, and procure his powerful aid against the hostile armies of Assyria. "They will carry their riches upon the shoulders of young asses, and their treasures upon the bunches of camels, to a people that shall not profit them"—"that shall not be able to prevent the ravaging of their country, the capture of their fortified places, and the siege of their capital."

The ass is not more remarkable for his power to sustain, than for his patience and tranquillity when oppressed by an unequal load. Like the camel, he quietly submits to the heaviest burden; he bears it peaceably till he can proceed no farther; and when his strength fails him, instead of resisting or endeavouring to throw off the oppressive weight, he contentedly lies down, and rests himself under it, recruits his vigour with the provender that may be offered him, and then, at the call of his master, proceeds on his journey. To this trait in the character of that useful animal the dying patriarch evidently refers, when, under the afflatus of inspiration, he predicts the future lot and conduct of Issachar and his descendants: "Issachar is a strong ass, couching down between two burdens. And he saw that rest was good, and the land that it was pleasant; and bowed his shoulder to bear, and became a servant unto tribute." This tribe, naturally dull and stupid, should, like the creature by which they were characterized, readily submit to the vilest master and the meanest service. Although, like the ass, possessed of ability, if properly exerted and rightly directed, to shake off the inglorious yoke of servitude, they would basely submit to the insults of the Phœnicians on the one hand, and the Samaritans on the other. Issachar was a strong ass, "able," says a sprightly writer, "to refuse a load as well as bear it; but like the passive drudge which symbolized him, he preferred inglorious ease to the resolute vindication of his liberty; a burden of tribute, to the gains of a just and well regulated freedom; and a yoke of bondage, to the doubtful issues of war."

The Oriental husbandman was not less indebted to this creature for his services than the statesman and the merchant. The ox and the ass laboured together in the cultivation of the same field, and submitted their necks to the same yoke. To these facts the Prophet Isaiah evidently refers, in the following prediction: "The oxen likewise, and the young asses, that ear (or till) the ground, shall eat clean provender, which hath been winnowed with the shovel and with the fan." In these words he foretells a season of great plenty, when the cattle shall be fed with corn better in quality, separated from the chaff, and (as the term rendered *clean* in our version properly signifies) acidulated, in order to render it more grateful to their taste. The evangelist clearly refers to the practice, which was common in every part of Syria, of ploughing with the ass, when he calls him *upozugion*—a creature subject to the yoke. In rice grounds, which require to be flooded, the ass was employed to prepare them for the seed, by treading them with his feet. It is to this method of preparing the ground that Chardin supposes the prophet to allude when he says: "Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters, that send forth thither the feet of the ox and the ass." They shall be blessed under the future reign of the promised Messiah. In times anterior to his appearing, their country was to be made a desolation; briers and thorns were to encumber their fields; their sumptuous dwellings were to be cast down; their cities and strongholds levelled with the dust. But when Messiah commences his reign, times of unequalled prosperity shall begin their career. The goodness of Jehovah shall descend in fertilizing showers, to irrigate their fields and to swell the streams which the skill and industry of the husbandman conducts among his plantations, or with which he covers his rice grounds. Secure from the ruinous incursions of aliens, and in the sure hope of an abundant harvest, he shall scatter his rice on the face of the superincumbent water, and tread it into the miry soil with "the feet of the ox and the ass." Prosperous and happy himself, he will consider it his duty, and feel it his delight, "to do good and to communicate"—to succour the widow and the fatherless—to open his doors to the stranger—to diffuse around him the light of truth, and to swell, by the diligent and prudent use of all the means that Providence has brought within his reach, the sum of human enjoyment.

In the sandy fields of Syria and Egypt, where deep ploughing, by draining off the moisture necessary to vegetation, would be hurtful, a single ass is occasionally seen drawing the plough. The implement employed is made to correspond with the strength of the animal; it is so light "that a man of moderate strength," says Dr Russel, "may easily carry it with one hand. A little cow, or at most two, and sometimes only an ass, is sufficient to draw it." But this is only done in very light soils; where the ground is stiffer, and a deeper furrow required, two beasts are yoked together in one plough. In Syria, where the distinction been clean and unclean beasts did not exist, and where unnatural associations were disregarded, they very often joined an ox and an ass in the same yoke. But the law of Moses prohibited, by an express statute, such incongruous mixtures: "Thou shalt not plough with an ox and ass together." The chosen people might employ them both in tilling

their ground, but, in every instance, they were to be joined only with those of their own species. This precept embraced at once the benefit of the tribes and the comfort of their cattle. The benevolent Legislator would not have animals of unequal strength and of discordant habits and dispositions, forced into a union to which they are naturally averse, and where the labour could not be equally divided. But Jehovah, whose care extends to the happiness even of an ox or an ass, had certainly a higher object in view. He meant, by this prohibition, to instruct his people to preserve with solicitude the unaffected simplicity of the patriarchal ages, in their manner of living; to avoid unnatural associations among themselves, and undue familiarity with the idolatrous nations around them, by contracting marriages with them, entering into alliances, or engaging in extensive mercantile transactions—still more, by joining in the impure rites of their worship. To this moral aspect of the law the great Apostle of the Gentiles evidently refers in his charge to the Corinthians: "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers; for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness?"

After the ass had assisted in gathering the crop into the garner, he was often sent, in primitive times, to drive the millstone, which was to convert it into meal. To this kind of labour the Lord Jesus undoubtedly alludes, in his declaration to the disciples: "It is impossible but that offences will come; but woe unto him through whom they come! It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea, than that he should offend one of these little ones." The original phrase, *mulos onikos*, signifies a millstone so large that it cannot be turned about by the hand, according to the more common way of grinding corn in the East, but must be driven by an ass. How various and important are the services which this humble creature renders to his master! He serves him for riding, for bearing his burdens, drawing the plough, treading the grain into the flooded soil, turning the millstone; and to all these services, the female adds the nutritious beverage of her milk. To the poor man, therefore, a single ass might prove an invaluable treasure. In many cases it was the principal means of support to himself and his family; a circumstance which accounts for the energetic language respecting this animal in some passages of Scripture. To "drive away the ass of the fatherless," Job denounces as a deed of atrocity which none but a proud and unfeeling oppressor could be guilty of perpetrating.

The services of this useful animal were not sufficient, even in times of primitive simplicity, to save him from every kind of abuse. At one time he suffers from neglect; at another from oppressive labour; and seldom experiences from ungrateful man the kindness and indulgence to which he is fairly entitled. From the watchful care of his Creator, however, he has not been excluded; even to his subsistence, comfort, and ease, the gracious attention of Heaven has been directed. And while he admits that he made him for the benefit of man, and protects his owner in the quiet possession of him, as a valuable part of his property, by the awful sanctions of the moral law, he makes it an imperative duty to treat him as a sentient being, capable of suffering and of enjoyment. It is accordingly assigned as one reason for the strict observance of the Sabbath: "That thine ox and thine ass may rest." But it is not sufficient to suspend his usual toil during that holy day; he must neither be resigned to want, nor exposed to harsh or inhuman treatment. The compassion of God requires "to loose him from the stall, and lead him away to watering;" and should he fall into a pit, straightway to pull him out. Nor must the fault of the master be visited upon his unoffending servant; the Israelite was commanded, under pain of divine anger, to bring back the ass of his greatest enemy, which he found going astray, and to assist in raising him up when fallen under his load. In these admirable precepts, the God of mercy regards the ox and the ass with equal indulgence; and, as the latter was more exposed to injurious treatment, he condescends to secure his safety and comfort by additional and particular enactments; exhibiting an example of tender concern for the happiness of the meanest of his creatures, which can hardly be too frequently contemplated, and certainly never too closely imitated.

The man of benevolence, who treats even his ass with kindness, shall not lose his reward. Besides the approbation of God and his own conscience, he shall be attended with the strong and affectionate attachment of the animal himself. Dull and stupid as he is, the ass, according to Buffon, smells his master at a distance, searches the places and roads which he used to frequent, and easily distinguishes him from the rest of mankind. An equal degree of gratitude is not always to be found among rational beings towards their greatest and best benefactor. The ass, although destitute of reason, and even duller than many other animals, although commonly hard wrought, and unkindly treated, discovers an attachment to his master, which the people of Israel did not feel for the living God, who daily loaded them with his benefits. This trait in his character gives uncommon poignancy to the prophet's reproof: "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib"—they are not insensible to the kindness of their benefactors; "but Israel doth not know" the God of his salvation; "my people doth not consider" from whose hand they receive all their blessings, nor what return they owe to him for his unmerited kindness.

Among the Jews, the ass was considered as an unclean animal, because it neither divides the hoof nor chews the cud. It could neither be used as food nor offered in sacrifice. The firstling of an ass, like those of camels, horses, and other unclean animals, was to be redeemed with the sacrifice of a lamb, or deprived of life. In cases of extreme want, however, this law was disregarded; for when the Syrian armies besieged Samaria, the inhabitants were so reduced, that "an ass's head," though a species of food disagreeable, and commonly reckoned pernicious, "was sold for fourscore pieces of silver." Some writers, however, contend that the term *hamor* does not signify an ass in this passage, but is the same as *homer*, a certain measure of grain. But this view of the passage cannot be admitted. We know what is meant by the head of an ass, but the head of a homer, or measure of wheat or barley, is quite unintelligible. Nor could the sacred writer say with propriety, that the city was suffering by a "great famine," while a homer of grain was sold for eighty pieces of silver; for in the next chapter he informs us that, after the flight of the Syrians, and provisions of every kind, by the sudden return of plenty, were reduced to the lowest price, "a measure of fine flour (which is the thirtieth part of a homer), was sold for a shekel, and two measures of barley for a shekel, in the gate of Samaria." Besides, had the historian intended a measure of corn, he would not have said indefinitely, a homer was sold for eighty pieces of silver; but, a homer of wheat, or of barley, or of oats, which are not of the same value. The prophet accordingly says, in the beginning of the next chapter: "A measure of fine flour shall be sold for a shekel, and two measures of barley for a shekel." And John, in the Book of Revelation: "A measure of wheat for a penny, and three measures of barley for a penny." Our trans-

lators, therefore, have taken a just view of this text, and given a correct version.

The neglect and contempt which follow this animal through life, do not forsake him even in death. His carcass, furnishing no desirable repast to people of any condition, is ignominiously cast out into the open field, to feed the wild beasts and the ravenous birds; or tumbled into the nearest ditch, where it is left to moulder into dust. "The burial of an ass," was accordingly reckoned, in Old Testament ages, the last disgrace to which the body of a criminal or an unfortunate could be doomed. To this most dishonourable end the Prophet Jeremiah, by the command of Heaven, condemned Jehoiakim, the king of Judah. The sentence, than which we can scarcely conceive one more galling to an Oriental ear, is couched in these terms: "His dead body shall be cast out in the day to the heat, and in the night to the frost." "They shall not lament for him, saying, Ah, my brother! or, Ah, my sister! They shall not lament for him, saying, Ah, Lord! or, Ah, his glory! He shall be buried with the burial of an ass, drawn and cast forth beyond the gates of Jerusalem." "Not that Jehoiakim should have so disgraceful an end in the vicinity of Jerusalem, as is commonly supposed, for he was carried to Babylon, and in all probability died there; but that in the land of his captivity he should die contemned and neglected by the Babylonians, and unregretted even by his captive countrymen; and that his carcass should be treated with all the neglect with which the inhabitants of Jerusalem were accustomed to treat their dead asses, which they dragged out of the city, and cast forth to corrupt or be devoured."

JACOB IN PADAN-ARAM.

BY JOHN KITTO, D.D.,

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THE history of Jacob's sojourn in Padan-aram is a very interesting portion of Scripture, which has scarcely yet received all the illustration of which it is capable, from the existing usages of the East, and from other sources not commonly consulted by commentators on Scripture. We note a few points which we have not seen adequately illustrated.

From Gen. xxix. 15, we gather, in a very incidental manner, that Jacob, during the first month of his visit to his uncle Laban, did not spend the time in sauntering about, conversing with his relatives concerning the adventures of his family in the land of Canaan, but found out various ways of making himself useful; and so impressed the not very open-hearted Laban with the value of his services that, at the end of the month, he accosted his nephew in these terms: "Because thou art my brother, shouldest thou therefore serve me for nought? Tell me what shall thy wages be?" That Jacob, although a guest, had been thus diligent in the service of his host, is quite in conformity with existing usages among the Arabians. A stranger is welcomed and liberally entertained in any Arab tent at which he chooses to put up; but if three days and four hours pass without his manifesting an intention to depart, the rules of Bedouin hospitality do not forbid his host to question him politely upon the subject; and if the stranger then prolongs his stay, he is expected to make himself useful, by assisting the host in the ordinary objects of his care—such as milking the camel, feeding the horse, fetching water, and the like. He is not, indeed, compelled to these services, but he cannot decline them without exposing himself to the censure and contempt of the Arabs of the camp.

Jacob got, for the wages of his long service, the two daughters of Laban. When the eldest was given to him, her father "gave unto his daughter Leah Zilpah his maid for an handmaid;" and, in like manner, he afterwards gave Bilhah to Rachel. That he did this in both cases shows that it was a common custom. But it is a custom to which European usages offer no parallel. Yet in the East, where hired household servants are comparatively rare, no person in good circumstances bestows a daughter in marriage, without giving her a female slave for a handmaid. This handmaid becomes her own separate property, over which her husband has no control, and which she can dispose of as she pleases. It is clear that Leah and Rachel possessed and exercised the same independent and absolute power over their handmaidens as Sarah had over Hagar; and this fact seems to throw considerable light upon the conduct of all these persons.

When, after twenty years' service, Jacob withdrew secretly from Laban, and was pursued and overtaken by him, the son of Isaac vindicated his conduct, and retorted the reproaches of Laban with a manly warmth, which interests us greatly in his favour. Dwelling upon his care of the flocks, he says, among other things: "That which was torn of beasts I brought not unto thee: I bore the loss of it; of my hand didst thou require it." That Laban should thus have exacted that Jacob should make good all casualties to the flock was most ungenerous, and contrary to all known usages of pastoral life, which exonerate the shepherd when he is able to afford such evidence as shall satisfy the owner that the animal is really dead, and has not been sold by the shepherd for his own advantage. For this the carcass itself is the best evidence, as Jacob intimates; but time and distance will often render its production difficult. Jacob himself was sometimes three days' journey distant from Laban, and in that time the dead carcass would, in an Eastern climate, have become most offensive, besides that it would have required the services of a man and beast six days, going and returning, to take it to Laban. It might also happen that the production of the animal, or even of its skin, which is the next best evidence, would be impossible, through its having been carried away, or wholly, or in great part, consumed by some beast of prey. The experience of this led to the production of *some part* of the animal being taken as sufficient evidence of its loss through misadventure. Hence the anxiety of

the shepherds to rescue from ravenous beasts at least some part of the sheep, to satisfy the owner as to its loss. This is alluded to by Amos (iii. 12): "As the shepherd taketh out of the mouth of the lion two legs, or a piece of an ear," &c. This somewhat remarkable custom meets one constantly in the East in some shape or other; for it is applied to the case of *all* animals intrusted by the owners to the care of other persons, and comes frequently into operation with respect to horses which die upon the road. Of many illustrative anecdotes which have come under the writer's notice, the following, from the "Memoirs of Artemi, an Armenian of Wagarschaput," is perhaps the most striking. Artemi was employed by his master to conduct his horses a long way to Baku. Being exhausted by want of fodder, two of them died on the way; and Artemi, according to the custom of his country, cut off their ears and tails to produce to the owner. When the Armenian arrived, he was loaded with abuse by his master. "He called me, before all the people, a horse-stealer; for to a certainty I must have sold the horses. 'Only think what a scoundrel he is!' exclaimed he, turning to the Armenians; 'he has robbed me of two capital horses, which I bought in Persia. One of them was a grey, and cost me five hundred rubles; and for the other, a bay, I paid nearly eight hundred.' The simple folks believed him, and seemed inclined to join in his invectives. I then begged my master to have a little patience, and showed him, before them all, the tails and the ears. 'There,' cried I, 'are the ears and tails of your horses!'"

FAITH AND PENITENCE.

BY THE REV. J. A. WALLACE,

Hawick.

What is faith? Faith is like the eye that looks to Christ, or the hand that touches the skirts of his garments, or the foot that walketh after him, or the voice that crieth unto him: "Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed; save me, O Lord, and I shall be saved." But, let it be observed, there is no virtue in faith itself. The virtue is in Christ, and in Christ's work. Not in the eye that looks: the eye that looks may be covered with scales, and dimmed with weeping; it is Christ's eye-salve that clears it. Not in the hand that touches: the hand that touches may be polluted with leprosy, or stiffened with palsy, or withered with infirmity; it is Christ's skill that heals it. Not in the foot that walketh after him: the foot may be staggering amid the heaving billows, and sinking into the yawning gulf, while the voice of the perishing man is crying out in its agony: "Lord, save me, or I perish." Faith itself has no power to save him. It only joins his hand to the hand of Christ; and it is Christ's hand, in its almightiness, that lifts him from the horrible pit, and sets his feet upon the rock, and, putting the new song into his mouth, enables him to exclaim: "O Lord, I will praise thee; though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortest me! Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid: for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; he also is become my salvation. Therefore, with joy shall I draw water out of the wells of salvation."

And what is penitence? Penitence is the tear that drops from the eye of faith, when that eye is fixed upon the cross of Christ. Of course, where faith is awanting, there can be nothing like the godly sorrow which worketh repentance unto salvation, not to be repented of. A man may contemplate his iniquities from any other point but Calvary, and spread them out before him, with all their aggravations, and with all their eternal consequences; and even view them in the awful colours which are reflected from the flames of hell; but, after all, his heart may remain unmoved — unchanged. But let him look directly to the cross, and form a clear conception of the perfection of the Saviour's finished work, and believe, because God has said it, that Christ is able to save to the very uttermost, and apprehend the full import of these marvellous words: "I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins" — let that lesson be taught to him by the Spirit who teacheth savingly and to profit, and the heart that is within him, though previously harder than the adamant, will straightway be dissolved — every feeling and every fibre will be touched with the spell of a melting sensibility—the head will become like waters, and the eyelids will be turned into a fountain of tears.

But is this the view of repentance which the sinner is naturally disposed to entertain, or which he is most ready to exemplify? No such thing. He reverses the order of the divine arrangement. God puts faith first, and repentance follows as the necessary result. But the sinner, left to himself, is inclined to put repentance first, and to make faith dependent upon it. In other words, he cannot bring himself to the conviction that he is warranted to look to the cross at once, and to believe that the blood of Christ is sufficient of itself to cleanse him from all his sins. But he acts upon the assumption that he must repent first—that he must be sorry for his sins—that he must mourn over them—that he must acknowledge them—that he must forsake them—and that, when he has done this, and not before, he is at liberty to lift his eyes to the cross, to entertain the hope of forgiveness, or to put in his claim for the blessings of the great salvation. But this is making his salvation to depend, not mainly or exclusively on Christ's finished work, but upon his own repentance—a repentance wrought out by himself, and altogether unconnected with the merit that is in Christ; and the result is, that such a repentance can neither be acceptable in the sight of God, nor truly profitable to himself. God's method is very different. First of all, he pours out his Spirit—the Spirit of grace—the Spirit of supplications. And what follows? The man looks upon Him whom he has pierced! That is faith, and it is faith looking in the right direction—faith rivetted upon the cross of Christ. And then, when the man

looks upon Him whom he hath pierced, he mourns and is in bitterness, even as one mourneth for an only child. And that is repentance—the repentance that breaks the heart of stone — the repentance that worketh unto salvation not to be repented of.

Hence repentance has been described as a saving grace; that is to say, it is not a thing inherent in ourselves, or which we ourselves can originate. It is a gift—a free gift—a gift of divine love. It is God himself that gives it. It comes from him just as truly as faith does. For thus it is written in regard to Christ: "Him hath God exalted with his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel and forgiveness of sins." To give repentance! Not merely the forgiveness of sins, which we readily admit to be the gift of God, but repentance also, or the godly sorrow which, within the interior of our own hearts, worketh unto salvation not to be repented of. The latter, no less than the former, is the gift of God through our Lord Jesus Christ—the penitence as well as the pardon—the godly sorrow as well as the remission of sin. To divine grace, and to divine grace alone, the believing and the repenting sinner is indebted for them both; and the more thoroughly he is taught that in himself there dwelleth no good thing, and that, consequently, every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning, the more heartily will he now magnify the riches of the Saviour's grace, and the better fitted will he be hereafter for joining with the countless throng who are casting their crowns at the Saviour's feet, and ascribing, not unto themselves, but unto Him who hath loved them, and washed them from their sins in his own blood, all the wisdom, and the glory, and the honour, and the thanksgiving, and the power, and the victory, for ever and ever. Amen.

HOW DANIEL PRAYED, AND WHY?

It is evident that Daniel had stated times for prayer. And if we would derive the full advantage which may be obtained from prayer, we would do well to have stated times for this exercise. Formality in religion is to be avoided, but regularity ought to be cultivated. Without order in our worldly affairs, although we be always busy, we will be always in confusion. It is of more importance still to be orderly in our religious exercises. If we have no stated times for these, the affairs of the world will, in all likelihood, exclude them; or natural fickleness will postpone them, or unforeseen occurrences will cause them to be shut up in a corner, and performed in a hurried manner—which is worse even than neglect. Regularity will, in due time, ripen into habit, and habit, though it may occasionally degenerate into custom, is an important safeguard upon a good principle and a good practice. Many individuals may consider it quite impossible that they can spare time to set apart for this purpose. It is admitted that all have not equal facilities; but if there be first a willing mind, it is wonderful what can be done. It is presumed that few have a better excuse than Daniel. He had all the affairs of an empire to manage, and yet he found time for his stated seasons of calling on the name of God.

Daniel not only prayed daily—he prayed three times a-day. This condemns those persons in whose houses prayer is never heard except in a time of distress. It also condemns such as never have prayer in their houses except on Sabbath, and those who, with perfect opportunity, worship God only once in the day. Business, I am aware, is the great excuse; but the more we have to do, we have the more need to pray. It is, in some respects, a greater sin in a busy man to be prayerless than it is in one who is unemployed. He who has most to do has most need of divine assistance; and the rule is: "In all thy ways acknowledge thou Him, and He will direct thy steps."

Along with his prayers, it was Daniel's usual custom to mingle thanksgivings to the Father of mercies. In presenting these addresses to the Majesty of heaven, he kneeled upon his knees, in order to express the holy awe and reverence which he felt in the presence of God. He had also been in the habit of praying with "his windows open toward Jerusalem." This he did, not from ostentation, and far less from a superstitious belief that prayer directed to a certain quarter was more acceptable to Him who filleth heaven and earth. By kneeling with his face towards Jerusalem, he at once expressed his belief that the captives would be restored and the temple rebuilt, and complied with the inspired suggestions contained in Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the temple: "If they sin against thee (for there is no man that sinneth not), and thou be angry with them, and deliver them to the enemy, so that they carry them away captives unto the land of the enemy far or near; yet if they shall bethink themselves in the land whither they were carried captives, and repent, and make supplication unto thee in the land of them that carried them captives, saying, We have sinned and have done perversely, we have committed wickedness; and so return unto thee with all their heart, and with all their soul, in the land of their enemies which led them away captive, and pray unto thee toward their land which thou gavest unto their fathers, the city which thou hast chosen, and the house which I have built for thy name: then hear thou their prayer and their supplication in heaven thy dwelling-place, and maintain their cause, and forgive thy people that have sinned against thee, and all their transgressions wherein they have transgressed against thee, and give them compassion before them who carried them captive, that they may have compassion on them."

Daniel had been a praying man all his days, and this prepared him to stand the trial when the trial came. "Now when Daniel knew that the writing was signed, he went into his house, and his windows being open in his chamber toward Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his knees three times a-day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime."

With the full knowledge that the edict was signed, he continued his ordinary practice. He added nothing from a spirit of defiance — he omitted nothing from a fear of danger. On the one hand, he did nothing to court martyrdom; on the other hand, he took no precautions to escape it. He did in all respects as he had done aforetime. He had been accustomed to pray, and he continued to pray. He had been in the habit of praying three times a-day, and he continued to pray three times a-day. He had been accustomed to kneel when he prayed, and he still "kneeled upon his knees." He had been accustomed to pray with his windows open toward Jerusalem, and he opened them toward Jerusalem as he had done aforetime. He had been accustomed to mingle thanksgiving with prayer, and though he is now exposed to a lion's den, he sees still abundant cause of thankfulness. God had spared him long, he had loaded him with benefits, he had enabled him to maintain his purity of character amid many temptations, and now, in extreme old

age, he not only counted him worthy to suffer for the divine name, but enabled him to meet the perils which beset him with a calm and courageous mind. Daniel, therefore, not only prays, "he gives thanks, as he had done aforetime."

Two questions may be raised, respecting the propriety of Daniel's conduct. It may be said, in the *first* place, that Daniel was chargeable with rebellion, because, knowingly and avowedly, he violated a law which had been passed by the highest legislative power in the country. In reply to this we shall simply state, at present, that God is the supreme lawgiver, that all the authority which man possesses over man is derived from God, and limited by the divine law, and, therefore, the laws of man only bind when they are not inconsistent with the law of God. But the moment that they command what God has forbidden, or forbid what God has commanded, they cease to be obligatory upon conscience; and in such cases, so far from being sinful to disobey them, to do so is a solemn duty. The edict of Darius being palpably opposed to the plainest commands of God, Daniel, in refusing to observe such a law, only acted the part which was incumbent on every loyal subject of the Most High.

In the *second* place, it may be said that Daniel might have prayed unto God in the heart, in despite of his enemies, and God would have heard him; or, if he wished to pray unto him with the lips, he ought to have retired into some secret place; or at least, if he prayed in his own chamber, he should have allowed the windows to remain closed during these thirty days. Was it not, therefore, sinful in him to pray so ostentatiously as he did? Was not this unnecessarily to expose his life to danger? Was it not to forget that God is a spirit, and to place too much dependence upon that bodily service which profiteth little? It ought, however, to be remarked, that while the Scriptures assert that bodily service profiteth little, they nowhere assert that it profiteth nothing. On the contrary, we are commanded to glorify God in our bodies, as well as in our spirits, which are his. And there are occasions when bodily exercise profiteth much—in which it is even a better test of a person's devotedness to God than the inward frame of his mind. When God calls upon us to believe with the heart unto righteousness, no outward action, such as fasting, or praying with an audible voice, or the giving of our goods to feed the poor, or even the giving of our bodies to be burned, will be accepted by him as a substitute for faith. On the contrary, when God, in his adorable providence, calls upon us to make confession of him before men, no inward frame of spirit, neither faith, nor love, nor self-denial, nor heavenliness of mind, will be accepted by him as a substitute for our open and visible adherence to the cause of his truth and of his glory. In a time of trial, a testing-time, it is not the inward feeling of loyalty to God—it is the outward manifestation of this; it is not the image of God in the heart, it is his "name upon the forehead," which proves an individual to belong to "the called, and chosen, and faithful." Let us apply these remarks to the case in hand. Praying to God in the spirit was not prohibited, but only such prayer as came under the observation of men. Persons were not interdicted from believing in God, but only from rendering to him the outward acts of homage that were due unto his name. The point, therefore, on which the authority of God and man came into collision was about the external acts of divine worship. God had said: "In all thy ways acknowledge thou me, and I will direct thy steps." Darius and his nobles, on the other hand, said: Thou shalt not ask a petition of God for thirty days. In the present instance, therefore, loyalty to God could not be evidenced by what was inward, but only by what was outward; not by believing with the heart, but by confessing with the lips. The attitude of Daniel's body while praying, nay, the position of the windows of his chamber, was as important in the sight of God as the inward devotion of his soul. If he had shut his windows, if he had ceased to kneel, if he had ceased to speak unto God with the lips, and rested content with the utterances of the heart, this would have been to homologate the impious decree, and to deny God before men. That edict invaded the rights of Jehovah, not by prohibiting men from worshipping him in their hearts, but by forbidding them to worship him with their bodies. Bodily service was therefore the only evidence of heart-loyalty to God, and worship that was purely spiritual would have been looked upon as the homage of a coward and a traitor—of a man who wished to serve two masters. —*White's "Providence, Prophecy, and Popery."*

AN ILLUSTRATION OF INTOLERANCE.

M. Pache, of the village of Morges, in Switzerland, a minister of the Gospel, and a member of one of the most respectable families of the whole country, was sojourning, during the summer, for his health, at the baths of Aix, in Savoy. He was so ill that he was often shut up in his chamber, and obliged to keep his bed. An old woman had the care of him as his nurse, a creature as cunning and malicious as she was bigoted. She soon observed, by his conversation and manner of life, that M. Pache was a religious man, although, knowing the jealousy of the priests, he had prudently abstained from giving her either Bibles or tracts. This, however, did not prevent the old woman from going to her priest, and telling him, it is said at the confessional, all that she had seen or heard of her patient's heresy.

The priest took the alarm, but M. Pache could not be arrested without some plausible pretext; and how should that be gained? Under guidance of her confessor, the old woman pretended to her patient to be filled with a very sincere and earnest desire to be instructed as to the interests of her soul. She entered into conversation with M. Pache, and finished by begging him to give her one or two of the religious tracts which she had seen upon his table. The sick man yielded to her request; for who, not knowing her wicked league with the priest, could have refused it?

Soon as the old woman had got possession of the tracts, she ran in triumph to carry them to the priest. M. Pache was at once arrested and conducted to prison. Some influential friends exerted themselves to obtain his liberation, but in vain; they were told that M. Pache must wait in prison the issuing of his judgment. The prisoner next addressed a petition to the King of Sardinia, with whom he had been personally acquainted—had lived with him at Geneva, had dwelt in the same house with him, and studied in the same school. He received for answer, the assurance that the king remembered him very well, but that he could not hinder the free course of justice.

At length, after having waited a long time in vain for his sentence in prison—all bail being refused to him—he was brought before the Senate of Chambery, and there condemned to a year's further imprisonment, a fine of one hundred pieces of gold, and to pay, besides, the expenses of the process. The infamous treatment would have been still worse, had it not been for his personal relations with the king and the interference of some persons of high rank.

The treatment which this minister of the Gospel received while in prison was severe and cruel. They only who may have visited the interior of a prison in a Romish country, and especially in Italy, can imagine what M. Pache must have suffered. During

a considerable space of time he was shut up in the same cell with eight banditti! A man of admirable education, of refined manners, a companion of the studies of the king, resorting to the baths of Aix for his health, is taken sick from his bed, and shut up in a foul, infected dungeon, with corrupt and disgusting villains, where he cannot enjoy one moment's repose, nor even a corner to himself, but day and night is surrounded with filthy creatures, covered with vermin! All this for giving away a religious tract, at the wily instigation of the priest himself!

With all this, it will scarcely be believed that out of this monstrous piece of persecution and deceit the Romish Church arrogated to herself the praise of great tolerance! After M. Pache had suffered in prison nine or ten months, the Bishop of Strasburg interfered in his favour by a pompous letter, which spoke of "the pity and compassion of the Church," and pretended to implore mercy and deliverance for a heretic justly condemned! This was really adding mockery and insult to the punishment; but at length, just as the period of imprisonment for their victim was expiring, M. Pache was set at liberty in consideration of the application of the bishop. Of course this was applauded as a proof of the compassion of the Romish Church, which may well pretend to be merciful, when its very acts of persecution can be turned, by the ingenuity of the priests, into the strongest and most popular proofs of its tolerance. Who can wonder at the appellations bestowed in the Scriptures upon such a Church?—"Mystery of Iniquity," "Mother of Abominations," and "Man of Sin!"

I am bound to add that, towards the end of his imprisonment, M. Pache obtained a remarkable alleviation of its miseries, in consequence of his former friendship with the king, and the solicitations and measures of some personages of high rank. He obtained the favour of being transferred from the dungeon where he was surrounded by such a band of malefactors, and was put into another cell, in company with a murderer! This was a pleasant companion for a sick man and a clergyman, and a new proof of the *compassions* of the Romish Church, in consenting so wonderfully to ameliorate the position of a heretic.

The original account of this most iniquitous procedure may be found in the *Archives du Christianisme*. My informant adds, that M. Pache was condemned in virtue of a law which forbids the circulation of the Scriptures and of tracts in the States of the King of Sardinia. If the inhabitants of Savoy have rightly informed me, he says, there is in force in that country a law called "the Law of Blasphemy," which annexes the penalty of five years in the galleys to every attack made against the Romish religion. He had himself passed a village in the mountains, where a man was condemned to two years in the galleys for speaking ill of the Virgin Mary!

What a country is this! what despotism of the priesthood! what degradation and trembling servitude of the people! Surely every man, having the least regard for freedom and piety, is bound to exert himself to the uttermost against such a system of intolerance. It is time it were brought to an end; for the whole creation where it exists groaneth and travaileth in bondage under it.—*Cheever.*

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

THE hero of the allegory is not only finely portrayed, but is himself a portraiture of the highest perfection of manhood. We know of no hero, among all the creations of fiction, who is equal to Christian. Bunyan's mind seems to have been fully equal to the conception of the truly great man. A thousand characters have been drawn by writers of piety as undoubted as Bunyan's, but which of them is at all comparable to Christian? In him the hand of a master has drawn everything that is brave, and honest, and true—everything that is gentle and simple—everything that is lovely and of good report. He is an earnest man. He bears alike the pleasures and toils of pilgrimage, without rising into an immoderate joy or sinking into the depths of despair. He wages a sore combat with Apollyon for half a-day, and when the conflict is over he sits down by the place, and sings a sweet song of thanksgiving to Him who made his enemy to flee. He goes down into that dark valley where are the hobgoblins and the demons of the pit—where there is a continual howling as of people in unutterable misery—over which hang the discouraging clouds of confusion—Death also doth always spread his wings over it; but, nothing daunted, he cries out: "I perceive not yet but that *this is my way* to the desired haven!" and with his sword drawn he presses onward. See, too, what a tender sensibility there is mingled with his stern manhood! When he lost his roll at the arbour on the Hill Difficulty, he chid himself, and sat down and wept bitterly. And when he had found the roll and gone on to the House Beautiful, he was laid in an upper chamber whose window opened towards the sun-rising. The name of the chamber was Peace. Here he slept until the break of day, and then *he awoke and sang.* When he beholds the miseries of those who were kept among the tombs by Giant Despair, he "gushes out with tears;" nor can he restrain a laugh at the expense of brave Mr Talkative who came out of Prating Row. As Carlyle phrases it, we find in him a "robust, genuine, noble faculty of a man, with good humour, nay, and tender affection too. Laughter is in him, and tears also appointed unto him. He has a silent sorrow, an unnamable melancholy, the element of all gentle and fine affections; giving to the rest the *true stamp of nobleness.*"—*Nassau Monthly.*

Miscellaneous.

The old year is gone! and if we look back, what a nothing it appears! Departed as a tale that is told. Thus will our whole life appear, when our end approaches, and eternity opens: but eternity will never expire—eternity will last, world without end. When millions, unnumbered millions of ages are passed away, eternity will only be beginning. And this short life, this little span, is the seed-time of the long, long eternity. What we sow in this state we shall reap in the eternal state. Should we not, therefore, be careful, very careful, to improve our time, and make the best provision for an eternity of happiness? Should we not be careful to get faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, to get the love of God shed abroad in our hearts, and our souls renewed according to the amiable example of our blessed Redeemer? This, and nothing but this, is true religion. Going to church, hearing sermons, and receiving sacraments, profit us nothing, unless they promote these desirable ends. Fix, dear friend, this truth in your memory. A true faith in Christ, an unfeigned love of God, and a real holiness of heart, are the greatest blessings you can desire. Without them, we shall not, we cannot, enter into the kingdom of heaven. These you should incessantly, you should earnestly seek, through the whole advancing year.—*Hervey.*

Much discourse and much ink hath been spilt upon the debate of free will; but truly all the liberty it hath, till the Son and his Spirit free it, is that miserable freedom the apostle speaks of: "While ye were servants to sin, ye were *free from righteousness.*"—*Leighton.*

Daily Bread.

FRIDAY.

"The breastplate of righteousness."—EPH. vi. 14.

Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole.

Need we bid the soldier be careful of his armour, when he goes into the field? can he easily forget to take that with him, or be persuaded to leave it behind him? yet some have done so, and paid dear for their boldness. Better thou endure the weight of thy plate, though a little cumbersome to the flesh, than receive a wound in thy breast for want of it.—*Gurnall.*

SATURDAY.

"To the one we are the savour of death unto death."—2 COR. ii. 16.

Son of God, arise, arise,
And to thy temple come!
Look, and with thy flaming eyes
The man of sin consume;
Slay him with thy Spirit, Lord;
Reign thou in my heart alone;
Speak the sanctifying word,
And seal me all thine own!

This sword hath two edges; with one it heals, with the other it wounds—with one it saves, with the other it damns. O it is a dreadful weapon when it strikes with its wounding, damning side! and the other side thou hast nothing to do with while in any way of unholiness. Not a kind word in the whole Bible spoken to one sinning. Now, poor creature, think and think again, is there any sin worth hazarding all this confusion and mischief, which, if thou art resolved to have it, will inevitably befall thy soul?—*Ibid.*

SABBATH.

"Peace with God."—ROM. ii. 10.

Let the redeem'd give thanks and praise
To a forgiving God!
My feeble voice I cannot raise
Till wash'd in Jesus' blood—
Till, at thy coming from above,
My mountain-sins depart,
And fear gives place to filial love,
And peace o'erflows my heart.

Peace with God! sure it is worth the sinner's having, or else the angels were ill employed when they welcomed the tidings thereof into the world, at our Saviour's birth, with such acclamations of joy: "Glory to God, on earth peace" (Luke ii. 14); yea, Christ himself was deceived in his purchase, who, if a sinner's peace with God be not of high price and value, hath little to show for the effusion of his heart-blood, which he thought well spent to gain this. But this we cannot believe; and yet to see how freely God offers peace and pardon to the sons of men, through Christ, and how coy, yea, sullen and ross, they are to the motion, one that does not well know them both—God's infinite goodness and wretched man's horrible baseness—might be ready to think it some low-prized ware, which lay upon God's hands; and this to be the cause why God is so earnest to put it off, and man so loath to take it off, his hands. —*Ibid.*

MONDAY.

"Whosoever shall lose his life for my sake shall find it."—MATT. xvi. 25.

If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
The toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

By resigning ourselves up readily to the disposure of God, we engage God to take care of us, and whatever befalls us. And that man or woman sure, if any other in the world, must needs live comfortably that hath the care of himself wholly taken off his own shoulders, and rolled upon God, at whose finding he now lives. The poor widow never was better off than when the prophet kept house for her. She freely parted with her little meal for the prophet's use; and as a reward of her faith in crediting the message he brought from the Lord, so far as to give the bread out of her own mouth and child's to the prophet, she is provided for by a miracle.—*Ibid.*

TUESDAY.

"If children, then heirs."—ROM. viii. 17.

How weak the thoughts, and vain,
Of self-deluding men—
Men who, fix'd to earth alone,
Think their houses shall endure,
Fondly call their lands their own,
To their distant heirs secure!
How happy, then, are we,
Who build, O Lord, on thee!
What can our foundation shock?
Though the shatter'd earth remove,
Stands our city on a rock—
On the rock of heavenly love.

Hath God made us his heirs, and bestowed heaven upon us in reversion; and shall we be so poor-spirited to sit down and bemoan ourselves for our present sorrows, that are no more, as to be compared with the glory that we are going to, than the little point of time (into which our short life with all our sufferings are contracted) is to be compared with the vast circumference of that eternity which we are to spend in endless bliss and happiness? He is a poor man, we say, that one or two petty losses quite undoes.—*Ibid.*

WEDNESDAY.

"Walk by faith."—2 COR. v. 7.

Let us for living faith contend;
Sure salvation is its end;
Heaven already is begun—
Everlasting life is won.

We live by faith, and faith lives by exercise. As we say of some stirring men, they are never well but at work—confine them to their bed or chair, and you kill them; so here, hinder faith from working, and you are enemies to the very life and being of it. Why do we act faith so little in prayer, but because we are not more frequent in it?—*Ibid.*

THURSDAY.

"Ye have not, because ye ask not."—JAMES iv. 2.

O wondrous power of faithful prayer!
What tongue can tell the almighty grace?
God's hands or bound or open are,
As Moses or Elijah prays.

And the more they abound in prayer the more they shall abound in blessings. The oftener Joash smote upon the ground the more complete was his victory over the Syrians. As the arrows of prayer are that we shoot to heaven so will the returns of mercy from thence be; yet it must not be imputed to any loathness in God to give, that he makes them pray often and long before the mercy comes, but rather to the delight he takes in our prayers: he doth this to draw out the graces of his Spirit in his children—the voice of which in prayer makes sweet melody in the ear of God.—*Ibid.*

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THE ALPHA AND OMEGA.

[Rev. i. 8, 11; xxii. 13.]

BY THE REV. JAMES HAMILTON, LONDON.

Till we know as we are known, our conceptions regarding the great realities must be very defective; but so far as they are scriptural they are accurate. Of all Bible truths, that which most immediately relates to the Lord Jesus is to us the most important; and though, until we see him as he is, our views regarding him must be inadequate, the Bible reveals far more than most of its readers have apprehended. The truth as it is in Jesus is truth for all seasons. It is truth which eternity will only make more precious and more ample. And as the best morning thought, and the best for beginning a new week, is one in which the Saviour is, so is it the best for an opening year. That the time is short—that all flesh is grass—that we know not what shall be on the morrow, is not more true than that Jesus is the "Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty."

1. The Lord Jesus is the Alpha and Omega, because he is the manifestation of God. The use of the various letters is just to articulate your truest self—to render intelligible to others your thoughts and wishes, your feelings and your purposes. And in this sense Immanuel is the Alpha and Omega of the ever-blessed Godhead. He is the articulation of Jehovah's mind. He is the Word of God. He is the visible embodiment of all that is in the invisible Three-One. Whatever the mind of the Lord Jesus is, the same is the mind of God; whatever the dispositions of the Lord Jesus are known to be, the same are the dispositions of Him whom no man can see; and whatever perfections were seen in the person of Christ, the same perfections reside in the great I AM. "No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him . . . . . Philip saith unto him, Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us. Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? he that hath seen me hath seen the Father. . . God hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son . . . the brightness of his glory, and the express image of his person."

There are some manifestations of mind more satisfactory and soul-filling than others; and of all these a personal presence—a visible embodiment—is the most gratifying and heart-contenting. You might imagine the spirit of a departed friend lingering round you, but except so far as you associated him with what you once saw him to be, you could have no distinct idea of what he now is. And even were it possible for him to speak to you from time to time, could you catch his occasional voice, like that of the viewless echo, there would be still a drawback on your delight—a shadowy gap in your satisfactions. And it would not be till you saw him in the customary clothing of humanity—it would not be till you could read all his dispositions in the leisurely survey of his personal appearance—till, instead of occult influences on your spirit, and oracular responses from viewless space, and the unlocal, unrealizing impression of an inconceivable presence, the living form, with all its living attributes, stood before your eyes, and the intellect sat enthroned on a living brow, and the affections flowed through living lips, and the substantial impersonation did not dissolve in your joyful embrace—it would not be till then that, with an ecstasy akin to that of Thomas, you would feel that in this living person your friend was found again.

It is from this deep craving of the soul after the visible, and audible, and palpable manifestations of mind that in all ages and regions where the true Alpha and Omega is unknown, men have invented an Alpha and Omega to themselves, and, according to the more glorious or more grovelling conceptions of their minds, have fixed on bright symbols or gross idols as hints of the divinity, and helps to their feebleness in arriving at the knowledge of God. But deep as is the desire, and natural as it is for these clay-cumbered minds of ours to seek something material to rest upon, even in their approaches to the invisible God, nothing has more moved the indignation of the Most High than the ways in which this desire has displayed itself. And whether it be the sun in his bounteous strength and dazzling beauty, or some worthless creeping thing, to which they have likened the Godhead, so intolerant is the great Jehovah of all such similitudes, that inspiration seems to labour as often as it denounces them, and accumulates each epithet of divine abhorrence on that sin of sins which Jehovah hates. There is only one specimen of Jehovah so adequate to himself — only one impersonation so express an image of what He is — only one manifestation of the Godhead so truly divine, that all which He is the same the Godhead is. Blessed be his name, that there does exist one such embodiment of the invisible God—a countenance which we can look upon, and there read the

character of God—a life whose movements we can follow, and there learn the very mind of God—a voice to which we can listen, for it is not only articulate, but human, and yet the voice of God—a bosom on which our dim humanity can lay its confused and aching head, and whilst first emboldened so to do by the assuring aspect of the Brother, will find, to its sweet surprise, that, in that very act, it has gained the bosom of a reconciled God. God hath in these last days spoken to us by his Son from heaven, who is the brightness of his glory and the express image of his person. To bow at Jesus' name is the true antidote to idolatry—to say, "Whom have I in heaven but thee," is to love the Lord our God with all our heart, and soul, and strength, and mind; and till we know God in Jesus Christ, he is still to us a God unknown—we have still to learn the first letter of his name; for in the knowledge of the only true God, Jesus is the Alpha and Omega—the one outlet of the Father's character, and the one inlet to the Father's love.

2. Jesus is the Alpha and the Omega, because of his all-sufficiency. Like the literal Alpha and Omega, he includes everything within himself. He is the beginning and the ending, which is, and was, and is to come—the Amighty —the All-sufficient. There is nothing which a believer needs but he will find it in the Lord Jesus.

(1.) A sufficient Saviour. His name was called "Jesus," because he saves his people from their sins. You can do nothing which more truly honours him, than to trust your salvation entirely to him — you can do nothing which will more delight his tender mercy, than to avail yourself of his finished work; for, when you do so, he sees of the travail of his soul, and is satisfied. How strangely do they err who fancy that he who bought salvation grudges to bestow it—who fear that, now he is ascended up on high, he is more loath to bestow gifts on the rebellious than he showed himself to be when hanging on the cross! Happy they who know his name, and put their trust beneath the shadow of his wings! Happy they who never think of any other recommendation to mercy except the sprinkled blood—who seek no other passport to heaven except the robe of Jesus' righteousness!

(2.) A most attractive and assimilating pattern of all moral excellence. In his direct operations on the mind, the Holy Spirit is the immediate sanctifier of God's people; but it is by revealing the great model of all excellence in the person of the Lord Jesus, that the Holy Spirit changes them into the same likeness. Your growth in holiness will be just in proportion to your knowledge of Jesus, and the love you bear him. If your affection for him be very intense, your resemblance to him will be very visible; and nothing will so edulcorate the acrimonious elements of your character, nor so elevate its depressed and defective features, as a confiding and endearing intimacy with the Son of God. There is no moralizing, no ennobling influence comparable to communion with Christ. He is *full* of grace and truth—of all that is noble in the strength of character, and of all that is lovely in its adorning; and he is not more gracious and godlike in his character than he is earnest in his affection for his own, and constant in his purpose of exalting them to an eminent holiness. The only limit, therefore, to the disciple's growth in moral loveliness, is his limited love to Jesus. Let that be but intense enough—let him but have that adoring affection for his Saviour's person, and that wistful delight in his Saviour's presence which courts his smile, and lingers ever near him, and there is no fear but, thus beholding the glory of his Lord, he himself will at last be changed into the same image from glory to glory.

(3.) A wise counsellor and unerring guide. There are few things more precious, and few more difficult to get, than sound and seasonable advice. There are persons of singular prudence. There are far-seeing people, who, like the eagle poising in mid-air, have a wide panorama within their field of view, and can speak down to others, and tell them the bearings of remote events and distant interests. And there are sagacious persons, who can see the upshot of an undertaking a great way off; and, from a certain practised keenness of vision, can descry failure or success, when others perceive nothing but the purest contingency. And there are disinterested and virtuous friends, who will give you their honest opinion, and offer no counsel which they would not take themselves. But the sharpest eye and the highest soaring cannot see beyond the horizon, and it may just be beyond the horizon that the danger lies which you wish to shun, or the prize which you wish to gain. The most knowing Ahithophel is apt to be hood-winked, and to give the most fatal counsel in the most critical emergency; and the most anxious friend, after pondering the problem, and giving the most likely solution, instead of that peremptory deliverance which your hesitation craves, is apt to end his opinion with a doubt or a distracting query. But if you follow the Lord Jesus fully, you never will land wrong. He knows the end from the beginning; he sees the issue of every undertaking, not only in time, but in eternity. His counsel is wonderful, for it meets the very case; and—what cannot be said of much good advice—he can not only give the best counsel, but he can make you willing to take it. In his ever-living Word, he has left principles available in all the casuistry which ever can occur in your experience—formulæ which only need to be filled up with your particular case, and the doubt is at once dispelled—the path is at once made plain. By the light of his Spirit, he can lead you to the very passages where he himself anticipated your special perplexity hundreds of years ago, and by the delightful suasion of

his Spirit, can make you willing as a weaned child to do as he directs. And perhaps there is no more blessed state than to feel that you are wholly in the hands of the Wonderful Counsellor—Abraham-like, going where Jesus guides, and doing what Jesus bids, in the face of worldly interest perhaps—amidst the arched brows and bitter smiles of mortified friends and mocking worldlings — leaving in the distance familiar comforts and prized possessions, and encountering obvious dangers; but, Abraham-like, hearing his own glad whisper, "Fear not, I am thy shield and thy exceeding great reward." No one ever yet inquired at the Oracle—no one ever took the Bible for his directory in any emergency, and put himself in that docile attitude of soul which says, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth," and regretted following the counsel so given.

3. Jesus is the Alpha and Omega, because all things that concern the Church are in him summed up or "recapitulated."* In his person the Church on earth finds its access to God, and the earnest of its everlasting life; and in that same person the Church of the glorified finds the guarantee of permanent joy—the stability of its bliss secured.† Jesus is the home of all the ransomed. All that is holy is already with him, or is going to him; and if aught that was *truly* holy, or *truly* lovely, has vanished from your view, it is not lost;—when you find the Alpha and Omega you shall find it again. All that belong to him are safe within the circle of the changeless love and all-embracing might of Him who filleth all in all.

4. For, *lastly*, Jesus is the Alpha and Omega, because he is the first and the last, the beginning and the ending—he that liveth, and is alive for evermore.

There are some objects with which you do not easily associate their opposites. You can scarcely realize their absence or annihilation—you have difficulty in conceiving of them as existing otherwise than they presently are. You look to the monarch mountain, raising his snowy front into the tranquil blue of the upper firmament, and in those skirts which flow in verdure over many a mile, affording room enough for a nation to nestle in; and as you leisurely scan him, from his glistening pinnacle to his imperial roots, a firmness, which no strength can overthrow, and a duration which no time can register, convey a shadowy immortality into your awe-struck spirit, and the epithet "eternal" is rising to your lips. You gaze on ocean's billowy bulge, till, weary with its perchless flight over leagues of the liquid immensity, your evening fancy, like Noah's dove, comes gladly back to roost among more familiar notions. Or you cast a hesitating glance at the lord of day, and when you think what a flood of glory this moment left him, and that this moment's flood is but one pulse of the self-same tide which bathed in blessedness the bowers of Eden, and kindled the covenant-bow far above the dripping crags of Ararat, and lit the morning tents of Padan-aram, and lingered with evident desire to come again on the fresh-chiselled snows of Salem's first and fairest temple—when you think how, day by day, for countless ages, that brimming fountain has been squandering joy and glory on the universe, and knows no ebbing, grudges no largesse of the sultry past, and seeks no resurrection of the prodigal sunsets which he lavished on nature's carnivals millenniums ago—no emblem of exhaustless bounty strikes your fancy equal to the giant profusion of that ever-during sun. But old as the mountains are, and many though the drops in the ocean be, and long as the sun has shone, and longer as he yet may shine, they are all but emblems of a bounty that cannot ebb, and a life that cannot die. There is a power which bade Lebanon rise, and a power which can bid Lebanon and his continental roots subside in flat chaos again. The day will come when that hoary deep must die—when old Ocean will lift up his waves and clap his cymbal hands no more. The day will come when the fires of the great conflagration shall send his wreathing volume into viewless space, and dissolve his very elements in the fervent heat; and the day will come when the ancient giant shall be loath to quit his languid tent—when the sun will falter on his path, and not have light enough to guide him on his funeral way. Yes, old apparatus of the universe, obsolete version of a system fast verging to decay, ye soon must vanish, and make room for a world where there is no more sea, and for cities which don't need the sun. But when ye are gone—when the mountains have departed, and the hills been removed into the midst of the sea, nay, when seas themselves are gone, and some star-gazer in a distant world points his brother sage to the vacant spot where used to blaze our sun—when these materialisms are only traditions of eternity, and the sons of God have shouted at the foundation-laying of fairer worlds "Supreme in wisdom and in power," the Rock of Ages will still gaze in serene sublimity on revolutions of which himself is the Alpha and Omega; the Fountain of Life will still include in his all-encircling fulness everything that lives, and the Sun of Righteousness will pour his beatific beams on every creature to which life is blessedness and sensation ecstasy; for Jesus is the first and the last—the beginning and the ending—he that liveth; and behold, he is alive for evermore.

* Dr Owen. † Col. i. 18-20.

ENTHUSIASM AND FAITH.*

"He that believeth shall not make haste"

"O FOR the great archangel's trump, to spread the joyful sound,
Proclaiming freedom to the slaves in Satan's fetters bound!

* From "Songs of the Vineyard." By Rev. James G. Small.

O for a voice like thunder, when it peals across the deep,
To startle those that idly dream, and waken those that sleep!

"O for a pen that I might dip in liquid fire, and write
The name of Jesus o'er the skies in characters of light,
That every soul that name might know, and every eye might see,
And all of every tribe and tongue might bow to it the knee!

"O for an angel's fearless wing, to speed from clime to clime—
To warn and waken all who dwell within the coasts of time—
To spread before their view the things belonging to their peace,
And bid them think upon these things ere this their day shall cease!

"O for one hour of Moses' rod! O for Ithuriel's spear,
To touch the toads that whispering squat at many a simple ear—*
And show them in their proper shape before their victims' eyes,
And strip from off the ravening wolf the lamb's affected guise!

"O for a rein, the whirlwind's blast in all its strength to guide,
With power to share its wild career, and on its wings to ride,
That with it I might rush and roam o'er all the dark domains,
Where yet an undisputed sway the strong man armed maintains;—

"That I might crush and sweep from earth his palaces and towers,
His prisons and his feasting halls, and soft luxurious bowers;
His haunts obscene of brutish lust, his dungeons dark and drear,
And all with which he rules the world by blandishment or fear!

"O for a seraph's harp and voice, of Jesus' love to sing,
With melody so loud and sweet that heaven and earth might ring,
Till discord hushed its grating din, and harsh polemic sounds
Gave place to strains of harmony through all the Church's bounds!"

'Twas from a young enthusiast's lips such aspirations broke,
When first from nature's sleep of death to conscious life he woke;
While, as he viewed this earthly scene from Contemplation's height,
The dark, mysterious maze of life seemed spread before his sight.

An aged man beside him stood, of aspect grave and mild;
He heard that burst of fervid zeal, and placidly he smiled;
Long years had made him feel the truths he from the Word had learned,
And calmly thus he uttered them, as to the youth he turned:—

"The ways of God are not like man's—his thoughts are not like ours;
His kingdom comes not by the might that dwells in creature powers.
Not all man's boasted wisdom, nor excellence of speech,
Nor trump nor harp of angel to the corrupt heart can reach.

"'Tis not the sweeping whirlwind, when it rends the rugged rock;
'Tis not the heaving earthquake, when the mountains feel its shock;
'Tis not the fire wide wasting that his glory can reveal;—
'Tis with a still small voice He bids the soul his presence feel.

"While yet on earth, our Captain said: 'I need but breathe a prayer,
And legions of bright angels would to my beck repair.'
The hosts of heaven obey Him still, yet thus hath He decreed—
'The *reapers* are the angels, but man must sow the *seed*.

"Go, then, and, in the strength of God, pursue with lowly mind
The labours of the vineyard in the spot to thee assigned.
Weak though thou art, yet faint not, for 'not by power nor might,
But by my Spirit, saith the Lord,' shall earth be filled with light."

* See Paradise Lost, book iv.

HOW TO SECURE THE HAPPINESS OF FAMILIES.

THERE are some things which have an indispensable influence in producing and maintaining the welfare of families, which fall more properly under our cultivation. Order, good temper, good sense, religious principles—these will bless thy dwelling, and fill thy "tabernacle with the voice of rejoicing."

I. Without *order* you can never rule well your own house. "God is not the God of confusion." He loves order—order pervades all his works. He overlooks nothing. "He calleth the stars by their names"—"He numbereth the hairs of our head"—"He appointeth the moon for seasons; and the sun knoweth his going down." There is no discord, no clashing, in all the immense, the amazing whole! He has interposed his authority, and enjoined us "to do everything decently and in order." And this command is founded in a regard to our advantage. It calls upon you to lay down rules, and to walk by them; to assign everything its proper place—its allowance of time—its degree of importance; to observe regularity in your meals—in your devotions—in

your expenses. From order spring frugality, economy, charity. From order result beauty, harmony, concurrence. Without order there can be no government, no happiness. Peace flies from confusion. Disorder entangles all our affairs, hides from us the end, and keeps from us the clue; we lose self-possession, and become miserable, because perplexed, hurried, oppressed, easily provoked.

II. Many things will arise to try your *temper;* and he is unqualified for social life who has no rule over his own spirit—"who cannot bear," to use the words of a good writer, "the frailties of his fellow-creatures with common charity, and the vexations of life with common patience." Peter, addressing wives, reminds them that "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit is in the sight of God of great price." And Solomon often mentions the opposite blemish in illustrating the female character: "It is better to dwell in the corner of the house-top, than with a brawling woman in a wide house"—"The contentions of a wife are a continual dropping"—and so on. We should deem it invidious to exemplify this imperfection in one sex only—we would address you equally; and call upon you, as you value a peaceful abode, to maintain a control over your tempers. Beware of passion; say little when under irritation: turn aside—take time to reflect and to cool—a word spoken unadvisedly with your lips may produce a wound which weeks cannot heal. "I would reprove thee," said the philosopher, "were I not angry." It is a noble suggestion. Apply it in your reprehension of servants and correction of children. But there is something against which you should be more upon your guard than occasional sallies of passion—I mean habitual pettishness. The former may be compared to a brisk shower, which is soon over; the latter, to a sleet or drizzling rain, driving all the day long. The mischief which is such a disturber of social enjoyment is not the anger which is lengthened into malice or vented in revenge, but that which oozes out in constant fretfulness, murmuring, and complaint; it is that which renders a man not formidable, but troublesome; it is that which converts him, not into a tiger, but into a gnat. Good humour is the cordial, the balm of life. The possessor of it spreads satisfaction wherever he comes, and he partakes of the pleasure he gives. Easy in himself, he is seldom offended with those around him. Calm and placid within, everything without wears the most favourable appearance; while the mind, agitated by peevishness or passion, like a ruffled pool, reflects every agreeable and lovely image false and distorted.

III. The influence and advantage of *good sense* are incalculable. What streams, what vessels, are the noisy?—The shallow, the empty. Who are the unyielding?—The ignorant, who mistake obstinacy for firmness. Who are the infallible?—They who have not reflection enough to see how liable and how likely we are to err—they who cannot comprehend how much it adds to a man's wisdom to discover, and to his humility to acknowledge, a fault. Good sense will preserve us from censoriousness—will lead us to distinguish circumstances—to draw things from the dark situation of prejudice which rendered them frightful, that we may candidly survey them in open day. Good sense will keep us from looking after visionary perfection: "The infirmities I behold are not peculiar to my connections; others, if equally near, would betray the same; universal excellence is unattainable—no one can please in everything. And who am I, to demand a freedom from imperfections in others, while I am encompassed with infirmities myself?" Good sense will lead us to study dispositions, peculiarities, accommodations—to weigh consequences—to determine what to observe and what to pass by—when to be immovable and when to yield. Good sense will produce good manners—will keep us from taking freedoms and handling things roughly; for love is delicate, and confidence is tender. Good sense will never agitate claims of superiority; it will teach us to "submit ourselves one to another, in the fear of God." Good sense will lead persons to regard their own duties, rather than to recommend those of others.

IV. We must go beyond all this, and remind you of those *religious principles* by which you are to be governed. These are to be found in the Word of God; and as many as walk according to this rule, mercy and peace shall be upon them. God has engaged that, if you will walk in his way, you shall find rest unto your souls. If it be said there are happy families without religion, I would answer, *First*, There is a difference between appearances and reality. *Secondly*, If we believe the Scripture, this is impossible: "The way of transgressors is hard"—"There is no peace, saith my God, unto the wicked." *Thirdly*, Religion secures those duties upon the performance of which the happiness of households depends. Would any man have reason to complain of servants, of children, or of any other relation, if they were all influenced by the spirit, and regulated by the dictates, of the Gospel? Much of religion lies in the discharge of these relative duties; and to enforce these, religion brings forward motives the most powerful, and always binding, and calls in conscience and God, and heaven and hell. *Fourthly*, Religion attracts the divine blessing, and all we possess or enjoy depends upon its smiles. God can elevate or sink us in the esteem of others—he can send us business or withhold it—he can command or forbid thieves to rob and flames to devour us—he can render all we have satisfying or distasteful; and they that honour him he will honour. "The house of the wicked shall be overthrown, but the tabernacle of the upright shall flourish. The curse of the Lord is in the house of the wicked, but he blesseth the habitation of the just." *Finally*, Religion prepares us for all events. If we succeed, it keeps our prosperity from destroying us. If we suffer, it preserves us from fainting in the day of adversity. It turns our losses into gains; it exalts our joys into praises; it makes prayers of our sighs; and, in all the uncertainties of time and changes of the world, it sheds on the mind a "peace which passeth all understanding." It unites us to each other, not only as creatures, but as Christians—not only as strangers and pilgrims upon earth, but as heirs of glory, honour, and immortality. For you must separate—it is useless to keep back the mortifying truth. It was the condition upon which your union was formed. O man! it was a mortal finger upon which you placed the ring—vain emblem of perpetuity. O woman! it was a dying hand that imposed it. After so many mutual and growing attachments, to separate!—What is to be done here? O Religion, Religion! come, and relieve us in a case where every other assistance fails. Come, and teach us not to wrap up our chief happiness in the creature. Come, and bend our wills to the pleasure of the Almighty, and enable us to say: "It is the Lord! let him do what seemeth him good; the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord." Come, and tell us that they are disposed of infinitely to their advantage; that the separation is temporary; that a time of re-union will come; that we shall see their faces, and hear their voices again.

Take two Christians, who have been walking together, like "Zacharias and Elizabeth, in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless." Is the connection dissolved by death? No. We take the Bible along with us, and inscribe on their tomb: "Pleasant in life, and in death not

divided." Is the one removed before the other? He becomes an attraction to the other; he draws him forward, and is waiting to "receive him into everlasting habitations." Let us suppose a pious family re-uniting together, after following each other successively down to the grave. How unlike every present meeting! Here our intercourse is chilled with the certainty of separation; there we shall meet to part no more—we shall be for ever with each other, and for ever with the Lord. Now affliction often enters our circle, and the distress of one is the concern of all; then we shall "rejoice with them that rejoice," but not "weep with them that weep;" for "all tears shall be wiped from our eyes, and the days of our mourning shall be ended."—*Jay.*

NOTES ON MADEIRA.

BY THE REV. JAMES JULIUS WOOD.

CONCLUDING PAPER.

With regard to the personal appearance of the Madeirenses, the men are, many of them, stout, good-looking, active fellows, of dark complexions, and in some instances very swarthy. To a stranger, a striking part of their dress is the little blue cloth cap, lined with red, called a *carapuça*, with a long tail or handle sticking up from the centre of it. How they contrive to make it adhere to the head one cannot imagine. Their dress is a shirt of coarse white linen, and a pair of white linen drawers, very wide, and buttoned tight immediately below the knee. They wear boots of whitish half-tanned bullock's skin, without stockings, which reach about midway up the leg, leaving the dark brawny limb bare for a considerable space between the boot and the drawers. This is their usual entire dress. Sometimes they carry a blue cloth jacket thrown loose over their shoulders, to be used or not as occasion may require. They are never without a large stick—a *páo*—to help them in ascending and descending the hills; they also use it very freely in their quarrels, which are of frequent occurrence, especially at the *festas*, which seem to be regarded as favourite times for settling old grudges. Those who live high among the mountains use a long pole shod with iron—a *bordào*—just like the Alp-poles used by travellers among the Swiss mountains. The women, as in most warm countries, soon appear old. Their common head-dress is a handkerchief, white, or any other colour, as it may be, folded in the form of a triangle, laid over the head, tied loosely beneath the chin, and left open behind. Many of the women wear, in addition, the *carapuça*. The upper part of their dress consists of bodice laced in front, and buttoned at the neck like a man's shirt. If the wearer is a person of some little consequence, the bodice is embroidered or trimmed with lace. The upper part of the arm is covered only a little way below the shoulder, with the sleeve of the shift fitted tight to the skin, the rest of the arm being left bare. They are very fond of trinkets, and, as the best mode of preserving any little money which they have got, they convert it into gold chains, gold or silver buttons, &c. The skirt of their dress is of linsey-woolsey, manufactured by the country people themselves. They have no stockings, but use the white boots of half-tanned leather, like the men. When they go abroad, they wear over the shoulders a large cape of blue or scarlet cloth. Many of the women, as well as the men, are to be seen with the *páo* or *bordào*. This description of the dress of the men and women applies only to the country people. In the city of Funchal there is every possible variety of quantity and quality, from total or almost total nakedness, ragged trowsers, and old cotton gowns, to the gayest silks and superfine broad cloths.

The people generally are a quiet, orderly race. They are kept in great ignorance, and in a state of abject submission to the higher orders. But they seem to possess the elements of a fine people. They manifest a great wish for instruction; and, were they well educated and well governed, their beautiful island would present a very different appearance, and they themselves might be among the happiest peasantry in the world. Some thousands of the peasantry of Madeira lately emigrated to Demerara, with the view of supplying the demand for field labour in that colony. I believe they have suffered severely from disease; owing, probably, to their own conduct or carelessness. They have not made good field labourers, and have generally become keepers of small shops, or chapmen vending small wares throughout the country. A considerable number still annually leave Madeira to join their countrymen in Demerara; and last autumn some hundreds, with their families, proceeded to the Island of St Vincent, under an engagement to a planter there. These emigrants cannot but better their situation by the change; for nothing can be more wretched than the condition of the greater part of the cultivators of the soil in Madeira, owing to the very depressed state of the wine trade.

The higher ranks have a great dread of the instruction of the common people, from the very absurd notion that it would make them more difficult to be governed, and, as occasionally appears, from an apprehension of their becoming as wise and learned as themselves—certainly no very great or difficult attainment. They are also particularly opposed to the humbler classes being taught the doctrine of justification by faith—a free, full pardon of all sin through faith in Jesus Christ, without deeds of the law. They express their great horror at such a doctrine, as tending certainly to lead the poor people who embrace it to indulge freely in every kind of sin; not knowing that the Word of God, by the pen of Paul, expressly meets their objection: "Do we, then, by faith make void the law? God forbid: yea, we establish the law." What strikes one is the form in which the objection is put; it always refers to others—to the poor and ignorant—as if the educated and wealthy were sufficiently protected from the evil influence of such a dangerous and licentious doctrine as that of justification by faith!

Recruiting for the army is carried on in the cruel and oppressive spirit of our own press-gang system, with this additional evil, that the poor worn-out Portuguese soldier, however long and faithfully he has served, has no pension to support him in his old age, when discharged and unfit for labour. The troublesome characters, and those who have incurred the

ill-will of the priests or other influential persons, are laid hold of by the authorities, and are compelled to shoulder a musket; and any number that may still be wanting is made up by ballot. This has been made an instrument of oppression towards those who have shown any love for Gospel truth; the Bible Christians are threatened with being made soldiers—a dreadful thing to any one who has been enlightened to know the truth, from the part which the military are called upon to take in the idolatrous services of the Popish Church.

The drilling of the poor recruits is one of the most ludicrous exhibitions we ever witnessed. They have no uniform, but are dressed in every possible variety of habiliment which poverty can produce. One may have a boot on one foot and a shoe on the other—his neighbour is bare-footed and bare-legged altogether; one has an old jacket—another has only his ragged shirt and drawers; one has a carapuça, another an old straw hat, and a third is bare-headed; and there they stand, and there they march, at the word of command, the very impersonation of that ragged company of whom their captain said: "I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat."

The mode of calling a person at a distance struck me as furnishing an illustration of sundry passages of Scripture. For example, in Isa. v. 26, it is written: "And he will lift up an ensign to the nations from far, and will hiss unto them from the end of the earth: and, behold, they shall come with speed swiftly." And Zech. v. 8: "I will hiss for them, and gather them." The *hiss* here mentioned is just the word or sound with which, in Madeira, a person solicits the attention of one at a distance, and calls him to come to him. The Portuguese use a loud *hiss* in place of the *ho* or *hallo* which we employ.

The distaff is very often to be seen in the hands of the women as they are seated in the doors of their houses. It is merely a piece of wood or cane, round which the flax is wrapped; it is held in the arm, and they spin from it with both hands, wrapping up the thread as it is formed on a pirn or bobbin, which usually swings in the air. I believe all their spinning is done by this distaff—any other machinery for spinning, even the very simplest kind of it, being unknown in Madeira.

The husbandry is very unskilful. Their ploughs are of the simplest and rudest construction. Their principal implement in tillage is the *enxada*—a kind of hoe or mattock. With this they plant and clean their vines, turn over their vegetable and potatoe grounds, and even many of the patches where they sow barley and wheat. The spade is nearly unknown among them; they have no wheel-barrows; indeed they are strangers to almost every mechanical contrivance elsewhere employed to aid man in his labours.

Wine is the principal produce of Madeira. It is grown all around the island, and up the mountain sides to the height of about eighteen hundred feet. The different kinds of wine which the island yields are Madeira, of which we have already spoken, Malmsey, Bual, Sercial, and a red wine called Tinto. The annual produce is between fifteen and sixteen thousand pipes. By far the best wine is grown on the south side of the island. The culture of the grape has of late been paying the landowner and the farmer so ill that probably the quantity of wine produced will fall off.

The sugar cane and the coffee plant grow very well in Madeira. Formerly the sugar-cane was cultivated in considerable quantities, but the vine displaced it. There are at present one or two sugar mills on the island; but the making of sugar is scarcely, if at all attempted, the juice of the cane being employed for a variety of other purposes. It is probable that the cultivation of coffee will considerably increase; it might certainly become an important article of exportation: the trees bear well, and the quality of the coffee is excellent. An attempt was made some years ago to introduce the silk-worm, and a large quantity of mulberry trees were planted to feed the insects. But the attempt failed; for it is a very difficult thing to introduce into a new place a product and manufacture so as to cope, in excellence of production and in cheapness, with those places in which it has been located for a long period, and where it enjoys many little but important advantages, which time and experience have gathered around it. The country people, too, in their wisdom, set themselves against the experiment, and destroyed many of the mulberry trees, in the apprehension that the silk-worms would not be content with the mulberry leaves, but would betake themselves to the leaves of the vines.

We saw the cochineal insect in the fazenda of an English gentleman near Funchal, and from what we witnessed, and the information which we received, we are persuaded that cochineal might be produced in considerable quantities in Madeira. The large, coarse cactus—the prickly pear—which constitutes the food of the insect, and a suitable habitation for it, grows almost of its own accord in Madeira most plentifully and luxuriantly. The climate seems to be quite suited to the insect, and apparently a little care and enterprise would successfully introduce it.

The products of the island are, arrow-root of excellent quality, potatoes—which are beginning to be much cultivated, there being an increasing demand for them for exportation to Demerara, and by ships calling at the island for refreshments — the sweet potatoe, and the yam. Of fruits, there are oranges, lemons, bananas, peaches, almonds, figs—very good — apples, pears, walnuts, pomegranates, custard-apples, strawberries, gooseberries, and pine-apples. All of them might be much finer were anything like skill and care bestowed on them. But they are very much in a state of nature, without any ingrafting, or any of those means of improvement which science and experience have discovered.

Madeira was once covered with wood. A large portion of the island has long ago been cleared, and the wood seems to be gradually disappearing from the remainder. A good deal, however, is still left. The oak, the walnut, the til, the vinhatico or island mahogany, the chesnut, the mulberry, are all to be found on the island, and are all used for economic purposes.

Some of the chesnuts are very noble trees. I saw one at Campanavia, the circumference of which I

cannot venture to name, but the trunk, which was beginning to decay, was so large that a boy of the family had a comfortable roomy workshop in it, where he was carrying on the building of a handsome miniature first-class frigate.

The wood of some of these trees is extremely pretty, and furniture of native manufacture is to be had in Funchal both very reasonable in price and very beautiful.

It may be a comfort for those who have been plagued with the miserable currency of the Continent and of Italy, to know that no such annoyance awaits them in Madeira. It is somewhat remarkable, however, that, with the exception of the copper money, the currency of Madeira is in Spanish coins. It consists of dollars of 4s. 2d. value, pistrines of 10d., and tostaons or bits of 5d. Accounts are kept in *rees*, an imaginary coin, 100 of which are a tostaon, and 1000 a dollar. British sovereigns are also current at their full value; visitors will find it advantageous to take out their money in sovereigns.

There are few wild animals in Madeira. Rabbits abound, but there are neither hares nor foxes, nor any animal of prey except several species of the hawk. There are a few partridges and quails, and multitudes of blackbirds. It is a common saying, that "a crow and a Scotchman are to be found in every part of the world." In Madeira there are certainly plenty of Scotchmen, but the other part of the saying fails to hold good, for there is not a crow on the whole island. There are multitudes of rats and lizards, which are very destructive to the grapes, oranges, custard-apples, &c., of which they are extremely fond. There are a few frogs, who make no small noise in their own way; toads are unknown; nor did I hear of any poisonous creature in Madeira except a black spider, whose bite is said to be venomous. The large striped tarantula spider—a beautiful animal—is frequently to be met with; a considerable variety of very beautiful moths, and on the mountains immense swarms of huge grasshoppers.

Fish are to be had in great abundance, and an immense variety; but all, with the exception of the mackerel, different from what are found on our coasts. Some of them are pretty good, but in general the quality is inferior to what we have at home.

Everything needed for the comfort of individuals and families visiting the island may now be had in Funchal, or can easily be procured from London by any of the regular traders. Bread is about the same price as in this country—beef much cheaper and very good—veal good—mutton in general very bad—pigs poor in comparison of those at home. Fowls are plentiful. The country people bring great quantities of them into Funchal for sale, carrying them suspended by the legs over their stick or *páo*. A strong fellow will in this way carry a dozen or a dozen and a-half of fowls or turkeys. There is great cruelty in this, and sometimes the poor animals die of apoplexy from being kept so long with their heads hanging down.

There is no breed of horses peculiar to the island. They are imported from various quarters, and a few only are reared by the Portuguese. They are used only for the saddle; all draught being performed by oxen, and all burdens borne by mules and asses. Many of the invalids ride a great deal: indeed, it is the only mode by which exercise on land, to any extent, can be taken, owing to the want of level ground. A good horse, with a man to attend it, may be hired for about twenty-five dollars a month, and a nice pony for fifteen dollars. This includes everything: you have no care or responsibility. You order your horse at any hour you choose, your burraquero brings it, and attends you wherever you go; and when your ride is over, you give it up to his care: it is his concern to feed and dress his own horse as he pleases. In climbing the steep ascents, the horse is taught to set off at a canter or gallop, and your attendant, on such occasions, in order to keep up with you, lays hold of your charger's tail, and is towed along by means of it. Horses can also be hired by the hour on reasonable terms. Some of the invalids prefer boating to riding, and a boat with a couple of stout rowers can be had for a very moderate sum per hour. Those who cannot stand the fatigue of riding, make their excursions and long journeys in a hammock or net, suspended by the two ends from a strong bamboo pole, and carried on the shoulders of two men. Palanquins are used for short distances about the city.

We take the liberty of quoting the following sentences from a letter of an intelligent commercial gentleman, written from Madeira last winter, and published in the *Edinburgh Weekly Chronicle:* "Nearly every article one sees here is of British manufacture. As a specimen of the general rule, and not to refer to private life, I may notice the furniture of the hotel. In the parlour I occupied there, one of the tables was covered with oil cloth, which I at once recognised as being of London manufacture—another with a coloured cotton cover of Dunfermline manufacture; the sofas were covered with striped cotton, which I knew to be made only in Glasgow; the dinner and breakfast dishes were evidently from Staffordshire; and the block-tin covers had an English stamp, showing their Birmingham origin; the knives and forks were, of course, from Sheffield; and the table-cloths from Dunfermline. In my bed-room, the curtains were made of checked muslin, of Manchester manufacture; and the printed sofa-cover, in the same room, was evidently of the same parentage. The two first women whom I happened to see after landing, were peasants from the interior, and they wore cotton shawls of Paisley origin; and printed cotton handkerchiefs on their heads, evidently from Glasgow."

This is curious and interesting, as giving one some notion of the extent to which the produce of British ingenuity and industry now ministers to the comforts of the people of other lands. Perhaps this may be a mean of preserving peace among the nations. There seems little for any to gain, and certainly much for all to lose, by war.

I do not intend to lengthen out farther these "Notes on Madeira." Perhaps some of my readers may have felt an interest in the account which I have given of the state of religion, and of the Lord's work in that island. Let them bear on their spirits at a throne of grace their sore-tried and suffering brethren.

Perhaps the "Notes" may be useful to those who, in providence, are led to think of repairing to Madeira. In either case, I shall not be without my reward. For myself, I shall often look back with pleasure to the months which I spent in that island. I shall often remember, with a thankful spirit, the privilege which there was mine, of ministering in the Gospel of Christ—the Christian friendships which I formed—the Christian communion which I enjoyed—large comfort these in the season of my long separation from my own family. I shall ever feel a deep interest in that lovely island

> "Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine,
> And all, save the spirit of man, is divine."

It shall often be my prayer that the consolations of Jesus Christ may abound to my own countrymen sojourning there, whether they be engaged in worldly occupations, or be seeking that health of which some of them shall never more be partakers—often shall I plead with the Lord that his work among the natives may go on, enlightening, converting, sanctifying many of them—that they may be comforted and supported under the sufferings and persecutions which Popery is now inflicting on them for the truth's sake, and, by their constant stedfastness and holiness, adorn the doctrine of the blessed Redeemer.

*** Mr Johnstone begs to acknowledge receipt of 15s., collected by "a Little Girl who attended the Scotch Church last winter in Madeira," to help to build the Scotch Church in that island. He will be happy to take charge of any further sums intended for this interesting object.

DREAMS.

Of all the subjects upon which the mind of man has speculated, there is perhaps none which has more perplexed than that of dreaming.

Whatever may be the difficulties attending the subject, still we know that it has formed a channel through which Jehovah was pleased in former times to reveal his character and dispensations to his people.

. . . . . .

We believe that dreams are ordinarily the re-embodiment of thoughts which have before, in some shape or other, occupied our minds. They are broken fragments of our former conceptions revived, and heterogeneously brought together. If they break off from their connecting chain, and become loosely associated, they exhibit ofttimes absurd combinations, but the *elements still subsist*. If, for instance, any irritation, such as pain, fever, &c., should excite the *perceptive* organs while the reflective ones are under the influence of sleep, we have a consciousness of objects, colours, or sounds being presented to us, just as if the former organs were actually stimulated by having such impressions communicated to them by the external senses; whilst, in consequence of the repose of the reflecting power, we are unable to rectify the illusion, and conceive that the scenes passing before us, or the sounds that we hear, have a real existence. This want of mutual co-operation between the different faculties of the mind may account for the *disjointed* character of dreams. This position might be fully substantiated by an appeal to the evidence of facts. Dr Beattie speaks of a man who could be made to dream anything by whispering in his ear. Dr Gregory relates of himself that, having once had occasion to apply a bottle of hot water to his own feet when he retired to bed, he dreamed that he was ascending the side of Mount Etna, and that he found the heat of the ground almost insufferable. Persons who have had a blister applied to their head have been known to dream of being scalped by a party of North American Indians. Sleeping in a smoky room, we may dream of a house or a city being in flames. The smell of a flower applied to the nostrils may call forth the idea of walking in a garden; and the sound of a flute may excite in us the most pleasurable associations.

Here, then, we discover one great source of that class of dreams of which Solomon speaks in Eccles. v. 7.

The only one of our mental powers which is not suspended while dreaming is fancy, or imagination. We often find *memory* and *judgment* alternately suspended and exercised. Sometimes we fancy ourselves contemporaneous with persons who have lived ages before: here memory is at work, but judgment is set aside. We dream of carrying on a very connected discourse with a deceased friend, and are not conscious that he is no more: here judgment is awake, but memory suspended. These *irregularities*, or want of mutual co-operation in the different faculties of the mind may form, for aught we know, the plan by which God gives health and vigour to the whole soul.

How God revealed himself by dreams, and raised up persons to interpret them, the Scriptures abundantly testify. Under the three successive dispensations we find this channel of communication with man adopted. It was doubtless in this way that God appeared to the father of the faithful, ordering him to forsake country, kindred, and his father's house, and to go into the land that he would show him. To this divine command Abraham paid a ready obedience. It was by a similar prompt obedience to the admonition conveyed to him in a dream, that Abimelech (Gen. xx. 3) himself, and Abraham too, were saved from the evil consequences of his meditated act.

When Jacob was, as it were, banished from his father's house, in order to avoid the effects of his brother's implacable rage, he came to a place called Luz (Gen. xxviii. 19), and, whilst there sleeping under the canopy of heaven, he had communication by dream, not only with angels, but with God also: "He dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth," &c. This was an encouraging dream to Jacob, for it filled his soul with holy and awful thoughts of God. On awaking we do not find this patriarch dismissing the thought of the dream from his mind, but he exclaims: "Surely the Lord was in this place, and I knew it not! and he was afraid, and said, How dreadful is this place! This is none other but the house of God, this is the gate of heaven!" He even set up a pillar to perpetuate its memory, and made a solemn vow that Jehovah should be his God. And, moreover, such was the deep impression which this dream made upon his mind, that God, who appeared many years afterwards to him when yet in Padan-aram, and bade him return to his fatherland, urges this as a motive: "I am the God of Bethel, where thou anointedst the pillar, and where thou vowedst a vow unto me." We are informed in the sequel how God did fulfil to him all that he had then promised.

But though this was the first, it was not the last time God appeared to Jacob in a dream. In Gen. xxxi. 10, Jacob informs his wives that it was God, who saw how Laban oppressed him, who had directed him to take the speckled, &c., cattle for his wages, and had ordered him to return home. He obeyed; and when Laban, designing to do Jacob some harm (Gen. xxxi. 24), pursued, and after seven days over-

took him, God, by a dream, prevented the meditated evil.

Joseph, whilst yet a child, had dreams *predictive* of his future advancement.—Gen. xxxvii. 6-11. These dreams are *one*, and were repeated under different forms, in order, it would seem, to express the certainty of the thing they predicted. How they formed the first link in an extended chain of God's providential dealings the sacred record fully informs us. Jealous not only of the partiality of their father for Joseph, but also of that which God would evince by these dreams for him, his brethren hated him, and sold him to the Midianites. From their hands he was transferred to Potiphar, captain of Pharaoh's guard, and by him, under the cruel and unjust accusation of his vile wife, was cast into the king's prison. Alas! in this position Satan might well tempt Joseph to doubt the kind providence of the God whom he served. But no—he felt assured that the Lord was with him, and that, in his own *time* and *manner*, he would vindicate his innocence, and give him his liberty. Nor was this confidence of Joseph disappointed; for, in the course of time, by being able to give an accurate interpretation of three *predictive* dreams, he was raised from the prison to a participation with King Pharaoh in the government of Egypt! It is true that a daring infidelity has tried to reduce the *first* of this series of dreams to a natural principle—the constitutional vanity of the dreamer's mind—and thus to set aside its divine character and tendency. But, granting for a moment that Joseph vainly read in the partial feelings of his father his own eventual elevation over his brethren, and that by reason of the impression which this flattering prospect made upon his mind, he was led to dream as above noticed, still, this could not alter the predictive character of the dream: and in proof of this we appeal to the account of its actual fulfilment. It is quite clear from the inspired history that dreams were looked upon by the earliest nations of antiquity as premonitions from their idol gods of future events. One part of Jehovah's great plan in revealing through this channel his designs toward Egypt, Joseph individually, and his brethren generally, was to correct this notion. Hence it was that, on Joseph being brought into the presence of Pharaoh for the purpose of explaining his dreams, he at once says: "*It is not in me;* God shall give Pharaoh an answer of peace." Such were some of the dreams by which God revealed himself under the patriarchal dispensation, and that the same divine mode of communicating with man was continued under that of Moses is evident from an express word of promise (Numb. xii. 6): "If there be a prophet among you, I, the Lord, will make myself known unto him in a vision, and will speak to him in a *dream*." That dreams were one of the ways whereby God was wont to signify his pleasure to men under this dispensation is evident from the complaint of Saul to the spirit of Samuel (whom the witch pretended to raise up). When he asked him: "Why hast thou disquieted me to bring me up?" Saul answered: "I am sore distressed; for the Philistines make war against me, and God is departed from me, and answers me no more; neither by prophets, nor by *dreams:* therefore I have called thee, that thou mayest make known to me what I shall do." And, in order to guard against imposition, Moses pronounced a penalty against dreams which were invented and wickedly made use of, for the promotion of idolatry.—Deut. xiii. 1-5. Thus Zechariah (x. 2) complains: "The idols have spoken vanity, and the diviners have spoken a lie, and have told *false dreams;* they comfort in vain." And so Jeremiah (xxiii. 25): "I have heard what the prophets said that prophesy lies in my name, saying, I have dreamed, I have dreamed," &c. Yet this abuse did not alter God's plan in the right use of them; for in the 28th verse of the same chapter it is said: "The prophet that hath a *dream*, and he that hath my word, let him speak my word faithfully. What is the chaff to the wheat? saith the Lord."

When Gideon warred with the Amalekites, and was alarmed at their vast multitudes, he was encouraged to do God's will by overhearing one of them relate his dream, and another giving the interpretation.—Judg. vii. Again, it was in a dream that God was pleased to grant Solomon a promise of wisdom and understanding.—1 Kings iii. 5, &c. Here we may perceive what converse the Lord was pleased to hold with Solomon in a dream; and the sacred record informs us how punctually everything herein promised was fulfilled.

But though God speaks frequently by dreams, yet man is often found actually closing his ears against such communications. Thus Job (xxxiii. 14) says: "God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumbering upon the bed, then he openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction."

Sometimes those dreams and visions are of a *pleasurable*, and again of a *frightful* character: "When I say my bed shall comfort me, my couch shall ease me; then thou scarest me with dreams, and terrifiest me with visions."—Job vii. 14.

The knowledge of visions and dreams is reckoned amongst the principal gifts and graces sometimes bestowed by God upon them that fear him; so it is said of Daniel and his companions, that "God gave them knowledge and skill in all learning and wisdom: and Daniel had understanding in all visions and dreams."—Dan. i. 17. And the God who had imparted this spirit unto his servant Daniel soon, in the arrangement of his providence, gave occasion for its exercise. Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, dreamed a dream, and his spirit was troubled because the thing had gone from him. Having, however, a deep impression that the dream was of portentous meaning, he called together his magicians, astrologers, and sorcerers, and commanded them to recall and explain it to him. These reputedly wise men of Babylon at once acknowledged that to meet the king's wishes belonged not to the capacity of man. Disappointed and enraged at this confessed impotency, he ordered all the wise men of his kingdom to be put to death. Daniel being included in this order, implored God to reveal to him the dream with its interpretation: his prayer was graciously answered.—Dan. ii. 19. Whereupon he acquaints the king that "there is a God in heaven who revealeth secrets, and maketh known to him what shall be in the latter days;" and then proceeds to state the dream, together with the interpretation thereof. Satisfied with what Daniel stated, Nebuchadnezzar said unto Daniel: "Of a truth it is that your God is a God of gods, and a Lord of kings;" and the divine historian states, that in consequence of this, both the prophet, and Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego were promoted to the highest offices of the State! In this dream a great variety of ends were attained in reference to *Babylon*, Israel, and indeed the world—all of which were worthy of God's miraculous interference.

That this method of God's revealing himself was not confined to the legal dispensation, but was to be extended to the Christian, is evident from Joel (ii. 28): "And afterwards (saith the Lord) I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy; your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall *dream dreams*." In Act ii. 17, we find the Apostle Peter applying this to the illumination of the Holy Ghost. Accordingly, we read that when Joseph designed to put Mary

away, because he perceived her to be with child, he was turned from his purpose by a dream, in which an angel made the truth of the matter known to him.—Matt. i. 20. And in the following chapter it is stated, that God in a dream warned the wise men not to return to Herod. Moreover, in verses 13 and 19, Joseph is instructed to flee into and return from Egypt with the child Jesus.

Whether the dream of Pilate's wife was a divine intimation we cannot tell.

We inquire not *how* far God may have revealed himself to man beyond what Holy Scripture records. Some of the dreams, both of ancient and modern times, which lay claim to a divine character, are certainly striking, and may, for aught we know, have had, and may still have, a collateral bearing on the development of God's purposes.—*Kitto's Cyclopædia.*

A TRUE CONVERT.

THE well known Rev. Mr Abbot, in addressing a missionary, meeting held last month in New York, mentioned the following remarkable particulars regarding a native convert at Arracan:—

There was then a young man of whom you have all read, Bleh Po, and the people requested particularly that I would ordain him, but he desired that he might study for another year, as he did not feel that he was prepared. I agreed that he should study another season, and then I intended to ordain him; but when I returned there for that purpose *he was dead*. I will give you a few facts concerning the history of this young man, which was very interesting. In 1837, when I was there (in the Bassein province) Bleh Po was among the first converted. He embraced the Gospel—he renounced all worldly hopes and anxieties, and was allowed to preach, though he was never paid. He sacrificed a great deal for his religion. The parents of his wife, for Karens, were very wealthy, and he expected to receive some fortune through her, but he lost it all, for they would not hear of his becoming a Christian. He lost what would in this country be called a fortune of perhaps one hundred thousand dollars, or in that proportion. He would have been a very rich man, but he gave up all, and his friends and relations turned him out of doors. He was called up before the Governor and threatened with punishment if he preached; but when the Governor threatened, he turned around and preached the Gospel to him too. They all said they could not do anything with that man, for he *would* preach. He was once fined one hundred and fifty rupees (about seventy dollars), but his friends came forward and paid it for him, and he went on preaching as before. He was the most praying man I ever saw. I have known him to lie on his mat, his face down to the ground all day long, engaged in prayer. He was a good preacher, and an unspotted man, having the confidence of all. In any case of difficulty, when a peacemaker was wanted, Bleh Po was sent for, and his voice acted like the voice of Christ over the stormy waters. There was no one who would settle a difficulty like him, and no one who would build up a Church like Bleh Po. Just about the time he was to be ordained, he was attacked by the cholera, but recovered. Before his attack he was always going about among the sick and dying, with his Bible, or a tract in his hand, preaching to them, and exhorting. After his attack and recovery, he went about as usual with his book in his hand, though he was very weak, of course. His friends tried to keep him still, as they feared he would bring on another attack, which would be fatal, but he could not stop, and went around among the sick for two or three days. On the third day he was attacked again, and even in his sickness he kept on preaching. He preached with his book in his hand to the last moment of his life. When he was dying, he said: "My friends, don't think of me; I'm going to heaven," and pulling his cloth over his head he died. I may say he preached to the last second of his life.

ONE'S OWN HISTORY.

THE history of a man's own life, is to himself the most interesting history in the world, next to that of the Scriptures. Every man is an original and solitary character. None can either understand or feel the book of his own life like himself. The lives of other men are too dry and vapid when set beside his own. He enters very little into the spirit of the Old Testament, who does not see God calling on him to turn over the pages of this history, when he says to the Jew, "Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years." He sees God teaching the Jew to look at the records of his deliverance from the Red Sea, of the manna showered down on him from heaven, and of the Amalekites put to flight before him. There are such grand events in the life and experience of every Christian, it may be well for him to review them often.—*Ed.*

A CHRISTIAN COLPORTEUR.

As an instance of the devotedness of this good man (Louis Marie), we may mention, that when he began in the city of Montreal, where he chiefly labours, he was subjected to very injurious treatment, of which, however, he did not complain. One evening when he returned home, he was asked what kind of a day he had had. He replied, with a face full of quiet Christian joy, that he had had a very good day, having only been kicked twice.—*Rev. Mr Arnot.*

Fragments.

The impartial search of truth requires all calmness and serenity—all temper and candour. Mutual instruction can never be attained in the midst of passion, pride, and clamour, unless we suppose, in the midst of such a scene, there is a loud and penetrating lecture read by both sides, on the folly and shameful infirmities of human nature.—*Watts.*

God sometimes gives me a taste of what he will do for me, and takes it away again, to let me see what I cannot do for myself.—*Adams.*

Casaubon, when shown the Sorbonne in Paris, and told that disputations had been carried on there for above four centuries, asked: "And pray what has been cleared up?"—*Outlines.*

Watch against all bitter and passionate speeches against malignant opposers of truth; for meekness of spirit and behaviour is more according to the religion of Christ than wrathful zeal.—*Adams.*

Experience is rarely of any use collaterally. It does not become efficient till it has been bought personally. It must be paid for, to be well remembered.—*Bacon.*

One sensible, experimental proof of Christ's power and presence in time of conflict, of danger, or temptation, will hardly ever be forgotten, and binds the soul to him in trust and affiance more than a thousand arguments.—*Adams.*

Man originally fell by losing his confidence in God, and can only be raised by the restoration of his confidence: in other words, unbelief was his ruin, and he now stands by faith.—*Jay.*

Daily Bread.

FRIDAY.

"Put on the whole armour of God."—EPH. vi. 11.

Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

It is not the armour of your own resolutions—it is the armour of God, even the graces of the Spirit. It is not some graces, or parts of that armour—it is the whole armour—all the Christian graces. It is not enough to have the armour in the house, or grace in the habit; no, it must be put on—daily worn and exercised. God hath provided different pieces of armour for you—the sword of the Spirit, the shield of faith, the helmet of hope, the breastplate of righteousness; but there is nothing for the back, for God disowns run-aways.—*Willison.*

SATURDAY.

"Choose you this day whom ye will serve."—JOSH. xxiv. 15.

Ready the Father is to own,
And kiss his late-returning son:
Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

Choose you whom you will take for your Father—whether God or the devil. Both are courting your heart—which of them will ye yield to? Is there any so foolish as to halt betwixt two opinions in this case? Is there any so mad as to stand in doubt whether to dwell with Christ or the devil for ever? Now Michael and his angels, and the dragon and his angels, are struggling for your hearts; a cunning devil is holding, and a dying Saviour is drawing; now cast the balance, and show which of them you incline to. The eyes of the glorious Trinity are on you—the eyes of angels and men are on you—to see what the issue will be. O, then, be wise, and come presently, and make a surrender of your hearts to God in Christ. —*Ibid.*

SABBATH.

"He that walketh with wise men shall be wise."—PROV. xiii. 20.

Jesus' praise be all our song;
While we Jesus' praise repeat,
Glide our happy hours along,
Glide with down upon their feet!
Far from sorrow, sin, and fear,
Till we take our seats above,
Live we all as angels here—
Only sing, and praise, and love.

Shun the company that shuns God, and keep the company that God keeps. Look on the society of the carnal or profane as infectious, but reckon serious, praying persons the excellent ones of the earth. Such will serve to quicken you when dead, and warm you when cold. Make the liveliest of God's people your greatest intimates; and see that their love and likeness to Christ be the great motive of your love to them—more than their love or likeness to you.—*Ibid.*

MONDAY.

"Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of heaven."—JOHN iii. 3.

Unless we put on Thee
In perfect holiness,
We cannot rise Thy face to see—
Thy bright, unclouded face!

If there were no law to exclude the unsanctified sinner from glory, he would necessarily remain miserable. His sin is his hell. His disposition would destroy all the happiness of heaven: the service and the joy would only disgust and torment the mind. God cannot make us happy with himself, till he has made us holy like himself.—*Jay.*

TUESDAY.

"Him hath God highly exalted."—PHIL. ii. 9.

Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
What can my hopes withstand,
While thee my Advocate I have,
Enthroned at God's right hand?

The thoughts of Christ glorified should raise our hearts to that blessed place where Christ "sitteth on the right hand of God, and from whence we look for the Saviour." When we commemorate Christ's entrance within the veil as our forerunner, and have good hopes of following him shortly; when we think of his being in paradise, and of our being with him; how should our affections be carried out towards that joy of our Lord! How studious should we be to do the work of heaven, conform to the laws of heaven, and converse as much as may be with the glorious society there! Having received the adoption of sons, we should improve our acquaintance with, and raise our expectations of, the inheritance of sons.—*Henry.*

WEDNESDAY.

"I have set the Lord always before me."—Ps. xvi. 8.

Careless through outward cares I go—
From all distraction free;
My hands are but engaged below—
My heart is still with thee.

Let God be much in your thoughts, and in the view of your mind; not only when you approach some solemn ordinance, but in the whole course of your actions—when you go forth, and come in—when you lie down, and rise up. Let the creatures you converse with, the several dispensations of Divine Providence toward you, present God to your thoughts and the view of your minds. For how can men that have seldom any thoughts of God maintain any communion with him? Our communion with God is not as it is with creatures, in a sensible way; but it is by the inward thoughts and exercise of the mind; which, therefore, we ought to be frequent in. And these thoughts of God should not be slight and transient, but fixed and serious; especially at some times, which we should more peculiarly devote to solemn meditation. Meditation brings the object nearer to the soul, and the soul nearer to it, though locally distant—unites the soul to it—mixeth itself with it; whereby it doth possess it, or is possessed of it.—*Singleton.*

THURSDAY.

"Time is short."—1 COR. vii. 29.

And am I only born to die?
And must I suddenly comply
With Nature's stern decree?
What after death for me remains?—
Celestial joy, or hellish pains,
To all eternity!

Men in all ages are hastening to eternity: those that were our ancestors in former ages are already there, and have taken up their lodgings where they must for ever dwell; and we are following after them. And those that shall live after us, when they have been upon the stage of this world awhile, shall follow us and our fathers into eternity, and give place to those that follow after them. Thus this world doth often change its inhabitants. What is the life of man, but a coming into time, and a going out into eternity? —*Doolittle.*

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LIFE, THE ANTECEDENT OF IMMORTALITY.

BY THE REV. OCTAVIUS WINSLOW, M.A., LEAMINGTON.

It will not admit of a moment's doubt, by any seriously reflecting mind, that the most proper and solemn view we can possibly take of time is the close relation which it sustains, and the proximity it is ever making to eternity. In this light it must be regarded as the brief period allotted to the soul for its preparation and its training for another, a higher and an endless state of being. Before this, all other considerations, circumstances, and events to which, in the present life, we are wont to attach an undue and artificial importance, vanish as into thin air. Yea, everything, however gorgeous and imposing, intellectual and refined it may appear, which would exclude from the mind of man the probationary character which, as a reasonable, accountable, and immortal being, he sustains, and the disciplinary nature of God's dealings with him in his present march to an eternal world, with a view to his entrance upon it, were a splendid impertinence. There is something solemn, I might say appalling, in the fact, that the character of each individual of the human race is every moment forming for a future state. Across the wide and mysterious gulf which separates time from eternity, stretches, in its influence, every step of his life, every event of his history, every act of which he is the author. He is educating for eternity. That eternity receives its complexion and its character from the present. Oh! it is the moral influence and bearing of the present life which gives me a strange feeling of interest in every individual I meet; and which attaches to every circumstance and incident of my own existence a character and an importance infinitely beyond the power of human thought to calculate.

We have already affirmed of the present life that it is probationary. All that follows belongs to retribution. It is, as has been remarked, the *causal* period, and the only period of causation—everything beyond it is effect. It is the preface to the mysterious volume of eternity, which man will be for ever reading; it is the prologue to the solemn scene hereafter to transpire, when the curtain rises and reveals the great white throne, the judgment-seat, and the books opened. It is the sowing of the harvest then to be reaped. But away with the testimony of man on a question of such moment as this. The Spirit of God shall himself testify. And thus it is written in the Volume of Inspiration, from whose records we shall be judged in the last day: "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."—Gal. vi. 7, 8. Awful words! Solemn announcement! Yes, reader, on this momentary existence—for what is your life? it is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away—a feather falling from the pinion of eternity, as it rushes on in its interminable course;—yet on *this moment* of existence turns, as upon a pivot, the immense realities of your higher and advancing state of being. I know of no consideration of paralleled power and weight with this. What an amazing importance does it give to every breath of air which inflates the lungs, and breathes in the nostrils! On this single breath what mighty results depend! Eternal happiness!—eternal woe! O were we only to remember that *we are acting for eternity*, what a new mould, and how different a complexion would the thought give to the daily concerns and pursuits of life! Of what incalculable value, then, is the *present moment!* Suppose the next were to be spent in the eternal world—once the "silver cord is loosed," and the "golden bowl is broken," your destiny is unchangeably settled—your doom irrevocably fixed. A million ages then, supposing you to have lost your soul, would be of less value and importance to you than the moments of time spent in reading these solemn statements of truth, in which it were possible for you to send forth from the very centre of your deeply-stirred spirit and alarmed soul the shortest but the sublimest and most comprehensive prayer that ever passed from earth to heaven: "God be merciful to me a sinner." "Suppose," to quote the illustrations of another, "that a kingdom were offered to a man, and that he must comply with the conditions in an hour, or lose it for ever, how much more would depend upon that hour than upon all the rest of his life! Or suppose that you had been condemned to suffer perpetual imprisonment in chains, and in a dungeon, and that an hour were granted you to sue for pardon, and upon the most humble confession to attain your liberty—how much more valuable would that hour be than fifty subsequent years of night, solitude, and chains!" But O what language can describe, what imagery can depict, what figure can illustrate, the amazing value of a moment of time, the antecedent of a long, long eternity!

> "Great God! on what a brittle thread,
> Hang everlasting things!"

But these are general statements—let us consider the present life in two of its particulars. Think of the *brevity of its duration*. What is your life? The dissolving vapour—the weaver's swift shuttle—the fleeting ship—the

fading leaf—the withering flower—the tale that is told, are some of its Scripture emblems. At one period, the ordinary term of human existence was a thousand years. Seventy years, less than one-tenth of its former measure, is the utmost that the many now arrive at. Some pass a little beyond it, "yet is their strength labour and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away." But how few of those who read this page will ever reach their fourscore years! Think of this, my soul!

The *uncertainty* of its continuance is a view of time no less solemn and instructive. How treacherous does it often appear! Blooming with health, budding with promise, beguiling with hope, it sheds its brilliant light around our path, and again, like a meteor, in a moment disappears. I met my friend but yesterday; his manly countenance was redolent of health; his bright eye beamed with gladness; his warm hand pressed mine in fond affection; and he spoke of coming joys and pleasing anticipations, with a voice whose deep and mellow intonations seemed to rise from the very fountain of health. I called upon him to-day, and was ushered into his chamber. There reposed his body as it was wont to do, as in calm and placid slumber, but he himself was not there; he had, in the still watches of night, passed suddenly away. I called to him, but he heard not; I spoke to him, but he answered not again. I took his hand in mine, but it was cold as a clod; I pressed my lips to his, but they were as marble. My friend had laid himself down to sleep, but he woke no more, nor will wake again until the archangel's trump shall sound, "Arise ye dead, and come to judgment." O by what an uncertain tenure do we hold our present lease of life!—the strongest often the first to droop; the fairest often the first to die. Ye votaries of worldly pleasure and pursuit! think of it in connection with your sweetest and most lasting joys. Are they not born but to die? Compress them between the periods of feeble infancy and grey decrepitude, what is their value? Take an inventory of them, when you come to lie down upon your bed of death, what is their sum? What fruit will ye have in them *then?* See! they pass before you, one by one—rank, birth, beauty, health, estate, honour, pleasure, each casts its farewell look upon you as it flits away. But what avail they *now?* Will they smooth your dying pillow? Will they cool your fevered brain? Will they bring back to the heart the warm and genial current of life? Will they bribe the king of terrors to stay awhile? Will they fit the soul for its passage to eternity? In that awful moment, when the curtain parts asunder, and lets down the light of the judgment-seat, streaming upon your pillow, what will be all the bygone joys and delights of the fancy, of the taste, of the imagination, of the intellect—the "lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life?" Awful moment! Tremendous crisis! See—

> "The soul looks wishfully
> On all she's leaving—now no longer hers!
> A little longer, yet a little space
> O might she stay!
> ——————— But the foe,
> Like a staunch murderer, steady to his purpose,
> Pursues her close through every lane of life,
> Nor misses once the track, but presses on,
> 'Till, forced at last to the tremendous verge,
> At once she sinks!"

What, then, is your life? Knowing that you *must* die, and stand in judgment—that at any moment the weary wheels may stop—that the blood may mount to thy brain, or chill at thy heart—O turn you to feeling and to thoughtfulness — betake you to reflection, to penitence, and to prayer. From all these shadows—yourself a shadow as fleeting as any—turn away, and lose yourself amid the grand, the awful realities of an endless, an advancing immortality. Hasten to Jesus from the wrath to come—from the undying worm of remorse—from the unquenchable fire of torment. O *how* have you been living! What precious time have you killed, what costly privileges have you abused, what useful talents have you buried, what property have you squandered, what Sabbaths have you broken, what a God have you hated, what a Saviour have you despised, what a Holy Spirit have you slighted, what a salvation have you neglected, and what a soul have you, shall I say—LOST! Is it not a wonder that you are not now beyond the reach even of infinite mercy?—that you are not *now* in hell, lifting up your eyes in torment, calling in vain for a drop of water to cool your parched tongue? But the long-suffering of God waiteth now, as it did in the days of Noah, while the ark was preparing. The Ark of salvation is finished—its door is open—it hath not left the shore—over its portal, in letters of gold, it is written: "GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD, THAT HE GAVE HIS ONLY BEGOTTEN SON, THAT WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH IN HIM SHOULD NOT PERISH, BUT HAVE EVERLASTING LIFE." As one lying under the curse and the condemnation of the law—doomed as a criminal, helpless as an infant, abject as a slave, lost and ruined as a sinner—escape for thy life; look not behind, nor stay in all the plain, but flee, *this moment* flee to Christ, the Ark of salvation, the City of refuge. The day of a finished and free salvation has come, in which it is your mercy and your privilege to receive and avail yourself of the wondrous tidings of God's pardon through Christ, "in whom [poor sinners] have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins." In the spirit of a humble, beseeching penitent, must you receive this great and gracious boon of God's forgiving love. Think not to obtain it on the ground of your own worthiness, or to purchase it by works of human merit. If you receive salvation not as a gratuity, the free gift of God, you receive it not at all. "It is of faith, that it might be by grace." If, then, it is of faith, simply believing on the Lord Jesus, then it is no more of works.

Salvation, therefore, is as free to the vilest of vile as God can make it: yea, "without money and without price." "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." Are you prepared to avail yourself of this condescending proposal, and to accept this gracious gift? It may be you are just the one which is full and free invitation embraces. Are you thirsting for true happiness? Come, then, and draw water out of these wells of salvation. Are you weary? Jesus is your soul's rest. Are you heavy ladened? Jesus is the sinner's burden-bearer. Are you bowed down with grief and pain? Jesus uncovers his stricken bosom, and bids you come and lay it there. Have you spent your all upon physicians of no value, and are nothing better, but rather grown worse? Jesus is a great Physician—one touch of his hand will make you whole. Do you feel yourself to be the greatest sinner in the universe? Jesus died and rose again to save to the *uttermost* all that come unto God by him. O what a Saviour is he! So lovely, no object of beauty surpasses him. So loving and compassionate, no affection or tenderness like his. So precious, all other objects lose their sweetness and their value in comparison. So dear, that life were a blank and heaven itself were no heaven without him. Repair to him, then, just as you are, and my life for yours, if he will not save you from hell, and fit you for heaven: "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out"—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

But I turn for a moment to the CHRISTIAN LIFE. It, too, is the antecedent of immortality, but an immortality, O how glorious! It can, in truth, be affirmed only of the believer in Jesus, that he lives. What an awful blank is a man's life until the moment of his spiritual quickening by the Holy Ghost! All has been moral death. His soul dead, his faith dead, his works dead, his religion dead. The dark pall of spiritual death wraps all in its fearful folds—the awful, and, if sovereign grace interfere not, the certain prelude of the "second death." But the believer lives. God the eternal Spirit has breathed into his soul the breath of a new, a spiritual, and a divine life. "You hath he quickened who were dead in trespasses and in sins." But let us inquire more particularly into this great truth. Many are too content with mere superficial or crude ideas of its nature.

We do not reject the term regeneration, nor the grand idea the word imparts, in our estimate of the spiritual life of a child of God; but we do not rest here. We think something beyond this is implied. UNION TO CHRIST is that doctrine which gives the truest, and the most perfect and vivid idea of the life of God in the soul of the regenerate. *The believer lives only as he is one with Christ.* In other and more emphatic words, Christ is his life. And thus is this great and spiritual truth set forth: "Hath quickened us together *with* Christ."—Eph. ii. 5. "Ye are dead, and your life is hid *with* Christ in God."—Col. iii. 3. "Who died for us, that we should live together with him."—1 Thess. v. 10. "Dead *with* Christ"—"Risen *with* Christ." Such are the terms, and they might be greatly multiplied, which set forth this amazing truth—the believer's oneness with Jesus, and his consequent life in, and from, and with him for ever. As in the first Adam he died, so in the second Adam he lives. As he fell in the first, so he rises in the second. So that the renewed, pardoned, and accepted believer stands before God as one who was dead with Christ, was buried with Christ, rose again with Christ, and is ascended up on high with Christ. The resurrection of Jesus, was the resurrection-life of all represented by him. As when he stirred in the tomb, and broke from its imprisonment, he received a new life, a resurrection life, a life unknown, unfelt before; so all his members, who are not merely joined to him, but infinitely more, are *one* with him, partake of that new, risen life, such as they never could have possessed had not Jesus risen again from the dead. The Head coming back to life, was the transmission of a new principle of life through every member of the body. Thus much for the believer's new, heavenly, and immortal life.

If you are in possession of this divine life, dear reader, then you will be found exemplifying in the minute detail of your daily walk and conversation, its *practical influence.* You will be walking in the holy liberty of a dear child, as one who stands not only in, but as one with Christ. O glorious privilege! What honour! what security! what glory! what happiness! All your interests are the Lord's for time and for eternity! You will live, too, as one whose conversation is in heaven, because your Life is there. Risen with Christ, you will rise daily in spirit and affection above the things that are on earth. You will come out of the world, and be separate—a holy, humble, self-denying, cross-bearing follower of your crucified but risen and exalted Head. You will be seeking to draw more life from him, remembering that he came not only that you should have life, but that you should have it *more abundantly.* Hastening from all below, you will long to depart, and to be with Christ. Exiled in spirit from the worldly and creature attractions around you, you will be looking for, and hastening unto the coming of your Lord. "And when Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory."

This house is to be let for life or years;
Her rent is sorrow, and her income tears:
Cupid, 't has long stood void; her bills make known,
She must be dearly let, or let alone.

QUARLES.

"BROTHER COMSTOCK;"

OR,

TRIALS OF THE MISSIONARY.

THE Rev. Mr Kincaid, a Baptist missionary, in addressing lately the Baptist Convocation at New York, gave several interesting particulars regarding the Karens, a people in the west of Asia, in the country of Arracan, among whom he had been labouring. The mission was commenced in 1837, and the Gospel has taken root among them with promise of an abundant harvest. They have the New Testament in their own language, and a part of the Old. They have a great desire for literature; and all the books they now possess have been written by Christian men, and are deeply imbued with the spirit of Christianity. There are three thousand converted Karens, twenty-six churches and preachers, and a large number of children in charge of the missionaries. Previous to 1837 the people had never heard the name of Jesus, so that the progress of the work has been wonderful.

Mr Kincaid, after giving his statement, referred, in touching narrative, to a brother missionary, named Comstock, who had laboured long in the same field, and who, with his wife and children, had since died. The passage may be useful, as presenting an affecting view of the trials and sacrifices incident to missionary life. He said:—

Of all the men I ever knew, brother Comstock was the most laborious. He laboured faithfully and zealously for six years, seeing but one single convert in all that time. With all this I never heard him speak as if he was discouraged. He was always full of hope, and laboured on as if he knew the end was certain. I shall never forget my parting scene with brother Comstock and his wife. They had come down to the coast to see us off, and one evening while we were at their house, word was sent from the ship, which lay about two miles off in the bay, that we must get ready to go on board. Mrs Comstock, being then too unwell to go the length of the ship, took her two children, and walked with them towards a grove of tamarind trees near the house, and when she had walked some little distance she paused a moment, and looked at each of her children with a mother's look of love, and imprinted a mother's kiss upon the forehead of each; then she raised her eyes to heaven, and silently invoked blessings on their heads, when she turned and walked again into the house. Brother Comstock, and his two children, who were to return with us, for the purpose of being educated in this country, came off to the ship together, and when we had descended to the cabin, he entered one of the state rooms with his children; there he knelt with them in prayer, and then, laying his hands upon their heads, he bestowed a father's blessing upon them, tears all the while streaming down his cheeks. He took his leave of me with a gentle pressure of the hand, and I followed him to the side of the vessel, watching him as he descended into the small boat which lay alongside, and which was to convey him to the shore. When he reached the boat, he turned his face up to me, still bedewed with tears, and exclaimed, "REMEMBER, BROTHER KINCAID, SIX MEN FOR ARRACAN." I never saw him again, and the very day we took on board a pilot off Sandy Hook was the day on which sister Comstock died. I mention these things, to prove to those who think that they make great sacrifices in contributing a little to the cause of missions, that they know nothing of sacrifices at all. The last words of the brother who made such sacrifices, were, "Six men for Arracan." His grave is now at Ramsee. Sister Comstock's grave is at the same place, under the tamarind trees near the place where she lived and laboured so many years; and her children lie by her side. In Ramsee is the grave of sister Abbott; and there her children lie too. Ah! my friends, could you have seen them, you would have known what it was to make sacrifices for the missionary cause. Brother and sister Stilson are there alone, by the graves of those with whom they had toiled and laboured; and I ask you, in the words of brother Comstock, Shall we go back without the "*six men for Arracan?*"

"SIX MEN FOR ARRACAN!"

THE mother stamped a burning kiss
Upon each little brow;
So dear a sacrifice as this
She never made till now:
Go, go, my babes, the Sabbath-bell
Will greet ye o'er the sea.
I've bid my idol ones farewell,
For thee, my God, for thee.
But off they'd gone—those little ones—
I saw them gaily trip,
And chatter on, in merry tones,
To see the gallant ship.
The stricken sire—he'd often drank
Sad draughts at duty's beck—
He leads them calmly o'er the plank,
And stands upon the deck;
As pale as polished Parian stones,
As white as arctic snows,
Beside those young and cherished ones
The stricken father bows.
He breathes one prayer, he prints one kiss,
And turns him toward the shore;
He felt, till now, the babes were his,
But they were his no more.
The silken tie, more strong than death,
That bound their hearts, was riven,
And floating on an angel's breath,
Rose up and clung to heaven.

Why lingers he upon the shore?
Why turns he towards the deck?
Perhaps to say farewell once more—
Perhaps one look to take.
O no; but calm as angels now
That kneel before the throne,
Where twice ten thousand thousands bow
And say "Thy will be done,"
He said, My brother, when you stand
Beyond the raging deep,
In that delightful, happy land,
Where all our fathers sleep—
When you shall hear their Sabbath-bell
Call out their happy throngs,
And hear the organ's solemn swell,
And Zion's sacred songs,
Tell them a herald, far away,
Where midnight broods o'er man,
Bade ye this solemn message say—
"*Six men for Arracan.*"

While in that happy land of theirs
They feast on blessings given,
And genial suns and healthful airs
Come speeding fresh from heaven.
Tell them that near you idol dome
There dwells a lonely man,
Who bade ye take this message home—
"*Six men for Arracan.*"

Sweet home—ah, yes! I know how sweet.
Within my country thou—
I've known what heartfelt pleasures meet—
I've felt—and feel them now.
Well, in those lively scenes of bliss,
Where childhood's joys began,
I'd have ye, brother, tell them this—
"*Six men for Arracan.*"

O when the saint lies down to die,
And friendship round him stands,
And faith directs his tearless eye
To fairer, happier lands,
How calm he bids poor earth adieu,
With all most dear below!
The spirit sees sweet home in view,
And plumes her wings to go.
Stop, dying saint—O linger yet,
And cast one thought on man;
Be this the last that you forget—
"*Six men for Arracan.*"

—*Norwich Examiner* (*American*).

A POPISH MIRACLE.

DURING the contest between Don Miguel and Don Pedro for the throne of Portugal, an incident occurred which affords a good illustration of the character of Popish miracles. In one of the Madonna churches of Lisbon there was worshipped an image of the Virgin, which was held in the greatest repute by the inhabitants, in consequence of the numerous miracles said to have been performed by it in former times. The priests thought that making this image speak in favour of their patron, Don Miguel, would be an irrefutable argument with the people for his pretensions. With this intention, a *novena* was ordered in honour of the image, and the church splendidly decorated for its celebration. The people assembled in crowds from all parts of the city to pay their *devoirs* to the Virgin, and to hear the panegyric preached in her honour. The preacher, after enumerating the many benefits, temporal and spiritual, which the people derived from their devotion to the Queen of Heaven, and after relating the many miracles performed by the image then and there worshipped, turning toward the image itself, and casting himself on his knees before it (in which idolatrous act he was imitated by his audience), he addressed to it a fervent prayer for the good of the Church, and implored it to manifest, by a miracle, whether she was well pleased that Don Miguel should reign over the kingdom of Portugal. The image (*miraculo dictu!*) at the conclusion of this fervid appeal, bowed its head in sign of assent three times in succession before the eyes of the assembled multitude, all of which, with one voice, simultaneously cried out, "A miracle! a miracle!—long live Miguel the First, the chosen of the Virgin, and the beloved of Heaven!" This miracle was repeated frequently on the following days of the festival, and in presence of a still greater concourse, attracted by its fame, which spread in an incredibly short time, not only through Lisbon, but through the greater part of Portugal. It was even repeated by the Miguelite officers to their soldiers at the head of the ranks, and had, as was intended, the effect of exciting their zeal in the cause of the petty tyrant—as Miguel proved himself to be for the comparatively short time that he was in possession of the usurped throne.

The last day but one, however, of its acting was destined to open the eyes of the people, and to give them an idea of what priestcraft is capable of in order to arrive at its ends. At the close of the sermon, and when the preacher turned, as usual, to apostrophize the image, and to implore it to signify its pleasure and assent to Miguel's government by moving the head, as it had done the seven preceding days, since the commencement of the *novena*, the image retained its inanimate position, to the great disappointment of the people, whose expectations were so highly wound up, and to the consternation of the priests, who were privy to the cheat. The request was repeated with some additional flowers of rhetoric from the preacher, and the most stunning vociferations from the people; but all in vain—the image neither moved its head nor changed its position. At length, on the preacher's repeating the request the third time, and hinting that the Virgin was angry on account of the presence of some freemasons, who mingled through curiosity among the crowd of worshippers, a voice was heard issuing from the inside of the image, and complainingly crying out, "It is not my fault that the Virgin does not move her head, for I have pulled the cord till it broke, and what can I do more?" The voice was distinctly heard by every one; but the speaker was invisible. At last, one of those who were present, more courageous than the rest, attempted to approach the image, but was repulsed repeatedly by the priests, who well knew the consequence of the discovery; but being seconded by some others equally desirous of unraveling the mystery, he at length succeeded in coming close to it, and, on removing the folds of the garments with which such like images are decked out, he found an opening in the side, large enough for the admittance of a full-grown boy, whom he pulled out, and who was immediately recognised as the nephew of the bishop, placed there by his uncle, for what purpose it does not require an extraordinary degree of acuteness to guess. The whole secret was now explained; the people met the discovery with the ridicule it so well merited, and little was wanting that they did not massacre on the spot the impostors who got up the cheat. These thought it their best plan to consult for their own safety by flight, which they immediately made good through the doors of the sacristy, amid the hisses and curses of the infuriated populace.

THE JEWELS.

(*A Tradition of the Rabbins, translated by Coleridge.*)

THE celebrated teacher, Rabbi Meir, sat during the whole of one Sabbath-day in the public school instructing the people. During his absence from his house his two sons died, both of them of uncommon beauty, and enlightened in the law. His wife bore them to her bed-chamber, laid them upon the marriage-bed, and spread a white covering over their bodies. In the evening Rabbi Meir came home. "Where are my two sons," he asked, "that I may give them my blessing? I repeatedly looked round the school, and I did not see them there." She reached to him a goblet; he praised the Lord at the

going out of the Sabbath, drank, and again asked: "Where are my sons, that they too may drink of the cup of blessing?" "They will not be far off," she said, and placed food before him that he might eat. He was in a gladsome and genial mood, and when he had said grace after the meal, she thus addressed him: "Rabbi, with thy permission I would fain propose to thee one question." "Ask, it then, my love!" he replied. "A few days ago, a person intrusted some jewels to my custody, and now he demands them again; should I give them back again?" "This is a question," said Rabbi Meir, "which my wife should not have thought it necessary to ask. What, wouldst thou hesitate or be reluctant to restore to every one his own?" "No," she replied; "but yet I thought it best not to restore them without acquainting thee therewith." She then led him to the chamber, and stepping to the bed, took the white covering from the dead bodies. "Ah, my sons, my sons!" thus loudly lamented the father; "my sons—the light of mine eyes and the light of my understanding—I was your father, but ye were my teachers in the law." The mother turned away and wept bitterly. At length she took her husband by the hand, and said: "Rabbi, didst thou not teach me that we must not be reluctant to restore that which was intrusted to our keeping? See, 'the Lord gave, the Lord has taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord!'" "Blessed be the name of the Lord!" echoed Rabbi Meir, "and blessed be his name for thy sake too; for well it is written: 'Whoso hath found a virtuous wife hath a greater treasure than costly pearls; she openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness.'"

APOSTOLICAL SUCCESSION.

THE BISHOP AND THE MISSIONARY.

"THINK not to say within yourselves, We have Abraham to our father; for I say unto you, that God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham." This is a text against the spirit which keeps alive the arrogant dogma of apostolical succession. "We are the children of Abraham," boasted the Jews. "We are the successors of the apostles," is the boast of others in our day. But as the Baptist rebuked the former, so may the latter be rebuked. It was not mere carnal descent from Abraham which could profit; but "they which are of faith," we are told, "*these* are the children of Abraham." In like manner, it is not mere ministerial orders, received in an unbroken ordination-chain from the apostles—even could that be proved, which it cannot—which would avail as a ground of confidence or boasting. It is those who are "strong in the faith" by which the apostles overcame, "stedfast in the apostles' doctrine," and abundant in the apostles' "labours," who are their true successors in the only sense in which they can be said to have had successors at all.

> "They who on noble ancestry enlarge,
> Produce their debt instead of their discharge."

For a Jew to boast of his descent from Abraham, while destitute of that faith which alone made Abraham illustrious, was but to proclaim a relationship which he disgraced. And for any minister to boast of his descent in regular orders from the apostles, while destitute of the apostles' faith, or corrupting their doctrine, or void of their humility, or a stranger to their labours, is but to glory in that of which he ought to be ashamed.

We met lately with a good illustration of this fashionable boasting about apostolical succession, and sufficient material at the same time for proving its absurdity, in a work entitled "Polynesia," by Bishop Russell of the Scottish Episcopal Church, and the well-known compiler of several works for the "Edinburgh Cabinet Library." In speaking of the missionaries whose labours have been so signally blessed in the South Seas, he says:—

"They act as pioneers—they prepare the way for the advance of *a more regular force;* they cut out a path in the wild thicket or morass, by which their successors may proceed to complete the work begun with so much labour; they sow the seed with an unskilful hand, perhaps, and on ground little cultivated, but whence, at no distant day, a crop will spring to enrich and beautify the whole land. The *missionary in due time is followed by the Churchman*, who *systematizes* the elements which the other has created. Like *a wise master-builder*, the latter *polishes* the materials already *in some degree* prepared to his hand, and erects with them an *orderly* edifice, complete in all its parts, and having for its foundation *the lively stones of an apostolical priesthood, qualified to offer the oblation of a spiritual sacrifice.*"

The bishop, of course, reckons himself among the apostolical priesthood, but refuses the title to the rude, unskilful missionaries! It appears never to have entered his imagination that they could by possibility be apostolical. But here the bishop treads on ground which burns him. He could not have brought his apostolical pretensions into a more dangerous collocation, or one in which comparisons surely and deservedly damaging both to him and to his cause are more inevitably called forth. One *is* tempted to ask: Who most resembles an apostle? he who, as the missionary, spends his days and years in proclaiming to the Heathen the unsearchable riches of Christ, and is made the means of turning whole islands to the Lord; or he who, as the author, sits at home writing books on all imaginable subjects, enlivened only with passages so cold and presumptuous as the above? Bishop Russell might decide the question in favour of himself, and all of a like mind in the kingdom might back him; but a hopeful appeal would lie to Christianity and common sense. Take, for example, such a man as John Williams. Follow him from his conversion to his martyrdom. See him taking his life in his hand, and, burning with a zeal which labour could not diminish, nor difficulties damp, nor persecution destroy, going from island to island, denouncing to the idolatrous and often savage barbarians, the gods whom they ignorantly worshipped—charging upon them the multitude and grossness of their sins, telling them of the blood of the covenant by which they might be cleansed from them all, and striving to constrain them by love, or to persuade them by terror, to flee from the wrath to come, and yield themselves to God—till, the Spirit inspiring the preacher, and

with Pentecostal power working on the hearers' hearts, thousands are converted, tribes are "born in a day," and all the isles of the region turn from their idols, and listen to the Lord and "wait for his law." Or follow him to his end, as, having lived the life of labour, he died the death of violence, and, sent from his work to his reward, fell beneath the murderous clubs of those to whom he would have spoken peace and wished to save from hell. It is not easy to imagine a life more apostolically spent, or more apostolically closed—a life in which there could be found more points of resemblance to that of even the chiefest of the apostles. Yet are we gravely told by some that there is nothing apostolic in it; and that there is more of the apostle in the man who does none of these things, but sits at home, and doing little as a pastor, and having nothing to do as a bishop, distinguishes himself chiefly by invidious and vain-glorious proclamations of his own superiority over the ministers and missionaries of Christ. There is something sadly wrong, either with the mind or the hearts of such. They that exalt themselves shall be abased. How appropriately might such a man as John Williams speak of such censors, in the words of Paul, when vindicating the character of his own apostleship: "*Are they ministers of Christ?* I am *more;* in labours more abundant, in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, *in deaths oft.* Thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep; in *journeyings* often, in *perils* of water, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, *in perils by the Heathen*, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among *false brethren;* in *weariness* and *painfulness*, in *watchings* often, in *hunger* and *thirst*, in *fastings* often, in *cold* and *nakedness*. If I must needs glory, I will glory of the things which concern mine infirmities. The God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which is blessed for ever more, knoweth that I lie not."

"I GO TO PREPARE A PLACE FOR YOU."

My Saviour! is my place prepared,
And for my welcome hast thou cared,
When death shall call for me?
When I shall rest beneath the sod,
Shall angels bear my soul to God?
O Saviour! can it be?

Exceeding grace! I raise my eyes,
All wet with tear-drops, to the skies,
And bless thee for thy love.
I would not always dwell below,
Where death has torn my heart-strings so;
'Twill ne'er be thus above.

And yet 'tis well—'tis well for me,
And well for those who've gone to thee,
That thou didst call them home.
I love those dear ones far too well
To wish that they should dwell
Where I in sadness roam.

I would not ask them to exchange
Their peaceful home. They'd think it strange
(And 'twould be strange indeed)
If I, who am a prisoner here,
And often shed the silent tear,
Should mourn when they are freed.

I feel as mourning exile feels,
When lonely sadness o'er him steals,
And hope forsakes his breast;
I am not banished from my home—
I have not many days to roam,
Ere I shall be at rest.

O blessed Saviour! now I see
Great preparations made for me
In mansions bright and fair;
For thou, with sweet attractive art,
To make heaven dearer to my heart,
Hast placed my jewels there!

MRS M. S. B. DANA.

THE CITIES OF ITALY.

BY THE REV. W. K. TWEEDIE, EDINBURGH.

ARQUA AND FERARA—PETRARCH, ARIOSTO, AND TASSO—BOLOGNA, THE APENNINES, AND FLORENCE.

OUR route from Venice lay by Ferara and Bologna, across the Apennines to Florence, and thence to Rome. The close of the first day's journey brought us to Mont Selice, among the Euganean Mountains; and we proceeded thence to Arqua, on a pilgrimage to the tomb of Petrarch. The sun had set ere we reached that retreat among the mountains; but we were lighted on our way by multitudes of Lucioli, a kind of fire-fly which glances with amazing velocity through the air, a few feet above the ground. They resemble the thousands of sparks emitted by fire-works, and literally illuminate the way-sides by their tiny but countless lights. These, and the hoarse croaking of the cigala, amused us till we reached the village, by a path so steep as to make our way to it a pilgrimage indeed.

The alleged abode of the best loved of all the poets of Italy is still in good preservation, though he died in 1374. The apartment in which he was found dead, together with most of its furniture, are still said to be as he left them. The portraits of Laura and Petrarch are preserved on the walls, though time has left little beauty to her with whose praises Europe once rang. But why speak of her as an actual existence? Has it not been disputed whether such a being as Laura ever lived? Gibbon, Beattie, and a host besides, have engaged in a controversy regarding her; and have reduced the inquirer to the necessity of doubting whether, after all, she was a Platonic and ideal abstraction, the creature of the poet's fancy, or his veritable mistress. The question will never be solved now; men have reasoned about it till the most we can reach is a peradventure. Only this much is certain, that his passion, real or fictitious, did not tend to purity. Honoured as he was by all the illustrious of his age, he lived in the open violation of some of God's commandments; and this, in the light of eternity, will tarnish all his fame. Alchymy, astrology, scholastic theology, and the works of Aristotle, shared with Laura the at-

tention of Petrarch. He was one of the prodigies of those times when mind was omnivorous, and when a single scholar, like Crichton or Leonardo da Vinci, knew as much as a modern cyclopædia contains. His influence on the revival of literature was great; and we do Petrarch no more than justice, by confessing that the epoch of his life is an instructive chapter in the history of the middle ages. A poet worthy of Petrarch has thus harmoniously epitomized his life :—

> "There is a tomb in Arqua; reared in air,
> Pillar'd on their sarcophagus, repose
> The bones of Laura's lover. Here repair
> Many familiar with his well-sung woes—
> The pilgrims of his genius. He arose
> To raise a language, and his land reclaim
> From the dull yoke of her barbaric foes.
> Watering the tree which bears his lady's name
> With his melodious tears, he gave himself to fame."

From Mont Selice we proceeded to Ferara, through a country of rank productiveness, where we purchased grapes at less than a penny per pound. The vine harvest had begun, and all the blithe accompaniments of that season were seen and heard on every side. The wains, laden with the purple produce—the wine-press and vats streaming with the abundance—the mirth of the gatherers, who had forgotten for a season their wretchedness—all were there. Fancy has arrayed these scenes in many attractions; but the mirth of the grape-gatherers has not been over-described.

Yet there are drawbacks to a traveller's enjoyments amid such happy sights. In the course of a single day our passports were six times examined —our portmanteaus ransacked — our very pockets searched—and our letters opened. We had crossed the Po at Vellice, and entered the States of the Church; that is, we were now in the dominions of the Man of Sin, and every precaution was adopted which could prevent one ray of light from entering them. It was with difficulty that we were allowed to retain a small English Testament and a book of devotion, and even these were detained for a time. Bologna had lately been in revolt—the triple crown was trembling on the brow of Gregory; and hence more than usual scrutiny on the part of his police.

Ferara is another Padua—an instance of spacious desolation—a vast cenotaph of human ambition. Its annexation to the Papal States in 1598 was fatal to its interests. Its manufactory of swords has dwindled away to a name; its palaces are empty and deserted; and its people have the appearance of being at once indolent and wretched.

Everything here is connected with Ariosto, its most honoured citizen, who was born in this city in 1474, and died of consumption in 1533. His house is now preserved by the Government—his remains were deposited in the Church of St Benedict, where the lightning tore the iron laurel with which his bust was crowned. In 1801, the French General, Miollis, caused the bones of Ariosto to be removed with extraordinary pomp, and placed in a sarcophagus in the Public Library, where his pen, his chair, and his manuscripts are preserved. But though Italy thus honours Ariosto in his tomb, her gratitude to the author of the *Orlando Furioso* was not so great while he lived. He had a pension of seventy-five crowns from Cardinal Hippolyto d'Este; but as he was treated like that rich man's slave, he resigned the pittance to regain his freedom. Alphonso, Duke of Ferara, next became his patron, when Ariosto was made governor of a province among the Apennines, where he ruled over the reigning wildness, and tried to hunt down banditti. In short, kind words and compliments were the poet's portion—he lived in poverty and died neglected. The title of "The Divine Ludovico" was a poor requital for neglect from a cardinal and a duke; and his sorrows were aggravated by that independence of mind which is often the concomitant of genius. Though his productions form an era in the literature of his country, there is reason to believe that his morals were impure. Like Petrarch, he left natural children behind him, and furnished another proof that the most brilliant gifts are not able to prevent man from sinking into grossest sins. Popery, whether that of Rome or the unconverted heart, may call them venial, but, with the Bible for our standard, we must adjudge such views to be delusive.

But Ferara is associated with the name of more than one poet. Torquato Tasso sang, and loved, and went deranged, and was imprisoned in a common mad-house, all in that city. We visited St Anne's Hospital, where he is said to have been immured, and saw the grating behind which the infuriated Tasso is reported to have raved out the story of his misplaced affection. An inscription tells that he was ill of sadness rather than delirium. The names of Byron and Moore are inscribed, among many others, at that shrine of literary superstition; for it is now believed that the story of Tasso's amour with Leonora d'Este is a fable. Her brother, whom Byron describes as distinguished from the common herd only by feeding in

> "A larger trough and wider stye,"

must, in that case, have had another reason for persecuting the poet than that commonly assigned—his ambitious affection for a royal mistress; but here, again, all, or nearly all, is uncertain. Some of the events in Tasso's life are disputed; and all that seems determined is the fact that the author of *Gierusalemme Liberata* was deranged; immured in a prison, which increased his malady; and, after seven years of confinement, escaped. He once surrendered himself to the Inquisition as guilty of heresy; but as that was the act of a madman, he was not taken at his word. He was finally released in 1586, and died at Rome in 1595, when all Italy was preparing to crown him on the Capitol, as the poet of the age. His fifty-one years were spent in misery; and he did not live to receive at men's hands the poor compensation which an olive or laurel branch, bound round his brow, would have yielded for all his sorrows. His ashes repose in the Convent of St Onofrio on the Janiculum, on the right bank of the Tiber at Rome.

With all his poetry and exquisite sensibility, Tasso was an intense bigot. Some of his manuscripts were published at Paris about thirty years ago, in which he strenuously argues for extremest rigour in exterminating the friends of the Reformation.

Ferara is a city which one leaves without regret, because its superstition seems to merit the fate it has met. Its Duchess, the celebrated Renée, at the time of the Reformation, embraced the Gospel; and her Court became an asylum for the persecuted. Calvin visited her for some time, and helped to confirm her in the faith; but the Inquisition drove him from Italy. Persecution at length assailed Renée herself. She was immured in a castle, in a distant part of the province; and the bigot's ready argument—the stake—soon extirpated the truth from Ferara. As a portion of the Pope's temporal kingdom, it is now one of the darkest and most enslaved in Italy.*

In leaving the city where two of the sons of genius lived and were wretched, one could not but reflect on the common lot of the gifted, whose misery has often compensated to the rest of the world for their greatness. Homer was a blind ballad-singer—Rome's "least mortal mind," Cicero, was a proscribed outlaw—Shakespeare a deer-stealer—Milton blind and poor, so poor that he gladly sold his "Paradise Lost" for £15—Petrarch wailed and wept for one whose very existence is now denied—Ariosto was pensioned and treated like a slave—Tasso was immured as a lunatic for seven years and two months—Burns sank morally so low, that one of his biographers, Lockhart, has gravely to defend him from a charge of attempted murder—Byron, at Venice, turned his palace into a seraglio, and died at thirty-seven, self-outlawed from the decencies of his native land. Genius and beauty seem equally fatal to their possessor; and the solution is, that the abuse of the best gifts turns them into the worst.

But we cannot dwell longer on such scenes. Bologna might detain us long, as a seat of science—as a school of painting, which is second, perhaps, to none in Italy—as the birth-place of eight popes, and about thirty cardinals—as the scene of the labours of Dominic, the founder of the Inquisition, who is now enrolled and worshipped among its saints, just below Petronius, its patron. Here, also, Thomas Aquinas was born; Galvano, Mezzofante, and others, have, from time to time, adorned its University, and given Bologna a right to the title of "La Dotta." Nor has it disdained the aid of female genius; for, in former times, one lady was a professor of mathematics; and at another, another taught Greek. Guido Reni, the mildest, sweetest, blandest of all the painters, stands perhaps the first in the school of Bologna; and yet that criticism is adventurous when the Caracci, Guercino, Domenichino, and Caravaggio were his compeers. The St Cecilia of Raffaelle—canting in criticism all apart—is a work which one approaches with a feeling of reverence, and leaves with unsatisfied wonder. The musical saint appears so soothed by the sounds herself has made, that it requires no effort to suppose the whole is life.

We can only name the Leaning Tower of Bologna, which is one hundred and forty-five feet high, and eight feet from the perpendicular, and then hasten to glance at the character of the Bolognese. We found vice among them in the most obtrusive forms—so as not to be surpassed anywhere in Italy, except in the Ghetto among the Jews at Rome. Sabbath here, as elsewhere, is the day of mirth and music, balls and theatres. The Lord's-day is superseded by man's; and the result is, that in spite of the two thousand monks, secular and regular, with whom the city teems, religion is a theme only for merriment. The residence of a cardinal archbishop gives a kind of state to the miserable superstition; but manners more dissolute or gross we did not witness in Italy. Amid this reign of superstition, how dismal the condition of that soul which the Spirit of God has convinced of sin, of righteousness, and judgment to come! We have now travelled some hundreds of leagues in Italy, and been unable to find a Bible. Either it does not exist, or men are afraid to show it.

The passage of the Apennines, from Bologna to Florence, occupies two days; but the scene is rarely interesting. The mountains are scarred and haggard, without grandeur, or even without beauty, when compared with those of Switzerland. Vines grow on the very summit. The grapes are well-flavoured, and we scarcely were at all reminded that we were among mountains, except by the slowness of our progress, though we had sometimes eight bullocks to transport us. At Pietra Mala, on the frontier of Tuscany, we saw a miniature volcano, which has burned, we were told, for ages, without either an eruption or apparent diminution. It was among the Apennines that we first became alive to the importance of geology, as a science likely to open up, after a long track of observation, a very thorough knowledge of creation. We, at the same time, felt more than ever convinced that our cosmogonists are visionaries. When they come to die, their lament may be with Grotius: "Vitam perdidi nil laboriose agendo."

In approaching Florence, the Val d'Arno—the garden of Italy—opens upon us as we descend from the Apennines. Its clusters of villas, its olive gardens, its fig trees and vineries—all promise happiness, and would yield it, were man not a sinner; but the effects of sin haunt him under every climate; and, while we lingered to gaze upon the majestic valley of which Florence is the capital and ornament, as seen from the southern slope of the Apennines, we were immediately surrounded with clamorous beggars—the very ideal of wretchedness; and yet on these slopes we met with one just raised above the populace, who sang the poetry of Metastasio with all a Tuscan's passion, and recited the mellifluence of Tasso, so as to show that his whole soul was in it. Alfieri is their favourite now; and, if they durst be free, his love of liberty would inspire them yet more.

We dare not enter Florence, at least in these Notes. It is the Athens of modern Italy—the focus of the arts—which the gigantic genius of Michael Angelo, and the gentler power of Raffaelle, have combined to adorn. We lived and enjoyed much among its beauties, and few of them all escaped our leisurely survey; but this is the end of the whole matter—all that Florence contains cannot, by itself, make glad the heart of man. In the midst of all that that city can present to gratify taste, and even over-inform the mind, there is a felt want—a craving for something more and better, and loftier far. No doubt, some of the most ex-

* In a field near Ferara we counted thirty-two oxen drawing four ploughs; in another, eight oxen and two horses drawing one.

quisite forms of beauty known in the world are in the Tribune of the Royal Gallery at Florence, and it were Gothic to deny that they *are* exquisite; yet, withal, they are not the proper source of perfect satisfaction to the soul. We but embrace a cloud for a divinity, if we try to gratify our immortal spirits merely by them. "Show us the Father, and it sufficeth," is the true philosophy of happiness.

Neither can we pause to describe Val Ombrosa, Arezzo, Cortona, the Lake of Thrasymene, Perugia, the falls of Terni, and other places, must all be passed in silence. We are drawing near to Rome, and our next Notes shall refer to the city impiously called eternal. When it was first seen from the height above the post-house of Baccano, reposing in its beauty in the bright Italian sun, we could understand the feelings which animated a Jew, when, from the mountains which stand round about Jerusalem, he caught the first glimpse of the Holy City, as he journeyed to its solemn feasts. Through the dreary, death-still Campagna, between rows of mouldering monuments, across the Tiber and along the Via Flaminia, we entered Rome, with remembrances and thoughts too crowding to be recorded.

PORTRAIT OF A CHRISTIAN.

THE Christian is a man, and more—an earthly saint—an angel clothed in flesh—the only lawful image of his Maker and Redeemer—the abstract of God's Church on earth—a model of heaven made up of clay—the temple of the Holy Ghost.

For his disposition, it hath so much of heaven as his earth may make room for.

He were not a man if he were quite free from corrupt affections; but these he masters and keeps in with a strong hand; and if at any time they grow testy and headstrong, he breaks them with a severe discipline, and will rather punish himself than not tame them. He checks appetite with discreet but strong denials, and forbears to pamper nature lest it grow wanton and impetuous.

He walks on earth, but converses in heaven—having his eyes fixed on the invisible, and enjoying a sweet communion with his God and Saviour. While all the rest of the world sits in darkness, he lives in a perpetual light. The heaven of heavens is open to none but him; thither his eye pierceth, and beholds those realms of inaccessible glory which shine in no face but his.

The deep mysteries of godliness, which to the great clerks of the world are as a book clasped and sealed up, lie open before him fair and legible; and while those book-men know whom they have heard of, he knows whom he hath believed.

He will not suffer his Saviour to be ever out of his eye; and if, through some worldly interceptions he lose the sight of that blessed object for a time, he zealously retrieves him; not without a hungry check of his own miscarriage; and is now so much the more fixed by his former slackening, so as he will henceforth sooner part with his soul than his Redeemer.

The terms of entireness wherein he stands with his Lord of Life are such as he can feel, but cannot express, though he should borrow the language of angels; it is enough—they two are one spirit.

His reason is willingly captivated to his faith, his will to reason, and his affections to both.

He fears nothing that he sees, in comparison of that which he sees not, and displeasure is more dreadful than smart.—*Hall.*

WHO KNOWS BEST?

SAID John Newton to a gay friend; "I need not turn Deist, to enjoy the best and the most that this life can afford." Newton had a *right* to say this, and to be believed. He had, as he says, "experienced the good and evil on both sides." He had been a man of pleasure and impiety, and knew how to estimate them. Thus he says to his friend: "If you were to send me an inventory of your pleasures, how charmingly your time runs on, and how dexterously it is divided between the coffee-house, play-house, the card-table, and tavern, with intervals of balls, concerts, &c., I could answer, that most of these I have tried, and tried again, and know the utmost they can yield, and have seen enough of the rest most heartily to despise them all. You know all that a life of pleasure can give, and I know it likewise." So far they were equal.

But Newton had another experience, found "in the pardon of his sins, communion with God, calm reliance on the divine providence, the cheering prospect of a better life, with foretastes of heaven in his soul." Supposing that such pleasures would be despised, he adds: "But here lies the difference, my dear friend, you condemn that which you have never tried."

An all-sufficient answer this to every one who questions the superiority of religion. The gay, the giddy, the sordid, and the impious, despise the duties and the joys of the pious mind; but they "condemn what they have never tried," and why should they be believed?—why should they believe themselves even? Surely no one who seriously wishes to find the "true way," will give heed to such blind guides.

THE FIRE AND THE WORM.

A CONVERTED Indian was asked how he knew that he had experienced a change of heart. He gave no answer. He was asked if he saw the power.

"No."

"Did you hear it?"

"No."

"Did you feel it?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, cannot you describe your feelings?"

He paused a moment, and then, kneeling upon the sand, made a small circle of chips and dry leaves. He then got a little worm, and placed it inside the ring, and with a spark from his pipe lighted his pile. The poor worm, when it began to feel the heat, crept first to one point, then to another, and at last, after many ineffectual attempts to get out, finding that the flames completely surrounded it, crawled to the centre, as if in despair, and coiled itself up, awaiting the result. When it began to feel the heat too sensibly, the Indian took it in his fingers and placed it without the ring in safety.

"Now," said he, "I will explain my meaning. I was like that poor worm; the fires of hell were burning around me—they began to scorch me—I ran every way—I drank fire-water—I tried hunting, everything; but could not get out. At last I threw myself down and tried to pray, and then God stretched forth his

hand, and lifting me forth, gave me rest. Now," said he, "I cannot explain it any better. I cannot tell you how it was done, but I felt a change, and I know it was so."

Children's Column.

THE BOY THE FATHER OF THE MAN.

SOLOMON said, many centuries ago: "Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure and whether it be right."

Some people seem to think that children have no character at all. On the contrary, an observing eye sees in these young creatures the signs of what they are likely to be for life.

When I see a boy in haste to spend every penny as soon as he gets it, I think it a sign that he will be a spendthrift.

When I see a boy hoarding up his pennies, and unwilling to part with them for any good purpose, I think it a sign that he will be a miser.

When I see a boy or girl always looking out for themselves, and disliking to share good things with others, I think it a sign that the child will grow up a very selfish person.

When I see boys and girls often quarrelling, I think it a sign that they will be violent and hateful men and women.

When I see a little boy willing to taste strong drink, I think it a sign that he will be a drunkard.

When I see a boy who never prays, I think it a sign that he will be a profane and profligate man.

When I see a child obedient to his parents, I think it a sign of great future blessings from Almighty God.

When I see a boy fond of the Bible, and well acquainted with it, I think it a sign that he will be a pious and happy man.

And though great changes sometimes take place in the character, yet, as a general rule, these signs do not fail.—*Christian Mirror.*

CHILDREN! "BUY THE TRUTH."

Go, ere the clouds of sorrow
Steal o'er the bloom of youth,
Defer not till to-morrow—
Go *now*, and buy the Truth.
Go, seek thy great Creator,
Learn early to be wise—
Go, place upon His altar
A morning sacrifice!

A FAULT MORE ACKNOWLEDGED THAN AMENDED

Is vain impertinent talk, which fills up the time of too many professors when they come together. When the famous Bishop Usher and Dr Preston, who were very intimate friends, were talking together, after much discourse of learning and other things, the bishop would say, "Come, Doctor, one word of Christ now before we part." Christians, who owe their all to Christ, should be often talking of him. And surely those who know the worth of souls cannot but be concerned for their ignorant, careless neighbours; which concernedness should put us upon doing all we can to keep them out of that condition. And if there be any that are asking the way to Zion, with their faces thitherward, pray tell them the way. Tell them,

1. There is but one gate into this way, and that is the strait gate of sound conversion.

2. Tell them that the way is narrow—that there is not elbow-room for their lusts. Let them know the worst of it; and that those who would be good soldiers of Christ must endure hardness.

3. Tell them, notwithstanding this, it is a way of pleasantness; it gives spiritual, though it prohibits sensual, pleasures.

4. Tell them there is life eternal at the end, and let them be assured that one hour of joy in heaven will make them amends for an age of trouble upon earth. One sheaf of that harvest will be recompense enough for a seedtime of tears.—*Henry.*

Fragments.

Every other faith but that which apprehends Christ as a purifier, as well as our atonement and righteousness, is false and hypocritical. He can only be received into the soul when he is desired for his goodness; and when he is there, he will not sit down idle.—*Adam.*

If a drowning man be resolved to keep hold of anything in his hand, this will prevent his taking hold upon the rope thrown out to him. Thus the sinner who would lay hold upon the Saviour, must first let go every other dependence.

Better to be despised for too anxious apprehensions, than ruined by too confident a security.—*Burke.*

That which the French proverb hath of sickness is true of all evils—that they come on horseback, and go away on foot. We have often seen a sudden fall, or one meal's surfeit hath stuck by many to their graves; whereas pleasures come like oxen, slow and heavily, and go away like post-horses upon the spur. Sorrows, because they are lingering guests, I will entertain but moderately, knowing that the more they are made of the longer they will continue: and for pleasures, because they stay not, and do but call to drink at my door, I will use them as passengers, with slight respect. He is his own best friend, that makes least of both of them.—*Hall.*

Hard studies, much knowledge, and excellent preaching, are but mere glorious hypocritical sinning, if the ends be not right.—*Baxter.*

He who rejoices over another's fall, rejoices in the devil's victory.—*Ambrose.*

Though the dews of the divine grace fall everywhere, yet they lie longest in the shade.—*Patrick.*

Nothing is so formidable to the busy, as the visits of the idle.

The world is much mistaken in the value of a sceptre or a crown. We gaze upon its brightness, and forget its brittleness; we look upon its glory, and forget its frailty; we respect its colour, and take no notice of its weight. But if all those gay things which we fondly fancy to ourselves, are really to be found in greatness, yet still he pays too dear that pawns his heaven for it; he that buys a short bliss, gives not twenty, or an hundred years' purchase, but (if mercy prevent not) eternity.—*Sancroft.*

He that makes light of small faults, is in a ready way to fall into great ones.

Defer not thy charities till death; for certainly, if a man weigh it rightly, he that doth so is rather liberal of another man's than his own.—*Bacon.*

Daily Bread.

FRIDAY.

"God be merciful to me a sinner."—LUKE xviii. 13.

Merciful God, thyself proclaim
In this polluted breast;
Mercy is thy distinguish'd name,
Which suits a sinner best.

Surely, O Lord, thy goodness is greater than my sinfulness, and thy mercy surpasseth my misery; for though my sins reach even to the clouds, yet thy mercy is above the heavens. Surely misery is the proper object of mercy. Holy God, if thou help me not for the sake of my miseries which I have deserved, yet help me for the sake of thy mercies which thou hast promised in Christ, thy dear Son. Doth not his precious blood cry louder for pardon than my sins for punishment? Lord, hear the cry of that blood!—*Willison.*

SATURDAY.

"Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift."—2 COR. ix. 15.

Honour and might, and thanks and praise,
I render to my pardoning God;
Extol the riches of thy grace,
And spread thy saving name abroad.

Many give thanks to God for meat and drink to their bodies, which indeed is the duty of all; but, alas! few give thanks to God for Jesus Christ, the only food of precious souls, and God's unspeakable gift to men! Many are fond of temporal gifts and earthly riches, which are nothing but vanity; but, ah! they are easy about this pearl of great price, this matchless gift, whose value no tongue can express, nor open up what is contained in it.—*Ibid.*

SABBATH.

"The hope of the glory of God."—ROM. v. 2.

When thou hadst all thy foes o'ercome,
Returning to thy glorious home,
Thou didst receive the full reward,
That I might share it with my Lord;
And thus thy own new name obtain,
And one with thee for ever reign.

Faith advanceth the soul to higher projects than to seek the things of this life. It discovers a world beyond the moon; and there lies faith's merchandise. Leaving the colliers of this world to load themselves with clay and coals, while it trades for grace and glory, faith fetcheth its riches from afar. Saul did not more willingly leave seeking his father's asses when he heard of a kingdom, than the believing soul leaves prowling for the earth, now it hears of Christ and heaven. "Surely," saith David, "they are disquieted in vain: he heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them;" and afterwards, we have him with a holy disdain turning his back upon the world, as not worth his pains: "And now, Lord, what wait I for?" As if he had said: Is this the portion I could be content to set down with—to set upon a greater heap of riches than my neighbour hath? "My hope is in thee; deliver me from all my transgressions." Every one as they like. Let them that love the world, take the world; but, Lord, pay not my portion in gold or silver, but in pardon of sin; this I wait for.—*Garnall.*

MONDAY.

"They seek me daily."—ISA. lviii. 2.

O may the gracious words divine
Subject of all my converse be;
So will the Lord his follower join,
And walk and talk himself with me.

Many when God visits them, then they visit him, but not till then; when God poureth out his afflictions, then they pour out their supplications. This is seamen's devotion; when the storms have brought them to "their wits' end, then they cry to the Lord in their trouble." Many never cry to God till they are at their wits' end; they never come to God for help, so long as they can help themselves. But God's people are more zealous in their devotion; the others make a virtue of necessity, but these seem to make conscience of duty.—*Mead.*

TUESDAY.

"My soul hath desired thee in the night."—ISA. xxvi. 9.

Long have I waited, Lord,
For thy salvation here,
And hoped, according to thy word,
To see it soon appear.
Thyself Jehovah's Son
Discover to my heart,
That when I have my Saviour known,
I may in peace depart.

There was a great dark cloud of vanity before mine eyes, so that I could not see the sun of justice and the light of truth. I being the son of darkness, was involved in darkness; I loved my darkness, because I knew not thy light; I was blind, and loved my blindness, and did walk from darkness to darkness; but, Lord, thou art my God, who hast led me from darkness and the shadow of death—hast called me into this glorious light, and, behold, I see.—*Augustine.*

WEDNESDAY.

"The zeal of thy house hath eaten me up."—Ps. lxix. 9.

How shall I thank thee for the grace
On me and all mankind bestow'd?
O that my every breath were praise!
O that my heart were fill'd with God!
My heart would then with love o'erflow,
And all my life thy glory show.

There is a zeal which is good, and which renders the soul highly acceptable to God—a zeal that never misses of heaven and salvation. This is a zeal which is a celestial fire—the true temper and heat of all the affections to God and Christ. It is a zeal wrought and kindled in the soul by the Spirit of God, who first works it, and then sets it on work. It is a zeal that hath the Word of God for its guide, directing it in working, both in regard of its object and end, manner and measure. It is a zeal that checks sin, and forwards the heavenly life. It is a zeal that makes the glory of God its chief end—which swallows up all by-ends.—*Mead.*

THURSDAY

"Woe is me, that I sojourn in Mesech!"—Ps. cxx. 5.

To mourn for thy coming is sweet,
To weep at thy longer delay;
But thou, whom we hasten to meet,
Shalt chase all our sorrows away.

My life is a frail life—a corruptible life; a life which, the more it increaseth, the more it decreaseth—the farther it goeth, the nearer it cometh to death. A deceitful life, and like a shadow, full of the snares of death. Now I rejoice, now I languish; now I flourish, now infirm, now I live, and straight I die; now I seem happy, always miserable; now I laugh, now I weep; thus all things are subject to mutability, that nothing continueth an hour in one estate; O joy above joy, exceeding all joy, without which there is no joy, when shall I enter into thee, that I may see my God that dwelleth in thee?—*Augustine.*

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A MEDITATION ON THE PARABLE OF THE RICH MAN AND LAZARUS.

BY THE REV. JOHN FAIRBAIRN, ALLANTON.

In the Gospel our Lord asks these two questions: "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" The parable of the rich man and Lazarus is a striking commentary on these questions. A man may be very rich, and yet very poor; or very poor, and yet very rich. He may have much on earth, and nothing in heaven. This was the case with Dives, the rich man in the parable. A man may have nothing of this world's substance, and at the same time have great treasures in heaven; which was the case with the beggar Lazarus. Let us look to these two men, Dives and Lazarus. If wealth be the great thing to be sought after and admired, a richer man will not easily be found than Dives. It is plain, from the style of his living, that he was very wealthy. The old imperial purple, which emperors and sovereign princes wore in token of their dignity and regal state, was this man's wear. Men reserve their feasts for great occasions—now and then they fare sumptuously—the rich man in the parable fared sumptuously every day.

God had bestowed this great wealth on him; but he was, notwithstanding, a godless sinner. It was not his great wealth that constituted him a great sinner. In that case, we would be led to set down all rich men for wicked men. It is a hard thing, as our Lord assures us, for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven—as hard a thing as it is for a camel to go through the eye of a needle; but the grace of God is equal to harder things than that. In heaven there are many who upon earth were rich and powerful—Abraham, Job, David, Hezekiah, and many more. The sin of the rich man in the parable consisted in this, that he did not fear, love, and obey God—that he despised, hated, and disobeyed God. He was a lover of pleasure, more than a lover of God. He made his great possessions his portion. He preferred the riches of this world—its pleasures—its pomp—to all the treasures of grace. Salvation on the one hand, and on the other the world—these two to choose between, he fixes upon the world—he is wholly taken up with it; and there he must be left in the meantime.

We must not lose sight of Lazarus. The poor beggar, he sits in the dust at the rich man's gate—he may not come nearer. For him there is no purple and fine linen, no sumptuous fare, not even the bare necessaries of life—nothing but rags and hunger. He is all covered over with sores, which the dogs come and lick. He makes petition for the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table. The poorest beggar would have pitied him, and given him the half of his last morsel.

It was not the poverty and affliction of Lazarus that constituted his goodness. There are many as poor and miserable as he was, who are as wicked as they are poor and miserable. It was the fear of the Lord that was in him, and by which he governed his conduct, which gave worth and excellence to his character.

Such were these two men—the one rich in the goods of this world, but without grace; the other rich in grace, but in regard to worldly substance, utterly portionless and destitute. Which of them had the better portion?

We have to consider the death of these two men. Death comes at one time or other, and closes up the history of every human being. If a man be a careless sinner, he must die—if a man be a true believer, he must die. The cup of death goes round the world—it passes from hand to hand, and no one can put it past. Lazarus was sitting in his rags, covered with his sores, and Death came with a warrant to take him, and he must needs follow. Death also came for the rich man; he, too, must go. Would he not have given all he had to have seen Death turn his back, and depart? But no; he must go, and without an hour's delay. Lazarus died first, then the rich man. The manner of their death is not told. As they were different in their lives, so also most likely in their deaths. Lazarus was a poor, but faithful servant of God, and so prepared for death; for the Lord gives his people grace to die as well as to live. He was ready, we may suppose, to bid death welcome—ready to glorify God, either by living or dying. Death, however, could scarce be but welcome to him. He had nothing to leave behind that could cost him a pang at parting. He had nothing to leave but a poor, worn-out body of sin and death, in which he had patiently suffered many sore evils. He had much to receive when he departed—a hearty welcome into his Father's house—a house not made with hands eternal in the heavens. He was going to be crowned with glory, honour, and immortality.

Consider these two men. On each of them we see two seals set—on Lazarus the seal of death and the seal of Christ. Death has marked him out as a victim—a tree that must be cut down in the forest of life; but the seal of salvation is also upon him, and death can do him no real harm—the second death hath no power over him. The angels wait to carry him to glory; they delight in such errands of love. The rich man has also the seal of death upon him, and likewise another seal, but not Christ's; it is the

seal of destruction. Have we the seal of Christ upon us? If not, we are in our sins, and miserable. Yet there is hope; for now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.

There is something more. Where did these men go after death? Death closes each man's mortal history. It is the last page, we may say the last word, the "finis," the "amen," of all he was or did here below. You can trace his steps through childhood, through manhood, up to extreme old age. In old age you see him breathing difficultly, and moving with steps that are slow and feeble. The grasshopper is a burden to him. At the extreme verge of this mortal life, a door opens to receive him. He enters, and it closes to open no more. You may shout after him, but he cannot answer. He has passed into eternity through that door, which is the gate of death. All on this side lies in the light and sunshine—all beyond is thick darkness. Eye has not seen, nor ear heard, neither has it entered into the heart of man adequately to conceive, the realities of bliss and misery that lie on the farther shore of death.

We know, indeed, that on the farther side lie heaven and hell. We have heard the rumour of them, and have some glimpses of both graciously revealed to us. Of the glory of heaven we cannot rightly speak; neither of the misery of hell. There is a foretaste of both in this life; but what is that to the reality?

Lazarus died, the history proceeds, "and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom." He has got free from all his sufferings, and arrived safely in glory. All his suffering and misery he has left behind him—his body of sin and death—his sores—his rags—his poverty—his hunger—in a word, all his misery. Heaven is no place for such. There is no room or lurking-place for them in heaven. All sin and suffering are left outside, that the joy and glory of that blessed place may be complete and uninterrupted. All shall now be well with Lazarus for ever and ever.

"The rich man also died, and was buried." Is there no more about him? There is more—but how terrible is it! "And in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torment." His soul departed out of his body, but it could find no resting-place of peace. There was no place for it but hell, whither it went, and was in torment. How can careless sinners, who have no interest in Christ, enjoy a moment's peace? On the very edge of destruction—and yet asleep! How certainly shall every Christless sinner be cast into hell! The Lord has made this certain beyond all doubt. And what a dismal, intolerable place hell is! The terrors of hell are described in the parable; shortly, it is true, but yet in such a way as to fill the mind with a fearful idea of them. The rich man had no solacement there of any of his good things. He was able to carry nothing with him. "He lifted up his eyes, being in torment." Looking up, he beheld Lazarus in Abraham's bosom. He makes a request, and pleads it very urgently. We would suppose that what he sought so earnestly would be some great matter—to be delivered out of misery, or to be annihilated. What he sought was to him a great thing—to us it appears a very small and trifling matter. "Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue, for I am tormented in this flame." "But Abraham said, Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things; but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented." O what torment is there in hell! One drop of cold water! we would think that a small mercy, for we live in a land of rivers of water. A draught of cold water is precious in the desert. How much more would it be in that evil place into which Dives had come. But there it cannot be had. As one says, and as the text plainly shows, "There is not a drop of cold water all hell over."

And then there is no escape out of that evil place. Once in hell, always in hell. "And besides all this, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed: so that they that would pass from hence to you cannot; neither can they pass to us that would come from thence." It is part of the misery of those who are in the torment of hell, that they have no hope of escape. A great gulf is fixed between them and glory—a gulf which no one can pass. On earth men can pass from land to land, though between land and land wide and tempestuous oceans intervene. Between Britain and America a great ocean intervenes. There was a time when no one thought of crossing it, or so much as thought it could be crossed; but now men traverse it every day in their winged ships. A highway has been opened up between this country and the most distant lands, a highway through the great wilderness of waters. On no other thoroughfare almost is there a greater traffic. Man can pass from land to land to the remotest corners of the earth; but he cannot pass from the earth to any of the neighbouring stars. He may survey them through his glasses, but the gulf between them and this earth is a gulf that cannot be passed. So with that gulf which God has fixed between hell and paradise: a very awful consideration for those who are in torment, and for careless sinners who are hastening to that evil place.

In this parable Christ shows us the end of wicked men. It is to that evil place that the world is bearing in its course all its children. All who are not travelling heavenward, are travelling hellward. The careless sinner thinks that all shall yet be well with him; in this hope he lives and dies, and awakens in hell, and finds that his hope is a false hope, and has perished for ever. Some sinners think that God will not visit with eternal misery their

sins; they awaken in hell, and discover the delusion: they find that God's word is true, and their own vain imagination false. They awaken to the horrors of an undone eternity.

Whilst there is no passage between hell and paradise, a way has been opened up between this world and heaven—a sure way, and all who travel it shall assuredly arrive at glory. Christ is the way. He has opened it up, and made it a sure and perfect way. He invites us to enter upon it. He comes to us to solicit and to entreat us so to do. He will scarce take a denial. He works by nature, providence, and grace to affect our hearts, and to persuade us. He comes to the very door of our heart, and gives us a call; not merely a passing call—an invitation thrown in upon us as he goes past; but he pauses and waits: "Behold I stand at the door and knock." What love there is in the heart of Christ to poor ruined sinners! What encouragement for sinners—Christ Jesus standing and pleading at the door of the heart! There is encouragement—also warning. He stands at the door—He is not content with a passing knock. Before he passes on he waits for a season, to give the sinner every opportunity. The warning lies in this, that the Lord will not wait for ever upon us. He does not sit down at the door of the heart, never to depart. He is full of long-suffering, yet he sets a limit to his day of grace. If any man hear Christ's voice and open the door, Christ will come in and take up his abode with that man. When that man dies he shall be carried to glory, as Lazarus was. If any man harden his heart, he shall die in his sins, and his soul shall depart into torment.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF A PILGRIM.

MOUNTAINS AND MISTS.

Those snowy mountain ranges (the Alps), so white, so pure, so dazzling in the clear azure depths, do really look as if they belonged to another world—as if, like the faces of supernatural intelligences, they were looking sadly and stedfastly on our world, to speak to us of theirs. Some of these mountain peaks of snow you can see only through the perspective of other mountains, nearer to you, and covered with verdure, which makes the snowy pyramids appear so distant, so sharply defined, so high up, so glorious, it is indeed like the voice of great truths stirring the soul. As your eye follows the range, they lie in such glittering masses against the horizon—in such grand repose—they shoot into the sky in bright weather in such infinite clearness, so pure, so flashing, that they seem never to lose the charm of a sudden and startling revelation to the mind. Are they not sublime images of the great truths of God's own Word, that sometimes, indeed, are veiled with clouds, but in fair weather do carry us, as in a chariot of fire and with horses of fire, into eternity—into the presence of God? The atmosphere of our hearts is so misty and stormy, that we do not see them more than sixty times a-year in their glory. If every Sabbath-day we get a view of them without clouds, we do well; but *when* we see them as they are, then we feel their power—then we are rapt by them from earth, away, away, away, into the depths of heaven!

In some circumstances, when we are climbing the mountains, even the mists that hang around them do add to the glory of the view; as in the rising sun, when they are so penetrated with brightness, that they softly rise over the crags as a robe of misty light, or seem like the motion of sweet Nature breathing into the atmosphere from her morning altars the incense of praise. And in the setting sun how often do they hang around the precipices, glowing with the golden and crimson hues of the west, and preventing us from clearly defining the forms of the mountains, only to make them more lovely to our view. So it is sometimes with the very clouds around God's Word, and the lights and shades upon it. There is an inscrutability of truth which sometimes increases its power, while we wait with solemn reverence for the hour when it shall be fully revealed to us; and our faith, like the setting sun, may clothe celestial mysteries with a soft and rosy-coloured light, which makes them more suitable to our present existence than if we saw them in the clear and cloudless atmosphere of a spiritual noon.

CONVERSATION WITH A ROMANIST.

My guides to-day have been Roman Catholics. I have had a good deal of conversation with them, and found in the first a truly serious disposition, and a regard for the forms of devotion in his Church. He told me much about his habits of true prayer—that he prayed every day, using the *pater noster*, the *ave*, the *credo*, the *acts of faith*, &c., which he knew by heart. He also prayed to the saints, especially St Bernard. I asked him if he ever prayed in any other manner, and he said No, never with any prayer but what was written for him. I asked if he did not sometimes, from a deep sense of sin in himself, cry out to God thus: "Lord, have mercy upon me a great sinner, and forgive my guilt?" and he said Yes.

He told me that he had seen the Bible, and possessed a New Testament, which he read about twice a-week. I asked him why not oftener? He said he had no time. I told him that he could easily read a few verses every day, if he chose, for it would take almost no time at all. I told him that the Word of God was the bread of the soul—*notre pain quotidienne*, for which he prayed in the *pater noster*, and that it was necessary to be eaten daily. What good would it do for our bodies, if we ate but twice in the week? We should soon starve. And just so with our souls. We need to receive God's bread, our spiritual food, the bread of eternal life, every day, morning and evening at least. This would be but two meals for our souls, where we make three, or more, for our bodies. "Give us this day our daily bread." This does not mean merely give to our bodies wherewithal to eat; but far more. It means—Feed our souls with that precious spiritual bread, without which we perish—Sanctify us by thy truth—Be Thou our daily bread, the life of our souls. For man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God shall man live.

My guide seemed much impressed with this manner of presenting the case, but I doubt if he ever had the least idea of what the Word of God really is for the soul. He told me that he goes to confession regularly, and takes the sacrament twice a-year, when the priest gives him absolution, and all his sins are taken away. I told him that the blood of Jesus Christ alone could take away sin, and he assented to it; but this was the great truth of the Gospel, which the Romish system renders "bed-ridden in the dormitory of the soul," while her own superstitions govern its active life. She does not turn the Truth

out of doors, but sets Error to be its keeper, confined and strait-jacketed, as if it were a madman; or to be its nurse, as if it were a paralytic. So if any visitors inquire after its health, Error answers them.

MARIOLATRY.

Down toward Contamines, you pass chapels in honour of the Virgin, where the inscriptions indicate the idolatrous veneration which the misguided people are taught to pay her. For example, on one of these chapels, in connection with the rude image of the Virgin, you may find these ruder lines:—

"Quand la Mort fermera nos yeaux
Accordez nous, Reine de Cieux,
La Sejour de bienheureux.
Jesus et Maria ayez pitie de nous."

"When grim Death shall close our eyes,
Accord to us, Queen of the Skies,
A dwelling-place in Paradise.
Jesus and Maria have mercy on us!"

On another altar or chapel erected in the same way in honour of the Virgin, you may find the following inscription, which imitates, in a manner approaching very near to blasphemy, the language appropriated in Scripture to God and the Saviour:—

"Qui invenerit Mariam,
Inveniet vitam."

"He who findeth Mary,
Findeth life."

Alas! the influence and the end of these things is death! For who, of all the crowds that are taught this idolatrous trust in, and worship of the Virgin, can be supposed to have any true sense of the nature of faith in Christ, or any true knowledge of Him as the soul's only Saviour!

THE SAVOYARD, THE PRIEST, AND THE BIBLE.

A young Savoyard, a poor little chimney-sweep, purchased one day a Testament, for which he paid ten sous, and set himself immediately to read it. Delighted to possess the Word of God, he ran to the priest, in his simplicity, to show him the good bargain he had made with his savings. The priest took the book, and told the young Savoyard that it came from the hands of heretics, and that it was a book forbidden to be read. The peasant replied that everything he had read in the book told him about Christ; and, besides, said he, it is so beautiful! You shall see how beautiful it is, said the priest, seizing it, and casting it into the fire. The young Savoyard went away weeping.—*Chevrier.*

BAPTISMAL REGENERATION—HOW ACCOMPLISHED.

ILLUSTRATED BY EXAMPLE.

"BAPTISM washes away the stains of sin." "The law of baptism extends to all, insomuch that unless they are regenerated through the grace of baptism, be their parents Christians or Infidels, they are born to eternal misery and everlasting destruction." "Infants, unless baptized, cannot enter heaven."—*Catechism of the Council of Trent.*

"Baptism is, doubtless, the most necessary of all the sacraments; because without it we are incapable of receiving any other sacrament, and because it is ordained by Jesus Christ as the only means for receiving the first grace of justification, by which alone we can be delivered from original sin, and partake of the merits of Christ's sufferings, so as to become members of his body."—*Bishop Hay's Sincere Christian.*

While casting our eyes lately over the "Annals of the Propagation of the Faith," or Missionary Record of the Church of Rome, we met with a rather startling illustration of this doctrine in an article headed "Baptism of the Children of Infidels."

We once heard of an intelligent Romanist being led to see and forsake his error by the mere abruptness of statement employed by a priest regarding the doctrine of transubstantiation. The priest held up a consecrated wafer, and, instead of informing his congregation with the usual circumlocution that it "contained the body, blood, soul, and divinity of Jesus Christ, under the form and appearance of bread," exclaimed: "Behold your God!" The exclamation was so abrupt, and so completely wanted that softening of lengthened and superfluous statement under which outrageous error is wont to hide itself, that the individual of whom we speak, revolted at the naked and profane absurdity of a wafer held between a man's two fingers being saluted as God, was led to forsake in a moment the theology of a lifetime. We should be disposed to think that the Jesuits, who are understood to edit and write the "Annals," have, in the article referred to, committed a mistake similar to that of the priest. At least, if we were at all disposed to look favourably on the *theory* of baptismal regeneration, nothing more than the following practical statement of the approved mode of going about it would be necessary to shake us from our theorizing:—

The article begins thus:—

"For a long time it was *not possible to regenerate in the waters of baptism the children of Infidels*, only in some isolated places. The number of those who went from the cradle to the grave with the seal of baptism was still small; and for this reason we have seldom made mention of it to the pious readers of our 'Annals.' But, of latter years, this benefit has been extended in a most consolatory degree. Our missionaries, with the assistance of the alms of the association, have succeeded in rendering it general among the principal Christian congregations of Asia. *We shall soon have much to do to reckon the young elect with which they will people heaven;* even now, the account of those whom they have sent there is sufficiently large to draw forth the gratitude and the admiration of our faith. And, accordingly, we offer it to our associates with a religious eagerness. It will consist of figures only, but figures are very affecting when they express *a multitude of souls gained for the happiness of heaven.*"

Extracts from several letters are then given, stating the numbers thus baptized, and the modes in which they contrive to get hold of the children for the purpose. The Rev. Mr Bertrand, missionary-apostolic in China, writes regarding the children who are exposed by their heartless and unnatural parents:—

"Not being able to save the life of the body of these little children, I have sought to procure the saving of their souls. Two *well-trained men*, having some knowledge of medicine, whom I have employed for the last eight months, have baptized six hundred

and eighty of them, of whom *more than five hundred have already gone to heaven.*"

His Lordship, Dr Perocheau, vicar-apostolic of Su-Tchuen, is more particular. He says:—

"The mission of Su-Tchuen continues its work of baptizing children in danger of death, and the Lord continues to bless it. Each year the *number of those whom they regenerate* goes on increasing.

"It was, in 1839, . .	12,483
1840, . .	15,766
1841, . .	17,825
1842, . .	20,068
1843, . .	22,292
This year amounts to .	24,381

"We have remarked, that about two-thirds of the number of these children died in the year in which they were baptized. Thus, out of the number of 1844, sixteen thousand seven hundred and sixty-three winged their flight a short time afterwards to everlasting bliss. These *happy souls, thus regenerated by us* in the saving waters of baptism, *can they forget us?* Can they lose the remembrance of *that generous association*, which, under God, has *opened to them the gates of heaven?*"

The association referred to is "*The Angelical Association*," which, we are told, has been four years in existence, and the object of which is the employment of baptizing agents. These agents get a smattering of medical knowledge, especially concerning the complaints of infants, and go out on the search for dying children, exercising a rather curious species of "holy craft" in the accomplishment of their object. What do our readers think of the following from the above-named dignitary?

"You see in winter on the roads, at the gates of the towns and villages, or crowded together in the streets, poor people without number, with hardly any clothing, having neither fire nor lodging, sleeping in the open air, and so extenuated by the protracted torture of hunger, that they are nothing but skin and bone. The women, who are in this case the most to be pitied, carry on their back children reduced to the same extremity as themselves. Our baptizing men and baptizing women *accost them in the gentle accents of compassion*, offer them gratis pills for these little expiring creatures, give often to the parents *a few farthings*, always with *great kindness of manner*, and an expression of the *liveliest interest in their situation*. For these poor creatures it is a sight of transport almost unheard of. They willingly allow our people to examine into the state of the child, and *spill on its forehead some drops of water*, which they *declare to be good for it*, while, at the same time, they *pronounce the sacramental words*."

Another missionary, the Rev. Mr Fontaine, Cochin-China, writes as follows:—

"You will receive with pleasure some particulars concerning one of our works, little in appearance, but productive of great results for the salvation of souls; I allude to the Pagan children baptized on the point of death. Every one can take part in it, but we may say that it is *principally the business of the women;* they can more easily get into the houses, and *people are less on their guard against them than against men. Through their charitable care* a considerable number of these little creatures have hardly received life before they exchange it for the unending joys of paradise."

Mr Fontaine then gives some details as to their mode of going about it. He states that in his neighbourhood there exists a house of nuns, whom the bishop sends out in different directions to look for the "hapless children." "They go generally two by two—an old and a young one; and while the elder one enters into conversation," in order to take up the attention of the mother, "the other, who, in good manners, should leave her to speak, draws near the mother, who is holding the sick child, or sits down on the mat on which it is left. She *fondles* it," and having thus got the mother pleased, "takes it into her arms; and whilst she caresses it, *succeeds in dropping on its forehead a little water out of a bottle which she keeps concealed in her long wide sleeve!*" And in this way about a hundred infants are regenerated per month!

Various other letters are given, containing similar particulars. One from the Bishop of Siam states that an agent, with a salary of from forty to sixty francs, might baptize numerous children in the course of a year; "so that," he adds, "if I may be allowed the expression, a person would save a soul at the cost of a most trifling sacrifice. Surely there is no better mode of employing the alms of the Society! For some years past, the number of these little angels who have gone to heaven amounts to from four to five thousand." Dr Alphonse, vicar-apostolic of Chan-see, writes:—

"A Christian virgin, called Angelica Sung, belonging to a rich family, has devoted, during the last twenty years, the entire of her fortune to saving children of her own sex. In order to prevent the killing of these poor creatures, which is so common, she used to promise a reward to those mothers who would keep their daughters, binding herself to support and rear them at her own expense. The *souls* with which *she has peopled heaven, called her, a short time ago, to receive her everlasting reward;* her daughters that survived her still bewail their mother of adoption, and my grief will be long to be consoled."

The Directors of the Foreign Missions, in a collective letter addressed to the Council of the Propaganda, after detailing particulars like these, conclude, in true Romanist style, as follows:—

"Such are the works of your Society. It is you who thus people heaven with those innocent creatures, who would have been excluded from it if you had not come to open its gates to them. Through your means these children have become the friends of God, and their *gratitude assures to you their protection.*"

It is painful to read such details and such expressions. To speak of saving the souls of children for heaven by letting a few drops of water fall on their foreheads is profane enough, but to add with approbation that deception is practised in the process, makes the statement revolting. They might as well say that souls are sent to heaven by the hands of the devil.

The salvation of the souls of those who die in infancy is a pleasing, and, we believe, a scriptural belief; but if so, it is the blood of Christ, sprinkled by the Holy Ghost, that secures the salvation, and not the water of baptism, sprinkled or stealthily dropped by the hands of a priest or of a nun.—How does Rome convert God's comforting and precious truth into her own self-elevating and conscious lie!

THE FIELD OF THE WORLD.

Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thine hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock;
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow
Scatter it on the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill and dale, by plots, 'tis found;
Go forth, then, everywhere.

Thou know'st not which may thrive
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germs alive
When and wherever strown.

And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist and dry,
Shall foster and matture the grain
For garners in the sky.

Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And Heaven cry, "Harvest home!"

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

PROVIDENCE AND A BIBLE;

OR,

THE WORK OF GOD IN A FRENCH HAMLET.

(*From Letter by the Rev. N. Roussel.*)

In a small village in the vicinity of St Jean d'Angely, a few souls appear to be awakened, and persons of all ages attend the catechetical instructions, when they answer the questions addressed to them with the simplicity of little children. But the change which has been effected in the village of Brueillac is peculiarly encouraging. This hamlet possessed one of the worst characters of any place in the district. It was only with trembling that the colporteurs went thither for the first time. The properties in the neighbourhood were recklessly traversed, and even plundered. But God has chosen this place for the purpose of manifesting thereby the power of his grace. A particular circumstance had prepared the way for the colporteurs. Eighteen years back, a wealthy inhabitant of Brucillac undertook a journey of nearly fifty miles, for the purpose of buying a Bible at Niort; and after obtaining it, he determined to have nothing more to do with the Roman superstitions. For eighteen years he remained the only Protestant in his village; but this Bible had excited the attention of several, and facilitated the sale of a number of Bibles and New Testaments by the colporteurs. After the colporteurs came an evangelist. He succeeded in assembling a part of the inhabitants of the village, but not without difficulty, on account of the divisions and grudges existing among them. Gradually, however, they took a relish for prayer and reading the Word of God; it found its way to their hearts, and in these awakened charity. Quarrels ceased. The properties in the vicinity are scrupulously respected—the Sabbath is observed, and those who work on that day do it secretly. Infidels themselves acknowledge the change which has taken place. Independently of this general amelioration, several persons are sincerely converted, and prove it by their works. A peasant, who is not wealthy, has subscribed fifty francs towards the erection of a church; he offers, besides, to give the building-lot, which is worth from three to four hundred francs, and a house, worth a thousand. Three brethren, who gained a great deal of money by playing on the violin at the dances of the peasants on the Sabbath and days of merry-making, have wholly abandoned this occupation, which their conscience condemned. By this each of them incurs a loss of probably five hundred francs annually; but they regret not this sacrifice, notwithstanding the disapprobation of their wives, who, without being Papists, set much value on the world and money. In this hamlet eight or ten persons are reckoned who may be considered as animated by a living faith, as far as man can judge; and as the majority of these are young, intelligent, and influential, it is to be hoped that they will contribute to the evangelization of that part of the country, which they are already doing by their conversations, when they have opportunity. It is remarkable that, in the midst of this movement, the old *Protestant*, who has possessed the Bible for eighteen years, remains immovable. His religion is wholly negative. He broke off from Rome, but without attaching himself to the life-giving truth of the Gospel. He has been an instrument of blessing to others; but, thus far, he appears to be unblest himself. How mysterious!

THE GOOD PARISHIONER.

Conceive him to live under a faithful minister; either judging charitably that all pastors are such, or wishing heartily that they were.

Though near to the church, he is not far from God. Like unto Justus (Acts xviii. 8), "one that worshipped God, and his house joined hard to the synagogue." Otherwise, if his distance from the church be great, his diligence is the greater to come thither in season.

He is timely at the beginning of prayer. Yet, as Tully charged some dissolute people for being such sluggards, that they never saw the sun rising or setting, as being always up after the one, and a-bed before the other; so, some negligent people never hear prayers begun or sermon ended—the confession being past before they come, and the blessing not come before they are passed away.

In sermon, he sets himself to hear God in the minister. Therefore divesteth he himself of all prejudice, the jaundice in the eyes of the soul presenting colours false unto it. He hearkens very attentively: 'tis a shame when the church itself is a cemetery, wherein the living sleep above ground as the dead do beneath.

At every point that concerns himself, he turns

down a leaf in his heart, and rejoiceth that God's word hath pierced him, as hoping that whilst his soul smarts it heals.

He accuseth not his minister of spite for particularizing him. It does not follow that the archer aimed because the arrow hit. Rather our parishioner reasoneth thus: If my sin be notorious, how could the minister miss it? if secret, how could he hit it without God's direction? But foolish hearers make even the bells of Aaron's garments to clink as they think; and a guilty conscience is like a whirlpool, drawing in all to itself which otherwise would pass by. One, causelessly disaffected to his minister, complained that he in his last sermon had personally inveighed against him, and accused him thereof to a grave religious gentleman in the parish. "Truly," said the gentleman, "I had thought in his sermon he had meant me, for it touched my heart." This rebated the edge of the other's anger.—*Fuller.*

STORIES OF THE PERSECUTION.

BY THE REV. ROBERT SIMPSON, SANQUHAR.

THE DUNS OF CLASS—MARION CAMERON—JANE LIVINGSTON.

SHORTLY after the skirmish at Airs Moss, Claverhouse, and a number of his coadjutors in the fell work of persecution, met at Ochiltree House, in Ayrshire, where they concerted severer measures against the Covenanters in the west than had hitherto been in operation. On the morning on which they left the place to disperse themselves abroad for the purpose of executing their mischievous devices, the house was observed to be on fire; and when some of their party requested them to return and help to extinguish the flames, Claverhouse exclaimed: "It is the spirit of Cameron thirsting for revenge, but we are safe;" and dashing the rowels into the sleek sides of his sable war-steed, galloped away with his troopers at his back.

The effects of the dark designs of the conclave that met at Ochiltree House were soon felt on the country around, and many a worthy household was reduced to extreme distress. One family, in particular, is mentioned as having suffered no small hardships in consequence, and this was the family of Dun, who lived at a place called Class, in the parish of Ochiltree. The Duns of Ayrshire were well known as Covenanters, residing in different parts of the country, but all imbued with the same principles. Old Dun of Class died in 1681, leaving two sons and three daughters, all of whom followed their father's footsteps. When he was lying a corpse, a party of troopers came to the house, having probably heard of the worthy man's decease, and expecting on that occasion to find his sons at home, who otherwise might be in their hiding-place in the moors. When they arrived, however, they found only females within, and having sought in vain for the sons, they drove away all the cattle—a prize that was always dear to them, and which they never allowed to elude their grasp.

After the death of the father, the family at Class was incessantly harassed for a number of years, and found no rest except in places of concealment. The farm-houses, in those days, had kilns attached to them, for the purpose of drying the grain prior to its being taken to the mill. The kiln was not unfrequently used as a hiding-place, in times of peril; and the kiln at Class had a place under what is termed the kiln-logie, which had been prepared as a retreat in case of danger. To this place the family often fled on the approach of the soldiers. This pious household afforded shelter to the sufferers, who often resorted to that part of the country; and among others who sought a retreat here was Marion Cameron, the pious sister of the renowned Richard Cameron, who fell at Airs Moss. Marion Cameron, all gentle and harmless as she was, was eagerly sought for by the troopers, who being informed that she was frequently at Class, threatened to burn the entire premises, unless she was delivered up. At one time the soldiers, on approaching the house to search for fugitives, came upon Margaret Dun, sitting under a bush, apparently seeking concealment; and thinking that she was Marion Cameron, they carried her with them to Cumnock, where, however, she contrived to make her escape and return home.

Some time after this a conventicle was kept by Mr Renwick, at a place called Kilmien, and the Duns were present. The meeting was held on a level spot between two hills, on each of which warders were stationed, to give the alarm in case of danger. Roger Dun of Bennet, a man renowned in those times, and whose story has been given in the "Traditions of the Covenanters," proposed to attend on this occasion, and was just emerging from his retreat in Dunasken Glen, when he observed, at no great distance from him, a party of dragoons advancing in the direction of the meeting-place. Roger, who was more solicitous about the safety of the handful gathered in the wilderness than about his own, turned in the direction of the soldiers, and met them on the bent. He was arrayed in the garb of a shepherd; and they supposing him to be following his flocks on the hills, asked him to conduct them to Kilmien. His compliance with this request could not be avoided, and he proceeded at the head of the party to lead them by as circuitous a route as he could, to give the meeting time to disperse, as he knew the warders would soon give intimation of what was approaching. The day was hazy, and the mist was beginning to descend on the tops of the heights, and to creep down into the glens, and Roger hoped they would soon be enveloped in its snow-white drapery, and in that case he trusted he would be able to effect his escape. As they were moving along the side of what is called Duniston Moss, the bewildering mist spread itself over them; and Roger, when its smoky volumes thickened on their path, darted into the moss, and in an instant was out of sight, leaving the troopers to find their way in the dubious wilderness as best they might. No circumstance alarmed the soldiers more than a visitation of this kind, and even the redoubted Claverhouse himself was more appalled by the creeping mist in the midst of the desert than by the approach of a powerful company of warlike men. His consternation in such cases, especially when he had no sure guide to lead him, was extreme—dark fogs and dark nights were no grateful objects to him.

But though Roger left the men to find their own path, they moved on; and the mist having partially

cleared away, they advanced with safety. David Dun, a member of the family of Class, who had been at the meeting, was returning, wending his way on horseback through the moors. As he came slowly on, he observed a company of horsemen approaching. He then turned toward a morass called Burniston Moss, in the heart of which was a hollow which was often resorted to by the wanderers when pursued by their foes. In advancing before the troopers he kept as near the edge of the moss as he could, with a view to turn into it at the most advantageous spot, and would in all likelihood have effected his purpose had not another party of horsemen met him right in the face, coming from a different quarter. In this predicament he found himself completely hemmed in, and by his heavy horse sinking in the edge of the moss, he was retarded, and before he could right himself, he was in the enemies' hands. Simon Paterson, a fellow-sufferer with David Dun, was on the same day apprehended by the soldiers, and both were carried to Cumnock, where, without trial or anything witnessed against them, they were in the most summary way executed. Wodrow says they died on the same day they were seized. His words are: "Some time this summer four men coming from Galloway, where they had been hearing Mr Renwick in the fields, in the shire of Ayr, a party of soldiers overtook them at Knacdon Hill, and upon their confession that they had been hearing a sermon, they immediately shot three of them. Upon the same day the same party of dragoons took Simon Paterson and David Dun, for anything I can find, upon their being at some sermon, and carried them with them to the gallows foot that was standing at Cumnock, and without any trial, witness, or jury, hanged them the very same day." It was in this way that the soldiers exercised that military license which a worthless Government so recklessly conferred on them. They were men without control and without responsibility; and they murdered and plundered at their will, and none durst remonstrate but at the risk of their liberty or their lives. Indeed, the dragoons seemed to indulge their murderous propensities in much the same way, and with as little compunction, as those who are licensed to kill game on the mountains—killing men was a mere pastime to them. It would be endless to produce specimens confirmatory of this assertion, but there is one which may be given.

In the month of June 1688, one John Reid, a soldier, who once belonged to Craigie's troop, came incidentally on George Wood, a boy of about sixteen years of age, who was hiding in the fields. Without asking a single question at him, and without knowing what were his principles, or for what purpose he happened to be in the field, he pointed his musket at his head, and shot him dead on the spot. When he was afterwards challenged for this barbarous and wicked deed, he replied, with the utmost indifference, that he "knew him to be a Whig, and that all such persons ought to be shot, wherever they are found."

This was all the satisfaction that the peasantry could obtain for the outrages committed on them by those savage men who, like beasts of prey, were let loose among them. But the troopers added mockery to their cruelty, and triumphed in their wickedness, as if they had performed some highly meritorious and commendable deed. The shooting of the youthful George Wood shows that Renwick was not the last of our Scottish martyrs, and there were others besides him, who, after Renwick, lost their lives in the field.

Marion Cameron, and a young woman of the name of Jane Livingston, had been at the meeting at Kilmien. Jane Livingston was the sister of the heroic Margaret Livingston, who encountered the trooper in the moors, returning from the conflict in Airs Moss, and who wrenched the naked sword from his grasp, by wrapping her apron closely round her bare hand, and broke it with a twang over her knee, and who then had probably met with her fate, had not exhaustion from the loss of blood, occasioned by the wounds he had received in the skirmish, prevented him from proceeding to further violence. This valorous feat on the part of a young and unprotected female, is still rehearsed with great interest by the people of the moorlands; and many a magnanimous exploit of a like description was no doubt achieved, though neither history nor tradition has retained the memory of them.

Cameron's was a hated name among the troopers, and hence his sister, whose residence in the higher parts of Ayrshire is accounted for from the circumstance that her brother preached so frequently about Cumnock, was followed by the persecutors as if she had been a host in herself, and they thirsted for her blood with as much eagerness as for her brother's. She, however, for a long time succeeding in eluding her enemies; for it was not till 1685 that she was apprehended. Margaret Dun of Class, who was proceeding to Cumnock to ascertain the fate of her brother David, who was now in the enemies' hands, happened to meet with Jane Livingston and Marion Cameron, who were on their way northward to Welwood, near Muirkirk, and being afraid to pass through Cumnock, Margaret pointed out the way by which they could avoid the village and keep straight through the moors; but little did they reck that, in seeking to shun one danger, another still greater was just at hand, and that the hour of their martyrdom was come. Before they parted, it was proposed that they should retire to a hollow place on the bent, where, being concealed from the view, they might engage in devotional exercises. This was always sweet to the sufferers, whose life constantly hung in doubt before their eyes, and whose only refuge was in God. Those were wasteful and weary times, when God's hidden ones had to retire to the loneliest deserts to unite in the fellowship of the saints in seeking the face of God.

As the three females, lurking in the heath, were engaged in singing in a sweet and silvery tone the high praises of their God, a company of troopers coming along the waste, caught the solemn melody as it was wafted on the breeze, and they marched speedily to the spot. The sound of church music was to these men the sound of treason; for acts of devotion were in their eyes suspicious performances, as being especially characteristic of the Whigs or rebels to suppress all whom they were especially commissioned. The work of the troopers was brief: they

had found a company of worshippers who refused to renounce their principles, and the next moment they lay weltering in their blood; for the ruthless men had no eye of pity. Their bodies were interred in the moss; and about sixty or seventy years ago they were discovered in a state of good preservation. In the clothes of one of them was found a large pin, known to belong to Marion Cameron, and which is preserved to this day—the story respecting which is more particularly noticed in the "Traditions of the Covenanters."

It is to be regretted that the historians of the persecuting period have not collected probably more than one-half of the incidents that befell in those days, especially in the upland and more rural parts of the country. Wodrow gathered much, but had he gathered all that could have been obtained, his book, large as it is, would have been as large again. The accounts handed in to the historian by the country people, though they were all veritable, were yet in many instances deficient, and from many districts in the upland parts no accounts seem to have been received at all, or at least very partially. The common people were not then acquainted with writing; and this, probably, may in many cases have prevented the transmission of facts that would now have been invaluable. The work of the gleaner is to collect these unrecorded incidents which tradition has so carefully preserved.

SERIOUSNESS NOT CONVERSION.

I VERILY believe that the true source of the coldness and deadness of professing Christians is to be found in low and inadequate views of the nature of conversion to God. We linger at the threshold of life. We have not yet settled the great point whether there is such a thing as regeneration, or whether "there be any Holy Ghost." Multitudes have no correct views of the great change which takes place when the soul is renewed, nor have they any belief of the truth which the Bible reveals on that subject. They speak of *seriousness*, instead of *regeneration*. They talk of being *thoughtful*, instead of being *converted*. They have some indistinct image of an external work, while the Bible describes it as passing from death to life. They seem to suppose that the act of becoming connected with the Church is to be attended with a breaking off from some open sins; that they are to take their leave of the grosser forms of iniquity, and that they are, for the time at least, to give themselves to increased seriousness. But do they speak of a mighty, thorough transforming change, as the Bible does? Have they any sympathy with the description of the new birth in the New Testament? Know they anything of compunction for sin—of grief that they are poor and polluted before God—of the joys of pardon—of the new views of the glory and grandeur of the divine character, as now seen in the Son of God? Is there a new heart—a new life—a new conversation? Are there new hopes—new joys—new objects of pursuit? Or is there, amidst the seriousness, some plan for compromising matters with God, and an inquiry even then how the hold on the world may be continued? Is there still a purpose, while the decencies of the Christian profession shall be maintained, to grasp still as much of the world as possible—to pray as little as possible—to be as gay, and as fashionable, and as happy in the world as may *possibly* consist with the Christian profession? I tremble when I think of a man just entering on the professed Christian life, endeavouring to make a compromise with God, and a league with the world—attempting to make light and darkness, and heaven and hell, meet together.—*Sermon, by Albert Barnes.*

WHO SHOULD REPROVE?

HE that reproves another must be very careful that himself be faultless and blameless, as much as may be; otherwise he is not acting his charity, but bewraying his hypocrisy. "Thou therefore which teachest another," &c.—Rom. ii. 21, 22. This is hypocrisy, saith Christ.—Matt. vii. 3–5. And here there are two things couched in this:—

1. A man must be faultless in reference to sin in general, as much as may be, that will reprove another. The snuffers of the sanctuary under the law were of pure gold; and it behoves that man that will be a snuffer in God's house—to correct others, to amend others, and reprove others—to be very upright and circumspect in all things, and then he may admonish with the greater advantage—authority—efficacy. "Let the righteous smite me; it shall be a kindness: and let him reprove me; it shall be an excellent oil which shall not break my head," saith David.—Ps. cxli. 5. A man of a strict and severe life, and religious and righteous conversation, carries a kind of majesty and authority along with him, at which the guilty consciences of guilty sinners cannot but recoil; as Herod did to John Baptist, though John had reproved him, and touched him to the quick.—Mark vi. 18, 20. And then,

2. A man must be blameless in reference to that sin which he reproves especially, else in healing his brother he doth but stab himself. If thou reprovest pride in others, and art proud thyself; covetousness, and art covetous thyself; drunkenness, and art a drunkard thyself; thou dost but, like David in Nathan's parable, pronounce the sentence of thine own condemnation.—Rom. ii. 1. But here I must enter one caution—none is exempted from this duty by unfitness—no: "This ought ye to have done, and not to have left the other undone."

As he must take heed that himself be faultless, so he must be sure that his brother be faulty; for otherwise it is not to reprove him, but to reproach him; and so, instead of doing a Christian duty, a man commits a devilish sin—he becomes an "accuser of the brethren," instead of a reprover of the brethren.—Gal. ii. 11. And here are likewise two things considerable:—

1. It must be a *truth* that thou reprovest him for. It must not be a conjecture, or imagination, or jealousy, or rumour, or hearsay, that is ground sufficient for reproof; for all these may be false, and the rule of charity is: "Every man is presumed to be good, unless his wickedness be manifest." But, verily, the guise of the world is far otherwise. We deal with our brethren as the persecuting Pagans did with the primitive Christians—put them into lions' skins, and into bears' skins, and then bait them, and tear them to pieces. Alas! the poor Christians were harmless, meek lambs; but they disguised them, and so abused them. Thus it is now; Christians are apt and ready to put their poor brethren into I know not what kind of monstrous ugly shapes, of their own imagining and devising, or else of other men's traducing and reporting; and, without more ado, they fall foul upon them: this is not to imitate our Saviour, who judgeth not from rumours, but with "righteousness and equity." As God said in destroying of Sodom, so should we say in reproving our brethren: "I will go down now, and see."—Gen. xviii. 21.

2. It must be *a sin* that thou reprovest him for. It must be a breach of some command, affirmative or negative, directly or indirectly—either the omission of that which is good, or the commission of that which is evil. We must be Catos, not Momuses. As the Pharisees to Christ (Matt. xix. 3), so here, "Is it lawful to reprove a man for every cause?" No; the disciples were quite out in reproving the children for coming to Christ, in this chapter, when it was not their sin, but their duty.—Verses 13, 14. Quakers make a stir about cuffs, and bands, and ribands, and laces, and such like minute trifles of Pharisaical humility. If they can prove these to be sins, let them reprove them in God's name; but if they are indifferent things, it is censoriousness, uncharitableness, and pragmaticalness to rail at them, and not Christian reproof.

He must manage his reproof to sincere ends—must take heed that his aims and intentions be upright and honest in reproving. Take heed of mingling any wild-fire of pride, and vain-glory, and ambitious humour of contradicting and controlling others, with thy zeal of reproving. This heat must be holy heat—a fire of the sanctuary—as free from the smoke of by-ends and self-interest as may be—purely for God's glory, and out of hatred unto sin, and out of love to the salvation of thy brother's soul. Diogenes, it is storied, reproved Plato's pride, by trampling upon his velvet chair and cushion; but, says the author: "When Diogenes trampled on what he deemed to be the pride of Plato, he exhibited a specimen of his own greater pride and consummate arrogance."

He must manage his reproof in fit season. There is a time to speak, and a time to be silent. Reproof is a duty grounded upon an affirmative precept. Now, it is well observed by divines, that affirmative precepts bind *semper*, but not *ad semper*. We must always reprove, but we must not reprove always. It is *a constant* duty, but it must be done in *a seasonable opportunity*. There are "suitable times for speaking to a man, when he is inclined to be specially bland and courteous"—"words upon the wheels," as Solomon calls them, "that are like apples of gold."—Prov. xxv. 11. And let me tell you Christians, "one word spoken in season is worth a thousand other words."—*Kitchin.*

DOES GOD REASON?

This question was once proposed to a pupil of a Deaf and Dumb Asylum. On seeing the question written he was at first perplexed, but soon after returned the following decisive and logical solution: "God sees everything—God foresees everything—God knows everything! To reason is to doubt, to hesitate, to inquire—the highest attribute of a limited intelligence. God, therefore, doth not reason." The same question was proposed at another time to another pupil. He returned this answer: "Men reason but in order to find truth. God, who knows truth, is not in want of reason, and does not reason."

REPENTANCE—THE LONGER DELAYED THE MORE DIFFICULT.

AN ALLEGORY BY ONE OF THE FATHERS.

A hermit was conducted by an angel into a wood, where he saw an old man cutting down boughs to make up a burden. When it was large, he tied it up, and attempted to lift it on his shoulders and carry it away; but finding it very heavy, he laid it down again, cut more wood and heaped it on, and then tried again to carry it off. This he repeated several times, always adding something to the load, after trying in vain to raise it from the ground. In the mean time the hermit, astonished at the old man's folly, desired the angel to explain what this meant. "You behold," said he, "in this foolish old man, an exact representation of those who, being made sensible of the burden of their sins, resolve to repent, but soon grow weary, and instead of lessening their burden, increase it every day. At each trial they find the task heavier than it was before, and so put it off a little longer, in the vain hope that they will by-and-by be more able to accomplish it. Thus they go on adding to their burden, till it grows too heavy to be borne, and then, in despair of God's mercy, and with their sins unrepented of, they lie down and die. Turn again, my son, and behold the end of the old man whom thou sawest heaping up a load of boughs." The hermit looked, and saw him in vain attempting to remove the pile, which was now accumulated far beyond his strength to raise. His feeble limbs tottered over their burden; the poor remains of his strength were fast ebbing away; the darkness of death was gathering around him; and after a convulsive and impotent attempt to lift the pile, he fell down and expired.

"I WILL BE INQUIRED OF BY THE HOUSE OF ISRAEL TO DO IT FOR THEM."

When there is a spirit of earnest prayer and contrition in many hearts at once, then there are probably great blessings in store, and that speedily. "When God *awakes* his children, and makes them *rise*," says the holy Leighton, "this is a probable sign that it is near day. I mean, when he stirs them up to more than usual hopes, and prayers, and endeavours, it is very likely that he intends them some special good." This is an aphorism of encouragement. And let us hear another of Leighton's admirable aphorisms, by way of warning as to Satan's movements, in case we think we have gained anything by our days of fasting and prayer. "Thou shalt be sure," says he, "to be assaulted by Satan when thou hast received the greatest enlargements from heaven, either at the sacrament, or in prayer, or in any other way; then look for an onset. This arch-pirate *lets the empty ships pass, but lays wait for them when they return richest laden.*"—*New York Evangelist.*

CHRISTIAN FASHIONS.

What though the polite man count thy fashion a little odd and too precise? It is because he knows nothing above that model of goodness which he hath set himself, and therefore approves of nothing beyond it. He knows not God, and therefore doth not discern and esteem what is most like him. When courtiers come down into the country, the common home-bred people possibly think their habit strange; but they care not for that—it is the fashion at court. What need, then, that Christians should be so tender-foreheaded, as to be put out of countenance because the world looks upon holiness as a singularity? It is the only fashion in the highest court, yea, of the King of kings himself.—*Coleridge.*

THE WORLD AND THE SOUL.

EACH man's soul is worth more to him than the whole world. Hence the gain is loss, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul; for he loses more than he gains; yea, in losing his soul, he loses himself, his possessions, his happiness - his all. The lose exceeds the gain; the loss includes the gain. In attempting to grasp the world, the world and the soul are both lost. But who feels that his soul is worth more than the world? Who expresses any alarm that his soul is in danger?

. . . . . .

What folly, to seek the world and neglect the soul! The world gained, the soul lost—how pitiful, how miserable the exchange! Yet on how many gravestones might it be written: The soul lost for a part of the world! And in that world of darkness, where the lost and ruined dwell, on how many foreheads might it be engraven: The love of the world ruined thee! And as these words, glowing with infernal fire, meet the eye of wretched spirits, how many consciences would speak in tones of thunder: The love of the world ruined me! Many a Demas will be there, who cloaked his love of the world under the garb of a religious profession—a fitting companion of a Nero or a Julian. Multitudes will be there, who here plead the want of time, the pressing calls of the world, as an excuse for the neglect of the soul. They love this present world—they seek its riches, honours, and pleasures—they let the calls of God pass unheeded; and then they must reap the bitter fruits of their folly. O when will men be wise?—*New York Observer.*

THE FOX AND THE HOLE IN THE GARDEN WALL;

OR,

PAINFUL RECOLLECTIONS THE BEST LEGACY BEQUEATHED BY VICIOUS PLEASURES.

A FOX once came near a very fine garden, where he beheld lofty trees laden with fruit that charmed the eye. Such a beautiful sight, added to his natural greediness, excited in him the desire of possession. He fain would taste the forbidden fruit, but a high wall stood between him and the object of his wishes. He went about in search of an entrance, and at last found an opening in the wall; but it was too small for his body. Unable to penetrate, he had recourse to his usual cunning—he fasted three days, and became sufficiently reduced to crawl through the small aperture.

Having effected an entrance, he carelessly roved about in this delightful region, making free with its exquisite produce, and feasting on its most rare and luscious fruits. He stayed for some time and glutted his appetite, when the thought struck him that it was possible he might be observed; and in that case he should pay dearly for the enjoyed pleasure. He therefore retired to the place where he entered, and attempted to get out; but to his great consternation he found his endeavours vain. He had by indulgence grown so fat and plump, that the same space would no more admit him.

"I am in a fine predicament," said he to himself. "Suppose the master of the garden were now to come, and call me to account, what would become of me? I see my only chance to escape is to fast and half starve myself."

He did so with great reluctance. After suffering hunger for three days, he with difficulty made his escape. As soon as he was out of danger, he took a farewell view of the garden, the scene of his delight and trouble, and thus addressed it:—

"Garden! garden! thou art indeed charming and delightful—thy fruits are delicious and exquisite; but of what benefit art thou to me? What have I now for all my labour and cunning? Am I not as lean as I was before?"—*Hebrew Tales.*

"TRY."

MR ROBERT RAIKES, whose benevolent desire to promote the best interests of his poorer neighbours first led to the formation of Sabbath-schools, was almost discouraged, by the various obstacles he had to contend with, from attempting to give instruction to the miserably neglected children who filled the streets of Gloucester, on the Lord's-day particularly; but whilst meditating on the subject, the word "TRY" was so forcibly impressed on his mind, that he determined to begin and do something, however little it might be; and, many years after, when his plan had succeeded far beyond his highest hopes, he observed that he never passed the spot where the word "Try" came into his mind, without lifting up his hands and heart to heaven in gratitude to God for having put the thought into his heart.

THINKING AND SPEAKING—THEIR DUE PROPORTION.

THE eye and the ear are the mind's receivers, but the tongue is only busied in expending the treasure received. If, therefore, the revenues of the mind be uttered so fast, or faster than they are received, it cannot be but that the man must needs be held bare, and can never lay up for purchase. But if the receivers take in still, with no utterance, the mind may soon grow a burden to itself, and unprofitable to others. I will not lay up too much, and utter nothing, lest I be covetous; nor spend much, and store up little, lest I be prodigal.—*Bishop Hall.*

Miscellaneous.

A sermon, like a tool, may be polished till it has no edge.—*Orton.*

Idle and indecent applications of sentences taken from the Scriptures, is a mode of merriment which a good man dreads for its profaneness, and a witty man disdains for its easiness and vulgarity.—*Johnson.*

Money is not the only thing that is not "our" own; time, and thought, and knowledge, and power, moral influence, and spiritual advantage—all must be answered for, for all are God's.—*The Listener.*

Pope Adrian built a college at Louvain, and caused this inscription to be written, in letters of gold, on the gates thereof: "Utrecht planted me, Louvain watered me, and Cæsar gave the increase." One, to reprove his folly, wrote underneath: "GOD did nothing here." *Flood.*

Affectation in any part of our carriage is lighting up a candle to our defects, and never fails to make us be taken notice of, either as wanting sense or wanting sincerity.—*Locke.*

To smell a turf of fresh earth is wholesome for the body; no less are the thoughts of mortality cordial to the soul. Earth thou art, and to earth thou shalt return.—*Fuller.*

Bacon's celebrated apopthegm, "Knowledge is power," is a plagiarism from Solomon: "A wise man is strong; yea, a man of knowledge increaseth strength."—Prov. xxiv. 5.

Daily Bread.

FRIDAY.

"As long as I live I will praise thee."—Ps. cxxxiv. 33.

Thee let every creature bless;
Praise to God always be given:
God alone deserves the praise
Of all in earth and heaven.

Let not thy praises be transient—a fit of music, and then the instrument hung up, till another remarkable providence makes thee take it down. God will not sit at such a niggard's table, as invites him to a thanksgiving feast once for all the year. God comes not as a guest to his saints' house, but to dwell with them; he inhabits the praises of his people. That day in which thou dost not bless God, thou turnest him out of doors. "A lying tongue is but for a moment," saith Solomon. Something drops from a liar within awhile that discovers his falsehood. The tongue that lies in praising God is thus for a moment; he can curse God with that tongue to-morrow with which he praiseth him to-day.—*Gurnall.*

SATURDAY.

"They set not their hearts aright."—Ps. lxxviii. 8.

My loving God, the hindrance show,
Which nature dreads, alas! to know,
And lingers to remove;
Stronger than sin thy grace exert,
And seize, and change, and fill my heart
With all the powers of love.

It is with the heart in duty as it is with those that dig for golden ore; they try here, and finding none, try there; and so go from place to place, till at last they hit upon the rich vein, and there they sit down. If thy heart could but once hit the rich vein in duty, it would dwell and abide there with delight and constancy: "O how I love thy law! it is my meditation day and night." The soul could dwell day and night upon its knees, when once its delights, loves, and desires are engaged. What is the reason your hearts are so shuffling, especially in secret duties? Why are you ready to be gone almost as soon as you are come into the presence of God, but because your affections are not engaged?—*Flavel.*

SABBATH.

"We, then, as ambassadors from God, beseech you in Christ's stead, to be reconciled unto God."—2 Cor. v. 20.

God, the offended God most high,
Ambassadors to rebels sends;
His messengers his place supply,
And Jesus begs us to be friends.

Gold, we say, may be bought too dear, and so may the peace of one state with another; as when Nahash, the Ammonite, offered peace with the men of Jabash-gilead, but upon condition that they should have every one his right eye thrust out, to lay it as a reproach on Israel, and therefore was rejected with just indignation—they resolving rather to die with honour than live with shame. It is the custom among many of this world's princes to make their demands according to the length of their sword; where their power is great, it is hard to have peace on easy terms. Now this, one would think, should make the ministers of the Gospel and their message infinitely welcome to poor sinners, that though they come from the great God, who may make his own demands, and might not only require the eye out of our head, but force the very heart out of our body, yet offers peace on such gracious terms, there being nothing in the whole instrument of peace provided for himself, but the securing of his own glory in our salvation.—*Gurnall.*

MONDAY.

"Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him?"—Ps. viii. 4.

O how shall I the goodness tell,
Father, which thou to me hast show'd—
That I, a child of wrath and hell,
I should be call'd a child of God—
Should know, should feel my sins forgiven,
Blest with this antepast of heaven?

Amazing love! that God should court those to obedience whom he can peremptorily command to it; and, in case of disobedience, punish instantly in hell—that he should take poor slaves, condemned to the prison of hell, and make them crowned kings of heaven—that he should not only be willing to dwell in flesh, but also to give us this flesh for our food—that he should not only save us from hell, but even leave his throne in heaven, and lose his life on earth, to enthrone us in his kingdom!—*Willison.*

TUESDAY.

"We love Him, because He first loved us."—1 John iv 19.

Come, Lord, from above, the mountains remove;
Overturn all that hinders the course of thy love.
My bosom inspire, enkindle the fire,
And wrap my whole soul in the flames of desire.

O for greater and warmer love to Him who first loved us! Love is the great qualification of the saints above; the more love we have, the liker heaven we are, and the meeter to dwell in it. Were it possible there could be a man in heaven without love, he would reckon the place a hell, and the work a torment to him. It is love that makes a spiritual and heavenly work delightful; hence love is said to be the fulfilling of the law. If the love of God be in the heart, God's law is there also, and the soul is inclined to all holy obedience. O may the love of God in Christ constrain me to live to him that died for me! May the charms of his love triumph over all the charms of sin's pleasures, Satan's devices, and kindle such a fire of love in my heart, as will burn up all my lusts like stubble!—*Ibid.*

WEDNESDAY.

"Godliness is profitable unto all things."—1 Tim. iv. 8.

Should I from thee, my God, remove,
Life could no lasting bliss afford:
My joy, the sense of pard'ning love;
My guard, the presence of my Lord.

It is a great revenue. If it be closely followed, it brings in the greatest income. Indeed, some men are religious for the world's sake; such shall be sure not to gain: but they who are religious for religion's sake, shall be sure not to lose, if heaven and earth can recompense them; for "godliness hath the promise both of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."—*Mead.*

THURSDAY.

"Depart, and be with Christ; which is far better."—Phil. i. 23.

'Tis good at thy word to be here;
'Tis better in thee to be gone,
And see thee in glory appear,
And rise to a share in thy throne.

Why dost thou hide thy face? haply thou wilt say, None can see my face and live. Ah, Lord, let me die, that I may see thee; let me see thee, that I may die: I would not live, but die. That I may see Christ, I desire death; that I may live with Christ, I despise life.—*Quarles.*

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MOSES ON THE MOUNT OF GOD.

BY THE REV. J. A. WYLIE, DOLLAR.

"Then went up Moses, and Aaron, Nadab, and Abihu, and seventy of the elders of Israel: And they saw the God of Israel: and there was under his feet as it were a paved work of a sapphire stone, and as it were the body of heaven in his clearness. And upon the nobles of the children of Israel he laid not his hand: also they saw God, and did eat and drink. And the Lord said unto Moses, Come up to me into the mount, and be there: and I will give thee tables of stone, and a law, and commandments which I have written; that thou mayest teach them. And Moses rose up, and his minister Joshua: and Moses went up into the mount of God. And he said unto the elders, Tarry ye here for us, until we come again unto you: and, behold, Aaron and Hur are with you: if any man have any matters to do, let him come unto them. And Moses went up into the mount, and a cloud covered the mount. And the glory of the Lord abode upon mount Sinai, and the cloud covered it six days: and the seventh day he called unto Moses out of the midst of the cloud. And the sight of the glory of the Lord was like devouring fire on the top of the mount in the eyes of the children of Israel. And Moses went into the midst of the cloud, and gat him up into the mount: and Moses was in the mount forty days and forty nights."—EXOD. xxiv. 9-18.

IN old time, when parties entered into a covenant of friendship, it was customary to complete the transaction by sitting down and eating bread together. Israel had just ratified their covenant with God. Beneath the shadow of Sinai, and while the smoke yet ascended from the altar on which they had offered their burnt offerings, and their peace offerings, and the representatives of the twelve tribes stood by their several pillars, the people dedicated themselves as a nation to God. They said, Whatever god the other nations of the earth may serve, as for us we will serve Jehovah. We shall be a nation of priests; and our land one vast sanctuary, in which through all succeeding ages we shall minister to the Lord.

The covenant being entered into, the two contracting parties—Jehovah and the nation of Israel—sat down together, and, in token of their friendship, ate bread. The people on this occasion met Jehovah, and were entertained by him through their representatives. The scene of that banquet was the mountain of Sinai—the same mountain from which, a few days before this, the Law had been proclaimed. Girdling its foot were the tents of the people whom God had brought out of Egypt; resting sublimely on its top, and clothing it with solemn grandeur, was the awful cloud in which Jehovah at present dwelt; and mid-way on the mountain, between the clustering tents below and the mantling cloud above, was spread the table at which God now feasted, through their representatives, that people who had just made with him "a covenant by sacrifice." The ground, then, on which this solemn entertainment was given was holy ground. It was ground which had been consecrated by the sacrifice which had that day been offered at the bottom of the mountain. A few days before this, there was an awful line around the hill; and had any of the men who now sat before God, Moses excepted, presumed to pass over that line, and to ascend into Sinai, they would have been smitten with death. But now these terrors were gone: and the elders of Israel could ascend the mount with safety, because the great Lawgiver, who had been pleased to plant his throne, for the present, on the summit of Sinai, had smelled a savour of rest in the sacrifice offered this day, as he did in that of Noah after the waters were assuaged, and came down to meet with, and to bless his people.

The ground on which the Church is planted is holy ground—ground consecrated with the blood of the great Sacrifice of atonement. There was not on all the earth a spot where God could meet with men and bless them, or where man could meet with God and live, till a sacrifice was provided. The flaming sword burned before the closed gate. But no sooner was a sacrifice found than a new paradise arose, beside whose open portal stand the cherubim of mercy, inviting man to enter and meet his God. This is the Church. Here is spread the table of God; and here he and the people, who have made a covenant with him by sacrifice, eat bread together, in token of reconciliation. Here is planted the throne of God; not amid fiery terrors, as on Sinai's top, but amid the splendours of his grace. This is the glory of the Church, that she is a royal residence—the dwelling of a King. A glorious high throne from the beginning has been the place of our sanctuary.

The nobles of Israel, at this august banquet, were feasted on the flesh of the sacrifices. Theirs was a high privilege, but ours is a higher; we, spiritually and by faith, eat the flesh and drink the blood of the Son of God. But the crowning circumstance of this banquet was, that "they saw the God of Israel," so far as the mortal eye can see the Invisible God. They could discern no form—nothing of which words could convey any idea, or the hand fashion any resemblance; only they saw the sapphire pavement on which the pillars of his throne are placed, and that unspeakable and unapproachable splendour, "as it were the body of heaven in his clearness," which the seraph's burning eye can scarce bear to behold, and with which the Most High covers himself as with a garment. A little before, when the Law was promulgated, though they heard the voice of God, yet they saw him not. Then God dwelt in the thick darkness. Now, however, they had offered sacrifices of burnt offerings and peace offerings, and "they saw the God of Israel."

It is not till the sinner offers sacrifice to God—presents with the hand of faith in his own behalf the great propitiation of Christ—that he is permitted to see God. So long as he is unreconciled, he stands trembling at the foot of Sinai, looking up at the thick darkness on its top, and quaking beneath the words of a fiery law. But the moment he places himself under the blood of atonement, he passes over the line, ascends into the mount, all undismayed by the fiery terrors at its summit, against which he knows the blood will protect him, and the eye of his understanding being opened, he sees the God of Israel—sees him as his own God in Christ. He may see no form, but, like the nobles of Israel on this occasion, and like Saul of Tarsus on an after occasion, he sees "a great light." He feels that he is standing before the Father of lights; and he is enabled to give thanks to Him who has translated him from the power of darkness, and brought him into the marvellous light of the kingdom of his dear Son.

A miracle of condescension it surely was that these mortal men could enter the palace of the King of Glory, and eat and drink before him, and depart in safety: "And upon the nobles of the children of Israel he laid not his hand."

But we have been the witnesses of a greater condescension. We have seen the King of Glory enter the dwellings of men, sit at table with earthly guests, and eat of earthly bread. For it was the same august and ever-glorious Being who now entertained the nobles of Israel in his pavilion on the mountain of Sinai, who descended on earth in an after age, sought intercourse with men, and was regaled by their sympathy — tabernacled in a body which needed to be warmed by an earthly sun, refreshed by earthly slumber, and sustained by earthly bread. We know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ in that, though he was rich, yet, for our sakes, he became poor.

The feast was concluded, but the guests had not yet left the banquet-chamber, when there came a summons to Moses to arise, and ascend the mountain, and appear before God. That instant Moses set about obeying the awful summons—for the summons was awful even to Moses, who, if he was holier than other men, and was privileged to enjoy more familiar intercourse with God than other men, was filled in proportion with greater reverence and awe of the God before whom he was now to appear. To the best prepared Christian, the summons which death brings him to arise and appear before God in the heavens is awful. The King's matter required haste, but there were some necessary arrangements which must be made before Moses could set out. Who was to govern the people in his absence? In the camp of Israel there were every day causes to be heard and determined—strifes to be healed —differences to be composed—wrongs to be redressed or punished. The presence of their great leader and judge could scarce be dispensed with for a single day. Moses foresaw the inconvenience that might arise, and provided against it. Aaron and Hur he constituted his deputies till his return. "Ascend my throne," said he to them, "and sway my rod of government; sit here, in my chair of judgment, and dispense justice to the tribes;" and having made them the fountains of law and government to the Lord's people during his absence, he caused it to be proclaimed in the camp, that if any man had any matters to do he should come to them.

This arrangement was not more conducive to the welfare and due government of the people than to Moses' own comfort. He could now, having devolved on Aaron and Hur the burden of Israel, without distraction of thought, and with a mind serene and tranquil, ascend the hill to meet Jehovah.

The worship of God is enough to occupy the whole mind, and ought to occupy the whole mind while we are engaged in it. On no Sabbath ought we to go up to the house of prayer without having made, in effect, the same arrangement that Moses now made. As Abraham said to his young men at the foot of Moriah, so ought we to say to the cares and anxieties of earth at the foot of Zion: "Abide ye here," "and I will go yonder and worship." Alas, how much sin rests on Christians in this respect! What a practical forgetfulness do the most manifest of the great truth proclaimed by the Saviour, "God is a Spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit." It is surprising how few *worshippers* are present in the most crowded assembly. Of those present *in appearance*, the vast majority are absent *in reality*. They have sent their bodies as their substitutes, and to be a kind of apology for the non-appearance of themselves. The corporeal part, which is incapable of worshipping, is there; but the spiritual, which alone can perform those acts, and feel those emotions which constitute worship, is not there. Their bodies are put into all the attitudes of devotion, but the men who alone can be devout are absent: of them, as of Baal of old, it may be said they are talking, or they are pursuing, or they are on a journey—the mind is in the place of business, or in the place of pleasure, while the body is in the place of worship.

All being ready, Moses now set out on his solemn journey. Biding adieu to man, he turned his face towards the mountain's top, where he was to meet the living God. On this awful pilgrimage Moses was permitted the society of one companion—his servant Joshua. And why Joshua? Because, some thirty-eight years after this, when the body of Moses should be resting in its sepulchre, in the quiet valley of Moab, and his spirit standing continually before God, Joshua was to succeed him as the leader of the tribes: therefore he began by times to

have honour put upon him in the eyes of those whom he was afterwards to govern. Together we behold them climbing the mountain; and as they go, their talk is of the God into whose awful presence every step is tending to conduct them. Pauses of silent meditation, and of short earnest breathings of prayer, interrupt their converse. Ridge after ridge of the mighty Sinai is surmounted, and now our travellers, weary with toil, sit down and rest. From their lofty position they look forth on the sublime scene around them: the encampment at the foot of the hill has dwindled to a speck, and far and wide are spread out the sands of the wilderness, their bare and burning surface diversified, at wide distances, by the solitary fountain and its acacia grove. Here the eye rests on the shooting pinnacles, and the long waving ridges of the neighbouring mountains—a sea of granite tossed and tumbled in awful confusion. There, in the farthest south and west, the desert is seen to be bounded by the blue waters and the palm-fringed shore of the Red Sea. A moment do they survey the scene—think of the majesty of Him who made the sea and the dry land—then their thoughts revert to the solemn and mysterious character of their present journey.

They lift their eyes from below, and begin again their ascent towards the awful cloud overhead, which veils the summit of the mountain, and forms the dwelling-place of Jehovah. Now they draw nigh the cloud: they are already enveloped in its lower skirts. They stand—these two mortal men—at the door of the august pavilion of Jehovah, "the dark waters and the thick clouds of the skies." But here their progress is arrested. The voice of God again spoke to Moses, and commanded him to remain where he was—on the outside of the cloud—till the divine will should be farther made known to him. It was too quick a transition to pass from earth to heaven, in no longer time than the few hours occupied in the ascent; for it was heaven into which Moses was now to enter. Where God is, there is heaven: and God was now on this mountain's top. Within this cloud was his royal pavilion. All heaven had descended and made Sinai the seat of its many-throned magnificence. And Moses should see it, and be in it soon as the august portals of the cloud should be opened to him. It would have been too quick a transition from the society of earthly men to the presence of the ever-blessed God—too quick a transition from the dim regions at the bottom of the mountain to the never-waning light which shone around its summit—not having put off his tabernacle, or experienced the change the spirit undergoes in the act of putting it off; and, therefore, he must sit down here, that by devout meditation and prayer, his mind might be composed and enlarged and elevated, and thus become prepared for entering into the cloud, and standing before God.

While Moses abode in this singular situation, everything around him was peculiarly fitted to fill him with awe and reverence of the Divine Majesty. He saw nothing but great objects. The deep unbroken silence that reigned on the mountain—the face of the great desert but dimly seen—the march of the great luminaries of day and night across the firmament—all had a tendency to enlarge his soul, and fill it with grandeur. Here Moses felt, doubtless, as if translated from the earth and the world of men, and carried, as in truth he was, to the very gates of heaven. It must have seemed to him as if time, with all its concerns, was on the point of passing away, and eternity of unfolding its everlasting doors. While he dwelt day by day in the very presence of God, every thought and every action he did acquired a sacred character; his lying down and his rising up, the manna of which he ate, the brook at which he drank—these scarcely seemed like earthly food. Here, too, he was stirred by mighty and solemn remembrances. In spirit he journeyed back to former times, when the great nation at the foot of the mount were yet in the loins of their progenitor. He surveyed, with adoring gratitude, the whole course of Providence toward them, from the day that the God of glory called Abraham from the land of the Chaldees to the present hour. The almighty power, and sovereignty, and faithfulness, and love of their covenant God, he beheld shining gloriously forth at every point—gilding with divine light the whole path of the chosen people. He remembered the miracles of Egypt—the wonders God had wrought at the Red Sea. The future, too, unveiled itself to his eye. He saw the people dwelling in their own land, safe beneath the shadow of their fathers' God—plenty blessing their homes, victory crowning their arms; their walls salvation, and their gates praise. Deep reverence, and adoring wonder and praise, filled his soul when he thought on these things. What God was so great as this God? glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, continually doing wonders! On the great attributes of God, and the many glorious displays which had been given of them since the days of Abraham, he continued to muse, till, in spirit, he was like the cherubim and the seraphim, when they cry, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord."

Six times had the morning dawned, and six times had night veiled the mountain of Sinai, yet Moses had not been called into the presence of God. He was still dwelling on the outside of the cloud. A seventh time day emerges from the bosom of the desert; the rocky ledges and green valleys of Sinai again start into light, and the awful cloud above is tinted with the hues of morning. This, most probably, was the Sabbath-day. It is still the manner of God, on this day, to open the doors of his sanctuary, and to call to his people to enter and see his face. On this day did God open to Moses the portals of the cloud, and Moses entered and stood be-

fore God. So far have we traced his progress; but we cannot follow him farther. We cannot enter with him into this palace of Light, and tell what he saw and heard there. These are things which the eye has not seen, nor the ear heard, neither has it entered into the heart of man even to conceive them. Even Moses himself, after his return to earth, revealed to no one the glories he had seen on the top of Sinai—the wonders which the cloud concealed. He knew that the language of men was not fitted to express them, nor the ear of man able to hear them. This only do we know, that Moses was there with God; that he was there forty days and forty nights; that during that time he ate no earthly bread, and drank no earthly water, and needed not the sleep of earth to refresh him—that he was sustained and invigorated immediately by the power of God; that during his stay with God on the mount he had the pattern of the tabernacle shown him — the figure of "a greater and more perfect tabernacle, not made with hands;" received the ordinances appertaining to the priesthood—types of "a great High Priest;" was instructed in the whole ritual of the Old Testament worship—the symbol of those glorious truths which were to be plainly revealed to the Gospel Church. And when his stay was drawing to a close, and Moses was about to descend the mount, there were put into his hands those venerable stone tablets, on which the finger of God had graven the precepts of a law, the least jot or tittle of which cannot pass away, till the mount from which it was delivered, and the earth itself, shall dissolve in the fires of the last day.

The position of Moses on the mount, waiting for admission into the cloud was, in one sense, a type of the Christian's condition on the earth. What is the character of his life here below, after he becomes a converted man, but just a waiting for admission within the veil? And while he waits, he is preparing for it. Under the blessing of the Holy Spirit, and by the instrumentality of the Word, and ordinances, and prayer, his views are continually enlarging; he grows daily in sanctification; and as soon as he shall be perfect in every grace, God will open the doors of the third heaven, and he shall enter, and dwell there for ever.

SHE DID WHAT SHE COULD;

OR,

A MOTHER'S GRATITUDE AND ZEAL.

(*From the Scottish Sabbath School Teachers' Magazine.*)*

THE race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. God often chooses the weak things of the world to confound the mighty, and lets us see that a withered hand, stretched out at his bidding, and in a dependence on his help, can do what others possessing greater advantages often fail to accomplish. The following simple recital of facts will help to illustrate this; and will, we hope, convince the weakest and least influential of God's people, that if they will but pray, and resolve, and try to be useful in their several neighbourhoods, they will, and they must, succeed:—

Mrs D——, the wife of a seafaring man, in the year 1842, lived in a humble locality of a Scottish seaport, with her two children, Thomas and Jane-Anne—the one about five, the latter about three years old. A local Sabbath school had been established in the neighbourhood, to which she was requested to send her boy, who accordingly made his appearance among the other children of the junior classes. Tommy soon entered into the spirit of the exercises, and not only carried home to his mother large portions of Scripture related in his own simple way, but he very soon began to perceive the practical uses of these passages, and in the family, with his little sister, endeavoured to act upon them. The mother was greatly surprised at this; and her delight in perceiving the expansion of her child's mind upon these important truths, made her encourage her boy in these rehearsals, and in the practical uses to which he began to put them, both towards herself and his little sister.

It happened only a few months after this that the teachers had to leave the place where the school was held. The superintendent, impressed with the importance of the locality for a school, and the success which had hitherto attended the labours of himself and his fellow-teachers, resolved to leave no effort untried to get another place of meeting near the spot. He went forward in the exercise of faith, with but small hopes of succeeding; but resolved to call at every house in the neighbourhood, without a single exception, to state his case, and to give them at least an opportunity of "receiving the ark," which was about to be houseless. The Lord was preparing his way.

He perseveringly followed up the plan he had adopted; but for some time no one could be found who would submit to the inconvenience. At last he reached the door of Mrs D——, who knew him as the superintendent of the school where Tommy was deriving so much benefit; and on seeing him, exclaimed: "O Mr S——, I am glad to see you! Can you tell me if Mr G—— (the general superintendent of the schools) be well enough, as I have last night had a very strange dream about him." Mr S—— smiled, and said Mr G—— was quite well; but asked to know her dream. She said she had dreamt that Mr G—— was in great distress and anxiety about a great table that he was desirous of removing, but which, with every exertion, he was unable of himself to do. She, however, came and offered her assistance, and instantly the table was placed where he wished it. "I can interpret your dream," said Mr S——. "Mr G—— is anxious about getting a room for the Sabbath school, which must otherwise be closed, and I have just now been through the whole neighbourhood seeking one. Could you not find room for us, and thus remove his difficulty, and help us all?" "That I will," said she, "with all my heart;" and the school met there immediately after.

Meeting in her own house, her little girl, Jane-Anne, though only about four years of age, took her place in one of the classes; and by the exertions of the teacher, and conversations with her brother Tom on the exercises during the week, the delighted mother saw her two little ones rapidly improving in a knowledge of the great principles of the Gospel, in the truths of Scripture, and in the daily practical uses to be made of them. She gratefully acknow-

* This is an admirable magazine. No similar publication which we have seen, English or American, is for a moment to be compared to it.

ledged that the "blessing of Obed-edom" had indeed come down upon her and hers.

In the year 1844, however, she had to leave her residence, and remove to a distance from the locality. Her grief at this was sincere and deep; and the more so when she found, on urgent application, that the persons who were coming to the house could not accommodate the school on the Sabbath evenings. That neighbourhood, alas! has been without a Sabbath school ever since.

Mrs D—— removed to her new neighbourhood in May 1844. It was in a common stair, where, as in many towns in Scotland, numerous families are lodged in "flats," all entering from the street by one door. In the several "flats" of this stair she found that there were nearly twenty families, and a number of children, few, if any, of whom were privileged with the advantages which her own children had enjoyed. Means were immediately employed to procure for the companions of Tommy and Jane-Anne the benefits to which she attached so much value. Her door was again opened; between twenty and thirty children were collected; her former friends procured her a superintendent and teachers, she herself now taking a part in their labours. A juvenile missionary society was soon after formed by the children; and a monthly prayer-meeting for the older inhabitants in the stair was also established. These, as we shall afterwards see, are still in active and salutary operation.

Again, however, duty called her and her family from this interesting scene of usefulness. Her husband's occupation required that his family should reside in a provincial seaport in England. She had paid for her house till the end of May 1845, and she required to leave it in the month of March. The school and the prayer-meeting were her chief concern. Application was made, as usual, by tenants for the house for the following year; and to each applicant she held out the advantage of having the house for two months from her free of rent and taxes, upon condition of their allowing the school and the prayer-meeting to continue as formerly. She was successful. A person like-minded with herself became the tenant, and willingly adopted her part in this labour of love. The writer of the present article visited the school lately, when he found the room crowded with attentive, lively, and happy children, and seated on the window-sill in double rows, for want of more room in the body of the apartment. Mr R—— and his amiable partner in life, on whom we hope the mantle of Mrs D—— has fallen, have shown themselves worthy successors of this humble and zealous labourer in the vineyard of the Lord.

In March 1845, Mrs D—— sailed for her destination in England. She took up her abode in an obscure part of the provincial seaport town, surrounded, as she soon found, by children who had even less opportunity of religious instruction than those whom she had so successfully benefited in Scotland. On the first Sabbath after their arrival, her little Tommy was shocked at seeing some children on the streets playing at their games as on a week-day. "Mother!" said Tom, "look at that!" They had only gone a little farther, when a similar scene presented itself to their notice. "O mother!" said Tom, with deep feeling, "if Mr S—— or Mr J—— were here, these boys would not be allowed to play on the Sabbath." The want of those teachers, however, seemed to poor Tom an insuperable obstacle to any good being done; till, after a little consideration, and looking up in his mother's face, he gave a sudden slap on his thigh with his hand, and exclaimed: "Mother, I must try and do something myself!" and this child of eight years of age has, under the superintendence of a humble, modest, but pious mother, in the midst of strangers and aliens to their habits and customs, done "something" which has already begun powerfully to influence and benefit the entire neighbourhood.

On the following Sabbath evening, Mrs D——, with much diffidence and anxiety, resolved, at all events, to make a trial. Little Tom was her only assistant; but he turned out to be a most efficient one. He went out to the street, and looked about him, and every young person he saw, younger or older than himself, he invited to the "Sabbath school." Such an invitation from a mere child, with a broad Scotch accent, was highly amusing to some of the children addressed. The whereabouts was inquired for, and Tommy told them it was in their own neighbourhood, and "up the stair." He succeeded, however, with one boy only, who, out of mere curiosity, accompanied the little fellow to his mother. This was but a poor beginning indeed; but still it was a beginning; and the mother was resolved not to be discouraged. She formed her one scholar into a class with her own two children; and while nursing her little baby, began her exercises, to the utter astonishment of the new comer. He had never witnessed anything of the kind before. When she announced a circumstance in the passage she had read, and catechized Tom and little Jane-Anne upon it, they had their answers ready in a moment, and the new scholar, seeing how easy this was, began also to respond to the questions, with as much interest as any of them. The stranger boy was astonished at his own progress, and still more at the delight which he had experienced in acquiring so much knowledge. The hour flew away with great rapidity; he departed with reluctance; and went home with a report which astonished his own parents and all his companions. On the following Sabbath more children collected, and two of the mothers came also with them, to witness the proceedings. The simplicity and efficiency of the exercises were so astonishing, that they went away with a report which spread through the whole neighbourhood. The school immediately increased so much that, by the 21st of July last, the number was upwards of fifty scholars.

Mrs D—— soon found that, with a family, and a weakly infant lately added to it, she was personally unable to superintend so great a community. Means were accordingly used, and a young man was procured who readily fell into Mrs D——'s plans and modes of teaching, and who now, with others assisting him, and little Tom with the infant class, are most successfully sowing the seed of the Word into *willing* hearts at least, and, it is hoped, into hearts prepared by the Lord of the harvest.

It is worthy of remark here, that notwithstanding the true heroism of this attempt of a modest retiring female to benefit her neighbours, she has not been able to evade persecution. One instance is remarkable, as showing the meekness and forbearance which usually accompany true piety, as well as the fulfilment of the Lord's promise, that "the meek shall inherit the earth." One of her neighbours took offence at the noise of the children in coming and going to the school. Quietness, accordingly, was enjoined by Mrs D——, that no offence might be given. The neighbour next complained of the children's feet, in bad weather, dirtying the stair. Mrs D—— meekly offered to wash it down whenever the weather rendered it necessary. That still was not sufficient, and notice was at last given by this neighbour, that if the school was not given up, she and her husband would leave the house. Mrs D—— knew that, on account of premises held by the husband in the neighbourhood, which were absolutely necessary for him while employed by the company whose servant he was, it

would be a great sacrifice if her neighbour had to leave. She, therefore, first expostulated with her; and, on finding her determined, said, that rather than allow a neighbour to leave her house on her account, she herself would remove her family and her school to some other place. This, therefore, was resolved on; and the zealous mother was necessitated to look out for another dwelling. It was only on the following week that Mrs D——, on finding this same neighbour in distress, and fearing she might in some measure be the cause, kindly sympathized with her, and inquired into the circumstances. "I am going to leave you," said the woman, in deep grief. "No," said Mrs D——, "I am going to leave. I cannot give up my school, but I will give up my house, and remove the school to where it will not annoy you." "O but," said her neighbour, with renewed grief, "my husband has lost his situation, and my present house, and the premises opposite, are now of no use to us." Mrs D——, accordingly, continues in the house where her labours commenced; and her fastidious neighbour has, by another agency, been forced to remove.

In concluding this article, it may be stated that Mrs D—— has not only established her Sabbath school on a permanent footing, and blocked out a mode of conducting it which in the place is altogether new, and likely to diffuse itself, but she has established a prayer-meeting for her neighbours, conducted by pious individuals, whose assistance she had procured. In her zeal to do good she intended to hold this meeting weekly; but, on advice, she has changed it to a "monthly meeting." But as she had procured, from kind and pious friends, the means of conducting such a meeting weekly, she set herself to employ them, and not to allow so precious a talent, placed at her disposal, to lie hid in a napkin. She has accordingly established two other prayer-meetings in different localities, by procuring places of meeting from among the persons residing there. A fourth, which will complete the monthly set, is in process of forming, some doubts and scruples on the part of the "husband" not yet having been overcome, although his wife, if his consent can be gained, has entered warmly into the scheme proposed by Mrs D——. Only a few weeks ago (November, 1845), matters were almost closed, as Mrs D——, at the wife's request, had called and stated her own case to the husband. His opposition was shaken, and he candidly confessed that it was so. "Well," said she, "think of it; and as there will be a meeting in my house soon, come there, and judge for yourself. I have no doubt, from what you will see and hear there, you will be greatly delighted, and will at once give your consent." He promised to come, and there at present the matter rests.

The faith, and zeal, and perseverance of this humble labourer in the vineyard of her Lord, are full of instruction to the followers of the Saviour of every grade and condition. Who among us can say that their circumstances are less favourable than those in which Mrs D—— found herself?—A person in the humbler ranks of life—a female, with all the native modesty and retiredness of the most amiable of her sex—a wife, with all the disadvantages, and anxieties, and fears, arising from an absent husband, exposed to the perils of the ocean — a mother, without assistance, surrounded by a family of three children under eight years of age, the eldest a boy, and the youngest a delicate infant, scarcely since its birth expected to survive; and latterly, with all these disadvantages, a stranger among strangers. Reader, contrast your own case with hers! See what the "worm Jacob" can do, when directed and upheld by Jacob's God; consider the amount and value of your own opportunities and talents, and go and be a follower of those who "through faith and patience are to inherit the promises." T. R. Y.

THE HOME OF THE HEART.*

LET thy song be the eagle's, when soaring high—
"I was born on the earth, but I live in the sky;"
A warrior-bird, with tireless wing,
Up, up through the tempest journeying;
The world's zahara, a sandy wreath,
Its clouds and colds behind, beneath—
The inner eye upturned, away
From the mists of time to the God of day,
Drinking the light of the golden throne,
Where the waters of life flow on, still on,
Till the soul is bathed in the deep excess
Of the warmth and beauty of holiness:
When earth on the pilgrim's eye grows dark
The bosom of God is the home of the heart.

O! I would dwell in a sinless sphere!—
"We have no abiding city here;"
'Tis a land of crime—a land of graves—
Where the wasting storm of passion raves—
Where Time revels o'er its bloom, and Decay
Writes on its beauty—"Passing away;"
Where the strains that Hope the siren sings—
The smiles that Joy from her sunshine flings—
The flowers around our path that spring,
Though fair, are brief and withering;
Where falsehood or death to coldness turns
The fervent love in the heart that burns,
And tears and darkness mantle all
The varying lights that around us fall.

There is a holy rest above—
A land of peace, of joy, and love;
No lips there are sealed in the hush of the tomb;
No worms revel over the rose's bloom;
No quivering lips, no pale cheeks tell
The agonies of a dark farewell!
Nor bleeding hearts in silence grieve,
That trusted ones of the soul deceive;
No dark thoughts cloud the brow with care,
Nor sin, nor sorrow, nor death is there;
No shadows fall on the eveless day,
Where the blaze of the throne shines eternally!
O ye who the ills of earth endure,
"Press on to the rest, for the home is sure!"

BUNYAN AND THE SPIDER.

BUNYAN'S chief enjoyment in prison, next to his high communion with God and heaven, was the composition of his "Pilgrim's Progress." That work was the *only* one of his joys which he allowed neither stranger nor friend to intermeddle with. He kept it "a fountain sealed" from all his family and fellow-prisoners, until it was completed. He says expressly of the "Pilgrim's Progress":—

> "Manner and matter too were all my own;
> Nor was it unto any *mortal known*
> Till I had done it."

When Bunyan lifted his eyes from his Bible in prison, he saw little, of course, to sharpen his wits,

* From a pleasing and promising volume of poems by Miss Aird, a young woman in humble circumstances, residing at Kilmarnock.

or to give play to his fancy. He could, however, make much of little. His cell overhung the river, and thus he could look down upon the gliding stream, and forth on the aspects of the sky. A leaping fish, or a skimming swallow, was both an *event* and a sermon to him, when he could spare a few moments at the *grated* window, from the labours of his pen and pincers. But it was not often he could do so. He had to work hard with his pincers, in order to *tag* the stay-laces which his wife and his poor *blind* daughter made and sold for the support of the family.

He had also to study hard, in order to bring his writings up to something like the scheme and scale of other theologians. His pen was thus heavier to him than his pincers; for he had nothing to lighten its labour but his Concordance. When he did escape, however, from his chair to the window, he was all eye and ear to whatever was stirring in the heavens above, or in the waters beneath; and if nothing presented itself *outside* the window, he could learn much from the spiders and flies inside. It was whilst watching them one day, that he drew the striking picture of an entangled and struggling Christian.

"The fly in the spider's web," says he, "is an emblem of a soul which Satan is trying to poison and kill. The fly is entangled in the web; at this the spider *shows* himself. If the fly stir again, down comes the spider, and claps a foot upon her. If the fly struggle still, he poisons her more and more. What shall the fly do now? Why, she *dies*, if somebody do not quickly release her. This is the case with the tempted. Their feet and wings are entangled. Now, Satan shows himself. If the soul struggleth, Satan laboureth to hold it down. If it maketh a noise, then he bites with a blasphemous mouth, more poisonous than the gall of a serpent. If it struggle again, he then poisons it more and more; insomuch that it must needs die, if the Lord Jesus help not. But though the fly is altogether incapable of *looking* for relief, this tempted Christian is not. What must he do, therefore? If he look to his *heart*, there is blasphemy. If he look to his *duties*, there is sin. Shall this man lie down in despair? No. Shall he trust in his duties? No. Shall he stay away from Christ until his heart is better? No. What then? Let him look to Christ crucified! Then shall he see his sins answered for, and Death dying. This sight destroys the power of the first temptation, and both purifies the mind and inclines the heart to all good things."

Bunyan was so pleased with this parallel between Satan and a spider, that away went pincers and laces until he *rhymed* the fact. He makes the spider say:—

> "Thus in my ways God wisdom doth conceal,
> And by my ways that wisdom I reveal.
> I hide myself when I for flies do wait;
> So doth the devil, when he lays his bait.
> If I do fear the losing of my prey,
> I stir me, and more snares upon her lay.
> This way and that, her wings and legs I tie,
> That, sure as she is catched, so she must die;
> And if I see this like to get away,
> Then with my venom I her journey stay."

Bunyan studied and talked with this spider so much at the window, that it became a favourite with him at last. He abuses it in "good set terms" through half a long poem; but it taught so much sound wisdom, that he withdrew his sarcasms, and sang:—

> "Well, my good spider, I my errors see;
> I was a fool in railing thus at thee.
> Thy nature, venom, and thy fearful hue,
> But show what sinners *are*, and what they *do*.
> Well, well, I will no more be a derider;
> I did not look for such things from a spider.
> O spider! I have heard thee, and do wonder
> A spider thus should lighten, and thus thunder.
> O spider! thou delightst me with thy skill;
> I pray thee spit this venom at me still."

Thus he ended with high compliments to his *web-weaving* neighbour; for from her instincts and habits he found her the best philosopher he had ever met with.—*Philip's Life and Times of Bunyan.*

THE JEWS AND MONKS AT ROME.

BY THE REV. W. K. TWEEDIE, EDINBURGH.

I.—THE JEWS.

WHEN Titus sacked Jerusalem, he transferred to Rome many of its inhabitants, to die as gladiators in the Circus or Amphitheatre, to serve as slaves, and, providentially, though not with design, to perpetuate the remembrance of the fulfilment of prophecy. The descendants of these captives, it is believed, still occupy the *Ghetto*, a species of prison rather than a quarter of the city, assigned to them as a residence. There they live, and have lived from age to age for centuries, immured amid filth and all that is disgusting—where the outer man of the Jew seems to vie with the inner man in impurity. This district, from which so much can be learned both of the history of man and of religion, is well-nigh neglected by the visitants who flock to Rome. Antiquity, as far as it connects with inanimate objects, seems more attractive than the specimens of former ages of living men; for the Jews in the Ghetto retain their habits as unchanged as the statues of the Vatican and Capitol, except in so far as any new mode of deception improves and enlarges the old. The "Regione" of the Jews in Rome is completely separated from the rest of the city by its walls and gates, which indicate that the Romans are afraid either of contagion from the Jews, or of danger from commotions among them. The gates are locked at night, as if the region were a prison; they are guarded by centinels night and day; for the Pope and his subjects seem afraid to trust the men whose fathers refused to trust their Saviour. Every indignity is offered to them; for though their prison is too narrow for their numbers, they are forbidden to dwell beyond its walls. By the laws of Rome they are obliged to be within the gates at an early hour at night, and their keepers must be bribed ere this severity be relaxed; nor can they go abroad till the centinels allow them in the morning, according to certain municipal laws enacted for the guidance of the unhappy Hebrews. To complete their bondage, they are compelled at certain seasons to be present at sermons preached for their conversion; nay, to feign a conversion, and be baptized, that some of the laws of the infallible Church may be

implemented. Their rabbis and chief men are annually obliged to take an oath of allegiance to the Pope. In short, unless we had lived in the reign of King John or Edward I., we could not witness a more complete fulfilment of the threatened punishments that were to be heaped upon the Jews, than we witness in the Ghetto at Rome. Read Deuteronomy xxviii. 15-68.

It is not easy to remain long enough in this place. Much of what is recorded there, is verified here. To study the habits of these descendants of Abraham, whose whole existence is like a single combat against divine truth, and who are living tokens of the watchfulness with which He who sees the end from the beginning first predicts, and then overrules the fulfilment of predictions. Yet one soon discovers enough to enable him to distinguish between the Jew and the native Italian; for the former carries with him the national countenance, and habits as strongly marked as the national creed. The two races have intermarried in some cases; but the Jewish families have been kept sufficiently distinct to entitle them to the unenviable honour of being the oldest families in Rome.

At one of the entrances to the Ghetto stands a chapel, containing a rude statue of the Virgin and Child. It is dedicated to the tutelary divinity of Saron and Carmel—a bait, doubtless, for the Jews, but certainly no attraction for the men whose creed contains the command: "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve." But the most painful and humbling of all the trials of the Jews is, as I have said, their compulsory attendance at a church to hear sermons preached for their conversion. We went to the Ghetto to be present on one of these occasions, in the Church of St Angelo, in Pescheria. The Jews assembled to the number of perhaps two hundred; and, being ignorant of the laws of the place, we entered, with the design of forming part of the audience. Scarcely had we entered, however, when an official informed us that if we were a Christian, we could not remain in the church: "We are Hebrews, and no stranger can be among us," was the information conveyed to us. Their pride could not tolerate the presence of a spectator of their bondage; and we were obliged to withdraw, but not before a glance round the church showed the nature of the service that was about to commence. The objects most obnoxious to a Jew's prejudices—the crosses, the graven images, the paintings—were all removed or covered. Each person, as he entered, was obliged to record his name, to testify his presence; the door was guarded by gens-d'armerie, to prevent the Jews from escaping after their names had been enrolled; and some we saw begging hard for permission to repass the gate. The preacher was a Dominican monk, one of the descendants of the founder of the Inquisition, and consequently one who, in other times, might have used other means than suasion to convince the Israelites. He addressed his audience in the language of the Ghetto—a curious mixture of Italian and Hebrew, in which a dialect of the latter predominates; and the Jews seemed attentive, notwithstanding of this bondage, perhaps the most galling that ever was inflicted upon man. It is worse than Mohammed converting at the point of the sword. The arguments we could not follow, as we only saw for an instant into the church when some tardy Israelite crawled to the meeting to share the sad disgrace of its members.

The law concerning these assemblies is, that all the Jews, whatever be their rank, shall attend in rotation. A certain number are obliged to be present each week; and as the service is on Saturday, their own holy day, it is easy to see how sore must be the bondage of these men, if their religion be in any case a matter of conscience. Owing, however, to the great number of Jews, each individual is called on to attend only a few times in a year; but the tenure by which they hold possession of the Ghetto is such as might satisfy even an enemy who delighted in their oppression and their punishment.

At every turning one sees the folly of that caricature of Christianity, the religion of the Pope; and one is more and more astonished that men, once in the image of God, and still retaining at least the gleanings of reason, should be duped by such impostures as are practised here. But it is when contrasted even with the religion of the Jews that we see it in one of its falsest and most revolting aspects. The religion of Mount Sinai makes God indeed a Spirit; there is an awful sublimity about the representations which it gives of the Godhead, so that the Christian mind, in its better moods, cannot approach even the description without dread. But when, with the spiritual representations of Jehovah given by the Jews, we contrast the grossly material, the sensual representations of Jehovah given by the Romans—when we remember that the Jews thought of God as dwelling in inaccessible light, and filling the heaven of heavens with his glory, while the Romanist bodies forth the Invisible and the Eternal in the character of an aged man with a flowing beard, making even the great I AM a subject for ludicrous caricature, one does not hesitate, amid his recoil from such monstrosities, to assert that, instead of advancing, revelation retrograded, in passing from Judaism to Christianity, if Popery be Christianity. Seen at Rome, with every advantage from art, from kingly pomp, from the wealth of Christendom, Popery is but the religion of children of a larger growth; and never is this more present to the mind than when we contrast the superstitions of Romanism with the simple disclosures of the Old Testament concerning Jehovah. One feels as if it were sinful to enjoy pleasure amid so much corruption of the truth as it is in Jesus.

II.—THE MONKS.

Miserable as is the appearance of the Jews, many of the monks of Rome vie with them in squalidness and filth. Indeed, from the cardinal to the poorest of all the orders, their habits are in some respects disgusting; yet, miserable as many of them seem, this exercises no influence in repressing their numbers. Headed by the sovereign, himself a monk, the Augustinians, Dominicans, Benedictines, Franciscans, Jesuits, Cruciferi, Flagellants, Capuchins, Camaldolese—

> "Embryos and idiots, eremites and friars,
> White, black, and grey, with all their trumpery"—

constitute a large proportion of the inhabitants of Rome. Prior to the innovations of Bonaparte and

the dissolution of many convents, the clergy, secular and regular, amounted to about a sixth of the whole population; so that, taking the present census of Rome as the standard (about one hundred and fifty-two thousand), the number of churchmen would be twenty-five thousand three hundred and thirty-three. The swarms which one encounters at every turning, in every variety of garb, from the coarse frock and cord of the Franciscan to the purple of the cardinal, would baffle the calculations of all the economists to compute the loss sustained by the commonwealth in upholding so much indolence. They have supplanted Jupiter on the Capitol—Augustus and Nero on the Palatine—the Coliseum is transmuted into a church—the Cœlian Hill is theirs—the Aventine is theirs—the Janiculum, too, has its convent. On the Quirinal there are as many convents as churches, and the Viminal is divided between monks and nuns; while the Esquiline is crowned with churches, and their attendant convents. Now, to the Christian it would be an object of interesting inquiry to ascertain how many of all these thousands are really believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, and have retired from the world upon true and Christian motives. Looking at a large proportion of the monks, we can discover no trace of the real mortification of self amid all the counterfeit mortifications of the body. They do not seem to have fled like sinners from the world to the Redeemer, but from activity to indolence—from the labour of industry to the labour of ennui. Their life is, at the best, what the Romans call it—a "facile difficile." It were as idle as an attempt to lave the ocean, to essay either the reforming or extirpating of these orders; and unless some honest Pontiff like Ganganelli arise, the very hopelessness of the task would prevent a more embecile Pope from making the attempt. There must be a death and an extinction, followed by a resurrection in a new form, ere Christianity become the religion of Rome. It just needs to be converted now as much as in the days of Nero; and one feels the thought often rising up in one's mind as one traverses this strange Antichristian city: "How long, O Lord? how long?"

Many exaggerated opinions are current concerning the wealth of the convents. A few are no doubt wealthy, but a great proportion are miserably poor; and leaving the begging friars out of the question, the average condition of the conventual monks is by no means enviable. The Dominicans, for instance, may be regarded as somewhat more than an average specimen of the different sects (for the monks are just the sects of the undivided Church); and it appears that their income is in general very limited, and their discontent equally large. The convent attached to the Church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva consists of about fifty regular and four secular brethren—the latter appended literally as hewers of wood and drawers of water. Each of the fifty has, of course, his lodging provided, and all that is supposed necessary to keep life in the body, but scarcely more. Their allowance, indeed, is a mere pittance, twenty pauls (or 13s. 4d.) each month, with which they are obliged to provide themselves daily with breakfast (their other meals being conventual), to buy frocks, scapularies, and all that constitutes a monk's wardrobe. Their constant and petulant complaints against the superiors show very clearly that, in flying from the world, and taking on a profession of sanctity, men do not necessarily fly from self. Indeed, we have noticed in convents some of the most tormenting of our passions festering so as to destroy the peace of what was called the brotherhood. "Naturam expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurret" is as true of men in modern as in ancient Rome. Their wants or natural dispositions make them all beggars; the language of Italy is most pliant to their purpose; and it was customary for a friend in the convent of Minerva to follow up his addios as he dismissed us by the postern of the convent, with—"My dear friend, think of me, because I have nothing."

When one sees the mind of man so completely crippled, and as it were extirpated, as it is in some cases at Rome, one is anxious to discover the reason. Is it the climate? History answers, No. Is it the government? Suspicion replies, Perhaps. Is it education? This is one main cause. Anxious to see the mode in which young Roman priests and others were trained, I attended the Archigynnasio, and heard Canon B——, who to other titles adds that of Master of the English College, address a detachment consisting of about fifty students. He has published a class-book on logic, metaphysics, and morals, and dedicates it not unaptly to the Virgin—a mystified treatise, placed under the protection of a false goddess. The Canon's lecture was in Latin, which he spoke fluently; and the object of his elaborate attempt was to prove that it is impossible for the same thing to be and not to be at the same instant—a truism which might have been refuted by an appeal to B——'s own lecture; for it contained instructions for the Roman youth, and yet there was no instruction in it. In his class-room one was carried back to the epoch when Aristotle reigned in the schools; and I ceased to wonder that the young Romans, under such training, sunk into all the dulness of mental inactivity. Their philosophy is truly what Alfieri calls it: "Papaverica e bestiale."

In anticipating the destinies of Rome, one marvels what agents the Overruler will employ to cleanse away such blots from the face of Christendom; and where all is dark and glooming, one gladly resigns himself, and all the concerns of earth, into the hands of Him who doeth all things well. He will gather in his own elect, at once in Rome and in much-favoured Britain; the rest he will destroy by the brightness of his coming.

GOSPEL WONDERS.

THE AMERICAN INDIANS AS THEY WERE AND ARE.

At a union missionary prayer-meeting, held lately in Washington, two Western Indians—Colonel Pitchlyn, chief and delegate of the Choctaws, and Mr Armstrong, a member of the Wyandot delegation—were present, and gave accounts of the progress of the Gospel among them. The following extracts are full of interest:—

Many people (said Colonel Pitchlyn) are loud in their praises of what they call a state of nature. The Indians, they say, are happy; their manner of life suits them: why send your missionaries to teach

them what does not suit them, and to break up and destroy their present happy state? But I know something of this. I was born, and grew up to manhood, in what I may truly call "the dark ages" of my country. That state of nature was, and always must be, one of misery, and not of happiness. War, war, was the constant occupation of the people; and every little tribe was at enmity with its neighbours; each seeking to destroy the other. Only a small river separated our people from the Creeks and, in my childhood, many a time, upon an alarm of the enemy, has my mother caught me in her arms, at dead of night, and hurried off some twenty miles distance, to save our lives—it might be at the loss of everything else. We were in a state of constant alarm, and could neither sow nor reap in security. Our living was precarious and full of suffering. The sad condition of our females, and the evil influence of ignorance and superstition—for all superstitions degrade and brutalize—added to this, may serve to show the beauties of a state of nature.

About twenty years ago, God put it into the heart of his people to send us missionaries. They came to us with the Bible in their hands. They were good men. They sought the true interests of our people. They have laboured zealously and faithfully, and now they see the fruit of their labours. We have now among us many Churches—Presbyterian, Methodist, and Baptist—with their regular congregations, and with many hundreds of upright and consistent members. We have our numerous schools of every grade, even to large boarding-schools for girls and for boys; and every school in the nation, I am happy to say, is under religious superintendence, and is conducted upon religious principles. Fully half of our people speak the English language, and all the branches of education are taught in our schools. Our men are now farmers, with their houses and fixed homes, their gardens, and their orchards, with all the blessings of civilization; and our females are as the ladies of Christian nations. These are the blessings which the Book of God, in the hands of his servants, has brought to us.

And this has been done, not by the power of your Government, but in spite of it. The policy of the Government towards the Indians has been uniform and evil. It has always been a little land here, and a little there; pass beyond this river; get you from this valley to that; go out into the great west, and hunt the buffalo. The Indians have been kept constantly moving—never being allowed to remain stationary long enough to gather around them the arts of civilization; and without a stationary home men can never be anything but wandering barbarians. No, all the good among my people is owing to the benevolence of those of God's people in these United States, who sent to us the missionaries with the Word of everlasting life.

I well remember when the missionaries first came to us. No one of our people thought that they would ever accomplish anything. "They will never get a Choctaw," said they, "to believe in their religion." By-and-by two little girls were admitted into the Church. "Well," said they, "this is strange; it may do for the women, but they will never get a man, a warrior, to join them. However, it was not long before even proud warriors were bowing at the feet of the Saviour.

One of these devoted missionaries I will mention particularly, and that is Miss Burnham—a name dear to the Choctaws. She came first to my father's house. In my untutored wildness, she was a wonder to me. Why, said I to myself, have those Yankees at the east sent you here? I could only suppose that she had come to cook for the others; but she seemed too delicate for this. And she told my father that she had come to teach the children, and to do good to the people. Thought I, you might just as well go home again. But, under God, the influence of that woman alone would have saved my nation. She established and sustained Sabbath and other schools in all directions; her pupils, growing up, followed her example—as I visited all our schools this fall, as a trustee, I found their children in them all; and having thus set in motion an influence for good that will go on widening for ever, she has gone home to New England, to die there, with the blessing of a nation upon her.

We, too, have our missionary societies, and our contributions are sent to the common treasury, as a thank-offering, to carry the Gospel to those yet in darkness; and God grant that we, who have his blessed Word, which alone can do men good, may never forget our obligation to send it to those who have it not, until its light shall shine upon a whole world converted to God!

Armstrong followed in a speech of much pertinency and power—

When he thought of all that had been done by the missionaries, he could hardly restrain his feelings—his heart was almost too full for him to speak. They had come to his tribe about the same time that others went to the Choctaws. But they met a very cold reception. In a council of the nation they were advised to go away. They were told that their religion did not suit the Indian—that their God was not the God of the white man. But they persevered, and God blessed them; and the result with them, the most northern tribe, had been the same as just described by his brother from the most southern. They, too, had their missionary society; and when the first member, an old warrior, laid down his subscription—"There," said he, "take that, and give the Gospel another push." And so should we all feel when we contribute of our substance, or our endeavours. We are giving the Gospel another push, until, by the blessing of God, it will encompass the whole earth, and fill every land with thanksgiving and praise.

THE MISSIONARY'S WIFE.

THE following beautiful and touching lines were written by Mrs Judson, the wife of Dr Judson, an eminent American missionary at Burmah. Her health having compelled her to leave for a time the mission field, she sailed for America, accompanied by her husband and three children—other three, one of them only three months old, having been left at Burmah in care of the mission families there. When they neared the Mauritius, her health was so much improved, that Dr Judson thought it would be his duty to leave her to prosecute the voyage alone, and return to the field of his labours. It was after this had been determined on that Mrs Judson penned the following lines. The Lord, however, had determined otherwise. When at the Mauritius she became much worse, and Dr Judson relinquishing his purpose, they again passed on their voyage together. "She continued," writes he, "to decline until we reached St Helena, when she took her departure, not for the 'setting sun,' but for the sun of glory that never sets, and left me to pursue a different course, and under very different circumstances from those anticipated in the lines."

"THE PARTING.

"We part on this green islet, love!
Thou for the eastern main—
I for the setting sun, love;
Oh! when to meet again?

"My heart is sad for thee, love,
For lone thy way will be;
And oft thy tears will fall, love,
For thy children and for me.

"The music of thy daughter's voice
Thou'lt miss for many a year:
And the merry shout of thine elder boys
Thou'lt list in vain to hear.

"Where we knelt to see our Henry die,
And heard his last faint moan,
Each wiped the tear from others eye—
Now each must weep alone.

"My tears fall fast for thee, love;
How can I say farewell?
But go: thy God be with thee, love,
Thy heart's deep grief to quell.

"Yet my spirit clings to thine, love—
Thy soul remains with me,
And oft we'll hold communion sweet
O'er the dark and distant sea.

"And who can paint our mutual joy,
When, all our wanderings o'er,
We both shall clasp our infants three
At home, on Burmah's shore?

"But higher shall our raptures glow
On yon celestial plain,
When the loved and parted here below
Meet, ne'er to part again!

"Then gird thine armour on, love,
Nor faint thou by the way—
Till the Boodh shall fall, and Burmah's sons
Shall own Messiah's sway!"

"And gird thine armour on, love."—"And so," says Dr Judson, "I will endeavour to do; and while her prostrate form finds repose on the rock of the ocean, and her sanctified spirit enjoys sweeter repose on the bosom of Jesus, let me continue to toil on all my appointed time, till my change too shall come."

In all the missionary annals, there are few things more affecting than this. Mrs Judson's beautiful lines remind us of Bishop Heber's verses addressed to his wife: "If thou wert by my side, my love;" but they are superior in deep natural feeling. How exquisite the references to her husband's anticipated loneliness: "*The music of thy daughter's voice thou'lt miss for many a year;*"—and to the death of their boy: "*Each wiped the tear from others eye—now each must weep alone.*"

The *New York Evangelist*, after giving the above, justly remarks:—

"These verses make us think of the refinement, the exquisite sensibility, the tender affection, the deep and fervent piety, of many a missionary wife among the Heathen. Some of the most admirable women ever born have laid down their lives there, and some are still shedding the sweet light and grace of their holy, patient example, where few besides the Saviour can see and appreciate their labours. Oh, great will be their reward in heaven, when, from every ingredient of bitterness and trial in their earthly pilgrimage, there shall spring a harvest of eternal blessedness and glory! There will be no dearer, sweeter remembrances in heaven, than those of the painful, earthly trials of their self-denying desert path for Christ.

"Dr Judson is an old Christian soldier, but he never heard a more animating and sustaining word amidst his conflicts than the parting song of his wife. It will ring in his ears till he die, and then again he will hear her angel voice in heaven."

THE CHURCH-SLEEPER.

SOME people slept, even with Paul in the pulpit. Look at that young man mentioned in the 20th of Acts. He is getting drowsy even while the place rings with the apostle's startling eloquence. Now he nods. Now he is clean over. But he got a terrible awakening. And not only so.

That young man got some notoriety, more than he could have well dreamed of. Towards a couple of thousand years he has been held up as one that ventured a nap, during preaching, and got a terrible waking up to help him remember the wrong of it, and to give others warning of the danger of it.

Yet think ye would not have so far to fall, ye sleepers, even should the modern appendages of the pew not hinder your toppling over, and, therefore, there is less danger of damage in your case. And I give in that it is so; yet be entreated, if not in fear of broken bones, yet be entreated to let past sanctuary slumbers suffice, by the dishonour thus given the house of God, by the grief you give the preacher, by the unloveliness of such an example, by the great comfort Satan takes in such a use of the tabernacle of the Lord.

THE UNIVERSALIST.

A UNIVERSALIST clergyman was once robbed on the road by a man who had formerly lived with as a servant. After his arrest, the preacher asked the man how he could be so base as to rob his old employer. The robber's answer speaks volumes against the soul destroying heresy: "You yourself tempted me to commit this offence against the law; for I have often heard you say, both in public and private, that *all* men will enjoy everlasting bliss after death, and that there *is no such thing as eternal punishment in the next world.* You thus removed my *greatest* fear, why should I dread the *less?*"

Fragments.

Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright,
But look'd too near, have neither heat nor light.—
Webster.

It was said of one who preached very well and lived very ill, "that when he was out of the pulpit it was pity he should ever go into it, and when he was in the pulpit it was pity he should ever come out of it." But the faithful minister lives sermons. And yet I deny not but dissolute men, like unskilful horsemen, which open a gate on the wrong side, may, by the virtue of their office, open heaven for others, and shut themselves out.—*Fuller.*

He that cannot forgive others, breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself; for every man had need to be forgiven.—*Herbert.*

Covetousness, by a greediness of getting more, deprives itself of the true end of getting—it loses the enjoyment of what it has got.—*Spratt.*

Whatever parent gives his children good instruction, and sets them at the same time a bad example, may be considered as bringing them food in one hand and poison in the other.—*Bulguy.*

Daily Bread.

FRIDAY.

"Redeem the time."—EPH. v. 19.

Infinite joy or endless woe
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!

The time that is now idled and talked away—the time that is now feasted and complimented away, that is unnecessarily sported and slept away, that is wickedly and presumptuously sinned away—how precious will it one day seem to all! How happy a bargain would they think they had made, if at the dearest rates they could redeem it? The profanest mariner falls a-praying when he fears his time is at an end. What a liturgy would death teach the trifling time-despising gallants, the idle, busy, dreaming, active, ambitious, covetous lovers of this world, if time could be entreated to return!—*Baxter.*

SATURDAY.

"The heart is deceitful above all things."—JER. xvii. 9.

Far worse than all my foes I find
The enemy within—
The evil heart—the carnal mind—
Mine own insidious sin.

You read of the deceitfulness of the tongue, and of the deceitfulness of riches, and of the deceitfulness of beauty, and of the deceitfulness of friends; but yet the heart is deceitful above them all. Nay, you read of the deceitfulness of Satan, yet truly a man's heart is a greater deceiver than he; for he could never deceive a man, if his own heart did not deceive him. How common is it for men to boast of the goodness of their hearts! "I thank God, though I do not make such a show and pretence as some do, yet I have as good a heart as the best." O do but hear Solomon in this case: "He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool." Will any wise man commit his money to the cut-purse? Will he trust a cheat?—*Mead.*

SABBATH.

"They shall look on Him whom they have pierced, and shall mourn."—ZECH. xii. 10.

Jesus, seek thy wandering sheep;
Make me restless to return;
Bid me look on thee, and weep—
Bitterly as Peter mourn.

O shall Christians be more sparing of their tears for Christ, than Christ was of his blood for them? We cry out against the Jews and Romans as hard-hearted men for piercing Christ, and being unconcerned at his sufferings; but what softer are our hearts, if we can see how our sins put him to death, and not be grieved nor weep? Lord, send thy Spirit to touch my heart, and then it will melt into a stream of tears for sin, that cursed thing that butchered the Lamb of God.—*Willison.*

MONDAY.

"It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of mirth."—ECCLES. vii. 2.

When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

Go often to the house of mourning, and be not unseasonably or immoderately in the house of mirth. When you observe what is the end of all men, "the heart will be made better by it." But excess of carnal mirth doth infatuate men, and destroy their wisdom, seriousness, and sobriety. Remember that time is posting on whether you work or play.—*Baxter.*

TUESDAY.

"This is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world."—JOHN iv. 42.

Jesus, the Sinner's Friend, to thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee,
Weary of earth, myself, and sin;
Open thine arms, and take me in!

I remember the time when, if I could have gone to heaven by my education, civility, forms of prayer of mine own making or by my father's copy, I would not have made use of Christ; but at last I found that there was salvation in no other, and sailing by the gates of hell in my apprehension, I also found that no voice but the voice of Christ would still the voice of desperation. There is no paradise without this tree—no light without this sun—no God, no glory, no heaven, no happiness, without this Christ, in this world.—*Mayhew.*

WEDNESDAY.

"If we suffer, we shall also reign with him."—2 TIM. ii. 12

Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope!—
It lifts the fainting spirits up—
It brings to life the dead.
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last
Triumphant with our Head.

Will I venture nothing, suffer nothing, for the "crown of glory that fadeth not away?" My dog will follow my horse's heels from morning to night, take many a weary step through mire and dirt, rather than leave me, though at night all he gets by it is but bones and blows. If my soul had any true greatness, any sparks of generosity in it, how would it despise the sufferings of the way, for the glory of the end! How would it break down all difficulties before it, whilst, by an eye of faith, it sees "the Forerunner, who is already entered," standing, as it were, upon the walls of heaven, with the crown in his hand, saying: "He that overcometh shall inherit all things." Come on, then, my soul, come on.—*Flavel.*

THURSDAY.

"They rest from their labours.—REV. xiv. 13.

Who trusting in their Lord depart,
Cleansed from all sin, and pure in heart,
The bliss unmix'd, the glorious prize,
They find with Christ in paradise.

The time is coming when thy heart shall be as thou wouldst have it; when thou shalt be discharged of these cares, fears, and sorrows, and never cry out, Oh! my hard, my proud, my vain, my earthly heart, any more; when all darkness shall be banished from thine understanding, and thou shalt clearly discover all truths in God, that crystal ocean of truth; when all vanity shall be purged perfectly out of thy thoughts, and they be everlastingly, ravishingly, and delightfully entertained and exercised upon that supreme goodness and infinite excellency of God, from whom they shall never start any more like a broken bow. And as for thy pride, passion, earthliness, and all other the matters of thy complaint and trouble, it shall be said of them as of the Egyptians to Israel: "Stand still, and see the salvation of God." These corruptions thou seest to-day, henceforth thou shalt see them no more for ever: when thou shalt lay down thy weapons of prayers, tears, and groans, and put on the armour of light, not to fight but triumph in.—*Ibid.*

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FIRST LINES AND LAST TOUCHES.

BY GEORGE REDFORD, D.D., WORCESTER.

An artist admitted an intimate friend into his *studio* just as he had prepared his canvass for an historical painting. His friend stood by in silence, but not void of thought, while the outline was roughly sketched in chalk. He observed the conception of the artist's mind gradually developing itself, and imperfectly announcing the order of the objects—the position and prominence which one alone was to assume. He was permitted to watch the progress of this interesting work from day to day, from month to month—the additions and improvements, the lights and the shades which art and taste suggested, till at length he saw the "last touches" given to it; and then it stood before him a finished painting, the visible embodiment of the "idea" the artist had first formed in the mysterious workshop of his own imagination. Here he saw, by analogy, no inapt illustration, in the contrast between the rough outline and the finished painting, of the difference between the human mind in its cultivated and uncultivated state. If the one, he thought, is interesting, the other is incomparably more so; for the work of the most gifted artist is but a representation, a mere shadow, composed of colours skilfully combined—of light and shade artfully contrasted. The mind is a living immortal reality. The painting is but a creation of human art—an ingenious formation; but the mind is its creator: and the progress of the mind, from its first untutored state to the last embellishments it may receive, should, to say the least, be as diligently and anxiously prosecuted as the perfection of any work of art by which genius aspires at renown; for does it not involve a far higher and more momentous issue?

Every view, therefore, that can be taken of this intellectual contrast, whether it relates to the development of mental power, the cultivation of the moral feelings and sentiments, or the conformity of the entire man to the will of his Creator, is deeply interesting and instructive. One thought that makes it so is, that we who make the comparison, or contemplate it when it is presented to us, ought ourselves to become specimens of this gradual and happy progress of mental and moral improvement. Every one is liable to become the subject of such a comparison; and he must himself sometimes make it to his own joy or grief, according as he feels conscious that he has sought or neglected the cultivation of his mind. But this consciousness will become increasingly sensitive on all that relates to his moral state—his preparation for immortality, and the opportunities he has enjoyed of correcting his sins and errors, and advancing in the knowledge and love of God. There are but few indeed that can say they have improved their opportunities of mental and moral culture to the extent of their ability. Many, in looking back, are reminded with shame and pain of invaluable opportunities and facilities they once enjoyed, and can never recover. It is well if such reflections induce them to prize their still remaining privileges. It is not yet too late to gain improvement, and it will be a hopeful symptom to desire it. Even to look up to something higher and better than they have yet attained, will stimulate the mind, and call forth its aspirations. Let them, for instance, imagine the different thoughts and feelings with which a rustic, utterly ignorant of astronomy, would gaze upon the starry firmament, and those which would fill the mind of such a man as Sir Isaac Newton or Sir John Herschell. Yet let them not overlook the fact, that even that rustic, under proper culture, might have been the rival of those great philosophers. Or let them trace backward the progress of the astronomer, and contemplate the mind of Newton when he acquired the first lines of science—when he was a child handling his hornbook, and learning the power of letters and figures—and then contrast with that state the same mind, when, by years of studious application, it had reached the sublimest regions of science, and possessed itself of nearly all the treasures of human knowledge. In the former case we look upon the little precious embryo, just deposited in the ground, and beginning to germinate, and in the latter we behold the same seed grown into a beautiful plant, or majestic wide-spreading tree. The contrast, indeed, is vast; but the progress was slow and gradual. It took place not by large accessions, sudden strides, or fitful efforts, but was gradual, like the rising light, which increases more and more to the perfect day.

Every one should be aware that it is by gradual improvement the mind develops its powers and increases its treasures. Those in the humblest stations should be taught the important fact, that their minds are as susceptible of improvement as others. The path of advancement is closed to none, and the way of virtue and piety is especially open to them. Why should any doubt or despair? They may not reach the highest pinnacles, but they may aspire to something far higher and better than they have yet attained. Let the desire be fostered, let the purpose be formed, and let the work be commenced. Time will show, when they pause to make the comparison, that progress has been made. Every step upwards widens the prospect, and brings us nearer the summit. Mark the rough stone just hewed in

the quarry; but placed under the hand of the statuary, it is daily advancing to the image of a man. Had it remained in the quarry, it had never been transformed into that beautiful image. Yet the change is the result of assiduous labour and repeated strokes. The chisel has been plied day by day, week after week, and now the last touches have given it the perfect figure of a man. The material was merely susceptible of the form; the powers that produced it were genius, taste, perseverance, and such like. These powers themselves belong to mind; and in their progress, from their first to their highest state, present an analogy to the wonderful and beautiful works they create.

If it is so in the development of the intellectual powers, it is obvious that it cannot be different in reference to our moral and spiritual capabilities. Here the rough materials are to undergo a change as striking as any already noticed, and transcendently more important. In this work a Divine Agent takes a share, and comes, both directly and by appointed instrumentality, to effect a new creation. The soul, in its affection, desires, pleasures and pains, hopes and fears, is to be progressively wrought into a meetness for a perfect state. The jewel is buried, and must be dug out; it is incrusted, and must be cleansed; it is rough, and must be polished. What a contrast is presented between the first lines of truth impressed upon the conscience, and the last acquisitions of devout and holy affection, as the same spirit plumes its wings for its departure to the regions of the blessed! Once it was like the shapeless clay lying in the field, or the unhewn timber growing wild and luxuriant in the forest, or the metal that was mixed with stone and rubbish, but which skilful labour has wrought into a splendid edifice, imposing to the sight, commodious for habitation, and fit to be the residence of royalty.

Here it will be evident, that though something depends upon the nature of the materials, yet more depends upon the process to which they are subjected, and the agent that undertakes the work. The mind, without education, is a field without culture. It is not simply unproductive: it will be overgrown with noxious weeds. Ignorance has a positive effect. It is not simply a negation of knowledge: it is essentially the substitution of error for truth. If this remark is true in reference to the general culture of the mind, and all the subjects of natural knowledge, it is most strictly and emphatically true in reference to the highest and most important kind of cultivation. The contrast between an ignorant and a learned man is not greater, more striking, or on the one side more lamentable, and on the other more pleasing, than the difference between a man ignorant of true religion, and one well instructed and experienced in the same subject. The one looks on the Word of God just as a rustic does upon the sky in a clear moonlight night. He sees and apprehends nothing beyond a few sparkling objects, which awaken no thoughtful admiration, excite no grateful adoration, and, most probably, afford not half so much pleasure as would an exhibition of fire-works; while the other sees in these very same objects matter for endless admiration, deep thought, and fervent adoration of that great and glorious Being who created and supports the whole. The ignorant and irreligious man may read the same Book of God as the devout and experienced believer; but how different are the sentiments awakened in their different minds! Ask the converted man who, in his unconverted state, had opportunities of reading the Bible, and did read it, with what sentiments and feelings he reads it now? He will tell you that since his eyes were opened, and his mind initiated into the truth and love of God by the teaching of his Spirit, the Bible has become to him what the starry firmament is to the philosopher—full of wisdom and benevolence. It is as if he had received a new sense. Old things have passed away, and all things are become new.

These pages will probably meet the eye of no one who has not personally experienced some part of the process. Some mental culture is enjoyed by all our readers. But our object is to direct attention to the most essential—to that moral and spiritual advancement which admits of no substitute in natural knowledge or intellectual improvement. These may exist where the first lines of moral excellence are not laid down. And where such is the case, how distant must be that perfection in holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord!

But it may be the reader is conscious that the work of moral renovation is not merely commenced, but advanced some stages, and still going on. Let such be excited to redoubled ardour, and to more fervent prayer, that he who has begun the good work may still carry it forward to the day of Jesus Christ. Ardent, zealous, devoted Christians, on you the Divine Artist is tracing his own moral lineaments. Watch over them. Take heed that nothing interpose to blur or obliterate them; for he designs them for immortality, and his eternal glory depends upon their perfection and perpetuity.

THE POPE—CEREMONIES AT ROME.

BY THE REV. W. K. TWEEDIE, EDINBURGH.

It was lately our lot to see the Pope going in procession from his palace on the Quirinal Hill to the Vatican, and the slowness of the pageant afforded his loving subjects, and us his hereditary enemies, an opportunity of studying his outer man at least. The Pope's outward bearing is that of a monk lifted from a cloister to a palace, and not quite at ease in his new position; and certainly Bonaparte's witticism, applied

to his brother, is equally applicable to Gregory XVI. If royalty be written on the forehead of monarchs, he might travel the world incognito. Yet, what is defective in dignity is made up by benevolence; and the *vivas* of the thousands of his subjects who knelt before him, were but the proper responses to an affability so great as Gregory's. He received with all possible patience the petitions which were showered into his carriage by the poor and the miserable; and *seemed*, at least, to read some of them. His blessings were lavishly conferred in answer to the yells of "Santo Padre, vostra benedizione!" uttered by all classes on their bended knees.

Arrived at St Peter's, with his suite of cardinals, his body-guard of Roman princes and nobles, and his thousands of a mob, the Pope proceeded to his religious duties in that edifice, which is certainly one of the noblest ever reared by men for worship. He was dressed in a *petticoat* of cambric or muslin, reaching down to the ancle, and richly worked; over his shoulders hung a tunic or capot of purple silk, tastefully, rather than richly, embroidered. His head was bare, except the zuchetto which covered the tonsure of his monkhood. Little ceremony attended his descent from the carriage, and numbers crowded around him, unmolested by his guards, to see him, and receive his blessing. He entered the church under the guidance of a motley escort of churchmen and cavalry—a strange medley of what should have been peaceful, but what was warlike, and proceeded to the Chapel of the Virgin, where his cowl was laid aside, and he seemed to be engaged in prayer to the Virgin Mary. This ceremony lasted for about ten minutes, when another saint received another, but a shorter act of devotion, from a fellow-creature, the man called infallible. Gregory next proceeded to kiss the toe of St Peter, which he did with less ardour, but as much devotion, as most of his subjects; and to show his devotedness to this prince of the apostles, he orthodoxly placed his uncovered head beneath the statue's foot. The scene finished by another prayer before the high altar, by the shrine of St Peter; and however much we may reprobate the object of such impious doings, we cannot but admit that Gregory acted his part so as to entitle the scene in St Peter's Church to the praise of a well-managed one. It was, of course, impossible for him, amid the din and the parade of his followers, to command his mind into devotion, even though he had been addressing God in Christ, and not a fellow-creature. But the mimicry of devotion was there; and men who can substitute the religion of sense for the religion of spirituality, seek nothing but the exterior.

When the Pope re-entered his carriage, one of the crowd, who stood by the door, uttered familiarly and bluntly the usual prayer for his blessing. Gregory laughed good humouredly, and gave it, while the crowd joined in something which began in a laugh and ended in a cheer. The whole ceremonies of the day led to this conviction, that the old man of the Vatican is, in himself considered, a harmless and an imbecile being. He resembles an old wife in more respects than his petticoat, and is of importance only inasmuch as he serves for the nominal head of a system which spreads with worse than upas influence over the souls and consciences of millions. The interests of the Papacy are managed, and its cruelties inflicted, by ten thousand agents scattered over the world—the head of the system may be an old man in his dotage, or a sensualist, dead to everything but pleasure.

The day of All Saints is one of the gala days of Rome, when cardinal, prelate, priest, and friar swell the levee of the Pope; and it is on occasions like this that one sees most conspicuously the falsehood of Popery. No argument impresses us so strongly as an argument addressed to the eye; and here we have the most signal refutation of that system of errors, called religion. In gazing on the gorgeousness and splendour of these men, all of whom, from the sovereign to the page, rank among ministers of religion, we cannot escape from the conviction, either that that is not Christianity, or that Christianity is an imposture. Surely no hardihood but a Papist's would aver that the Saviour of the lost—he who was born, lived, and died in poverty, and was so obscure that historians just knew of his death—sanctioned or ordained such pageants. Such order upon order; such empurpled pomp; such aspirant priestcraft; such bustling of earthly dignities, mingled with the prostituted rites of religion; such ceremonies upon ceremonies; such cringing obsequiousness on the one hand; such lordly dignity on the other;—can be no part of that system which makes humility the clothing of a Christian. Independent of its principles, one sees, in such things, that Popery is Antichristian. It is the mere foppery of religion; and all this trooping of princely priests proclaims, as plainly as a revelation from heaven could do, that these men have no connection with the Saviour, except that they continue to uphold what he came to destroy—the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life. Popery as seen at Rome, is the very antagonist of religion as seen in the Bible; and while such a thing is obtruded upon man as Christianity, one need not wonder that Infidelity abounds; one may rather wonder that one believer should be found in a land so overrun and overlaid by superstition and the spirit of this world. The ceremonies of Romanism refute it, even to an enemy's wish.

But the worship of Rome is equally Antichristian. In fact, the man that knows Christianity best will deny to the Papist, who adheres to all the dogmas of his creed, the very name of Christian. At Rome, in particular, the Pope, and all the people, from the cardinal chamberlain downwards, glory in the worship of the Virgin Mary; and their religion is not that of the New Testament, but a new and perfectly different creed, which may be named Virgin-Maryism, but certainly is not the religion of Jesus. The Roman time is divided by the hours at which the Virgin is worshipped. The day begins with the ave-Maria. It regulates all assignations and engagements. Her image, and its attendant lustres, often kept constantly burning, glare at the corner of nearly every street. The most splendid churches in Rome are dedicated to her. As if painting were not enough, poetry is called into her service; and we sometimes find, below these images, this invitation to passers-by

—"Stop traveller; bow the head to the mother of God—the queen of heaven." When men recover from sickness, their cure is ascribed mainly to her, and votive offerings are hung up in her churches, as in the temples of Pagan idols in ancient Rome. Indeed, it seems obvious to the most superficial observer, that she has here supplanted the worship of the Redeemer, and that Satan has completely travestied Christianity in that city to which he still, with great subtlety, points men as the metropolis of Christianity. I found only two churches dedicated to the Saviour, and in one of them the Virgin's name was coupled with his; while she has (as I counted) twenty-nine dedicated to herself, an altar perhaps in every church in Rome, and images at every corner and cross-way. And, not satisfied with this, they carry her images in procession—miraculous images they are sometimes called; but the finest we have seen was a wax-doll, as large as life, dressed in a pink gown, an embroidered mantle of light blue, and a crown on her head—an object of as essential idolatry as could be found at this moment in any Heathen land. In her arms she usually carries the infant Saviour; the streets through which she is to pass are strewed with flowers; the windows are hung with the finest tapestries; monks and nuns conduct the procession; and the whole city does homage on these occasions to her who is beyond all controversy their household god. She is called "The Consoler of the Afflicted," "The Helper of Christians," "The Refuge of Sinners," "The Dispenser of Consolation, of Peace, of Divine Aid, of Divine Love." In a word, under Popery, the Virgin is all that the Lord Jesus is under Christianity.

After witnessing these things, one is at no loss to understand the effect which the Roman preachers have upon the hearts of their hearers. They can represent to them the Virgin weeping, or rejoicing over her child, just as any mother of earth would do; and all this finds a quick response in the minds of people so impassioned as the Italians. There is nothing spiritual, nothing immaterial presented to them. Their religion just refers to the common relations of life, a little elevated by being connected with a sacred name; and, by the help of such machinery, Satan enthrals, darkens, and destroys, the souls of men who are posting to the bar of God, with a lie not merely in their right hands, but in their hearts. Nor is it only among common-place preachers that such things are done. Their choicest and most eloquent men use the same language, and plead with their fellow-creatures from the same motives—faith in the Virgin is the substance of all they say. "Yes, yes," exclaims Segneri, one of their most eloquent and original preachers; "ply this lovely practice of devotion. Ask of God no favour, great or small, which you do not ask for the merits of Mary. Represent on all occasions to Jesus that bosom so pure on which he clothed himself with human flesh; that milk which nourished him; those tears which bathed him; and doubt not that your prayers will be accepted every hour. Let us seek grace; and by Mary let us seek it. Thus teaches the most wise St Bernard, because Mary cannot be frustrated. Do we wish health?—by Mary let us seek it. Do we wish knowledge?—by Mary let us seek it. Do we wish talents?—by Mary let us seek them. Do we wish consolation?—by Mary let us seek it. But, above all, do we ask divine grace?—by Mary let us seek it. Let us seek grace, my dear sinners, let us seek grace, and by Mary let us seek it. She is that most precious of women, who has found a jewel so precious as divine grace; and for whom has she found it, if not for us?—for us, so wicked, so perfidious! Let us go, then, let us go to her, and freely ask it; she will never be able to deny it." No mother, at least no Roman mother—none but a Christian, could resist this; and it is thus that the religion of Rome mimics all that is called Christian, and degrades all that is holy in religion to the rank of an earthly passion.

The grand error involved in all these superstitious practices, indeed the basis of the Popish creed, is a corruption of the fundamental doctrine of Christianity—salvation by the righteousness of a Mediator. This was the plan which God, in mercy, divulged for the redemption of lost man. It was effective and complete, because it was divine. But, to corrupt what he could not crush, Satan established at Rome a monstrous perversion of what the Lord Jesus had established at Jerusalem. Instead of one Mediator between God and man, we have hundreds of mediators; yea, so many, that on the day of All Saints, when these host of mediators are worshipped, the idolatrous Romans, wearied and hoarse with their supplications to the saints, called over by name, as in a muster-roll, are obliged to take refuge at last in an "et ceteri sancti, orate pro nobis." Time or strength would fail them even to repeat the names of the whole. Withdrawing men's thoughts from the true Intercessor, to fix them on the imaginary mediators, who yet cannot mediate if they would, and would not if they could, Satan has accomplished his object; men's souls are allured to destruction down a path made apparently smooth by being like the religion of revelation, but, in effect, destroying it—extirpating it—annihilating it.

But it is vain to argue or remonstrate against Romanism. The Christian indeed rejects it at once, as an incubus on the spirit of man. By the semblance of religion involved in it, it lulls conscience, by a soporific from which it seldom awakes; and if conscience be lulled, the Romanist feels satisfied his duty is done, and all is right. The master-stroke of its policy is thus to keep conscience quiet, not to enlighten it, not to convince it of sin, and lead to Him who taketh sin away; but to prevent it from discovering sin, by prescribing certain forms of religion, in which men are to engage with the spirit and on the principles of men of this world in their business. The task to be performed, or the problem to be solved, is manifestly this—"Given a certain number of crosses to be made, of aves, paternosters, and prayers to be repeated; required the most speedy mode of doing it?" To this work men, women, and children, priests and laymen, the consecrated and the vile, hasten with an industry that would be commendable in any other work, and yet with a manifest want of interest in what they do, which would be ridiculous, did we not know and feel the mockery

that is offered to God by the supposition that he exacts or can receive prayers *by tale*. It is not to be denied that we find exactly the same spirit of formality in Protestant countries; but, in the one case, the error originates in the fact that religion, or rather superstition, prescribes the error—in the other the error prevails in spite of religion; and it is for this reason that Romanism should be prayed and watched against by all who know the value of souls on the one hand, and the simple religion of Jesus Christ upon the other.

CHRIST'S PRESENCE PRECIOUS.

(*From "Mount of Olives," by Rev. James Hamilton.*)

LET me mention some benefits of Christ's perpetual presence with his people, especially when that presence is recollected and realized.

1. It is sanctifying. The company of an earthly friend is often influential on character. If he be one of a very pure and lofty mind, and, withal, one who has gained an ascendency over your own soul, his very presence is a talisman. If an angry storm be gathering in your bosom, or lowering in your countenance, the unexpected sunshine of his heavenly aspect will disperse it all again. If mean or unworthy thoughts were creeping into your mind, the interruption of his noble presence will chase them all away. If you are on the point of declining some difficult enterprise, or evading some incumbent duty, the glance of his remonstrating eye will at once shame away your indolence or cowardice, and make you up and doing. So the Saviour's recollected presence is a constant reproof and a ceaseless incentive to an affectionate disciple. Is he provoked? Is his temper ruffled? Is he about to come out with some sharp or cutting sarcasm, or to deal the indignant blow? One look from the Lamb of God will calm his spirit—will cool the flush of fury in his burning cheek—will make his swelling heart beat softly. Are you tempted? Do evil thoughts arise in your heart? One glance from these holy eyes can chase away a whole legion of devils, and banish back into the pit each foul suggestion. Are you seized with a lazy or selfish fit? Are you wearying of work which for some time you were doing, or refusing work which God is now giving you to do? Are you angry at an affliction, or averse to a given task? Lo! he puts to his hand, and offers to help you with this cross, and you observe that it is a pierced hand; and he offers to go before and show you the way, and you notice that the footprints are bleeding, and it wounds you to think that you should have needed such an admonition. Or you have just come away from a scene of guilt—from a company where you have denied him—where you have just been saying, by your conduct, by your silence, or your words, "I know not the man;" and as you encounter the eye of Jesus, whom they are leading away to crucify, O Peter, do you not go forth, and weep bitterly?

2. Christ's presence is sustaining. The apostles were wonderfully calm and collected men. People, considering that they were, many of them, unlearned and ignorant, were amazed at their dignified composure in most difficult circumstances. It was scarcely possible to alarm or agitate them. When brought before kings and rulers, it was usually their judges who trembled, but they themselves were tranquil. And Paul tells us the secret of it. When he himself was brought before Cæsar, it was an agitating occasion. Nero was a cruel prince, and the people looked on his palace much as they would have looked on a leopard's den. An order has arrived to bring the Galilean prisoner to the emperor's judgment-hall. The apostle had just time to warn a few friends, and like enough they came and condoled with him; but they thought it prudent not to go with him into court. It might compromise their own safety, and it could do him no effectual good;—and he did not urge them. The soldiers arrived, and he went away cheerily with them—the old weather-beaten man—without his cloak, for he had left it at Troas; without his friends, for he had left them behind at his own hired house—as forlorn as ever prisoner stood before Cæsar. And how was it that the infirm old man passed, with so serene a look, the clashing swords and scowling sentries at the palace-front? How was it that he trod the gloomy gateway with a step so full of merry innocence and martyr-zeal, and never noticed Nero's lions snuffling and howling in their hungry den? And how was it that in the dim and dangerous presence-chamber, where cruelty sat upon the throne of luxury—how was it that, with that wolf upon the judgment-seat, and those blood-hounds all around him—with none but Pagans present, and not one believing friend to bear thee company—how was it, O Paul! that in such an hour of peril, instead of pleading Not guilty, and falling down on suppliant knees, thou didst commit the very crime they charge against thee—the crime of loyalty to Jesus—and urge Christ's claims on Cæsar? Why the secret of this strange courage was, "At my first answer no man stood with me, but all forsook me. Notwithstanding, THE LORD stood with me and strengthened me, that by me the preaching might be fully known, and that all the Gentiles might hear; and I was delivered out of the mouth of the lion."

And you, my friends, will all be brought into agitating circumstances. It is not likely that it will be said to you, "Fear not, for thou must stand before Cæsar." But you may be arraigned before terrible tribunals—the tribunal of public opinion—the tribunal of private affection—the tribunal of worldly interest—for Christ's name's sake. From time to time you may be constrained to pass through ordeals which will make you understand how Paul felt when passing in at the palace-gate. When called to give your testimony for Christ, the flesh may be weak, and the willing word may be like to expire in your choking utterance. Worldly wisdom may beckon you back, and, like Paul's fearful friends, cautious or carnal Christians may refuse to support you. It is not Nero's hall, but a quiet parlour you are entering; but before you come out again you may be a poor man, or a friendless one. The *Yes* or *No* of one faithful moment may have spurned the ladder of promotion from under your feet, and dashed your brightest hopes on this side the grave. Or, by the time the letter you are now penning is closed, and sealed, and posted, and the sinful assent, or the compromising proposal, or the resolute refusal is written, the Lord Jesus will have said, "I know thy works, that thou hast a name, that thou livest and art dead;" or, "I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot;" or, "I know thy works; behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it; for thou hast a little strength, and hast kept my word, and hast not denied my name. I also will keep thee." In such fiery trials of love and fidelity, there is nothing so sure to overcome as the recollected presence of "Lo! I am with you." And, oh! it is sweeter, like the three holy children, to pace up and down beneath the furnace's flaming vault, arm in arm with the Son of Man, than to tread the green pastures of an earthly promotion or a carnal tranquillity purchased by the denial of Jesus, and so with the wrath of the Lamb.

3. Comforting. You have noticed the difference in travelling the same road solitary and in pleasant company. "What! we are not here already? It takes three hours to do it, and we have not been half that time. Well! I could not have believed it; but then I never before travelled it with you." No doubt Cleopas and his comrade used to think the road from Jerusalem to Emmaus long enough, and were very glad when they reached the fiftieth furlong. But that evening when the stranger from Jerusalem joined them, they grudged every waymark which they passed; and as, in the progress of his expositions, Moses and all the prophets beamed with light from heaven, and their own hearts glowed warmer and warmer, they would fain have counted the mile-stones back again. "How vexing! This is Emmaus; but you must not go on. 'Abide with us, for the day is far spent.'" Any road which you travel solitary is long enough, and any stage of life's journey where no one is with you, will be dreary and desolate. But you need have no such companionless stages—no such cheerless journeys. If you be a disciple, the Lord Jesus always is with you. And whether they be the silent weeks which you spend in search of health in some far-away and stranger-looking place, or the long voyage in the sea-roaming ship, or the shorter journey in the rattling stage or railway car—if, in reading, or musing, or lifting up your heart, you can realize that Saviour's presence, who is about your path and compasses all your ways, you will be almost sorry when such a journey is ended, and when *such* a solitude is exchanged for more wonted society. I can almost believe that John Bunyan left Bedford Jail with a sort of trembling, fearing that he might never find again such a Bethel as he had found in that narrow cell for the last twelve years; and I can understand how Samuel Rutherford wrote from his place of banishment: "Christ hath met me in Aberdeen, and my adversaries have sent me here to be feasted with his love. I would not have believed that there was so much in Jesus as there is. But 'Come and see,' maketh Christ be known in his excellency and glory."

PASSING AWAY.

"His days are as a shadow that passeth away."—PSALMS.

Passing away!
'Tis told by the dew-drops that sparkle at morn,
And when the noon cometh are gone, ever gone;
They all in their diamond-like glittering say,
"Man's life, like our radiance, is passing away."

Passing away!
'Tis written on flowers that bloom at our side,
Then wither away in their beauty and pride;
Though speechless, they warn us each hour of the day,
"Man's life, like our bloom, is fast passing away."

Passing away!
'Tis sung by the birds, in each musical note,
That borne on the morning air gaily doth float;
They warble while springing "from arbour to spray,"
"Man's life, like our music, is passing away."

Passing away!
'Tis sighed by the leaves when the chill autumn breeze
Tears rudely their hold from the wind-shaken trees;
They whisper alike to the thoughtful and gay,
'Man's life, like the autumn leaf, passeth away."

Passing away!
As we think of the brilliant but ever lost star,
Which sparkled for ages in that group afar,
There cometh a voice from the bright ones that stay:
"Man's life, like the Pleiad, is passing away."

Passing away!
The dear ones we loved in our youth's happy morn,
Now gone to that bourne from which none may return,
Speak gently unto us—oh! list while ye may—
"Man's short life is passing, is passing away."

WHERE DID HE GET THAT LAW?

IN a neat and beautiful city, in one of the Northern States, lived a lawyer of eminence and talents. I do not know many particulars of his moral character, but he was notoriously profane. He had a Negro boy, at whom his neighbours used to hear him swear with awful violence.

One day this gentleman met an elder of the Presbyterian Church, who was also a lawyer, and said to him: "I wish, Sir, to examine into the truth of the Christian religion. What books would you advise me to read on the evidences of Christianity?"

The elder, surprised at the inquiry, replied: "That is a question, Sir, which you ought to have settled long ago. You ought not to have put off a subject so important to this late period of life."

"It is too late," said the inquirer; "I never knew much about it, but I always supposed that Christianity was rejected by the great majority of learned men. I intend, however, now to examine the subject thoroughly myself. I have upon me, as my physician says, a mortal disease, under which I may live a year and a-half or two years, but not probably longer. What books, Sir, would you advise me to read?"

"The Bible," said the elder.

"I believe you do not understand me," resumed the unbeliever, surprised in his turn; "I wish to investigate *the truth* of the Bible."

"I would advise you, Sir," repeated the elder, "to read the Bible; and (he continued) I will give you my reasons: Most Infidels are very ignorant of the Scriptures. Now to reason on any subject with correctness, we must understand what it is about which we reason. In the next place, I consider the internal evidence of the truth of the Scriptures stronger than the external."

"And where shall I begin?" inquired the unbeliever—"at the New Testament?"

"No," said the elder; "at the beginning—at Genesis."

The Infidel bought a commentary, went home, and sat down to the serious study of the Scriptures. He applied all his strong and well-disciplined powers of mind to the Bible, to try rigidly but impartially its truth.

As he went on in the perusal, he received occasional calls from the elder. The Infidel freely remarked upon what he had read, and stated his objections. He liked this passage—he thought that touching and beautiful—but he could not credit a third.

One evening the elder called, and found the un-

believer at his house or office, walking the room with a dejected look, his mind apparently absorbed in thought. He continued, not noticing that any one had come in, busily to trace and retrace his steps. The elder at length spoke:—

"You seem, Sir," said he, "to be in a study. Of what are you thinking?"

"I have been reading," replied the Infidel, "the moral law."

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked the elder.

"I have been looking," said the Infidel, "into the nature of that law. I have been trying to see whether I can add anything to it, or take anything from it, so as to make it better. Sir, I cannot. It is 'perfect.'"

"The first commandment," continued he, "directs us to make the CREATOR the object of our supreme love and reverence. That is right. If he be our Creator, and Preserver, and Supreme Benefactor, we ought to treat him, and 'none other,' as such. The second forbids idolatry. That is certainly right. The third forbids profaneness. The fourth fixes a time for religious worship. If there be a God, he ought surely to be worshipped. It is suitable that there should be an outward homage, significant of our inward regard. If God be worshipped, it is proper that some 'time' should be set apart for that purpose, when all may worship him harmoniously, and without interruption. One day in seven is certainly not too much, and I do not know that it is too little. The fifth defines the peculiar duties arising from family relations. Injuries to our neighbour are then *classified* by the moral law. They are divided into offences against life, chastity, property, and character. And," said he, applying a legal idea with legal acuteness, "I notice that the greatest offence in each class is expressly forbidden. Thus the greatest injury to life is murder; to chastity, adultery; to property, theft; to character, perjury. Now the greater offence must include the less of the same kind. Murder must include every injury to life; theft every injury to honesty, and so of the rest. And the moral code is closed and perfected, by a command forbidding every improper *desire* in regard to our neighbour.

"I have been thinking," he proceeded, "where did Moses get that law? I have read history: the Egyptians and the adjacent nations were idolaters; so were the Greeks and Romans; and the wisest and best Greeks or Romans never gave a code of morals like this. Where did Moses get this law which surpasses the wisdom and philosophy of the most enlightened ages? He lived at a period comparatively barbarous, but he has given a law, in which the learning and sagacity of all subsequent time can detect no flaw. Where did he get it? He could not have soared so far above his age as to have devised it himself. I am satisfied where he obtained it. It came down from heaven. I am convinced of the truth of the religion of the Bible!"

The Infidel—Infidel no longer—remained to his death a firm believer in the truth of Christianity.

[This story is not without its value, as showing the power of the evidence for the divine origin of Christianity, even when brought to bear merely on the intellect. We were not surprised, however, to find that, after all, it was doubtful whether the lawyer referred to, now dead, had ever truly embraced Jesus Christ as offered in the Gospel. There is more of intellect than of *heart* in his experience, as above narrated—more of setting God's Word at the bar of man's reason, than of man, a sinner, finding himself at the bar of God's justice. No doubt *intellectual* may, by the guidance of God's Spirit, lead to *heart* conviction; but the work which *begins* at the heart, and through it reaches and humbles the intellect, is more likely to prove genuine and lasting.]

BERÖE.

BY THE REV. D. LANDSBOROUGH, STEVENSTON.

IN giving an account of what fell under our notice in the way from Brodick to Corrie, I intentionally omitted one discovery, that I might return to it, and speak of it more fully. One of the greatest treats we had in this lovely summer morning's walk was our falling in with a whole fleet of *Berões*. And what is a *Berõe?* It is a living creature; and in Professor Fleming's "British Animals" it is ranked among *Radiata acalepha*. As astronomers give classical names to planets, and stars, and constellations, from their imaginary resemblance, in some respect, to some person, or animal, or inanimate objects—such as Saturn, Jupiter, Venus, the Ram, the Bull, the Lyre; so naturalists, in imitation of astronomers, often give classical names to the animals they describe. Now, *Berõe* is mentioned as one of the sea-nymphs by Virgil in the striking fable of *Aristæus* and his bees; and were it justifiable, thus as it were to honour Heathen mythology, we would say that the name is well chosen; for our *Berõe* corresponds to the description given by Virgil of his sea-maid:—

"Clioque et *Beroe* soror: Oceanitides ambæ,
Ambæ auro, pictis incinctæ pellibus ambæ."

"Clio and Berõe, from one father both,
Both girt with gold, and clad in parti-coloured cloth."

This description was still more applicable to another species afterwards found, though this one was at times entitled to it, from the golden iridescence of its hues. The *Berõe* now found was not unknown to me, but it was new to my young companions, who beheld it with much interest. It requires a practised eye readily to detect this fragile diaphanous creature. It is not very rare in the Firth of Clyde; but it must be rare in some of our seas; for a first-rate naturalist, who is acquainted with almost all the creeping creatures, and all the natant beauties of the deep, mentioned to me that it has never been his good fortune to find a *Berõe;* and Dr Fleming, at the time his "British Animals" was published, seems to have seen but one specimen, though I know that he is now acquainted with five or six species. The first I ever saw was caught in a gauze net by Professor Edward Forbes, when he and I were with Mr Smith of Jordanhill in his yacht, the "Amethyst," in the Kyles of Bute. Having thus learned to be on the outlook for them, I found them afterwards in tranquil creeks at Milport and at Ardrossan. I was going to say that it is one of the most beautiful and interesting of the little inhabitants of the deep; but so many of the

dwellers in the deep are beautiful and interesting, that the one under consideration at the time is apt to be regarded as the most attractive. This, however, is not a bulky beauty—not of the Dutch make; for it is only about an inch and a quarter in length, and three-quarters of an inch in diameter; and it is almost as transparent as the limpid element in which it floats. It is, I believe, the *Beröe ovata* of Professor Fleming; and I shall extract part of the description given of it in his "British Animals:" "*Beröe ovata.*—The body orbicular, slightly depressed at the summit, and a little protuberant at the base. There were eight vertical bands or ribs extending from the summit to the base. These were narrow, denticulated on the margin, confined to the surface, and of a denser substance than the gelatinous interior. From the central substance of the ribs a number of filaments proceeded, which were lost in the substance of the body. The mouth, or opening at the base, had some appearance of having its margin divided into four lobes. . . . . Each rib is furnished with a tube, uniting with it near the middle. I could easily observe the water enter the tube at the summit, pass into the lateral vesicles, and go out at their external openings; and in some cases the motion of the current was reversed," &c.

Our *Beröe* also was egg-shaped, and divided into equal compartments by eight longitudinal ribs. It consisted of pellucid gelatine, so that it was like a floating egg of fine crystal. But the most wonderful part of the animal is the tubular ribs through which streams of water flow. They are close set externally, with fine *ciliæ*, upwards of a hundred on each rib; so that when it wishes to move, these *ciliæ*, like a thousand paddles, are instantly in a state of the most rapid motion. At first we observed only one, which, lifting cautiously in some water in the hollow of the hand, we dropped into a little rock-pool, where we could better observe its evolutions. We could then inspect, not only its external workmanship, but also its internal machinery; for it was so transparent, that we could see into its very core. Alas for us frail mortals, if our neighbours could see into our hearts! But though *they* cannot, we should not forget that there is One who not only can, but does, search all hearts, and who understands all the imaginations of the thoughts. "He who formed the eye, shall He not see?" He that made the heart, shall He not know all that passes therein? When we reflect on this, well may we humble ourselves in the dust, and cry: "Behold, we are vile; what shall we answer thee?" Lord, be merciful to us sinners; behold us in the face of thine Anointed; blot out our iniquities, and accept us in the Beloved.

Though at first we observed only one solitary *Beröe*, we had not gone far till we found them in abundance. In one little creek there was a flotilla of fifty. What life—what beauty—what happiness in that little fleet! Fifty thousand paddles, of exquisite workmanship were in rapid, noiseless motion, twinkling with all the iridescent beauty of the morning dew. I had not before observed this lovely iridescence; and I ascribed it in part to the more favourable inclination of the sunbeams at this early hour.

> "Now morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime
> Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearl.
> . . . . . .
> Awake! the morning shines, and the fresh field
> Calls us. We lose the prime, to mark how spring
> Our tender plants; how blows the citron grove;
> What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed;
> How Nature paints her colours; how the bee
> Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet."
>
> MILTON.

We are no longer in Paradise; we are not the inhabitants of Eastern climes; but we have no cause to murmur. I question whether odours fresh from Araby the Blest were ever more delightful than those wafted by the zephyrs from a blooming beanfield; or whether the rich perfume of citron or cinnamon groves ever surpassed the fragrance arising, after a shower, from a birchen copse, intermingled with hawthorn, and honeysuckle, and sweet-smelling eglantine. Was ever hum of Hyblæan bees happier or more peace-speaking than that which arises from the sunny side of a Highland hill, clothed for miles with wild thyme and purple-blooming heather? Though tropical birds have gayer plumage, can they equal in song our cheerful mavis, our mellow merle, or the happy, heart-fraught hymn of the soaring skylark, pouring, as she soars, a flood of song in at the gates of heaven, and down on the inhabitants of the earth? saying, it may be, to subjacent mortals: "Sit loose to the earth; seek your home in the sky." It is during the hour of prime that the feathered warblers delight to raise their matin song. Were we oftener to hear them in that fresh and tranquil hour, we might be more disposed to rival them by singing, with grateful hearts, songs that were once sung in Zion, and which are still listened to with pleasure by Zion's glorious King.

The morning hour is a precious one for the naturalist, when Nature has, as it were, turned over a fresh leaf of her works. Let him, then, after prayerfully perusing a portion of a better book—the "more sure Word"—sally forth to drink in knowledge fresh from the fountain; and the more that he sees of the Lord's handiwork by flood and by field, the more will he be disposed—if he looks up to him as a Father, to adore him for his kindness, not only to man, but to those numberless creatures, both great and small, with which he has peopled the earth. His kindness towards man is fitted to fill heaven as well as earth with astonishment. He made him but a little lower than the angels; he crowned him with glory and honour; he made him lord of this lower creation. But dark is the second page of the early history of man! How is the gold changed! How has the most fine gold become dim! The children of God have become the slaves of Satan. The inhabitants of paradise were driven out into the world, brought under a curse for the sin of man. And why were not these proud and ungrateful children of rebellion driven down into the deep abyss of woe? It was because mercy, the loveliest attribute of Deity, hitherto unknown, shone forth in all its benignant brightness. When angels revolted, for reasons not revealed to us, there was no forgiveness; but when man rebelled, the Lord said: "Redeem from going down to the pit; for I have found a ransom." When the earth said

It is not in me; and when the deep said, It is not in me; the heavens sent forth their richest treasure. He who was the glory of the heavens veiled his glory, that by his atoning sufferings he might save a multitude whom no man can number of the perishing inhabitants of this earth. "God is in Christ, reconciling the world to himself, not imputing to men their trespasses;" binding them to himself in an everlasting covenant; sealing them with the Holy Spirit of promise; and raising them at last to blessedness, far above their highest wish, and permanent as the Source from which it flows. He who can look up to God as his Father and Friend, beholds with greater delight the beauty of creation, and the happiness enjoyed by countless myriads of the inferior animals, however minute many of them may be. Even the beautiful little *Beröe*, which sparkles amidst the waves, is beheld by him with interest and with some degree of affection, when he remembers that his heavenly Father made it, sustains it, and has so adorned it with prismatic radiance, that, like a floating fragment of the covenant-bow, it seems, though mute, expressively to say: "The hand that made *me* is divine."

Our attention was drawn to this little *Beröe* by the occasional iridescence of portions of its body, and particularly of the tiny paddles or ciliæ, sparkling under the rays of the sun. It was the brilliant sun that rendered them radiant. Beautiful as they are, they have no radiance of their own. Their sweet beams are borrowed. Their light comes from on high—from the sun, God's treasure-house of light. Oh! should not we remember that it is only when we reflect the beams of a better sun—the Sun of Righteousness—that we can at all be said to shine? We are all darkness, and walk in darkness, till the day dawns, and the day-star arises, and from the Fountain of light and life, life and light are given to us. "Wherefore, awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." Let us court the beams of this blessed light; for if we reflect their splendour as we journey through the wilderness, we shall shine as the jewels of Christ's crown in our Father's kingdom above.

Another thing struck me. Though the sun was shining, there were some of the *Beröes* that did not shine. Those that reflected the light from their spangled sides were easily observed; but the others, being nearly the colour of the water in which they floated, would not have been observed by us had it not been for the shadow which, little opaque as they were, was formed on the sand at the bottom. Now, here were beautiful creatures, with organs fitted to reflect the light, but, somehow, they received not the beams that were illuminating those around them. Is not this the case with many human beings? They may be endowed with noble talents—they may have the form of godliness—they may sit as God's people sit, and may seem to hear as God's people hear; but they hear only with the hearing of the ear: their hearts are on the mountains of vanity, and the Word which to others is the savour of life unto life, is to them the savour of death unto death. Instead of shining for the glory of God and the good of those around them, their path is marked only by darkness. They love not the light; they receive not the things of the Spirit of God, and they walk among sparks of their own kindling. These little *Beröes* were floating on the tide; the first rough wave might have dashed them against a rock, or run them a-ground on the sand, and then a single beam of the scorching sun would have withered them up for ever. O should not they who are walking in darkness, and spreading darkness, consider that the day is far spent, and that the night is at hand; and that nothing can be more dreadful, when emerging from the valley of the shadow of death, than the wrath of the Lamb, whose benignant smile they are now despising?

TIME AND THE SOUL.

TIME grows not old with length of years—
Changes he brings, but changes not;
New born each moment he appears—
We run our race, and are forgot.

Stars in perennial rounds return,
As from eternity they came,
And to eternity might burn—
We are not for one hour the same.

Spring flowers renew their wild perfume,
But ere a second spring they fly;
For life is longer than their bloom—
Our bloom is sweeter, yet we die.

Yet stars, like flowers, have but their day,
And time, like stars, shall cease to roll;
We have what never can decay—
A living and immortal soul.

Lord God! when time shall end his flight,
Stars set, and flowers revive no more,
May we behold thy face in light—
Thy love in Christ may we adore!

J. MONTGOMERY.

Sheffield, October 4, 1828.

THE ANGEL'S MISSION.

AN angel stood on one of the bright eminences of heaven, when, lo! a voice proclaimed, Go forth, my servant, and receive from the dwellers of yonder twinkling sphere the tribute they offer to the King of Heaven. The angel spread his snowy pinions, and directed his flight to where, on the remotest verge of creation, a dim star faintly glimmered. He passed the shining orbs that roll in dazzling splendour around the throne of God. Beings of majestic loveliness and immortal grace peopled each mighty sphere. Each voice was full of melody, and every eye kindled with the high consciousness of undying bliss, as its glance turned heavenward; for though perfect in the immortality of their nature, they still looked to where the Invisible burned in light unapproachable and full of glory. Yet he paused not, for he fulfilled the bidding of his King; and on he sped, till "thrones, dominations, princedoms" were all passed, and on an orb of shadowy dimness he paused to fold

his wings. Ere he entered on the task assigned him, he glanced with eagle-ken over the scene before him. How unlike the glorious scenes of his native skies! He scanned the earth. Vegetation lay blackened and withered, for the frost had fallen upon its beauty. The forest trees had faded from their vernal loveliness, and their discoloured foliage was shed upon the ground, or quivered in the autumn blast. The expanse of ocean next attracted his attention. It lay outstretched in placid loveliness. Its mighty waves rolled in upon the shore sublimely tranquil. But suddenly the tempest breathed upon it in its fierceness, and its mountain billows heaved in wild commotion, till the sky and main mingled in the fearful strife. The sky, before so calm, where the stars reposed in glory, that, too, changed before him, and dark clouds veiled its beauty, while the lightning-flash and thunder-peal kindled and shook the heavens. The strife of elements was now to him. He turned away and sought the dwellers of the dark tempestuous isle. A city reared its massy piles before him. He entered the crowded streets, and passed the portals of one of its stately palaces. It was the hour of mirth; the wine cup sparkled and the song went round. There was light in every eye, and the elastic step was buoyant with exulting mirth. They mingled in the labyrinthian mazes of the giddy dance, in the fulness of thoughtless joy. But the hours passed by, and each turned homeward, and there the seraph sought and found them. But O, how changed! Clouds were on every brow, and every step was languid. One and another he questioned—"Thy tribute to Him who made thee? I would bear the offering to Him;" and the vacant stare or soulless laugh alone gave answer. Strange that the young and happy have no offering to-night for Him, the glorious One (sighed the angel). Yet none of all the throng had aught to offer. He sat him down in weariness, if weariness can fall upon any immortal nature. His eye glanced down the glittering streets, to where a mild light gleamed from a humble casement. He arose and entered the dwelling. By the bed of Death a fragile form was bending. The only loved one of earth had departed. The freed spirit had just sprung to its native skies, and she was left alone. Yet was the heartfelt consecration made: "Lord, I am thine. Thou gavest, and Thou, O Lord, hast taken away, blessed be thy name." Joy beamed on the brow of the angel. "Beautiful, though early fading is thy offering, O daughter of earth! Thy Lord accepts and blesses." A moment, and he was amid the exulting throng that wake the echoes of heaven. The light of his radiant smile was beautiful in the sunlight of the skies, as he announced the result of his mission. And the heavenly arches rung again with the overflowing of immortal joy, as they heard of the bending suppliant of the midnight hour—so true it is, "There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth."—*New York Evangelist.*

THE MISER.

Some hundred years ago, there was a great scarcity of corn in Egypt—the people were daily perishing of want; yet some avaricious merchants hoarded up their stock until it became worth its weight in gold. Among these was an old miser, named Amin, who had filled one of "Joseph's Granaries" at the last plenteous harvest. Day by day, as the famine wasted his fellow-citizens, he sat upon the steps of his corn-store, speculating on their sufferings, and calculating how he could make the utmost usury out of God's bounty. At length there was no more corn elsewhere; famishing crowds surrounded his store-house, and besought him as a charity to give them a little food for all their wealth. Gold was piled around him—the miser's soul was satisfied with the prospect of boundless riches. Slowly he unclosed his iron doors, when, lo! he recoils, blasted and terror-stricken, from his treasury. Heaven had sent the worm into his corn, and instead of piles of yellow wheat, he gazed on festering masses of rottenness and corruption. Starving as the people were, they raised a shout of triumph at the manifest judgment; but Amin heard it not—he had perished in his hour of evil pride.

[Reader, be not like Amin!

Of what have you a store? Is it of money? Then hoard it not. There are many without bread, and more without Bibles. Give as God has given you; for he has given you, that you may give; and if you do not give, God may take.

Is there any talent which you might cultivate—any opportunity of usefulness which you might improve—any means which you might employ, for the benefit, spiritual and temporal, of those around you, whom you see, or those at a distance of whom you hear? Then cultivate—improve—employ. Ye are only stewards—God is Lord, *your* Lord, and his eye is ever on you. His book contains a daily record of your doings. Here or hereafter he will judge unfaithfulness.]

TEMPTATIONS—WHY THEY COME, AND HOW THEY PROFIT.

When a founder has cast his bell, he does not presently fix it in the steeple, but tries it with his hammer, and beats it on every side, to see if there be any flaw in it. Christ doth not, presently after he has converted a man, convey him to heaven; but suffers him first to be beaten upon by many temptations, and then exalts him to his crown.—*Arrowsmith.*

Temptation is the fire that brings up the scum of the heart.—*Boston.*

Put a low value on the world's clay, and a high value on Christ. Temptations will come; but if you do not make them welcome, they will turn to your advantage.—*Rutherford.*

Seeing the saints must have a devil to keep them waking, I wish for a troublesome devil rather than for a secure and sleepy one.—*Ibid.*

Did Christ die, and shall sin live? Was he crucified to the world, and shall our affections to the world be quick and lively? O where is the spirit of him who by the cross of Christ was crucified to the world, and the world to him?—*Owen.*

POWER OF THE GOSPEL.

Peter Links, a Namocqua, had a brother named Jacob Links, who was murdered when on a journey into the country with Mr Threlfall, the Wesleyan

missionary. After we heard of his brother Jacob's murder, Peter, when speaking on the subject, said: "O that I could find the murderer who took away my brother's life! I would not care what distance I might have to travel; I would not mind any exposure, fatigue, or danger; I would not care what expense I might incur, if I could only lay hold of that man." Being aware that men in their savage state cherish an indomitable spirit of revenge, but believing Peter to be a decidedly pious character, I was a little astonished at his language, and rather hastily inquired: "Well, supposing you could find the man, what would you do to him?" "Do to him?" said Peter, "Mynheer, I would bring him to this station, that he might hear the Gospel, and that his soul might be converted to God."—*Shaw's Memorials of South Africa.*

THE BEST EPITAPH.

A MAN'S best monument is his virtuous actions. Foolish is the hope of immortality and future praise, by the cost of senseless stone, when the passenger shall only say: "Here lies a fair stone and filthy carcass." That can only report thee rich; but for other praise, thyself while living must build thy monument, and write thine own epitaph in honest and honourable actions. Those are so much more noble than the other, as living men are better than dead stones. Nay, I know not if the other be not the way to produce a perpetual succession of infamy, while the censorious reader finds occasion to comment on thy bad life. Every man's heart is a tomb, and every man's tongue writes an epitaph upon the well behaved. Either, then, I will procure me such a monument to be remembered by, or it will be better to be inglorious than infamous.—*Hall.*

TELLING TOO MUCH.

"The tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things."

PERSONS who tell a great many stories and remarkable events, are very apt to say too much.

Persons who have heard some one express a *conjecture* that a thing is so and so, and then go and tell that it *is so*, most certainly say too much. Persons who are in the habit of telling *all they know*, are very liable to tell a little more.

Persons who are in the habit of saying things to their friends in *confidence*, are apt to make too many *confidential* friends, and may find to their sorrow, and to the sorrow of others, that they have said quite too much.

Nature has given us *two ears*, and but *one tongue*.

THE ENEMY SOWING TARES.

THE Roman Catholic priests are among the Churches at Arracan (in Asia), trying to shake their confidence in us. They say we are not regularly ordained, and are not descended from the apostles, which they are; and they say we have no right to administer the ordinances, and if they are baptized by us, they will not be saved. They do not dare to say anything against us. They allow that we are pretty good sort of men, as far as they know, but that we are not qualified to baptize. They say we are the followers of a man named Luther, who got drunk, and wanted to get married, so he seceded from the Church, and set up a sect for himself. These are the things thrown at the natives, by which they try to seduce them from us; but they have never succeeded in one instance. Some of the teachers meet them very cleverly by saying: "You don't give us the Bible, but our teachers do;" and that is generally what you may term a floorer; for they cannot answer an argument like that. The Karens will read, if they can get the books; and they don't like the idea of being deprived of the Bible. One of these Jesuits once tried to get them to worship his crucifix; but they said, "Why, do you suppose we are going to worship an idol?" and turned from him with contempt.—*Abbot.*

THREE CLASSES.

THE whole world may be divided into these three ranks and orders of men: Those who, having found God, resign themselves up to his service; those who, having not yet found him, do indefatigably search after him; and lastly, those who have neither found him nor are inclined to seek him. The first are happy and wise; the third are unhappy and fools; the second must be owned to be wise, as they own themselves to be unhappy.—*Pascal.*

A QUESTION.

A LITTLE boy on his death-bed was urging his father to repentance, and fearing he had made no impression, said: "Father, I am going to heaven; what shall I tell Jesus is the reason why you won't love him?" The father burst into tears; but before he could give the answer his dear Sabbath-school boy had fallen asleep in Jesus.

Miscellaneous.

Reasons are the pillars of the fabric of a sermon, but similitudes are the windows which give the best light. The faithful minister avoids such stories whose mention may suggest bad thoughts to the auditors, and will not use a light comparison to make thereof a grave application, for fear lest his poison go further than his antidote.—*Fuller.*

Rich people who are covetous, are like the cypress tree—they may appear well, but are fruitless; so rich persons have the means to be generous, yet some are not so. But they should consider they are only trustees for what they possess, and should show their wealth to be more in doing good, than merely in having it. They should not reserve their benevolence for purposes after they are dead; for those who give not till they die, show that they would not then, if they could keep it any longer.—*Hall.*

We can be thankful to a friend for a few acres, or a little money; and yet for the freedom and command of the whole earth, and for the great benefits of our being, our life, health, and reason, we look upon ourselves as under no obligation!—*Seneca.*

When a man's desires are boundless, his labour is endless; they will set him a task he can never go through, and cut him out work he can never finish. The satisfaction which he seeks is always absent, and the happiness which he aims at ever at a distance. He has perpetually many things to do, and many things to provide; and that which is wanting cannot be numbered.—*Jeremy.*

Daily Bread.

FRIDAY.

"He is not a Jew which is one outwardly."—Rom. ii. 8.

I see the perfect law requires
Truth in the inward parts;
Our full consent—our whole desires—
Our undivided hearts.

But I of means have made my boast,
Of means an idol made;
The spirit in the letter lost—
The substance in the shade.

Many have clean hands, but unclean hearts. They wash the outside of the cup and platter, when all is filthy within. Now, the former without the latter profiteth a man no more than it profited Pilate, who condemned Christ, to wash his hands in the presence of the people; he washed his hands of the blood of Christ, and yet had a hand in the death of Christ. The Egyptian temples were beautiful on the outside, but within you shall find nothing but some serpent or crocodile. Judas was a saint without, but a sinner within—openly a disciple, but secretly a devil. —*Mead.*

SATURDAY.

"Blessed are ye that hunger?"—Luke ii. 21.

Bless'd are the souls that long for grace—
Hunger and thirst for righteousness;
They shall be well supplied and fed,
With living streams, and living bread.

Hunger of the right kind is insatiable, so that nothing can put it off or satisfy it but Christ. The truly hungry soul will not be pleased with the best duties, ordinances, ministers, sermons, sacraments, or any other thing without Christ. The hungry soul will adventure on the greatest difficulties for Christ—he will part with anything for him. All the treasures, honours, music, or comforts of life cannot satisfy him; none but Christ the soul's food. True hunger will put him upon the use of all means, and make him content to take Christ on any terms, and put a blank in his hand, and say: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" I will subscribe to anything, only give me Christ—give me food to my starving soul.—*Willison.*

SABBATH.

"Rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom."—James ii. 5.

Come, then, my God, mark out thine heir;
Of heaven a larger earnest give!
With clearer light thy witness bear—
More sensibly within me live.

To others God has given Ishmael's portion—the fatness of the earth; to you, Isaac's—the graces of the covenant. Their portion is paid in brass—yours in gold. Many of you are poor in the world; but what is the dust of the earth to the fruits of the Spirit? You are troubled that you have no more of the world; it may be if you had more gold, you would have less grace. You consider not how many are poor and wretched in both worlds—moneyless and Christless too.—*Flavel.*

MONDAY.

"When he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold."—Job xxiii. 10.

My God is my guide; thy mercies abound;
On every side they compass me round;
Thou sav'st me from sickness, from sin dost retrieve,
And strengthen'st my weakness, and bidd'st me believe.

Weakness is manifested that it may be removed, and grace manifested that it may be strengthened.—*Manton.*

TUESDAY.

"Christ is all."—Col. iii. 11.

O could I lose myself in thee,
Thy depth of mercy prove,
Thou vast, unfathomable sea,
Of unexhausted love!

Christ is all; he is the great all, as one calls him. Heaven and earth, time and eternity, grace and glory, are all in one Christ. He supplies the spiritual wants of his spouses. Do you want life? "He that hath the Son hath life." Do you want grace? Close with Christ, and he will give you grace—abundance of grace. Do you want peace? Close with Christ, and he will give you peace. Do you want strength and righteousness—righteousness for justification, and strength for sanctification and obedience? Close with Christ, and he will supply you with abundance of both. Do you want joy and consolation? Close with Christ, and he will in due season fill you with joy and consolation; he will comfort your hearts. He supplies all the outward wants also of his spouses, and that so as that they want no good thing. They want no outward good thing, but what the want thereof is better for them than the enjoyment of it would be.—*Pearse.*

WEDNESDAY.

"I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also."—John xiv. 3.

With earnest desire after thee we aspire,
And long thy appearing to see;
Till our souls thou receive in thy presence to live,
And be perfectly happy in thee.

That which makes paradise a paradise indeed, is to be with Christ there. "With *me;* thou shalt be with *me* in paradise." What would a paradise be without Christ? What would heaven be, though angels be there, and the spirits of just men made perfect be there, if Christ were not there? "Whom have I in heaven but thee?" As if the Psalmist had said, Heaven would not be a heaven to me, were it not for thee. Christ's being with the soul here, makes a heaven here; and the soul's being with Christ hereafter, makes a heaven hereafter. Would not heaven be a Baca, a valley of tears—a Bochim, a house of mourning—if the soul were not to find Christ there? —*Mayhew.*

THURSDAY.

"Forgive us our debts."—Matt. vi. 26.

Jesus, friend of sinners, hear,
Yet once again I pray;
From my debt of sin set clear,
For I have nought to pay.

The impenitent unpardoned sinner hath a vast debt upon him that will surely undo him, unless he doth in time get a discharge. He is bound over to suffer the wrath of God for evermore, and no hand can loose him but God's. Many times they think of no such matter, and cry, "Peace, peace," to themselves; but it is not the debtor which must cancel the book, but the creditor. Have you a discharge from God? where's your legal qualification? Poor creatures, what will you do? Many take care that they may owe nothing to any man; oh! but what do you owe to God? To live in doubt, and in fear of an arrest—O what misery is that! But when sin lieth at the door, ready to attach you every moment, and hale you to the prison of hell—that's most dreadful. Therefore think of it seriously—how do accounts stand between God and you?—*Manton.*

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A CONGREGATION'S OBJECT, WISHES, AND HOPES, IN CHOOSING A MINISTER.

A Sermon.

BY G. D. KRUMMACHER, PASTOR IN ELBERFELD,

(*Translated from the German for the* CHRISTIAN TREASURY.)

"Wherefore, of these men which have companied with us all the time that the Lord Jesus went in and out among us, beginning from the baptism of John, unto that same day that he was taken up from us, must one be ordained to be a witness with us of his resurrection."—ACTS i. 21, 22.

THUS spake Peter and John to the assembled disciples — to the hundred and twenty who were gathered together. They had to fill the place of the twelfth apostle; and the appointment of one to fill this place was a matter of no little importance. So it is with the business that is now to occupy us — the calling of a fourth pastor to our congregation. There is no essential difference between the cases. The object that has this day brought us together is of a similar character; our desires are the same. May the similarity of our proceedings with those of the apostles issue in a like glorious result! Although it may not be a Matthias that is given to us, may it be a man after God's own heart!

An hour like the present demands reflection. Believing, however, that I understand your sentiments and feelings, you will permit me to be the interpreter of them. In few words, therefore, let me state, *first*, what is our object; *secondly*, what are our wishes; and *thirdly*, what are our hopes.

I. What is our object? It is one of no trivial importance. We are about to engage in a work, the consequences of which it is impossible to estimate; for they have reference to eternity.

The work which the Lord has reserved for us is nothing less than the giving of a preacher to Jerusalem. In this he has called us to be fellow-workers with himself. Glorious calling! Honourable prerogative! Precious constitution of our Church! May it live, and flourish, and be transmitted unimpaired to the latest generations! What is that in which we are about to engage? We are, as men would say, about to choose a preacher. Yet the choice is already made—fixed—decided. It is to the divine decision that we are to have respect; and, thus considered, we are the bill-distributers—the heralds of the Lord. How desirable that we execute this trust conscientiously and heartily — having nothing in view but God's will — reverentially committing the case to him, and not selfishly standing up for ourselves! It is not in a spirit of contention that we contemplate this election. We are in the presence, in the sanctuary of God. May the Spirit purify our hearts, and instruct us in divine things!

What would we be about? To have a man called in the name of the Lord to an office which, because of its mighty and sacred importance, ranks, undoubtedly, as the first-born amongst offices on earth; for we say with Paul: "If a man desire the office of a bishop, he desireth a good work." O office of offices! whose prospects are not, as others, limited to time, but whose high aim penetrates into a far distant eternity. Glorious employment! which strives not, as others, for that which is perishable, but which, with holy ardour, presses on towards the regions of unfading immortality. O office without equal! whose purpose is to draw down, yea, which hath the promise of being able to draw down, heaven to earth—to span the river of death with the golden bridge of mercy—to straw the bony field of mortality with the bright sparks of an imperishable life. Praise-worthy office! instituted by the King of kings, which spoils "the prince of this world" of his usurped possession—which banishes the dark shade of death through the instrumentality of a torch lighted by God himself—which causes streams of joy and peace to flow through this vale of tears, and which, by the grace of God, plants lilies and roses that will bloom in unfading beauty around the throne of the Lamb.

To seek for this high and holy office a man who, we have reason to believe, has received a large measure of divine gifts—this is the truly great object for which we are now met together—this is the duty which must be so far discharged by our dear congregation; and can we, on so hallowed an occasion, be animated by any other spirit than that of deep solemnity and gratitude, not unmixed, however, with sighs and supplications? This hour is as important as that in which Peter said: "So must one of these men be ordained to be a witness with us of his resurrection." O that we may have the same spirit which influenced the hundred and twenty when these words were addressed to them!

What is the object we have in view? A work is to be gone about of the utmost importance; for much depends on the qualifications of a minister. He may be pre-eminently a man of blessing; but he may also be a man who carries along with him a curse. Who are they, above all others, that have wrought devastation throughout the vineyard of our Church? Who, above all others, are chargeable with the sin of that fearful, and almost universal declension from the faith of our fathers, that has

prevailed? On whom lies the guilt of having taken from the people Christ crucified, and of having intoxicated them with the deadly poison of a false philosophy, at variance with the Word of God? It is impossible to conceal it—the blame rests with the ministers. It was the professors, indeed, that supplied the ammunition; but the pieces of shot respectively which, with crushing violence, have fallen upon Jerusalem, and shaken the temple of truth, have been discharged by the priests themselves of the temple. They were the channels through which the dark system of Neology first became popular, till it descended even to the plough and to the weaver's loom. Ah! how many noxious weeds may spring even from one minister, if he be the devil's apostle, or have in him the spirit of error! By word and behaviour he may destroy an entire generation that had been morally and religiously trained, if he be himself a servant of the powers of darkness. If the minister be a man who is guided by party spirit and a factious temper, what dissensions and distractions may be created in a congregation! And will he not, if he knows not how to "divide the word of truth," be the means of leading foolish wanderers astray, instead of guiding them, as their spiritual teacher, in the ways of truth and righteousness? Evil example is ruinous even in the common affairs of life. But, again, what a blessing a minister may be, if he is a man after God's own heart! Will not streams of living water, in such a case, refresh the surrounding neighbourhood? will not peace and joy follow his steps? and, by God's grace, through his instrumentality, will not new life arise from the dreary waste of death?

As much darkness and soul-destroying error have gone abroad into the world from this platform—I mean the pulpit—so might there be poured down from it light which would gladden men's hearts, even that light which leads to life everlasting. I remember a famous and well known [Roman] Catholic once saying to me: "So long as you do not thrust your babbling-box"—he meant the pulpit—"into a corner, you Protestants can do nothing." Yes, I would say, so long as there is nothing in the heart—which was his meaning—we can indeed do nothing; and on that account our enemies rejoice. Suffer me, then, to point out to you the important work which is before us this day. In truth, we cannot set this forth too plainly; for it is nothing less than our decision with regard to the manner of man that shall come amongst us. Apply yourselves, therefore, to this great work calmly, and in dependence upon God; and I would again say, Pray—supplicate—implore.

About what would we be engaged? You know it is our object to have an office filled; but what office? Consider well what Paul has said of it in his Second Epistle to the Corinthians: "Who also hath made us able ministers of the New Testament; not of the letter, but of the spirit: for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life. But if the ministration of death was glorious, so that the children of Israel could not stedfastly behold the face of Moses for the glory of his countenance; which glory was to be done away: how shall not the ministration of the Spirit be rather glorious?" The former office, as the apostle testifies, had, and still has, its own peculiar glory and brightness. The office of that man is unquestionably glorious who goes forth in God's name, and cries with all the holy earnestness of Sinai: "Thou shalt," and, "Thou shalt not;" and makes known to a guilty world the fact that God has kindled a devouring fire for "every one who continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them." Yes, undoubtedly, that man's office is honourable, that man's employment is glorious, although its glory is as the brightness of lightning. But O forget not that the bell of grace is sounding over our heads. We are in search of a man for that office whose glory is unequalled, because it is an office which cries to the sinner: "Behold your God!"—which carries the trembling, terrified one, to Zion, to the blood of the Lamb—which can speak of the grace that is all-powerful, all-cleansing, all-satisfying. A Gospel minister is no taskmaster—no jailer; it is his province to diffuse around a blessed joy that is full of love. Having thus considered the object that has brought us together, we would ask—

II. What are our wishes? These, I think, must be apparent to all, as in harmony with those of the venerable assembly to which our text introduces us. The pillars of the Church, there referred to, desired specially a man "who had companied with them," who abode with them, and whose voice was heard in the midst of them. Now, it is such a man that we desire—one built on the foundation of the prophets and apostles, filled with their wisdom, comprehending their mysteries. Is not this the thing that is most essential, and about which we are chiefly anxious?

Were we in search of a teacher for a Jewish synagogue, would we not desire a man thoroughly acquainted with the Talmud? Were it for a pagoda, an eloquent Heathen would best suit us. Were it for a lecture-room, where only moral obligations and duties were pointed out, then the man we should be desirous of having need know nothing of Jesus and his apostles. Were it for a theatre, then would the most finished actor suit us best. Were it for a school of philosophy, what would one be to us who was learned in the wisdom of the fishermen and publicans of Galilee? Were it for an academy of science, would not our wish be to have a man of learning? Were it for a chapel of devotion, such as many in these times desire, it would be necessary to think of a man who knows how to divest the Lord Jesus Christ

of all his glory, so that nothing remains but a mere handful of personal virtue, to be exhibited to the people as a pattern which they are in no wise inclined to follow. Did we desire a Babel, then we should stand in need of a multitude to constitute this Babel. But I may well say Anathema maranatha of those who would thus designate a Church, in which God causes his pure and unsullied Gospel to be proclaimed, and in which the Spirit bears witness with signs, and power, and living wonders. Still, did we desire a Babel, then a priest of Baal behoved to be procured, of whom we should in vain ask counsel in perplexity. But it is not so. We would give a new shepherd to a Christian community—to a portion of the Church of Christ; and, in so doing, we know well what sort of man you desire—a man one in heart and soul with the apostles.

The disciples at Jerusalem were not satisfied with a mere yes-sayer, or assenter to anything, nor with a man of cold orthodoxy, having neither experience, spirit, nor life. The man they wished for was one who had been with them all the time that the Lord Jesus Christ went in and out among them; and herein do our desires coincide. The man on whom we fix must not be one who knows his calling only from hearsay. He must be able to say, in a certain sense, with John: "That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of Life, declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us; and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ." In his own walk and life he must exhibit to us the footsteps of the Lord Jesus. He must preach from the house-tops what Jesus has whispered in his ear in the closet. He must be able to tell of visits with which the Holy One has honoured him; and what he tells of God's dealings and gracious sufficiency must not be gathered from books and foreign treasures, but from his own experience. The disciples at Jerusalem desired a man who had been with the Lord Jesus since the baptism of John until the day when he ascended into heaven. We desire nothing less. He who passes sentence on the blasphemer must be no novice, but a herald well proved and tried. He must be a man deeply and fundamentally initiated in the secret of Christ's life—a man on whose heart is deeply engraven the testimony of the Father at the baptism of Jesus: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased"—a man to whom the Holy Spirit has given the key of the treasure of Christ's doctrine—a man who, with lively faith, can forget his own and his brother's nakedness in Christ's obedience—a man who knows how to divide aright Law from Gospel—a man who presses into the sanctuary by the sinner's way, even the blood-bought way of a crucified Saviour—a man who is at home, and in his own element, with Christ dead, buried, and ascended into heaven; yea, a man like unto him whom they at Jerusalem desired—who might be a witness, not merely of the birth, sufferings, and death of Christ, but also of his glorious resurrection—who has been made a partaker of the life of that living One, and has received his resurrection greeting, "Peace be unto thee"—who has felt him breathe on his soul these words, "Receive the Holy Spirit"—who, in the act of being instructed day by day, has been wont to hold a living communion with that living One. O how heartily will not such a shepherd as this be greeted by us! If the lot fall upon one corresponding to these demands, then praise the Lord. With these qualifications, whatever else may be awanting, the main point is gained.

Nevertheless, minor points are not altogether without importance. Why should we conceal that there are many things to be desired besides what is of the greatest moment? Were we to give expression to these, the following would have a place. It is of importance that our minister be well grounded in theology and general knowledge. The rising generation learn much, read much, and know, or will one day know, much. Would not the fact that the rising generation equalled, or, it might be, surpassed their minister in many branches of knowledge, be itself sufficient, humanly speaking, to weaken the efficacy of his ministry? And there are in this congregation not a few, so to speak, who, on account of their acquirements and learning, may lay claim to a well qualified preacher. Above all, error is ever increasing, and the attacks of the enemy are becoming more and more subtle. So, sharpness of perception cannot fail to be of advantage to our minister, that he may not only discover the adversary, but that he may promptly and speedily disarm him. We would, therefore, have him to be "strong in the Lord." He must be a man who, by his entire walk and conversation, proves his cause to be that of truth. Many and diverse winds are blowing. Woe, then, to the weak-minded man! How soon will not he be cast down! Oftentimes do these minds veer about. A preacher, therefore, who is nothing but a cock on the church-spire, must be ever turning. The man whom we choose must not be too susceptible, as if born only for the honey of popularity. His sufficiency must be in his God. Not unfrequently is the cry of "Crucify him, crucify him" as close upon the hosanna, as it was of old amongst the Jews at Jerusalem. He who, like his Master, is so little elevated by the hosanna that the cry of "Crucify him, crucify him," cannot shame him, is the man for us. Our minister must not be too tenderly strung—too sensitive. A constitution such as this will not suit our climate. We have amongst us hands like unto the hands of Esau. I speak not this to our praise. Our fame is not always unsullied. Where, therefore, there are so many different characters op-

posed to one another, it is impossible to escape opposition from one party or another. I would only desire to proclaim from afar, as did Paul to Timothy: "Thou, therefore, my son, be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus; thou, therefore, endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." And if we may still desire more, is it not that our minister may, if I may so speak, blow his own trumpet in such a way that our preaching choir may be perfectly harmonious. United in doctrine, we might exhibit in our practice that variety which is not incompatible with union. And had we room for one wish more, would it not be that our new brother may be animated with that same love, and walk with us in that same bond of peace, which, God be praised, has united us three as one man? But it is enough that God knows what we desire. Into his bosom we would pour out our wishes. He is rich in grace; he will hear us.

III. What do we hope for? This is the last point of which we would treat.

Now, for what do we hope? Nothing less than that we may obtain a man according to our wishes. Yes, we say with Peter in our text: "Wherefore of these men which have companied with us all the time that the Lord Jesus went in and out among us, must one be ordained to be a witness with us of his resurrection." "*Must!*" why "*must?*" Wherein consists this necessity? I will show you. Away with the idea that this "*must*" implies that he whom we choose *must* come. This would be proud, arrogant. We would choose with humility. We boast not as if we had this world's goods to offer. We promise him no mountains of gold; but prefer to show him plainly the mountains and valleys through which, if he rightly discharge his duty, he must take his daily walk, proclaiming the Gospel of peace. We do not promise him peaceful days. Although he be one of four, he can have no holiday rest. We will not exhibit pleasant arbours, whereby to allure him: he might afterwards complain of our having deceived him; for what he took to be arbours he might find to be tents of war. Let us not boast too highly of the number of Christians amongst us, as an allurement to the flesh; let us not boast that the office of a preacher will always amongst us be treated with the utmost respect. The character, not the office, of a preacher must decide all. Let God be praised for all that we can boast of; and away with all selfishness.

But although we have done away with this idea of compulsion, still, in a certain sense, it remains. So one of these men must come among us. Now, where is the necessity, or on what does it rest? Does it not rest on our congregation, whose earnest and powerful voice demands an evangelist—a herald bearing the standard of the cross? Does it not rest on the position in which God stands towards this flock? And has he not gloriously revealed himself to its shepherds and guardians? Does it not rest on the fact, that we are assembled here in order that we may choose a minister? And is not this a new seal and pledge of the grace and love of our Lord? and is it not a sure guarantee that he will give us a shepherd after his own heart—a man who will not fail to make known to us his truth and mercy?

Yes, he will give us a man who shall make us glad. But O who will that man be? We are met together that we may, in this solemn hour, implore light from on high. The gates of heaven are opening. The Almighty's decree will be unveiled. Lord, searcher of hearts, show us whom thou hast chosen! Yes, He is ready to show us; and whomsoever he grants to us, with that man we will be satisfied. I am full of good courage and of joyful confidence, and have no hesitation in calling to you in prophetic voice, with Joel the seer of God: "Rejoice, ye children of Zion, and be joyful in the Lord; for he sendeth you a teacher of righteousness." Amen.

THE GERMAN EMIGRANT.

It was once my privilege to have connected with my charge a pious old man—a subject of the great revival that was experienced in the Western Churches of America some forty years ago. He loved to converse on the subject of experimental religion. He had a happy method, also, of illustrating topics of this nature by incidents belonging to the days of his boyhood, and the early settlement of the Churches in the West. I have heard him relate many things concerning the ways of God, which, if written out, might be interesting and profitable to the present generation. The following was one of the remarkable stories which he told. He said—

In the days of my boyhood, it was the custom of the people here, in the West, to live in log cabins. Our minister was an old man, and when he came to spend the night with any of his parishioners, it was his habit to ask the privilege of lying down at an early hour. When in bed, he would say to the younger members of the family, "Come, my children, gather round my bed. I am now ready to talk to you." He would then commence with us on the subject of religion, in the most affectionate manner, and tell us interesting stories, designed to illustrate some important truth. While thus reclining one night, he gave us the following narrative:—

I was appointed one spring to attend a meeting of the General Assembly. Travelling one day through the mountains, on my way to Philadelphia, I passed by a smith's shop, at the door of which I noticed a man who eyed me very closely. I had not travelled far from the shop when I heard a horse galloping up behind me, and turning in my saddle, I discovered that the rider was the same individual who had scrutinized me. When he came opposite my horse, without any ceremony, he said, "Be you a preacher?" Yes, I replied, I am. "Then," said the German stranger, for such I discovered him to be, "I be so clad to see you. I been long wanting to see a preacher. I hear there be preachers out at Pittsburgh, and I had a mind to go and see one; but now the Lord has sent me a preacher. You must go home mit (with) me, and talk mit me. I lives just over the hill dare. I keeps you and your horse well, and wont charge you. You must come—wont you?" Taking into view the wildness of the region in which I was thus accosted, I hesitated a little about the course I should

pursue; but the day being far spent, the man's countenance being honest, his whole manner seemingly sincere, and remembering his language, "The Lord has sent me a preacher," I turned and went with him. After reaching his house, he gave me the following account of himself, in simple broken English:—"I be born and raised here," said he, "in dese mountains, and for a long time I lives like de Ingens (Indians). I fights, I swears, and I gets trunk. I never reads the Bible. I never prays, and I never dinks (thinks) any ding good. I hears dare was a hell, out I don't care for it. On Sunday me and my bruders would go hunt deers, and turkeys, and coons. I was living in dis way, when one Sunday night we went out to hunt. We did not hunt long before we saw a coon. It was on a very high tree; we had no gun mit us to shoot him, so I climbed up de tree to shake him down. I could climb almost so good as de coon, and soon got on the limb (branch) where he was, I gave de limb one shake; but just so soon as you could dink, it broke! and down, down I comes. I cried, Lord, have mercy on me; and so soon as I did dat, I catch a limb mit my hands. Dare I hung, high up on de tree, and no limbs under me. I tried to get up on de limb I held mit, and saw hell under me. I felt, if I let go, I would never stop till I would go right down to hell. I prayed, Lord, have mercy on me; and he helped me to get up on de limb I held mit my hands. I came down from the tree, and just so soon as I come down I fell on de ground, and had no strength. My bruders helped me home; but I could not sleep dat night. Oh! I had such ugly thoughts! I thought, what if dat limb which I cought mit my hands had broke! de devil would now have me, and I would be burning in hell. I got up in de morning and went to work, but it was not mit me as it used to be. I could not laugh and swear any more. Oh! I had such a load here (pointing to his breast). My bruders thought I was sick, and I was sick too; but dey did not know it was my sins made me sick. I felt now I was a sinner—something in my breast did not go away; but what could I do? I had never prayed except when hanging on de limb of de tree. I had no Bible; I had never heard a preacher; I thought I must get on my horse, and go out to Pittsburgh and see a preacher; but I could not well leave home. I got a Bible, I thought now I will see what I must do to have my sins forgiven, and de load taken from my breast; I open de Bible, and read it much, but it only make my load heavier. Oh! it make me feel so bad; I see nothing in de Bible for me, but hell and destruction. It said, de wicked are turned into hell—dat dare is no peace to de wicked; and I know I was wicked. It just pour its curses right on my head. Oh! I was now so miserable, I thought if de Bible won't make me happy, what will I do? I go now and wander in de woods, and go on my knees behind de trees and pray; but it was no praying. I did not want to be where other people was; I did not like to hear them laugh; and when dey swear, it makes me feel so bad. When my bruders and me were in de field ploughing, I would go to de other side of the field from them. I would plough awhile, and den go into de woods and pray; but it was no praying. My bruders now thought I was crazy—dat de fall on de tree had turned my head. I keep on dis way a good while. I thought I would die; I eats little, I sleeps little, I gets so poor as a skeleton; I still read de Bible. Though it show me hell, and seem to burn me up, I thought I must read it; I still tried to pray, but it was no praying. One day I thought I must surely die, I feel so very bad. I get de Bible and read and read; and dare I see Jesus! I see Jesus standing between me and my sins. My load den was gone—I had joy in my heart. Oh! I was so happy; just so happy as miserable before. I could jump mit joy so high as de fence! Now I loves Jesus. I loves my Bible: for whenever I see my sins, I see Jesus standing between me and dem. I loves to pray. I go, too, and tell my bruders dat I found Jesus—dat he had taken away my sins; but they again thought I was crazy: for dey had never seen dare sins nor Jesus in de Bible. "Since I found peace I have been happy; but I have wanted very much to see a preacher to talk mit me about Jesus."

You may readily suppose, my young friends, continued the old preacher, that I most cheerfully talked to him about that precious Saviour whom he had found so strangely. I tried to teach him more fully the way of salvation, and to confirm him in the faith which he had embraced. In the morning I went on my journey with my spirits refreshed with the blessing of my German friend, and admiring the riches of grace in Christ Jesus our Lord.

To me this narrative was truly interesting. It was so for the following reasons:—

1. It shows that the Bible alone, without note or comment, is sufficient to lead the sinner to Christ. Here was a man who had never read the Bible till he was awakened—who had never heard a Gospel sermon; and yet, in his Bible, he found Jesus! The Spirit alone was his teacher. He opened his eyes, so that he understood the Scriptures. Here, then, is an argument for the circulation of the Bible, powerful as the soul is valuable. It alone pointed one sinner, burdened under a sense of his sins, to the Lamb of God; and may it not point others?

2. This narrative shows that the exercises of the truly awakened sinner are substantially the same under all circumstances. When this man was awakened, it was

> "On his heart the burden lay,
> And past offences pained his eyes."

He looked into the Word of God for peace; but at first, when the commandment came, sin revived, and he died. He saw that the law was holy, and the commandment holy, and just, and good. What he at first supposed would immediately take away the burden from his heart, only made his sin appear exceedingly sinful. He saw in the Bible death, before life; anguish of mind, before peace; a burning hell, before a glorious heaven; and a lost sinner, before a Saviour found. And where is the child of God that may not see, in these things, some of the lineaments of his own experience?

3. We see in this narrative how strangely some of God's children are brought to a knowledge of the truth. Who would have supposed, when that careless, ignorant, and wicked German ascended the tree, he was going where he would get a sight of hell, and himself as a sinner? How great the change wrought in his feelings and destiny, from the time he ascended, till he came down! On the limb where he hung, struggling for life, he hung all his carelessness about God and his soul. Truly, he was brought in a way he knew not—he was led in paths that he had not known. Darkness was made light before him, and crooked things straight.

4. This narrative shows the care of the great Shepherd for all his sheep. Here was a straying sheep, wandering on the mountains, without any under shepherd to bring him back to the fold, or lead him to still waters or green pastures. Human wisdom would have said, that situated as he was, he could never find his way to the true fold. But human wisdom in spiritual things is folly. Far away as this single sheep was from the fold, he was pursued by the great Shepherd and brought back; and is now, no doubt, amongst those who are led by that same Shepherd unto living fountains of waters.

5. This narrative is interesting, if we take into consideration the circumstances under which it was given by the old minister, and the effect then produced. Reclining upon his pillow, he told it to a circle of youth. One of those youths has since grown up to manhood, and passed into old age. His head is now white with the frost of many winters, and yet he has never forgotten the story of his old minister. He tells it with a warmth of feeling that shows it affected his youthful heart; and when he comes to that part, where the German says, "I see Jesus standing between me and my sins," his eyes melt into tears.

THE CHRISTIAN'S GRAVE.

BY OTIS PATTEN.

O BURY me not 'mid honours and state,
'Neath a monument costly and rare;
And carve not my name with the rich and the great,
Where curious strangers admiring wait;
Oh, make not my sepulchre there.

I ask not a place 'neath the time-hallowed dome,
Where the ashes of monarchs repose;
For why should I covet a glittering tomb?
Can splendour enlighten the depths of its gloom,
Or gladden the dust they enclose?

But seek a lone spot in the green forest shade,
Where the birds sing the flowers to rest,
And there let my body be quietly laid,
Far away from the clamour of idle parade,
And green be the leaf o'er my breast.

Yes, green be the turf; let the flowers be fair
That encircle the spot where I lie,
Nor shed o'er my grave an unreconciled tear,
For the heart that once sorrowed hath put off the care,
Where the eye of the mourner is dry.

To the spirit released from her bondage of clay
A purer existence is given;
And her midnight of sadness is turned into day,
All peaceful, all holy, nor fadeth away,
Eternal with angels in heaven.

Louisville, December 8, 1845.

OLD PUSEYISM.

"TRUST ye not in lying words, saying, The temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord are these."—Jer. vii. 4. The spirit of Puseyism is not new; it existed many hundreds of years ago among the Jews. The above is its condemnation.

What is the grand boast and cry of the Tractarians of our day? What but this: "The temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord"—the Church, the Church—"hear the Church." Not as of old time: "*Hear the word of the Lord;*" nor yet: "This is my *beloved Son*, hear ye him;" nor yet: "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear what *the Spirit* saith unto the Churches." None of these; but "Hear the Church." The Jews declared themselves safe because of their temple, with its visible presence, its sacrifices, and its symbols; while they forgot Him who alone could be to it and to them as "a wall of fire round about, and the glory in the midst." And too many in our own day are like them. They boast of, and reckon themselves safe in "the Church"—the Church, namely, of outward organization, and forms, and observances; forgetting all the while Him who bought the Church—the living Church, even the multitudes of his saints, with his own blood; and without a personal interest in whom, a mere visible Church connection, and a lifetime spent in the formalities of outward service, will be worse than useless.

When the Lord suddenly came to his temple, the Jews, with all their reverence for it, seized and crucified *him*. And in the end he destroyed *it*, and scattered *them;* the wall of fire to protect became the fire to consume—Zion was ploughed as a field—Jerusalem became heaps—and "the mountain of the house, because of which they had been haughty," became "as the high places of the forest." It is to be feared that, in like manner, the day will declare that those who are placing their dependence on their temple, and not on its Lord—on their Church, and not on their Saviour—on their forms and sacrifices, and not on "the finished work," are but building on "wood, hay, stubble," which will be "burned up," and leave no foundation.

THE MOTHER AT PRAYER.

SHE enters her chamber. All is quiet and retired. There is no eye to witness her deep emotions but that of God—no ear to hear her earnest pleadings but that of the Almighty. A sweet and sacred solemnity pervades her soul. She feels that she is about to commune with a Being who holds her destiny in his hands, but who, notwithstanding his power and might, encouraged her to come, and will condescend and even delight to listen to her prayer. She bows her knees before him, and lifts her imploring eyes to heaven. O hallowed moment! O into resting sight! Listen to the language of her heart. For what does she plead? It is for her dear children. What does she ask for them? Not the riches of earth, nor the plaudits of surrounding admirers, nor the external gracefulness and beauty of youth. These are, in her estimation, of little value. Instead of these, she asks for her dear ones the protecting care of God, and for strength to discharge her duty toward them. With what anxious solicitude is each one remembered before him, from the absent son on the boisterous ocean to the unconscious babe of her bosom! She asks, that from the earliest lispings of infancy the best tribute of their hearts may ascend to their Creator. With what increased earnestness does she plead, as the recollection of the many snares and temptations which they must encounter crosses her anxious mind! It is then she feels her own weakness and her entire dependence upon God. It is then she sees her need of divine assistance and support, and the vast importance of maternal prayer. It is then she fervently exclaims: "Of myself I can do nothing; O thou who holdest the hearts of my children in thy hand, I bless thee for this resource." I know that the mother's prayer of faith will avail

much. When the season of prayer is over, she leaves her chamber with a spirit refreshed and invigorated—with a mind untroubled. She has left all in the hand of God. The serenity of her soul is visible in her countenance. It sweetens every duty, and influences all her conduct. Praying mother, surely thou art blest!

THE EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY.

[This admirable summary of the leading evidences for the truth of our "most holy faith," we take from a lecture delivered at the opening of the Free Church Divinity Hall, Aberdeen, by Professor M'Lagan. The whole lecture is well thought and beautifully written, and is eminently worthy of the perusal, not only of ministers and students, but of private members of the Christian Church.]

The first place among subjects of this description is due to the evidences of Christianity—the proofs that our religion is indeed from God. The facts and arguments of which these consist have, by a word convenient enough, although more expressive to Greek than English ears, been designated "apologetics." Theologians have divided them into the external and internal evidences. The former—the external evidences—consist of proofs drawn from uninspired documents and extraneous facts, which conclusively show that the books contained in the canon of the Old and New Testaments are *genuine*, and are *authentic*:—genuine, as being the writings of those very authors to whom they are ascribed; authentic, as bearing credible, satisfactory, convincing testimony to the facts which they relate. These facts, again, being many of them miracles—distinct stupendous miracles—wrought by the hands of the writers themselves, and of their great Master, expressly to prove that the doctrines which they record are the revelations of God, it follows that these writings, claiming to be inspired, are certainly inspired indeed. Nor is this conclusion made good alone by the miracles of power which they narrate, but by the miracles of knowledge which they contain and exhibit: for they abound in prophecies, not ambiguous, not unconnected, not vague, not foreign in their accomplishment to the object of the prophet's mission; but clear systematic, pointed, pertinent, descriptive beforehand of whole series of events which, in their fulfilment long ages after the prediction, conduce to the very issues which the Gospel they bear witness to contemplates and promotes. The *success* of their enterprise, finally, corresponded entirely to the powers which these founders of the Christian religion claimed. Blameless and upright, but poor, and, with one exception, unlearned; despised, yet at the same time hated and persecuted of all nations for their Master's sake, they succeeded, by preaching a religion and morals altogether hostile to the prejudices and passions of men, in rooting up the old idolatry, confounding the schools of Heathen philosophy, changing the habits and manners of society far and wide, and, in process of time, planting the profession at least of Christianity upon the throne of empire. These manifest exertions of supernatural power and wisdom on behalf of the Gospel, together with many collateral testimonies of no mean significance and weight, form, in their united cogency, the external evidences of Christianity.

The internal, again, are calculated to set the seal of a most inward and most comfortable assurance upon the conclusions deduced from the other. They are found partly in the construction and fabric of the Sacred Scriptures, and partly in the character and tendencies of the revelation which they contain. In the former point of view, the Bible itself is a standing and an astonishing miracle. Written fragment by fragment, throughout the course of fifteen centuries, under different states of society, and in different languages, by persons of the most opposite tempers, talents, and conditions, learned and unlearned, prince and peasant, bond and free—cast into every form of instructive composition and good writing, history, prophecy, poetry, allegory, emblematic representation, judicious interpretation, literal statement, precept, example, proverb, disquisition, epistle, sermon, prayer—in short, all rational shapes of human discourse—and treating, moreover, of subjects not obvious but most difficult, not worldly but spiritual; truths so vivid that, when grappled with, if they do not quite subdue a man, they make him the more a rebel, and which profess to determine the colour, not only of this fleeting life, but of an awful eternity. Treating of these, its authors are not found, like other writers, contradicting one another upon the most ordinary matters of fact and of opinion, but are at harmony upon the whole of their sublime and momentous theme; nay, they contribute their shares to its complete development, each according to the requirements of his own time, and in ignorance usually of what was to be supplied by others; so that Moses, for example, gives a brief extract from the history of Melchizedek, the true intent of which is first pointed at by David, while it is reserved for Paul to bring out the full glory of its typical and prophetic import. The result of all is this, that just as the great lights of our physical heavens never could have exhibited those orderly phenomena, the recorded observation of which, through successive ages, disclosed at length the mechanism of the solar system, unless the skill of the Creator had regulated throughout their aspects and their movements; even so the spiritual lights that shine upon us in the Scriptures, giving line upon line under one dispensation, and precept upon precept under another dispensation, here a little in one exigency of the Church, and there a little in another exigency of it, never could, in that dropping and scattered manner, have supplied the complete and consistent scheme of pure and undefiled religion which the aggregate of their writings actually contains, unless they had been illuminated and moved, from first to last, by the Spirit of God, who has all the truth before him at one view, and who sees the end from the beginning.

But, if the mere record of our faith bears such signal marks of a heavenly origin, how much more the truth itself, of which that record is the vehicle! That presents to our souls the one living and true God, consummate in spiritual perfection, but especially glorious in his character as a just God and a Saviour. It solves the mystery of man's earthly condition as a creature of God, yet sinful; and born to trouble, yet not forsaken. It makes known, as dwelling for a season in the midst of us, a sinless Redeemer, humanly liable to all the sorrows and sufferings of sinful flesh, yet bringing into the efficacy of his vicarious toils and mortal agonies the all-worthiness and all-sufficiency of uncreated Godhead. To this Saviour it impels or it conducts us, by the strongest faculties and instincts of our spiritual frame—by understanding, by remorse, by fear, by faith, love, allegiance, hope; and promising an operation of the Almighty Spirit to re-create into full perfection our degenerated nature, it teaches us, denying all ungodliness and worldly lusts, to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world, while we seek our home, our rest, and our inheritance, alone in the celestial paradise. Meeting thus the most secret sense and longing of the soul in the individual; providing

equally, as it does, for the felt necessities and palpable well-being of men in their domestic, social, and political relations; doing this, too, by means which human philosophy never thought of, nay, means which, after discovery, far transcend our highest reason, yet, instead of contradicting it, bear a wonderful analogy to all that our eyes behold of the laws of nature and of Providence;—the doctrine of the Bible doing this, furnishes every man, who shall fully and prayerfully make trial of it, with the assurance of a most intimate and most imperturbable experience that the truth as it is in Jesus is in very deed the truth of God. These, and such as these, are the internal evidences of Christianity; and being such, it is at once apparent that they, most especially, can never be rightly appreciated and felt, but through the teaching of that Holy Spirit alone who gave them.

DESIRE OF THE DYING FOR LIFE.

ILLUSTRATED AND SUBDUED.

Jessie M—— was born in the village of C——. She was naturally of a delicate constitution, and a slight injury, which she received at play in her childhood, was the proximate cause of a complaint which confined her to the house for many years, and which at length issued in her death, at the age of seventeen.

It is now approaching to ten years since the writer was privileged to visit her; but his remembrance has still a yesterday's freshness about it; and it is not less gratifying than it is fresh. He was *comparatively* a stranger in the place, and *entirely* so to her father's family, who belonged to a different congregation from that to which he ministered in holy things. He had never heard, even by name, of Jessie M——, till he had occasion to call on some other business; and, after it had been transacted, her mother came into the room and said: "I have a sick daughter—perhaps you will converse with her." The folding doors of a concealed bed in the apartment were straightway opened, and the first glance was sufficient to impress the conviction that, in all human probability, the youthful sufferer was in the last stage of a deep decline.

Has the reader ever marked the features of this insidious disease? If he has, he need not be told that its victims are generally youthful, and that it often throws a mantle of uncommon interest around them. They are only beginning life. They cherish the expectation as well as the desire of enjoying it—a desire most natural to all, but especially to the young. And our sympathies are awakened by the conviction that this desire of nature is not to be gratified. They are often quite unconscious of the progress which their malady has made. They flatter themselves that they are getting better, when it is too evident that they are gradually sinking. They are dying, and they know it not, and few would like to tell them that they are. They dream of length of days when their sand is well-nigh run. It is a dream which one feels loath to disturb. It would be cruel to disturb it rudely; and yet, when the safety of the soul is taken into account, it would be still more cruel to allow them to indulge it.

There is much in all this to excite emotion, but it is not by any means the whole of what combines to give a touching, melancholy interest to the picture; for the mind is frequently not only not impaired, but quickened and called into greater activity, by the wasting disorder that has reduced the body to a shadow. The mental powers are vigorous, while the physical powers are decaying. And when the bright eye, beaming intelligence; the pale full brow, indicating reflection; the cheerful, and sometimes buoyant spirits; the soul, elastic with generous affection; and the China-rose like beauty of the cheek, counterfeiting high health;—when all these are contrasted with the faded form, it is sometimes difficult to help indulging that feeling of regret which Henry Kirke Whyte, himself an early victim, has so well expressed, that "one so young should die so soon." But these regrets are vain—they are vain at all times, and in the case of a child of God they are something worse. For "blessed are the dead that die in the Lord;" and, as the poet has it, "the less of this cold world, the more of heaven; the briefer life, the earlier immortality."

These remarks are suggested by the state of mind in which the writer found Jessie M——. He very soon discovered that she understood the Gospel; that she was much impressed with the importance of attending to the knowledge of the things that belonged to her everlasting peace; and that, in as far as man could judge, she was already a meek and lowly disciple: but then it was obvious enough that she had no idea that she was dying—at least, she had no idea that her end was near; and the best way, perhaps, of communicating the lesson which her dying experience seems fitted to convey, may be to relate the following conversation, as nearly as possible in the words in which it took place. It may be relied on as being neither an exaggerated nor a coloured statement.

"Have you a very strong desire for life, Jessie?" To this she replied, with much earnestness and emotion: "O yes, very strong." And who could blame, or wonder, or reprove, or cast a stone at her? There are few who could do this; and yet there are just as few, perhaps, to be found, even among the people of God, who would make the confession with the same child-like simplicity. Many might give the same answer; but they would qualify it—they would throw in some palliating clause—they would say: "Yes; but I hope that I am resigned;" or, "I wish to be resigned;" or, "I try to be resigned." They would say this, or something like it, with a view to excuse themselves, and please the questioner; and it is possible enough that they might be disposed to think that they deserved some little credit for their resignation. But there was no such self-excusing plea adduced by her; and while her answer indicated much simplicity of character, it suggested the following observations in reply:—

"Well, Jessie, in as far as I can understand the Word of God, there is nothing wrong in *having a desire for life*, and nothing wrong in having a *strong* desire for life. It is one of those feelings which God himself has placed in our bosoms—it is the desire of nature. It was, doubtless, cherished by our first parents before they fell; and, if kept within due bounds, it is quite innocent.

"True, it may be indulged to a sinful extent. It may obtain the mastery, instead of being subservient to the will of a heavenly Father; and thus, like every other human feeling, it may become a guilty one. But it is not so in itself; and, fortunately, I do not know any one topic, where the line beyond which a desire *innocent in itself* may become sinful, is more clearly drawn in Scripture than it is in the case of the natural desire for life.

"For the Son of God himself obviously cherished this desire. His holy human nature shrunk from the load of his approaching sufferings. As a man he felt, and feared, and poured out his supplications with strong crying and tears unto Him that was able to save him from death.—Heb. v. 7. And he only gave utterance to the prayer of nature when he said: 'Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me.' But, while he thus felt as a man, cherishing the desire, and offering the prayer of nature, he had that desire under the check of the most entire resignation to his Father's will. For he did not merely say: 'If it be possible, let this cup pass from me'—he added, also, in the same breath: 'Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt.' He thus drew the line beyond which it is a sinful thing to indulge this desire. He hath left us an example that we should follow his steps. He is not an High Priest who cannot be touched with a feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin; and he hath carried with him a fellow-feeling of our infirmities into the mansions of glory. He hath privileged us to offer *his* prayer; and it is our duty to do so under *his* check: 'If it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt.' And while we are graciously informed, for our encouragement, that *his* prayer was answered—that 'he was heard in that he feared'—that 'an angel was sent to strengthen him'—and that his human nature, which shrunk from his approaching sufferings, was supported and upheld by an immediate aid from on high—while we are informed of all this, we are thereby encouraged to cherish the good hope that his grace will be made sufficient for us; that his strength will be made perfect in our weakness; that we, too, shall be heard when we pour out our supplications with strong crying and tears; and that, if it should not be possible for the bitter cup to pass from us, we shall, nevertheless, be supported, and thus be heard in regard to that of which we are the most afraid."

It was not necessary to inquire whether she understood and acquiesced in all this. It was plain enough that she had done both; and, after a slight pause, the conversation was resumed.

"Do you think that the Lord Jesus Christ loves his own children?" She opened her keen consumptive eyes, and answered, with a manifest astonishment that such a question should ever have been put—"Yes!" "Do you think that he knows what is best for them?" "Yes!" "Do you think that he is *able* to do what is best for them?" "Yes!" "Do you think that he is willing to do what is best for them?" "Yes!" "You don't think that he will deceive or desert them, or promise *one* thing and do *another?*" "O no!"

All these replies were given with the most marked surprise that the questions should have been put at all. But when she was asked: "Do you think that you love him yourself?" she turned away her eyes in one direction, and another, and another; and, after some little time, raised them up, and said with much earnestness, and with an indescribable simplicity: "Well, I think I do."

"Well, then, Jessie, if you are one of his children—and I most sincerely hope, and trust, and believe that you are—but if you be, I feel myself warranted, on the authority of the WORD OF GOD, to assure you, in the very strongest terms in which it is possible for language to put it, that if it be for his glory and the good of your own soul, you will yet be as well, and strong, and healthy, as you ever were, or as you would ever wish to be. On the other hand, again, if it should *not* be for his glory and for the good of your own soul that you should be well, or that your life should be extended, would you *yourself* wish for it *in that case?*" To this she replied, with great emphasis: "Oh, never, never."

"Well Jessie," was the answer, "I cannot tell you whether it be for his glory and your good or not; but he knows it himself. He encourages you to pray to him for length of days as well as for other blessings. You have *his own word* for it that, if it be for his glory and your good, you will certainly get it. It is *only* on these terms that you would yourself consent to have it. You would instantly reject it if it were offered you on any other terms than these. He and you, therefore, are quite agreed on this point. And oh, then, can't you try, in these circumstances, and roll the burden of your '*strong desire to live*' upon himself? and you will thus be, by one care at least, the lighter."

She had never seen this truth in the same light before. It was quite new to her; and when she saw, she received it with the most perfect simplicity of faith. No fabled charm was ever said to have wrought with greater efficacy than it did. She got a *near* view of Christ; and, like "Christian" in the "Pilgrim's Progress," her burden fell off at the foot of the cross, and she was never afterwards troubled with it. She was relieved from the weight that had borne her down for many weary years. The strong desire to live was no longer existing. It was extinguished. The first thing she said when her mother returned and found her alone, was: "Well, mother, I never knew that I was dying before." She said this without any apparent emotion, or surprise, or regret. The time was past when the prayer of nature was unchecked by the prayer of resignation; and the time had come when she could say with the "meekness of wisdom:" "Not as I will, but as thou wilt."

She lived for some six weeks after this, and her path was like "the shining light." Her progress in the divine life was rapid, and might be traced daily. She suffered much, but never uttered a murmur. When her sufferings were great, she would sometimes cry: "Lord Jesus, help me;" but there was no unwillingness to suffer. She had no will of her own different from that of her Redeemer. She took the cup, which it was not possible should pass from her, and received grace and strength to drink it. She

endured unto the end, and was faithful unto death. She died in the good hope of a blessed immortality; and, doubtless, she is now in heaven.

NINE REASONS FROM WHICH CHRISTIANS IN AFFLICTION MAY DERIVE COMFORT.

First, Because trouble is the lot of all in this life. "Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble."—Job xiv. 1. "Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward."—Job v. 7. Shouldst thou expect to be exempt, then, fellow-Christian, from the common fate of mankind? Surely not.

Second, Because thy trials are not so severe as they might be. Notwithstanding thou art ready in the bitterness of thy grief to exclaim: "See if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow;" yet turn thine eye for a moment to that of others. Look at those in affliction within thine own immediate circle of friends, and ask thyself with whom of all of them thou wouldest change. Methinks I hear thee answer: None. It is even now as in fabled days of yore. Could we exchange our burdens for a while, each one would be glad to resume his own, in the happy consciousness of its being lighter than his neighbour's.

Third, Because they are under divine permission. Satan had no power over Job to vex him until he obtained permission of God; and so of Peter—he desired to have him, that he might sift him as wheat. More than this, it may be by appointment. "Shall there be evil in the city, and the Lord hath not done it?"—Amos iii. 6. "Shall we receive good at the hand of the Lord, and shall we not receive evil?"—Job ii. 10. Let the remembrance, then, that it is from God, afflicted one, comfort thine heart, and subdue every rebellious thought.

Fourth, Because they are an evidence of the faithfulness of God towards thy soul. The Psalmist considered his affliction as such evidence, when he said: "Thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me." Depend upon it, suffering one, thine afflictions are sent only because God seeth that thou requirest them; for "he doth not afflict willingly, or grieve the children of men." Acknowledge his faithfulness, and in the end thou shalt have cause to say: "It is good for me that I have been afflicted."—Ps. cxix. 71.

Fifth, Because they are sent in love, and are an evidence of thy adoption. "As many as I love I rebuke and chasten."—Rev. iii. 19. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not? But if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons."—Heb. xii. 6–8. Cheer up, then, child of God, and rejoice in this love that thus honours thee with this evidence of thine adoption.

Sixth, Because God invites you to trust in him; and he is able to deliver. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."—Ps. lv. 27. Cast all thy care upon him; for he careth for thee. "He shall deliver thee in six troubles; yea, in seven, there shall no evil befall thee."—Job vi. 14. "Though the afflictions of the righteous be many, the Lord delivereth him out of them all."—Ps. xxxiv. 19. Put thy trust in him, then, and thou shalt not be confounded.

Seventh, Because they are but for a season: "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. xxx. 5. "He will not always chide, neither will he keep his anger for ever."—Ps. ciii. 9. Even the trials of Job, numerous and severe as they were, had an end; for the Lord turned his captivity. And he will turn thine also, Christian, if thou be found waiting his time in faith and patience. May God give thee grace so to do!

Eighth, Because Jesus suffered, and that for thee. Think of what he endured, and then ask thyself: What are my afflictions compared to his? Art thou poor?—So was he. Art thou oppressed and persecuted?—So was he. "In all our afflictions he was afflicted;" and he has assured his followers, that in this world they shall have tribulation; but he graciously adds: "Be of good cheer; for I have overcome the world." Remember the sufferings of Christ, then, fellow-sufferer, and count it all joy that thou art privileged to walk in his footsteps; "for if we suffer, we shall also reign with him."

Ninth, Because you have a home in heaven, where there is no more sorrow, nor crying, nor pain. "In my Father's house there are many mansions"—"I go to prepare a place for you," said our blessed Saviour, as he was about to leave his troubled disciples here alone. And so he says now to the weeping saint. Think of this home, where "all tears shall be wiped away." Thy trials here will soon be over; and O how small will they appear when viewed from the heights of glory in yonder bright world! Stand fast, therefore, and thou shalt receive a crown of life. Be not overcome with present difficulties;

> "For though trials hard may press thee,
> Heaven will bring thee sweeter rest."

THE NEW-YEAR'S NIGHT OF AN UNFORTUNATE.

(*Translated from Jean Paul Richter.*)

An old man stood at the window on a new-year's night, and with a look of sad despair gazed up to the fixed, ever-bright heavens, and down upon the still, pure, white earth, on which no one was now so joyless and sleepless as himself. For his grave lay near by him, covered over with the snow of age, not with the green of youth, and he had brought with him, out of all the riches of life nought but errors, sins, and diseases—a wasted body, a desolate soul, a breast full of poison, and an old age full of remorse.

The beautiful days of his youth glided around him to-night like spectres, and drew him back to that bright morning, when his father brought him to the turning point of life's great highway, leading on the right in the path of religion to a broad, quiet land, full of light and harvest; and on the left, down through the mole-tracks of vice, to a black pit, full of dropping poison of deadly serpents, and a gloomy, sultry vapour. Alas! the serpents hang upon his breast, and the poison drops upon his tongue, and he knew now where he was. In unutterable sorrow, and well-nigh bereft of sense, he cried out aloud: "Oh, give me back my youth! Oh, my father, bring

me again to the turning point of life, that I may make another choice, and give myself, not to the devil, but to God!"

But his father and his youth were gone, long, long ago.

He saw the meteor-light darting up from the marshes, and going out in the church-yard, and he exclaimed: "These are the days of my folly!" He saw a star glide from the heavens, glitter in its fall, and dissolve in the earth. "That am I," said his bleeding heart, and the serpent fangs of remorse pierced yet deeper into its wound. His excited fancy pictured creeping *night wanderers* on the roofs of the houses, the wind-mill lifted on high its threatening arms, and a mask that had been left behind in the house of the dead gradually took on his own features.

In the midst of this conflict of emotion, the music of the new-year's night flowed down from the neighbouring tower, like the distant tones of a church lay.

He was more gently moved. He gazed upon the far-off horizon, and around upon the wide earth, and he thought of the friends of his youth, now better and happier than he—teachers of the world, the fathers of happy children, and blessed beings, and he said: "Oh, I too, had I been willing, might slumber as quietly as ye, and with as tearless eyes on this first night of the year! Oh, I too might now be happy, ye dear parents and friends, had I fulfilled your new-year's wishes and precepts!"

In feverish recollection upon the times of his youth, it seemed to him that the mask, bearing his own features, lifted itself up in the house of the dead;—at length by the working of that strange superstition, that sees phantoms and spectres in the shades of the new-year's night, it seemed to gather itself into the form of a living youth—in the attitude of the Youth of the Capitol, plucking a thorn from his foot; and his own figure, in all the bloom of the spring of life, was in bitter mockery played out before his eyes. He could look no longer—he covered up his eyes—a thousand hot burning tears streamed down upon the white snow—he sighed out gently, comfortless and senseless, "Come back again, season of my youth—come back again, that I may make another choice, and not die God's enemy."

And it came—for all this had been a frightful dream. He was still a youth—it was only his wanderings—had been no dream.

But he thanked God, that while yet young, he could turn back from the foul track of vice, and haste to the sunny path that leads to the bright land of harvest.

Turn back with him, young man, if thou art in that erring way! This terrific dream will one day be thy judge; but if thou shouldst then cry out, in bitter lamentation: "Come back, beautiful season of youth!" it will never come back again.

PUTTING RESOLUTIONS INTO PRACTICE.

At a missionary meeting held amongst the Negroes in the West Indies, these three resolutions were agreed upon:—

1. We will all give something.
2. We will all give as God has enabled us.
3. We will all give willingly.

So soon as the meeting was over, a leading Negro took his seat at the table, with pen and ink, to put down what each came to give. Many came forward and gave, some more, and some less. Amongst those that came was a rich old Negro, almost as rich as all the others put together, and threw down upon the table a small silver coin. "Take dat back again," said the Negro that received the money, "dat not be according to de second." The rich old man accordingly took it up, and hobbled back again to his seat in a great rage. One after another came forward, and as almost all gave more than himself, he was fairly ashamed of himself, and again threw down a piece of money on the table, saying, "Dare take, take dat!" It was a valuable piece of gold, but it was given so ill-temperedly, that the Negro answered again, "No, dat wont do yet. It may be according to de first and second resolution, but it not according to the last;" and he was obliged to take up his coin again. Still angry at himself and all the rest, he sat a long time, till nearly all were gone, and then came up to the table, and with a smile on his face, and very willingly gave a large sum to the treasurer. "Very well," said the Negro," "Dat will do. Dat according to all de resolutions."

HOW EASY IT IS TO CAVIL.

Talking of persons who deny the truth of Christianity, and especially the truth of the testimony to the miracles recorded in Scripture, Dr Johnson said: "It is always easy to be on the negative side. If a man were now to deny that there is salt upon the table, you could not reduce him to an absurdity. Come, let us try this a little further. I deny that Canada is taken, and I can support my denial by pretty good arguments. The French are a much more numerous people than we, and it is not likely that they would allow us to take it. 'But the ministry have assured us, in all the formalities of the *Gazette*, that it is taken.' Very true, but the ministry have put us to an enormous expense by the war in America, and it is their interest to persuade us that we have got something for our money. 'But the fact is confirmed by thousands of men who were at the taking of it.' Ay, but these men have still more interest in declaring it. They don't want that you should think that the French have beat them, but that they have beat the French. Now, suppose that you should go over and find that it really is taken, that would only satisfy yourself, for when you come home we will not believe you—we will say you have been bribed. Yet, sir, notwithstanding all these plausible objections, we have no doubt that Canada is really ours. Such is the weight of common testimony. How much stronger are the evidences of the Christian religion!"—*Boswell's Life of Johnson.*

Fragments.

When a knight died at Rome that was much in debt, Augustus, the emperor, sent to buy his bed, conceiving there must needs be some extraordinary virtue in it, if he that was so much in debt could take any rest upon it. An humble soul sees himself so much in debt for mercies in hand and mercies in hope, that he cannot sleep without blessing and admiring of God.

Sirens are said to sing curiously while they live, but to roar horribly when they die. So will it be with those who give themselves to the world and refuse Christ. They may sing during life; but oh, when they die!

The golden name of Christians is but an ornament to swine.—*Calvin.*

Faith alters the tenses. It makes the future present. "Heaven *is* mine."

Faith will pick an argument out of a repulse, and turn discouragements into encouragements.

It is a sad thing to be often eating of the tree of knowledge, but never to taste of the tree of life.

Daily Bread.

FRIDAY.

"The ark of the covenant."—NUMB. x. 33.

Still hide me in thy secret place,
Thy tabernacle spread;
Shelter me with preserving grace,
And screen my naked head.

Be like Noah's dove which he sent forth—see that you find no rest for the sole of your foot anywhere else; turn your back upon all other arks of men's devising—they are all insufficient to save you from the flood. Make not an ark of the absolute mercy of God out of Christ; seeing he declares a crucified Jesus to be the only channel of his mercy. Make not an ark of Church privileges, as your good education, admission to sealing ordinances, &c.; for the ark did not save Shiloh, nor the altar's horns save Joab, nor the temple save Jerusalem. Make not an ark of your gifts, knowledge, prayers, duties, moral honesty, or self-righteousness; for the flood, when it comes, will dash all these to pieces. Suppose those of the old world had built other ships as like the ark as possible, or had fled to higher towers of their own contriving, the deluge would have destroyed them all; there was no safety for them but in Noah's alone. So whatever arks you devise to save you from wrath, if a crucified Christ, the ark of God's building, be slighted, the flood will sweep away all your own arks as the "refuge of lies."—*Willison.*

SATURDAY.

"The redemption of the soul is precious."—Ps. xlix. 8.

Happy soul, that, free from harms,
Rests within his Shepherd's arms!
Who his quiet shall molest?
Who shall violate his rest?

The Apostle Peter speaks of three very precious things:—1. A precious Christ; 2. Precious Promises; 3. Precious Faith. Now, the preciousness of all these lies in their usefulness to the soul. Christ is precious, as being the Redeemer of precious souls; the Promises are precious, as making over this precious Christ to precious souls; Faith is precious, as bringing a precious soul to close with a precious Christ, as he is held forth in the precious promises. O take heed that thou art not found over-valuing other things, and under-valuing thy soul. Shall thy flesh, nay, thy beast, be loved, and shall thy soul be slighted? Wilt thou clothe and pamper thy body, and yet take no care of thy soul? This is as if a man should feed his dog, and starve his child. "Meats for the belly, and the belly for meats; but God will destroy both it and them." O let not a tottering, perishing carcass have all your time and care, as if the life and salvation of thy soul were not worth the while!—*Mead.*

SABBATH.

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—GAL. vi. 7.

See the stars from heaven falling,
Hark on earth the doleful cry,
Men on rocks and mountains calling,
While the frowning Judge draws nigh.

On that judgment-day through which thou and I must pass into an everlasting state, God, the impartial judge, will require an account at our hands of all our talents and intrustments. We must then account for time, how we have spent that; for estate, how we have employed that; for strength, how we have laid out that; for afflictions and mercies, how they have been improved; for the relations we stood in here, how they have been discharged; and for seasons and means of grace, how they have been husbanded.—*Ibid.*

MONDAY.

"A good understanding have all they that do his commandments."—Ps. cxi. 10.

That wisdom, Lord, on us bestow,
From every evil to depart;
To stop the mouth of every foe,
While, upright both in life and heart,
The proofs of godly fear we give,
And show them how the Christians live.

He only knows God aright, who knows how to obey him, and obeys according to his knowledge of him. All knowledge without this makes a man but like Nebuchadnezzar's image—with "a head of gold, and feet of clay." Some know, but to know; some know, to be known; some know, to practise what they know. Now to know, but to know—that is curiosity; to know, to be known—that is vain glory; but to know, to practise what we know—that is Gospel duty. This makes a man a complete Christian; the other, without this, makes a man almost, and yet but almost, a Christian.

TUESDAY.

"Unite my heart to fear thy name."—Ps. lxxxvi. 11.

A heart thy joys and griefs to feel,
A heart that cannot faithless prove,
A heart where Christ alone may dwell—
All praise, all meekness, and all love.

Concerning the heart, God seems to say as Joseph of Benjamin, "If you bring not Benjamin with you, you shall not see my face." Among the Heathens, when the beast was cut up for sacrifice, the first thing the priest looked upon was the heart, and if that was unsound and naught, the sacrifice was rejected. God rejects all duties (how glorious soever in other respects) offered him without a heart.—*Flavel.*

WEDNESDAY.

"He that toucheth you, toucheth the apple of his eye."—ZECH. ii. 8.

On every side God stands,
And for his Israel cares;
And safe in his almighty hands
Their souls for ever bears.

I have met with an excellent story of a religious young man, who, being at sea with many other passengers in a great storm, and they being half dead with fear, he only was observed to be very cheerful, as if he had been but little concerned in that danger. One of them demanding the reason of his cheerfulness, "Oh," said he, "it is because the pilot of the ship is my father." Consider Christ, first, as the King and supreme Lord over the providential kingdom; and then as your Head, Husband, and Friend, and thou wilt quickly say, "Return unto thy rest, O my soul." This truth will make you cease trembling, and cause you to sing in the midst of dangers.—*Ibid.*

THURSDAY.

"Enter in at the strait gate."—MATT. vii. 13

This is the strait and royal way
That leads us to the courts above;
Here let me ever, ever stay,
Till, on the wings of perfect love,
I take my last triumphant flight,
From Calvary's to Sion's height.

The gate which leads to life is a straight gate, therefore we should fear; it is an open gate, therefore we should hope.—*Brooks.*

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Biographical Sketch.

GEORGE ARCHIBALD LUNDIE.

George Archibald Lundie was a son of the manse, and was born at the close of December 1819. His father was minister of Kelso—a godly man, whose name is still blessed in the district of his labours. George was trained by him "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord;" and, "by the good hand of God upon him," grew in grace as in years. Even when a child, he was the unwitting means of awakening a soul to seek after the great salvation. Having been sent away one day in the stage coach with his nurse to the sea-side, he suddenly remembered, when on the road, that he had come away forgetting to say his prayers; and, regardless of the presence of strangers, he immediately fell down on his knees, and supplied the omission. The conscience of a fellow-traveller, a young woman, was struck. "Here," thought she, "is a babe rebuking me. How seldom in all my life have I tried to pray?" and we are told that it pleased the Holy Spirit to employ this incident as the means of beginning a good work which he perfected. The young woman returned from the sea-shore deeply concerned for her salvation. George's parents were called to visit her during a lingering sickness, and had the inexpressible delight of seeing her, before she died, embracing with all faith and joy the Lord Jesus.

George was early and suddenly deprived of his father. He had gone out to meditate one day in the garden, by which his manse was surrounded and made fragrant; and there the Lord "met him," and "took him" away. It was George who discovered the lifeless body, which for better company the soul had left, and who first carried the intelligence to his mother; and it was he, we are told, who clave to that mother by night and by day through all the pangs of early widowhood, and also at the removal from the dwelling with which were associated so many fond and touching reminiscences.

His school education having been finished, he entered as a student in Glasgow College, designing to study for the ministry. And had Providence seen meet to spare him for the prosecution of his studies, one cannot but feel, while reading his memoirs, that he had qualifications, natural and gracious, which would have fitted him eminently for his Master's work. But there were even "better things in store for him." As Robert M'Cheyne expresses it, "The Lord took him from the teaching of professors to give him a few private lessons himself;" and thus to fit him for that society to which he was so soon to be introduced. When at college, George undertook the charge of a Sabbath class, composed chiefly of wild and regardless boys, whom it was a very difficult matter to manage with either satisfaction or advantage. It was suggested to him by friends that he might find more pleasing and pliable subjects for his instruction, and that thus much of the exhaustion and anxiety which attended his exertions might be spared. But he would not listen to the suggestion; his answer was always ready: "Shall I forsake them for my own ease, because they give proof of having more need of teaching than others?" And he continued to study and labour till it was too plain that pulmonary disease, originated, it is thought, by the transition from the crowded state and heavy atmosphere of the school-room to the damp, chill, night air, had taken hold of his constitution. So decided, indeed, and inveterate was the form in which the disease at length appeared, that not only was it declared necessary for him to remove to another clime, but the usual places of resort in such cases—Madeira, &c.—were pronounced unsuitable. A long voyage and a longer sojourn were required; and, accordingly, it was determined that he should proceed forthwith to Australia. This was the occasion of many a sore pang both to his own warm and affectionate nature, and to the loving friends from whom he had to part. But, as his mother remarks: "The farewell had one balsam—*it was not for ever.*" And their anxieties were somewhat alleviated by the fact that he would have as companions on the voyage a beloved brother and his wife, who were then going to Australia.

He sailed on the 26th of April, 1839, and arrived at Sydney towards the close of September. His heart had been grieved during the voyage with the ungodly conversation of the wicked. "There are more than two hundred souls on board," writes he, "and I sometimes fear, were our fate to be like Sodom's, there would not be found ten righteous to save us. There is one light in the darkness—a good old man, named Armstrong, who conducts family worship in the steerage, and is called Jesuit, hypocrite, &c. How I long to be with you on Sabbaths! how I long for a quiet chat with any of you! how I long once more to hear a good, stirring, soul-reviving sermon!" After leaving Rio Janeiro, a mutiny occurred among the crew, "arising from the detection of misconduct in one sailor, who was joined by other turbulent and discontented spirits, and which

led to midnight alarms, the use of fire-arms, and of multitudes of words of blasphemy. Such a scene, to a youth educated amid the proprieties of a Christian home, was afflicting; and the more that his frame was not in a condition to encounter agitation and hurry without injury." However, he availed himself eagerly of various opportunities which occurred for speaking "words in season." Those of the passengers or crew who were confined by sickness he visited, speaking earnestly to them of their souls, and reading to them the "words of the Book." His kindness did not always meet with the deserved response; but he persevered, trusting to the promise. After a discouraging visit to a boatswain, who did not willingly receive his visits, he writes: "What can I do? How reach that poor man's heart? Perhaps God intends to show me more clearly that he alone can change the heart: 'Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord.' So be it, Lord; increase my faith; and O prepare that poor man for the change that seems not far distant!" His bodily weakness, and the thought of the noble work on which he had been prevented from entering, often depressed him, although they never occasioned a murmur. Thus he says: "I felt the weakness of my chest very much in reading and speaking to the boatswain to-day. I trust God is not going to silence me more still. O how I sometimes long to be able to proclaim the Word of Life! Yet my zeal continually gives way to carelessness. God grant me now to seek and find a thorough conversion, and ardent love! How pleasant a Sabbath and daily class of children would be! But I am debarred from all this—God's will be done—but O let me have a constant and ardent desire for his glory!"

At Sydney his health did not improve. He enjoyed greatly the ministrations of Mr Saunders, a Baptist minister there; and his soul was much refreshed. But "the flesh was weak." After some time, it was proposed by Mr Saunders that he should join three missionaries who were at Sydney on their way to their stations in the South Sea Islands, the climate of which was declared to be so wonderfully salubrious, that there had not been an instance of a consumptive patient going there without being restored. George did not well know what to think of the proposal.

O (he writes) what various and jarring thoughts crowd my mind! Others have recovered, and I may. Is this the hand of God opening to my view a field of usefulness, which has been so sadly closed? Is this the scheme to make me his active servant still, after I had almost lost hope? But then, shall I set off and enter upon the labours appointed for me, without the hope of ever again returning to my country, and seeing those after whom my heart yearns day and night? . . . . . In spite of past speculations on the possibility of never returning, I have found the reverse has been the hope on which I have fed in reality, though I knew it not. I thought my poor heart would break. I fell on my knees and prayed fervently for a long time, sobbing most violently. Gradually I became pacified, whether more from having gained some degree of submission to the will of God, or from the idea that I might go now and be a teacher for a while, and then return home to complete my imperfect education, and be ordained, I cannot tell. I hope the former was, in some degree, the cause.

He resolved to go; but the thought of the missionary work in which he hoped to be engaged weighed heavily on his spirit. He had a deep sense of personal unworthiness; and this, together with a knowledge of his own weakness and inexperience, discomposed and distressed him. But he was enabled "to look to the hills whence came his aid." "O God," he said, "I look to thee; thou wilt not send me to thy vineyard unprepared; thou wilt not permit me to go unarmed; give me thy Spirit to quicken me; give me deep contrition, ardent love, and growing faith and confidence in thee."

The vessel in which he sailed was the *Camden*, which had just arrived from Erromanga, and was carrying to the islands the sad intelligence of the martyrdom of Williams. He left Sydney on the 10th of February, 1840, and reached Tutuila on the 14th of March. He gives a vivid account of the stunning effect produced by the news of Williams' death; and all he saw of the character and conduct of the people filled him with the most pleasing impressions. "You may imagine my feelings," he writes, "when standing in the midst of a congregation of reclaimed savages, hearing them sing with all their might the praises of Jehovah, seeing them stooping the head, and reverentially covering the face, while there was scarcely one wandering eye during prayer; and during sermon they seemed to devour the word as it dropped from the preacher's lips. Here a woman sobbed out against all her efforts to restrain herself, and there a man wiped the unbidden tear from his swarthy cheek, so lately marked by all that could express a wild and ferocious heart, but now meek, and humbled, and subdued." There had been, or rather there was, a revival in Samoa. Five months before the Church numbered only thirty individuals, and that after five years' labour; but there had come a day of the Spirit's power, and now there were two hundred baptized, and hundreds anxiously inquiring. Such a state of things delighted above measure the heart of George Lundie. His own soul received a portion of the shower, while it is to be feared that the excitement which what he saw occasioned to him, and his anxieties and endeavours in various ways to aid the good work, were too much for the weakness of his body.

"Bread cast upon the waters" returns "after many days." Archibald Murray was the name of a youth who had been well known to the family of the Lundies in Kelso. His health, too, had failed, and he left, as a missionary for a warmer climate. "He closed the last domestic Sabbath evening service with the be-

reaved family who were to quit the beloved manse of Kelso next morning; and two or three years after, when his studies were completed, and he revisited his friends ere his departure, he passed his last days with that family in Edinburgh, and took leave of George himself and his little brother on the pier of Leith." They little thought that they were to meet again on one of the islands of the Pacific. Yet so it was. Mr Murray was missionary at Tutuila; and in him George Lundie found a friend, and in his house a home.

After his arrival, the revival of which mention has been made continued and increased. His letters give a most thrilling account of its progress. Not only in Tutuila, but in the other islands of the group, the Spirit wrought mightily. During the public services, especially during prayer, whole congregations were shaken. Strong men were carried out weak and insensible; women, by dozens, "convulsed and struggling, so as to drive about five or six men like trees in the wind." At evening worship, every family was a scene of weeping; and many passed sleepless nights. "I was up all night," writes George, "with a member of the family who was very ill; and, with the exception of half an hour after four o'clock, I heard prayer and weeping without intermission. At half-past four, all seemed again to leave their restless beds; and from that hour till breakfast-time, the place once more resounded with prayer and praise, and dreadful wailings." Nor was it mere excitement. The views of the awakened were singularly clear and scriptural; and they did not rest till they had found sure and abiding peace. A remarkable and healthful feature of the revival was this—that when the mere terrors of the law and the threatenings of God's wrath were proclaimed, comparatively little impression was produced. It was when the exceeding sinfulness of sin was exhibited, together with the exceeding love of God, in the cross of Christ, that the hearts of the multitudes were moved. It was not mere terror with which they were filled because of threatened punishment; but rather horror, and self-condemnation, and loathing because of iniquities which required such a sacrifice, and because of ingratitude, which, when such a sacrifice had been made, had regarded it with indifference or aversion.

It was not to be expected that scenes so wonderful should fail of producing a powerful effect on a Christian so young and so susceptible of emotion as George Lundie. Accordingly, we find that the interest which he could not help, and which no child of God could help, taking in the revival, and the eagerness which he felt to do something for his Master at such a time, induced him to prosecute vigorously the acquirement of the Samoan language. In about five months he had mastered it sufficiently to be understood, and he immediately and gladly set himself to assist his brother missionaries—for now he might be regarded as one of them—in the work of preaching and conversation. On Sabbath, the 6th of September, he preached his first sermon, and found at the Monday's examination that he had been pretty well followed and understood. The exertion, however, was followed by a spitting of blood and pain in the lungs, which compelled him to desist. But "he must be about his Father's business;" and soon afterwards Mr Murray having been appointed by his brethren to occupy the place of voyaging visitor, which Mr Williams filled, George Lundie was left with the whole superintendence of the congregation at Tutuila. He was not able to preach; but he prepared weekly sermons, which he put into the hands of native teachers, who delivered the substance of them to the people. It was an onerous and responsible charge; but the Lord blessed his endeavours, and the good work prospered. The following are extracts from his journal at this time :—

Sabbath, March 7.—Taito delivered the morning discourses, with great earnestness and energy, to a large and deeply interested congregation. In the afternoon I was, on the whole, much pleased with Teava's address. The feeling of the morning was wanting, but all its attention was in exercise. O how thankful should I be for such assistants in the work! Though they do not always meet one's expectations, and very often take off the edge from the ideas that have been most relied on as calculated to impress the hearers, they speak what they feel, and feel what they speak, and they often add an idea most appropriate and excellent. I myself felt exceedingly discouraged in the morning. The thought of my total unfitness for my station, the absence of this people's beloved pastor and my beloved friend, and many other things, coupled with much bodily debility, so overcame me, that I could not refrain from much weeping in instructing Taito for his discourse, and had the utmost difficulty to keep from it during the morning worship. I seem to feel that if I had a single eye to the glory of God, I should be happy.

Tuesday.—I held our monthly missionary prayer-meeting last evening, having been absent the week before. The spirit displayed by those who took share in conducting it was of a most interesting and promising kind. The attendance was large. Last night, at family worship, we experienced a refreshing season; all were very solemn from the first, and became gradually more so, till I think every one was in tears. I felt it cheering; as also this evening's service. One or two of the thoughtless ones look anxious to-day. O for a mighty shower!

But the work, which, besides study and mental excitement, required frequent journeys, coupled with the time and labour spent in giving medical advice to the natives among whom an epidemic had appeared, proved too much for his spent and feeble frame. He was soon completely exhausted — his short course was nearly run. Mr Slatyer, a missionary stationed at Leone, having come over to Tutuila, found him so weakly and waning, that he refused to hearken to his pleas for being left where he was, and "forced him away to share the friendly sympathies of his own domestic circle." The

remainder of his affecting story will be best told in the words of Mr Slatyer and of Mrs Murray, who, with her husband, arrived before he died :—

When he was with us, we were in the exceedingly painful circumstances of not being able either to decide on or procure proper medicines. Our only resort was to do what we could with the assistance of medical books, and cast ourselves on the providence of our heavenly Father. On the 12th June, I wrote to Mr M'Donald of Savaii, the only doctor then among the Samoan brethren, urging him, if he dared venture to cross fifty miles of open sea in a small boat, to come to our assistance. He was absent in attendance on a member of the mission in critical circumstances. Our affliction now seemed, yea, was, *heavy* indeed. I longed to administer something to our dear friend which might alleviate or check the progress of disease, but in vain.

. . . . . He took little food. Had we been in possession of greater variety of articles of diet, and such as are adapted to invalids, he would, I think, have taken more; but this was one of our painful trials. Mrs Slatyer used all the skill she could command to prepare such things as we thought he would like. After six in the morning, I used frequently to take his cup of arrow-root to his room, and often to feed him. He would get up to breakfast as long he was able, and after it, though clothed as warmly as possible, he was regularly visited with a fit of extreme cold. Towards eleven the cold gave place to high and parching fever. As soon as this was alleviated a little, I used to read to him while he lay on his bed, and frequently engage in prayer with him. These seasons he often enjoyed.

On the 14th June I administered the ordinance of the Lord's supper, which was the last time he attended the house of God. He came simply to the sacrament, not having strength to attend the previous services, but being anxious once more to commemorate his Saviour's dying love.

On the 17th, the chiefs and most of the male members of the Church at Pagopago came to visit him, and to testify their affection for him. Only about a dozen of them were permitted to see him, and these proved too much for him. Many of them wept tenderly on meeting with him again. He attempted a word or two of affectionate exhortation, but was too much overcome to proceed. They reciprocated his affection by the tears they shed, and saw from his emaciated looks, as he lay on the sofa, that they should share in his affectionate labours among them no more. Their prayers for him were unremitting and earnest, and the memory of him among them is blessed.

. . . . . He could set forth the fulness and freeness of salvation to others, but yet would exclude himself. What he related to me one morning will give you a correct impression of what seemed to be the most frequent state of his mind. He said he had that morning, while dosing on his pillow, a peculiar view of the dispensation of God's mercy. It seemed as though the divine mercy were let down from heaven, like a vast overhanging canopy; none were excluded from taking shelter under it, and every one seemed to get under it; "but I could not. I felt that I longed to creep under it, and take refuge, but I seemed excluded. I could not get under."

The following extract from my minutes is a sample of many conversations I held with him :—"*July* 17.—Yesterday, the time was sweet that I spent with dear brother Lundie. I read and prayed with him, and he seemed to enjoy it. I was wiping the perspiration from his forehead, when he said: 'Thank you, you are very kind; that is just as my dear mother would have done it.' On visiting him in his room after meeting, I found him much exhausted. He conversed in whispers. He wished he could see sin so as to hate it, and Christ so as to love him."

On another occasion he spoke in very strong terms, and with exquisitely tender feelings, of the exceeding sinfulness of sin. The tears rolled down his emaciated cheeks, while he said: "I see how infinitely right it is that Jesus should have all the glory; but this base heart would fain rob him of his right, and appropriate part of the glory to itself." I mentioned a sermon of Edwards on the greatness of sin; he very much wished me to read it to him. But I declined, fearing it too great a mental exercise for him; and he felt with me.

There were times when he seemed quietly to hope in Jesus, when I used to read to him at mid-day. He seemed to drink in some sweet sermons of the late Mr Summers of Bristol. The Bible was his principal companion during his last months. Also, he read portions of "Baxter's Saints' Rest," and "Payson's Life."

Mrs Murray mentions that he was seized by final symptoms on the 15th September, while seated at table. He said: "I am very near the swellings of Jordan." Mr Baker, the young medical man, and the faithful Matthew, were unremitting in their attendance on him night and day. Next morning he said: "How thankful I ought to be that the Lord has granted me relief from pain! I never knew what pain was till yesterday." He told Mrs Murray, that on the previous day, just before he was seized with the violent pains, he felt more comfortable in his mind than he had done for some time past, but still not as he should wish to feel. Then he told her he wanted to talk a little of worldly matters; gave directions about his property, and some little remembrances which he wished to have sent to his dear relatives. That evening he was easier in body, and expressed a wish that it might be so also with his soul.

On the morning of the 17th, death seemed fast approaching. When Mrs Murray inquired about his mind, he said: "I am dreading the last conflict very much. I fear I shall not have strength to bear it." She repeated some appropriate promises, and expressed a confident hope that the Lord would be with him. He asked Mrs Murray to read him a chapter, and she selected the 11th of John's Gospel. As she read, he interrupted her, saying: "I am feeling something that I trust will do my soul good. I have been thinking of the pain I was in the other day; and if that was so great, what must the pains of hell be? I have been thinking also of what Christ suffered and endured for me. Oh," he said, "I have got quite a *new view*—quite a new view! I will try to think of this love." After a while Mrs Murray read a hymn relative to the sufferings of Christ. He remarked: "What a sweet hymn! Jesus is mighty—O yes! He is *all* mighty. O it is all of grace—rich, free grace!" Mrs Murray read a hymn relative to the glories of heaven. When done, she asked if he had not a hope that he should soon enter into these glories. He replied that he had such a hope. After this he was almost speechless till the time of his death, which took place on the following morning.*

He was buried at the outside of the west

* "Missionary Life in Samoa, as Exhibited in the Journals of the late George Archibald Lundie, during the Revival in Tutuila in 1840-41. Edited by his Mother." We need not say that we cordially recommend the entire work to the perusal and attention of our readers. We have not, for a long time, met with a book which has interested or affected us more. The above is a mere outline of its more prominent contents.

end of the Church; and Samoan love has placed the following inscription on his tomb-stone :—

O le tuugamau lenei
O Misi Luniti
Na ia maliu i Leone
Sepetemepa 25,
1841.

Sa tele lona loto i le galuega le Atua i li nuu nei.

Cla manuia i latou
O e ua oo i ai.
I le nafouga lelei,
I luga i le lagi.

Ua foamanava i latou
I gaiue sa fai;
Ua oo i le mapusaga
Ua malolo i ai.

"Le oti e, sifea lou fate ?"—Paulo.

This is the grave
of
Mr Lundie.
He died at Leone,
Sept. 25,
1841.

Great was his heart in the work of the Lord in this land.

Blessed are they
Who have arrived thither
At the happy dwelling-place
Above in the skies.

Cease they do
From the works they did.
They have reached the rest
And there they repose.

"O death ! where is thy sting ?"—Paul.

RELICS AND FESTIVALS.

BY THE REV. W. K. TWEEDIE, EDINBURGH.

As one wanders about in Rome, beholding a city with about fifty thousand inhabitants wholly given up to superstition, it is forced upon one's thoughts, that on the priests lies the burden of the guilt and the misery of such a state of things. The clergy of Rome are doing for the people what the Spaniards did for the Mexicans: they offer them protection—they, in fact, destroy them. We concede that, on more occasions than one, the rites are as they should be. Satan always leaves some mixture of truth, that error and delusion may be the more fatally seductive. At one time, the Church spends a day in praying for the conversion of sinners; and did they not pray to saints, it would be well. At another, the Church gives thanks "to the divine Lord for the benefits received from his divine bounty and mercy in the course of the year." But, in spite of these, the following extracts from the "Diary, or Religious Almanac of Rome," show the monstrous nature of its observances :—

"*January* 14.—Exhibit an image of the most sacred name of Jesus.

"*March* 10.—Uncover the sacred images of the most blessed Virgin 'of the Peace,' 'of Grace,' of the most sacred name of Mary .... and carry in procession the relics of her sacred veil.

"*March* 13.—Plenary indulgence, with the liberation of a soul from purgatory—and show the sacred relics.

"*March* 30.—In St Peter's exhibit the illustrious relics of *the spear, the cross*, and the holy countenance.

"*March* 31.—In the ducal chamber, the pope washes the feet of twelve poor priests of different nations, and gives them dinner, serving them with his own hands.

"*April* 2.—Baptize Jews and Turks .... and show the heads of the holy apostles Peter and Paul.

"*May* 2.—After dinner, discover the most sacred crucifix.

"*May* 23.—Show the most sacred crucifix, which, when this church was burnt (1519), was found after the fire uninjured by the flames, and the lamp still burning before it.

"*June* 10.—Plenary indulgence in all the churches where the image of the sacred heart of Jesus is kept. A festival at the Scots' College, in honour of St Margaret of Scotland.

"*July* 22.—Festival of St Julian—*venerate one of his feet.*

"*Sept.* 13.—Carry in procession the wood of the holy cross, and uncover the sacred crucifix.

"*Oct.* 18.—To-day uncover all the images of the Virgin Mary, painted (as is said) by St Luke.

"*Dec.* 24.—Carry in procession *the cradle of our Lord*, which remains exposed for the following day."

These are but a few gleanings from the Directory of Rome, indicative of the impostures practised upon men under the name of religion. We have seen the pillar upon which the cock stood which crew to Peter, the identical table from which the last supper was eaten, along with many other relics which scarce even a priest could show without smiling. And it should never be forgotten that these anilities are practised by the church which arrogates to itself the sole title of Christian, and declares that beyond its pale there is no salvation. It should never be forgotten, that, by such means as those of which I have here given a cento, men are allured to a specious worship, which must be, to a countless number of immortal creatures, what the candle is to the insect that flutters around it—at once death and a grave. It should never be forgotten, that all the ingenuity of an interested, a cunning, and an unscrupulous Church, are at work among us, *burrowing* to spread the belief of these absurdities, and bring back the time when men shall live alike ignorant of God and themselves. At Rome there is, however, a spirit abroad which will lead men to shake off this incubus. It will be done most likely by the might of Infidelity, not of Christianity. But it will be done. As if to help on their own ruin, the Church of Rome has published, or sanctioned the publishing of, two works by two English Radicals—Cobbet on the Reformation, and Brougham's Essay on Science. In consequence of this, the Romans begin to think "Comminciano," said a Deist of this number, "pensare da uomini non da bestie"—"they begin to think like men, not *like beasts*;"—and certainly, could a beast think, or be religious, it might adopt the thing called religion at Rome.

The mode in which the relics are exhibited for adoration is this: "They are generally kept in some elevated place of the church, and from a balcony they are displayed to the worshippers below. On the 18th of November, for instance, the anniversary of the dedication of St Peter's, the spear which (it is said) pierced the Redeemer's side, part of the cross on which he hung, the well known impression of his countenance on a handkerchief which he gave to St

Veronica, are displayed from a balcony in St Peter's to the prostrate worshippers below. We have seen all ranks, from Cardinal Galeffi, who acted as pro-pope during an interregnum, to the poor contadini, kneeling prostrate before these lying wonders; and the sight troubled the soul with a two fold feeling—contempt for the imposturous system, mingled with pity for the men who were the dupes of such deception.

Such feelings cannot but be produced in the mind of every thinking man who enters a Romish Church on the day of a festival. Everything is calculated to allure and enthral the senses. Incense floats upwards, and hovers like mist beneath the domes; music peals from the organ; the violoncello, the violin, or, what is far nobler, the Italian voice, captivates and awes by Italian music; lamps and candles, in hundreds, shame the daylight; flowers of every hue decorate the altar; and all the rainbow's colours meet in the tapestries which adorn the pillars. The area of the church is crowded with loiterers, soldiers, monks, and ecclesiastics. From the cardinal in his robes to the Swiss mercenary who guards him, all seem awed into reverence; and it is not to be denied that one of the most imposing scenes which man can get up, is the raising of the host for adoration on such occasions. The vast church of St Peter's filled on Christmas-day with many thousands of Italians; the pope, borne aloft on his throne, like a demi-god, surrounded with all the insignia of royalty, wearing his tiara, and all the trappings which can impose upon an ignorant people; the hum of a thousand prayers; the gleam of many tapers; incense and music; and all that is sensual in religion, show a thinking man at once the havoc which such things make among souls, and the grand argument by which Popery is upheld. But amid this scene of splendour, the most imposing moment is when the pope, in his character of a priest, leaves on his throne, for a little, his character of king, and ministers at the high altar in St Peter's. He proceeds to compound the materials of which the holy wafer is to be made. As a baker would knead dough he kneads the composition. His mumblings consecrate it, and it is held up for the adoration of thousands. All is breathless suspense, and only the muttering of the pope breaks the stillness that pervades St Peter's. When the incantation is complete, by which a mortal creature makes a piece of bread a god, a solitary note from three bugles, placed far in the distance in the temple, announce the moment for the idolatrous worship to commence. The pope raises the wafer over the chalice, and the thousands of princes, priests, and men of every grade, prostrate themselves in instant adoration. The pope's guard of nobles offer military honours to the wafer: the crowd adore it with the profoundest homage. They dare scarcely look upon a thing supposed so sacred; and these men are seen abased before a thing so puny, as if they had "indeed met their God." One feels as if he ought to dare the swords of all the guards, the halberts of all the Swiss, in lifting a testimony against idolatry so gross. When we saw this spectacle, all were prostrate before the wafer, save only eight or ten Protestants, English and American, who stood erect among the crowd, bearing a silent testimony against a system which is built at once on the ruins of the Word of God, and of the mind and soul of man.

FUTURE JOYS.

BY MRS L. H. SIGOURNEY

Dark were this mortal life,
Did not a world of rest
Gleam brightly o'er the clouds of strife,
To cheer the drooping breast.

Sad were the weary way
Where wandering pilgrims go,
But for that pure, celestial ray,
Which gilds their path of woe.

Appalling were the grave
That whelms all earthly trust,
Had not our Lord, who died to save,
Its mouldering cerements burst.

So, o'er the midnight hours,
The desert, and the tomb,
Look up, meek saint, where angel-bowers
And flowers immortal bloom.

Hartford, November, 1845.

TOO LATE! TOO LATE!

A DREAM.

BY THE REV. JOHN TODD, D.D., PHILADELPHIA.

I have never crossed the Atlantic, though it has ever been one of the strongest desires of my heart to do so—to visit what was the home of my fathers—the region of revolutions and battles—the country of song, of eloquence, of great deeds, good and bad. Probably my short purse will never permit me to enjoy all this, and mercy may give me to see a "better land." But in my dreams I often visit it. There is not a mountain or lake in Scotland which I have not many times climbed or sailed over, nor a landscape of note which I have not pictured in my imagination. In one of these mental visits lately, the following pictures were before my mind:—

I was walking in a nobleman's park, the tall trees were in clusters, and their arches everywhere admitted light and shade in beautiful contrast. The wild birds had their home here, and even the timid deer were seen bounding from one thicket to another, without uttering the wild whistle which we hear in our forests when a deer sees a man. In the midst of all that was lovely stood the old family mansion, and there it had stood for centuries—its towers, its wings, its great niche for the family plate, its gardens and stables, and its thousand conveniences and elegances. But all around the house was still. The clock in the tower was stopped, the horses in the stables were unharnessed, and the domestics were gathered round in whispering groups; the bell and the knocker were bandaged in crape, and I now knew that Death was looking into the windows, or that he had already entered the door. On entering the lofty rooms, pannelled and stuccoed after the fashion of other days,

you of necessity associated it all with great wealth. In the antiquated but beautiful furniture, you saw at a glance, that in no generation had the possessor been called upon for self-denial. In one of the most remote rooms, whose doors were curiously inlaid with variegated wood—whose ivory knobs turned noiselessly—whose carpet rendered the heaviest tread a velvet one, lay an old man, the possessor of all this estate. He was tall, noble in mien, but trouble had most evidently known him long. His countenence was sunken and haggard, the lips colourless, and the breast scarcely moving as he breathed with great difficulty. It was difficult to say whether he was weighed down most heavily by bodily or mental agony. Friends were standing near him, but they were not near in blood. Servants were in waiting, anxiously waiting, but their sorrows were not those which children have for a dying father. A large scroll of parchment was lying on the table, it was the will of the dying nobleman. The gentleman named in it as executor was carefully reading it over.

"Mr Douglas," said the dying man, "I know you will scrupulously observe all the directions of that instrument. I believe I have been minute and particular. As to that son—my only child!—the memory of the past is overwhelming—he is mine, as you know, only by adoption. I took him when a mere child, at the dying request of his father. I have educated him as my own child, and loved him as such. Oh, what returns have I received from him! Ungrateful, disobedient, prone to all that is evil, giving himself up to every vice, he grew more and more vile, till at last he fled from me and from his country, and for many years has lived in a foreign land, amid society and scenes which I dare not think of. During all these years I have supplied his necessary wants, and have tried every method to recall him; but he scorns every overture I can make. For the last six months I have sent by every packet, sometimes writing and sometimes sending special messengers, urging him to return to me—promising that I will forgive all, and make him my heir if he will return. I have taken the pains to be assured that my messages and letters have been put into his hands—as many as one a-week for a long time. In that will, Mr Douglas, I have directed, that if he returns before my death, even if it be but an hour before I die, he shall still be my son and heir. If he does not, the reason is that he is unworthy, and I have cut him off from all part in the inheritance. You understand me, do you not, Sir?"

"I do, Sir; I shall follow your directions to the letter."

At that moment the sufferer was seized with anguish, and the pain brought large drops of cold sweat upon his forehead. It seemed as if his end must be at hand. I wanted to console him, but he seemed to have a consciousness that dreaming people cannot do good.

. . . . . .

My dream was changed. I seemed to be ascending the creaking stairs of a miserable old building in one of the narrowest, most filthy streets in New York. All around seemed dirty, decaying, and vile. These stairs led up into a comfortless attic story. It was about noon. The room had an old table, a few broken chairs, a cot bed, as its furniture, while bottles that were empty, and cards scattered round, showed that it was a miserable haunt of dissipation. A young man sat leaning on the table, who wore a torn coat, dirty shirt, and slovenly garments to correspond. A large letter lay before him. His eyes were red, his countenance haggard and wotul, and everything about him distressing. He was musing over the letter. He would read it, or a part of it, and then get up and hurriedly walk across the room. Again he would sit down and read. After doing so repeatedly, he suddenly stopped, and said aloud: "Yes, it is just so. I have tried this course a great while. My companions are friends just as long as my money lasts, and then they forsake me till I receive more. Once more I am stripped, and they have helped to strip me, and have even proposed to me to commit robbery, in order to replenish their wants and mine! When have they ministered to me? I have been in the hospital, and in prison, and not one of them ever came to me! And yet this good man—how differently has he done! It is plain, too, that he is very near his end. The physician says there is no hope of my reaching him alive, unless I do it within thirty days from this very day. If I reach him I may receive his pardon, his blessing, and his property; if I fail, I lose all. And now what shall I do? And the packet—the last packet sails this very day! Here I am a beggar, when I might there be the possessor of all the heart could wish. Nothing but my sins have kept me from all this. Can I give these up? Can I become virtuous and good? I trust I can. I will make the trial. I will make one effort more to recover and save myself. This letter insures the payment of my passage when I reach home. And at twelve o'clock the packet sails. She must be already down the harbour, and the steamboat must in a few minutes leave the wharf with the passengers and the mails. I have not a moment to lose."

Away went the young man down the stairs, and down the alley, with nothing but a small bundle of clothing under his arm. Towards the wharf I saw him rush. Panting and pale he went onward. Some thought him deranged—some thought him a thief—all thought him to be in a hurry. At length he sees the wharf, and hears the hissing of the steam of the boat that is to carry the passengers down to the ship already under sail. There is the boat—and there!—they are just letting her off from her moorings! Away he darts, and reaches the wharf. Alas! she is off, and he is just one minute too late! In agony he saw it all, and cried: "Too late! too late!" and sank down in despair. It *was* too late, and he lost the inheritance for ever. What a dream!

[Reader, you *have* a Father, and you *may* have an estate. Take care that you be not too late to obtain it. God is your Father—you are his wayward and rebellious child. You have crossed a very ocean of sin to be away from him, and you have tried to drown all thoughts of him in pleasure—in business—in dissipation—in indifference. He has sent after you many messages, beseeching you to return and be reconciled, and promising to make you heir of all things; nay, he has sent a vessel to bring you over free of trouble and expense, if you will but come. Hitherto you may

have despised his love and refused his offers. He sends you yet another message; and the vessel is still waiting—even the Covenant Ark; will ye not arise and enter, and go to your Father? Ye may not have another message sent, and this very day the vessel may depart. You will wish then you had gone, but it will be "too late." "Now is the accepted time—now is the day of salvation." Beware lest the ocean of sin, which separates between you and your Father, rise and sweep you into wrath."]

GOD IN HIS WORKS.

From David learn to delight in God, and so to view each scene in creation, and each event in providence, in God's own purest light. God was his chiefest joy—his sure and ascertained friend; and every scene was pleasant where God's presence was enjoyed, and every object interesting in which aught of God's glory could be seen. He felt Jehovah's tread in the shaking wilderness and the quivering forest. He saw Jehovah's chariot in the rolling cloud, the eddying tornado, and the wheeling water-spout. He beheld Jehovah's majestic flight on the wings of mighty winds, and in the chariot of careering clouds. He heard Jehovah's voice in the thunder-psalm and in ocean's echoing chime. He heard it, too, in the hum of leafy trees, and in the music that trickled down the mountain's side. He recognised Jehovah's frown in the splitting rocks and smoking hills; and hailed Jehovah's smile in the melting tints of morning, in the laughing joy of harvest-fields, in the glancing roll of sun-steeped billows, and the plunging gambols of leviathan as he played his ponderous frolics there. Every touch of pathos or power passed away a heavenward melody from the Æolian harp of his devotional spirit; and not content with these strains of constant adoration, on some occasions you can see him mustering all his being for some effort of ecstatic worship, and longing to flame away a holocaust of praise. Describing the change which came over his own feelings from the time that he knew God in Christ, President Edwards says: "The appearance of everything was altered; there seemed to be, as it were, a calm sweet cast or appearance of divine glory in almost everything. God's excellency, his wisdom, his purity, and love, seem to appear in everything; in the sun and moon and stars; in the clouds and blue sky; in the grass, flowers, trees; in the water and all nature, which used greatly to fix my mind. I often used to sit and view the moon for continuance; and in the day spent much time in viewing the clouds and sky, to behold the sweet glory of God in these things; in the meantime singing forth, with a low voice, my contemplations of the Creator and Redeemer. . . . . My mind was greatly fixed on divine things, almost perpetually in the contemplation of them. I oft walked alone in the woods and solitary places, for meditation, soliloquy, and prayer, and converse with God. . . . . Prayer seemed to be natural to me, as the breath by which the inward burnings of my heart had vent."—*Hamilton's "Mount of Olives."*

ETERNAL.

Eternal! What a sound doth this word "eternal" make in my ears! What workings doth it cause within my heart! what casting about of thoughts! What word is next to be added to it? Is it "eternal world?" Where? for this is temporal. Oh! that eternal world is now by us unseen, and as to us is yet to come. But yet my trembling heart is still solicitous to what other word this word "eternal" might be prefixed as to myself, or those that hear me this day, when they and I, who, through the long-sufferance of God are yet in this present and temporal, shall be in that eternal world. Shall it be "eternal damnation" in that eternal world! How? after so many knockings of Christ, strivings of the Spirit, tenders of mercy, wooings of grace, calls of ministers, warnings of conscience, admonitions of friends, waitings of patience? all which put us into a fair probability of escaping eternal damnation. O dreadful words! Can more terror be contained, can more misery be comprehended, in any two words, than in "eternal damnation?" But we in time are praying, hearing, repenting, believing, conflicting with devils, mortifying sin, weaning our hearts from this world, that when we shall go out of time, we might find "life" or "salvation" added to "eternal." *Eternal salvation!*—these be words as comfortable as the others were terrible—as sweet as they were bitter. What, then? This word "eternal" is the horror of devils, the amazement of damned souls, which causeth desperation in all that hellish crew; for it woundeth like a dart, continually sticking in them, that they most certainly know that they are damned to all eternity. *Eternal!*—it is the joy of angels, the delight of saints, that while they are made happy in the beatifical vision, are filled with perfect love and joy, they sit and sing: "All this will be eternal." *Eternal!*—this word—it is a loud alarm to all that be in time, a serious caution to make this our grand concern—that when we must go out of time, our "eternal" souls might not be doomed down to "eternal" damnation, but might obtain salvation that shall be "eternal;" of which we have hope and expectation, "while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal."—*Doolittle.*

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